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ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BRAUN & CO.

"LA BERNOISE." PAINTED BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

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REMINISCENCE.

THOUGH I am native to this frozen zone
That half the twelvemonth torpid lies, or dead;
Though the cold azure arching overhead
And the Atlantic's intermittent moan
Are mine by heritage, I must have known
Life otherwhere in epochs long since fled;
For in my veins some Orient blood is red,
And through my thought are lotus blossoms blown.
I do remember . . . it was just at dusk,
Near a walled garden at the river's turn
(A thousand summers seem but yesterday!),
A Nubian girl, more sweet than Khoorja musk,
Came to the water-tank to fill her urn,
And, with the urn, she bore my heart away!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

I.

I HAD been studying in Paris about six months when, in M. Bonnat's school, where I was making my first attempts at drawing from the model, I heard some of the senior pupils, who had advanced to the dignity of painting studies from life, talk about a picture in the Salon of 1878 by Dagnan-Bouveret. They spoke so highly of it, and said it was so good, that the next time I went to the Salon I made a point of seeing it. It was the "Manon Lescaut," a canvas of moderate size, and, as it seemed to me in my ignorance, rather empty and uninteresting. I have never had better proof of the fact that appreciation of good art depends upon cultivation of the sense of seeing, than my first impression of that picture. It is a charming work (I have seen it since); the two figures are beautifully drawn, and the delicate color-scheme of pale grays and yellowish tints is most artistically conceived, and delightfully carried out in the painting. The next year at the Salon a much less sympathetic subject by Dagnan, "A Wedding-Party at the Photographer's," evoked my admiration for its marvelous technical skill; and in 1880, when I saw "The Accident," I became, like every other young painter in Paris, an enthusiastic advocate of the ability of the brilliant artist whose name became, by the exhibition of that picture, as well known as that of Bastien-Lepage. These two young men have always stood side by side in my mental retrospect of the achievement of French painters up to the time that Bastien's career was ended by his untimely death in 1884. Since then I have followed, as closely as my residence in New York would permit, the development of Dagnan's art; and in 1889, at the Paris Exposition, where I saw nine or ten of his best works, I placed him in the first rank of modern painters, and could find in all the galleries of that wonderful exhibition no picture by a living painter on which to found so much hope for the future of the French school as on "The Blessing." It seemed to me, in looking at it, that if it does not prove to be one of the works of our day most held in esteem a generation hence, it will be only because all canons of taste will have been reversed, and all appreciation of the true and beautiful have ceased. In the "Horses at the Watering-Trough," and "The Consecrated Bread" at the Luxembourg Gallery, in the "Breton Women at the Pardon," in "Vaccination," "The Pardon," and other works, I have seen much to convince me that Dagnan-Bouveret is one of the ablest painters of our time, and that his temperament, most refined and sympathetic in its artistic quality, is supported by a skilfulness of technic, and an individuality of expression, that give to his works a personal character such as few others possess. His pictures satisfy the most rigorous technical requirements, and impress by their truth to nature and by their healthful sentiment.

Unfortunately I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with M. Dagnan-Bouveret. Those of my friends who have speak of him as a man of gentle temper, and devoted to his art. From one of them who has told me of his intercourse with him in Paris, where they had studios in the same building, I have heard interesting details of his life and character. He is a man of small stature, with dark hair and beard, intense eyes that investigate and pierce the mystery of the subject that occupies his attention, of a strong, determined will and the most resolute perseverance, but, withal, of such sweet disposition that all who know him are instinctively drawn to him. His will, though it stops at no barrier, never offends those brought in contact with him. "When he used to come into my studio sometimes," says this friend, "he would seem for the moment absorbed in my work, and would examine it closely, and talk about it to me with the same earnestness that he might if it were his own. He is a man of the most sympathetic nature and the kindest heart, and in his work, whether he is occupied with some detail of still life or with the expression of an important figure, he brings to bear on the task in hand the same intense study, and the same strong purpose to get out of it all that it means. With his hard study of nature in his school work, and his unflagging perseverance in bringing out in his pictures what he feels in the subject before him, are combined a sympathetic, artistic perception and a poet's thoughts. All this makes him the artist he is."

It appears that to Dagnan no quality is greater than sincerity; and this is apparent enough in his work for us to know it without being told. He has the greatest admiration for Holbein, in whose work he recognizes the presence of the same intentions that are so clearly shown in his own. He cares nothing for fashionable life, but lives solely for his art. In his studio and garden at Neuilly he works incessantly. Sometimes he goes to the country



PAINTED BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BRAUN & CO. BY PERMISSION OF MR. GEORGE F. BAKER.

"THE PARDON."

with his wife and son, and there too he works with equal ardor. A little story about the "Horses at the Watering-Trough" well illustrates the thoroughness of his methods. Dagnan was passing the summer at his father-in-law's place, and there saw the subject of this picture. His father-in-law entered with great interest into the project of making a picture of the farm-horses, and arranged various devices to make the task of painting the picture from nature as convenient as possible. The summer wore on, and the picture progressed, but the way Dagnan paints a large canvas (or a little one, for that matter) takes time. So, at his father-in-law's suggestion, they took primitive sorts of casts of the horses' backs by laying over them cloths soaked in plaster of Paris, and when these were hard and dry, they were set up, and the harness was placed on them just as it would be if the horses themselves were standing before the trough. And here every day Dagnan came to paint his straps and buckles, and before he had finished them to his satisfaction the snow fell on his palette as he worked.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

P. A. J. DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

It is not to make note of mere painstaking labor that I think it worth while to speak of this incident: what it shows is that Dagnan believes that no detail in a picture may be neglected; that everything, however small, has its



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ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BRAUN & CO.

"HORSES AT THE WATERING-TROUGH."

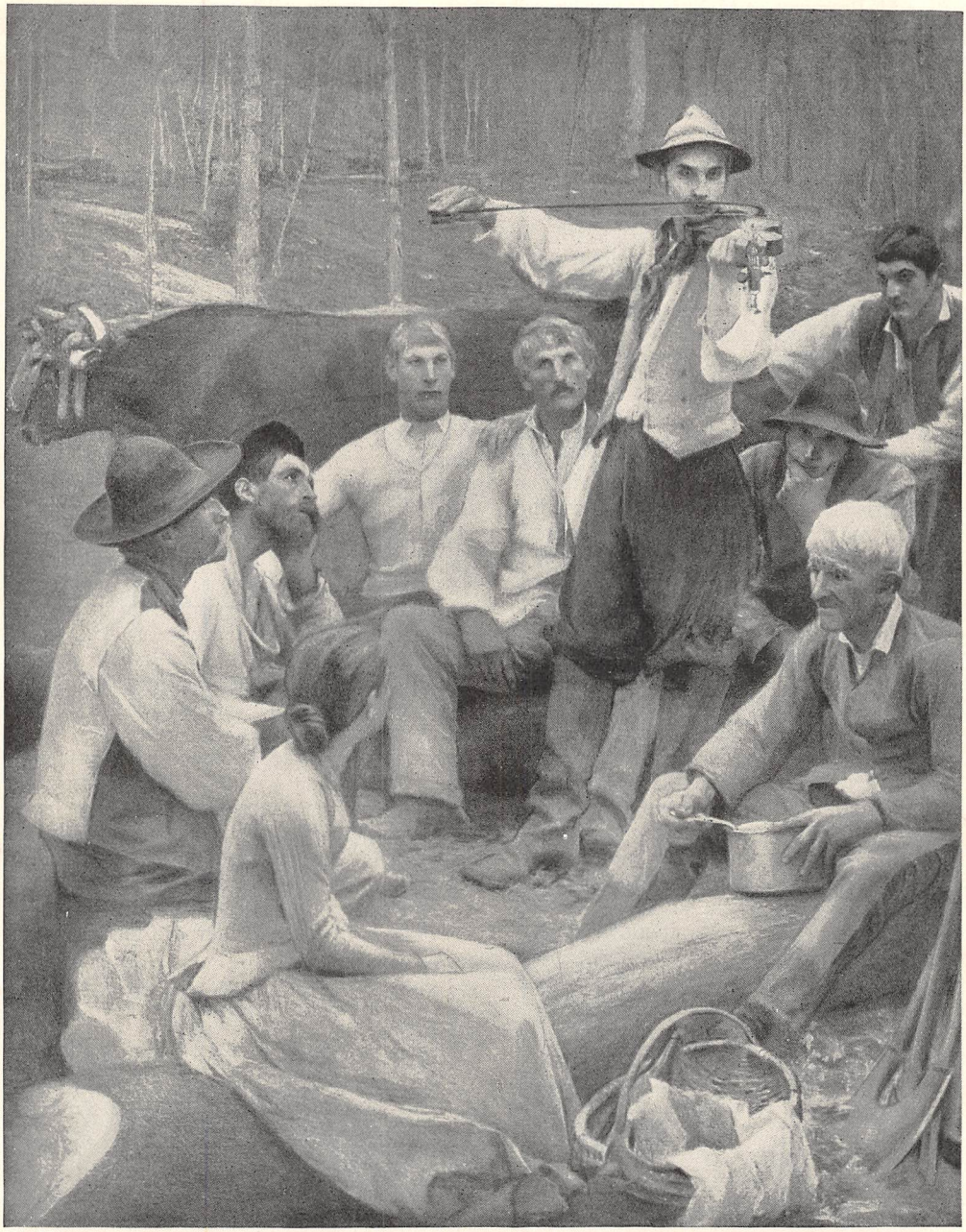


PAINTED BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BRAUN & CO.

"THE CONSCRIPTS."

own character; and that that distinctive character can be rendered only by the most thorough study; and that the conditions must be such as to enable the painter to make that study conscientiously and well. Like all great artists, he knows that there is as much character in a hand as in a head; that among all the men in the world no two noses are exactly alike, and no general type will serve to represent them. He carries out the same principle in the minor parts of his pictures, and even when the interest of the work requires that these minor parts should be broadly indicated only, we may be sure that the indication is based on the individual character possessed by the objects, and that truth to facts is the foundation of all that we see.

Dagnan takes little part in the discussions of the groups in the art-world of Paris and the divisions of coteries. He followed his friends from the old Salon to the Champs de Mars when the split came about in 1890, but he lives apart from the strife of the schools. More like an artist of the early Renaissance than a Parisian of to-day, he lives for his art, and finds his pleasure in his work and in the companionship of a few intimate friends. One of these is Gustave Courtois, the well-known painter, who was a fellow-student at the Beaux-Arts, and another



PAINTED BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET. "IN THE FOREST." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BRAUN & CO.

of them was Bastien. We can easily understand that the great artist who painted those wonderful portraits of his grandfather and of his mother, "The Haymakers," and "Jeanne Darc," would admire the work of his confrère Dagnan, and that their similarity of artistic aim would draw them together even without personal sympathy. But a strong attachment existed between them, and they were most intimate friends.

II.

PASCAL ADOLPHE JEAN DAGNAN-BOUVERET was born in Paris January 7, 1852. His father, going to Brazil to engage in commerce, took his family with him, and there Dagnan's mother died when he was only six years old. His father then sent him and his brother back to France, and he went to live with his grand-

father, M. Bouveret, at Melun. He was brought up by him, and, following a not uncommon practice in France, Dagnan added to his name that of his mother's family. M. Bouveret, who was an old officer of the army of Napoleon I., had acquired a modest but comfortable competence, and sent Dagnan to the College of Melun, where he obtained his education during the ten years from 1858 to 1868. About the time he finished his studies, his father, who had remained in Brazil, offered him a chance to go into business with him; but Dagnan refused this offer, expressing his firm purpose to become a painter. His father thereupon cut off all financial aid. Assisted by his grandfather, however, he entered the École des Beaux-Arts under the instruction of M. Gérôme in 1869. "Depuis, à part quelques voyages en Brésil (1874), en Italie (1882), en Hollande et Belgique, en Allemagne et en Algérie (1888)," the painter writes me, "mon existence est d'une platitude extrême, toute consacrée à mon travail." He worked in the Beaux-Arts until 1876, when he won the second Grand Prix de Rome, a high academic honor, but, fortunately perhaps, not carrying with it, like the first prize, a residence in Rome, at the government's expense, at the French Academy. Had he gone there, his individuality might have been restrained, and we might not have witnessed the development of the real Dagnan so soon. But I fancy that no adverse circumstances, and no uncongenial surroundings, could long have kept him from following his bent.

The first picture exhibited by Dagnan was "Atlanta," at the Salon of 1875, and though it attracted some attention, it revealed no originality on the part of the artist. "Orpheus," which followed in 1876, may also be passed over without comment, the first indication of individual feeling appearing in the "Manon Lescaut" in 1878. "The Wedding-Party at the Photographer's" (1879) brought the artist into prominence, and "The Accident" (1880) achieved for him a settled reputation as a skilful, thoughtful, and individual painter. "The Blessing" (1882) placed him definitively in the first rank. His first "recompense" was a third-class medal at the Salon of 1878 for "Manon Lescaut." At the Salon of 1880 for "The Accident" he was awarded a medal of the first class. He was made chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1885, received the Medal of Honor in painting at the Salon of 1889 for his picture, "Breton Women at the Pardon," and at the Universal Exposition the same year was awarded one of the grand prizes for the collective exhibition of his works. In 1892 he was made officer of the Legion of Honor. He has received gold medals at international exhibitions at Munich, Vienna, and Ghent, and is a member of the fine arts academies of Munich, Stockholm, and Berlin. Though a *sociétaire* of the Society of French Artists, under whose direction the "Old Salon" is held at the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées, he is more intimately connected with the National Society of Fine Arts, which holds the "new Salon" in the galleries erected at the Champ de Mars for the exhibition of 1889, and in 1893 he exhibited there two pictures — "In the Forest" and "In the Fields." [1]

III.

IT is one thing to learn the grammar of the art of painting, and another and very different thing to make good use of the knowledge afterward. Any young student with sufficient natural ability to learn may with patience, intelligence, and hard work become proficient in the *métier*; but to express what one feels depends on qualities of brain and temperament. Indeed, as study to acquire the art of painting is study to educate the eye, what a man will paint after his eye is trained to a just sense of form, proportion, and color, will be decided by what his imagination prompts him to portray or interpret. Many a clever man, after acquiring the knowledge of how to look at nature, has continued all his life to paint what are veritably no more than school studies. Others who have acquired the knowledge even not so well have been able, by their superior faculty for perceiving what is most interesting in nature, and by their deeper insight into the character of things, to paint pictures that, if technically not so good, have greater human interest. But the man who is endowed with an excelling sense of form and color, who faithfully devotes himself to the hard work necessary to develop them,

1 The principal works of P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret are: 1875, "Atlanta" (Melun Museum); 1876, "Orpheus"; 1878, "Manon Lescaut" (a replica belongs to the Hon. Levi P. Morton, New York); 1879, "The Wedding-Party at the Photographer's" (Lyons Museum); 1880, "The Accident" (owned by Mr. W. T. Walters, Baltimore, Maryland); 1882, "La Bénédiction," or "The Blessing" (owned by M. Tretiakoff, Moscow); 1883, "Vaccination" (owned by Mr. Turner, London, England); 1884, "Hamlet and the Grave-Diggers"; 1885, "Horses at the Watering-Trough" (Luxembourg Gallery, Paris); "Madonna" (Pinakothek, Munich); "Madonna" (owned by Mr. T. S. Clarke, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania: engraved in THE CENTURY for December, 1892); 1886, "The Consecrated Bread" (Luxembourg Gallery, Paris); 1887, "The Pardon" (owned by Mr. George F. Baker, New York); 1888, "La Bernoise" (owned by Mr. John G. Johnson, Philadelphia); "Young Breton Peasant" (owned by Mr. Potter Palmer, Chicago, Illinois); 1889, "Breton Women at the Pardon" (owned by M. Engel-Gros, Basel, Switzerland); "Madonna" (engraved in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, January, 1890); 1891, "The Conscripts" (Chamber of Deputies, Paris); 1893, "In the Forest"; and "In the Fields" (owned by M. Constant Coquelin, Paris); twenty to thirty portraits (including a beautiful one of Mrs. George F. Baker of New York), and some small single figures.— EDITOR.



PAINTED BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BRAUN & CO.

"THE CONSECRATED BREAD."

and who is at the same time gifted with qualities of head and heart, is the one who will become the great artist. Such a man is Dagnan. He could never paint the pictures he has painted if he had not studied as he did in the school with an intense determination to render on his canvas or drawing-paper the exact and literal appearance of things as he saw them in the model before him. He could not robe that truth in such attractive form in his pictures if he had not the technical force fully to express facts in nature as he finds them, and he could not express the truth that the combination of these facts reveals without the most thorough study of every one of them in the aspect in which they presented themselves to him. Further than this, with the most perfect technical equipment he could attain, he penetrates the superficial aspects of nature, and, like a man who comes to feel instinctively the thoughts in the mind of another person with whom he is in intimate relation, he arrives at a sympathetic knowledge of what is inside. It may be no more than the sleeve of a jacket, but its wrinkles and folds have for him a distinctive character. He does not dissect like the surgeon; he analyzes, reasons, and forms conclusions with the gentle intelligence of a friend. Peasant at his toil, or Breton woman at her devotions, when Dagnan has painted them for us, we feel that he has felt their thoughts.

His style is far less synthetic than that of Millet, and it is somewhat less naïve than that of Bastien. This delicious quality of naïveté, that so often escapes a painter of great technical skill, is present in Dagnan's best work. Very little of it is to be found in "The Wedding-Party at the Photographer's," where there is an evident confidence shown in the way the picture is painted, to meet difficulties and to vanquish them. In "The Accident" this confidence is less apparent, and the picture is by so much better than "The Wedding-Party"; in "The Blessing" it has almost vanished. There is just enough of it left to hold the interest of the spectator to the technical excellence of the work, and not too much to cause him to think of the means of expression. This timidity before nature (I call it timidity for lack of a better word, meaning by it an artist's fear that he cannot, well as he may paint, paint well enough to do justice to nature) is apparent in most of Bastien's work. In the portrait of his mother, for instance, it shows in every touch of the brush seeking to render the subtlety of expression in the face, in the beautiful drawing of the mouth, in the almost indecisive way in which the line and form are felt. It is a quality that distinguishes the best art of the kind to which the work of Bastien and Dagnan belongs, and it is not one that needs to be sought for in looking at a picture. If it is present at all, it communicates its charm unknowingly. Such a charm is in the work of Holbein, in that of some of the Dutch masters, as Terburg or Van der Meer of Delft, and it pervades that wonderful masterpiece by Rembrandt in the Louvre, "The Supper at Emmaus." The chief points of technical excellence in Dagnan's work are first, his drawing, which, while without nervous quality, is delicately felt, irreproachably correct, and faithful to detail; second, sympathetic and refined color-schemes of more depth and of more variety than are usually found in the work of men who are essentially draftsmen, and give such careful attention to form as he does; third, frank, simple, and unobtrusive brush-work; and, fourth, good composition. In composition his originality is remarkable; for while his groups are unconventional, and the point of view taken by the painter in most of his pictures seems to be a novel one, and in the hands of an artist with a less well-developed sense of symmetry would incline sometimes to eccentricity, his art of arranging his figures on the canvas to give an impression of naturalness is so great that the effect is always agreeable, and impresses by its unity of ensemble. His technical faults, judging his work by an ideal standard, are a tendency at times to "breadiness" of facture, and, in his out-of-door pictures, a slight lack of atmosphere or envelop. His methods in composition are well shown in the "Breton Women at the Pardon," and in "In the Forest," and the quality of his exquisite drawing is especially well exemplified in the heads of the women in the church in "The Consecrated Bread," in "La Bernoise," and in some of his small single figures, which are comparable only to the works of the Dutch masters.

The scene of "The Blessing" is taken from the life of the French peasantry, and shows a young couple who are about to leave the father's house for the church, receiving the parents' blessing before their marriage. The young man is kneeling on the floor at the left of the picture, in profile to the spectator, and the bride, with the veil falling over her shoulders, is at his right hand and a little in advance. The father and mother, who are standing a little farther to the left, are dressed in clothes kept for such great occasions, and at the back of the room behind the long white-draped table, where the feast will soon be spread, are the friends who are to assist at the ceremony — young girls in white, with here and there a colored ribbon, and sturdy-looking men, sunburnt and brown in contrast with their white linen; and about all, the warm glow of the sunlight, veiled by the white muslin curtains at the windows, colors the plastered walls, and the wooden rafters of the ceiling, with tints of amber, opal, and blue. Dagnan



PAINTED BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

"THE BLESSING."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BRAUN & CO.



PAINTED BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

"VACCINATION."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BRAUN & CO.

was never more happy in his choice of a subject than in this, and has never more admirably rendered, nor with such delicate appreciation, the subtle values of light and air. In the figures of the young people, the old man, the good mother, and the guests, in every line of the faces and turn of the bodies, there is something expressed that adds its part to the beauty of the picture as a whole. Without a particle of affectation, or over-insistence on the sentimental side of the scene, without a vestige of appeal to the literary sense, he gives us a picture full of poetry, and sound, fresh, and charming from the artistic point of view. In the "Vaccination," a scene in one of the large rooms in the municipal building of a provincial town, where mothers, with their children in their arms, and a doctor, the personification of the traditions of the *médecin de province*, are grouped, there is equal knowledge, the same sure, frank, well-felt modeling as in "The Blessing," and agreeable, quiet color. But to describe, even in the most summary way, the pictures by Dagnan that deserve as much praise as these is more than space will permit. "The Pardon," one of his pictures owned in this country, is one of the finest of his renderings of Breton character, and the "Breton Women at the Pardon" must be passed with a mere mention that it is one of the finest of his works, and the one perhaps that has given him the most renown. So, too, "In the Forest," the picture which was exhibited last year in Paris, and of which those who have seen it can speak only with the highest praise for the rugged but gentle sentiment expressed in the scene, where a party of woodcutters, resting after the noonday meal, are listening to one of their number who plays the violin, must be thus briefly referred to. Even in a reproduction in black and white it shows how eloquently, and with what simple pathos, the painter has told an idyl of the woods. Dagnan, whether it be in one of his most important compositions, in a simple, single figure of a peasant, such as the one owned by Mr. Potter Palmer of Chicago, which represents a young man holding a taper, or in such a portrait of a lady as the one he painted in 1889, and which belongs to Mr. George F. Baker of New York, is always the same sincere painter. His talent and his skill are indisputably great. In this present day, when insincerity and superficiality parade themselves in the exhibitions, and too often receive from the world consideration they do not deserve; when "fads" and experiments are leading many a good man in art into devious paths; when the rush for notoriety and quick success almost excludes from view those who are content to strive in an honest way to achieve that which they know is true and good; when Fame cuts capers, and casts her laurels all too carelessly, it is more than gratifying to find such a man as Dagnan steadily pursuing his ideal, regardless of clamor and strife, and remaining faithful to the principles that have made all the good art in the world. There are other men in the French school as solid as he, fortunately, and every one of them is an influence for good. When the dust behind the *fin-de-siècle* chariot shall have cleared away, we shall find the work of such men as Dagnan standing like sign-posts on the road to point the way to truth.

William A. Coffin.

MINORCHORD.

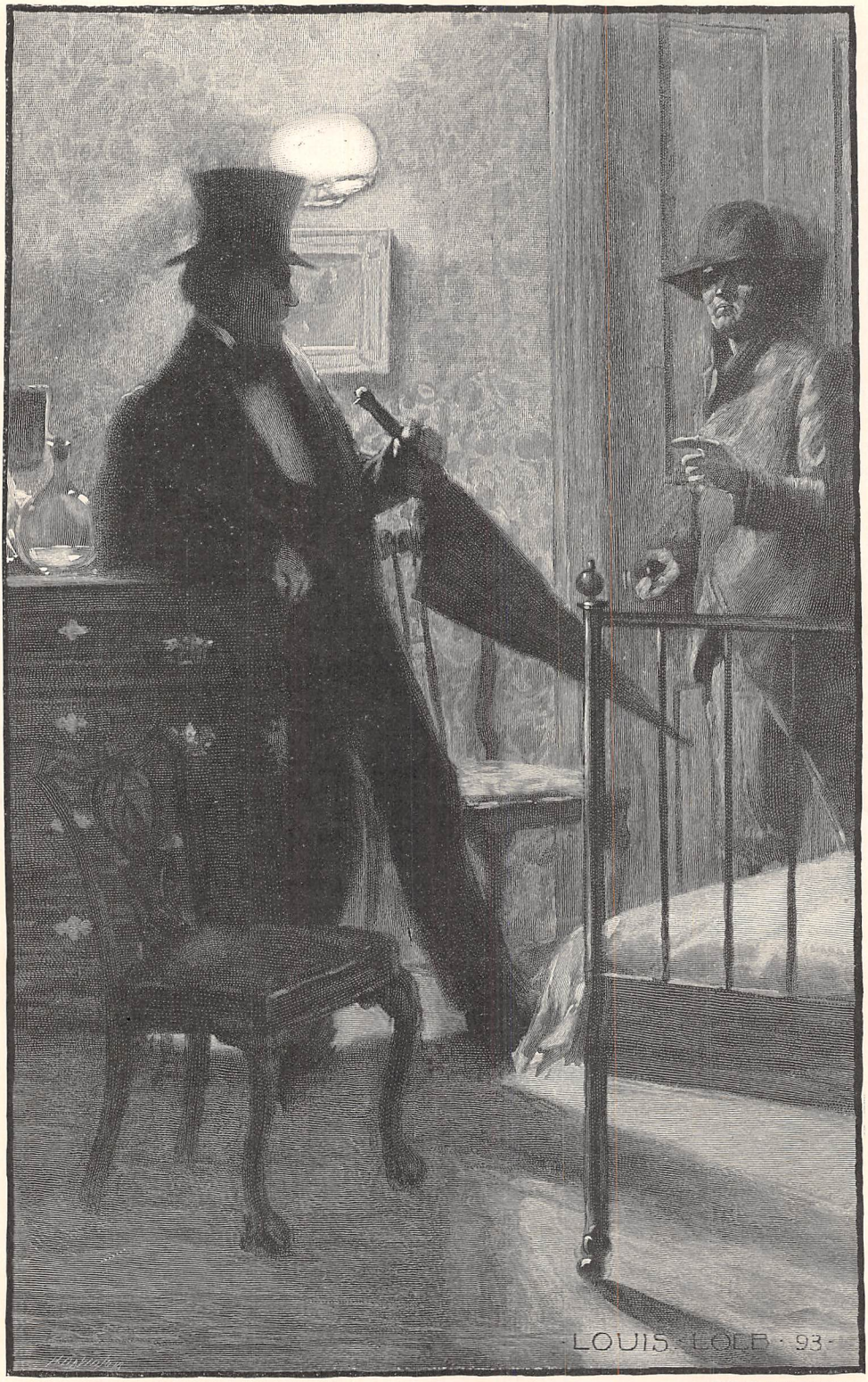
I.

THE flowers have their bold bees to woo them;
The brooks have their fresh rains to feed them;
The nights have their stars to o'erstrew them;
The dawns have their pure dews to bead them:
Yet my steps go darkling,
With but the dim sparkling
Of memory's lamp, love, to lead them!

II.

The sea hath its waves to make sheen with;
The winds have their music to sigh with;
The groves have their boughs to be green with;
The birds have their fleet wings to fly with:
But I, in my lonely
Allegiance, have only
This deep-wounded heart, love, to die with!

Edgar Fawcett.



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"KEEP STILL—I 'S YO' MOTHER!"

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON.

A TALE BY MARK TWAIN.

GRATITUDE and treachery are merely the two extremities of the same procession. You have seen all of it that is worth staying for when the band and the gaudy officials have gone by.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

THANKSGIVING DAY. Let all give humble, hearty, and sincere thanks, now, but the turkeys. In the island of Fiji they do not use turkeys; they use plumbers. It does not become you and me to sneer at Fiji.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Friday after the election was a rainy one in St. Louis. It rained all day long, and rained hard, apparently trying its best to wash that soot-blackened town white, but of course not succeeding. Toward midnight Tom Driscoll arrived at his lodgings from the theater in the heavy downpour, and closed his umbrella and let himself in; but when he would have shut the door, he found that there was another person entering—doubtless another lodger; this person closed the door and tramped upstairs behind Tom. Tom found his door in the dark, and entered it and turned up the gas. When he faced about, lightly whistling, he saw the back of a man. The man was closing and locking his door for him. His whistle faded out and he felt uneasy. The man turned around, a wreck of shabby old clothes sodden with rain and all a-drip, and showed a black face under an old slouch hat. Tom was frightened. He tried to order the man out, but the words refused to come, and the other man got the start. He said, in a low voice—

"Keep still—I 's yo' mother!"

Tom sunk in a heap on a chair, and gasped out—

"It was mean of me, and base—I know it; but I meant it for the best, I did indeed—I can swear it."

Roxana stood awhile looking mutely down on him while he writhed in shame and went on incoherently babbling self-accusations mixed with pitiful attempts at explanation and palliation of his crime; then she seated herself and took off her hat, and her unkempt masses of long brown hair tumbled down about her shoulders.

"It ain't no fault o' yo'n dat dat ain't gray," she said sadly, noticing the hair.

"I know it, I know it! I 'm a scoundrel. But I swear I meant for the best. It was a mistake, of course, but I thought it was for the best, I truly did."

Roxy began to cry softly, and presently words began to find their way out between her sobs. They were uttered lamentingly, rather than angrily—

"Sell a pusson down de river—*down de river!*—for de bes'! I would n't treat a dog so! I is all broke down en wore out, now, en so I reckon it ain't in me to storm aroun' no mo', like I used to when I 'uz trompled on en 'bused. I don't know—but maybe it 's so. Leastways, I 's suffered so much dat mournin' seem to come mo' handy to me now den stormin'."

These words should have touched Tom Driscoll, but if they did, that effect was obliterated by a stronger one—one which removed the heavy weight of fear which lay upon him, and gave his crushed spirit a most grateful rebound, and filled all his small soul with a deep sense of relief. But he kept prudently still, and ventured no comment. There was a voiceless interval of some duration, now, in which no sounds were heard but the beating of the rain upon the panes, the sighing and complaining of the winds, and now and then a muffled sob from Roxana. The sobs became more and more infrequent, and at last ceased. Then the refugee began to talk again:

"Shet down dat light a little. More. More yit. A pusson dat is hunted don't like de light. Dah—dat 'll do. I kin see whah you is, en dat 's enough. I 's gwine to tell you de tale, en cut it jes as short as I kin, en den I 'll tell you what you 's got to do. Dat man dat bought me ain't a bad man; he 's good enough, as planters goes; en if he could 'a' had his way I 'd 'a' be'n a house servant in his fambly en be'n comfortable: but his wife she was a Yank, en not right down good lookin', en she riz up agin me straight off; so den dey sent me out to de quarter 'mongst de common fiel' han's. Dat woman war n't satisfied even wid dat, but she worked up de overseer ag'in' me, she 'uz dat jealous en hateful; so de overseer he had me out befo' day in de mawnin's en worked me de whole long day as long as dey 'uz any light to see by; en many 's de lashin's I got 'ca'se I

could n't come up to de work o' de stronges'. Dat overseer wuz a Yank, too, outen New Englan', en anybody down South kin tell you what dat mean. *Dey* knows how to work a nigger to death, en dey knows how to whale 'em, too — whale 'em till dey backs is welted like a washboard. 'Long at fust my marster say de good word for me to de overseer, but dat 'uz bad for me; for de mistis she fine it out, en arter dat I jist ketched it at every turn — dey war n't no mercy for me no mo'."

Tom's heart was fired — with fury against the planter's wife; and he said to himself, "But for that meddlesome fool, everything would have gone all right." He added a deep and bitter curse against her.

The expression of this sentiment was fiercely written in his face, and stood thus revealed to Roxana by a white glare of lightning which turned the somber dusk of the room into dazzling day at that moment. She was pleased — pleased and grateful; for did not that expression show that her child was capable of grieving for his mother's wrongs and of feeling resentment toward her persecutors? — a thing which she had been doubting. But her flash of happiness was only a flash, and went out again and left her spirit dark; for she said to herself, "He sole me down de river — he can't feel for a body long; dis 'll pass en go." Then she took up her tale again.

"'Bout ten days ago I 'uz sayin' to myself dat I could n't las' many mo' weeks I 'uz so wore out wid de awful work en de lashin's, en so downhearted en misable. En I did n't care no mo', nuther — life war n't wuth noth'n' to me if I got to go on like dat. Well, when a body is in a frame o' mine like dat, what do a body care what a body do? Dey was a little sickly nigger wench 'bout ten year ole dat 'uz good to me, en had n't no mammy, po' thing, en I loved her en she loved me; en she come out whah I 'uz workin' en she had a roasted tater, en tried to slip it to me,— robbin' herself, you see, 'ca'se she knowed de overseer did n't gimme enough to eat,— en he ketched her at it, en give her a lick acrost de back wid his stick, which 'uz as thick as a broom-handle, en she drop' screamin' on de groun', en squirmin' en wallerin' aroun' in de dust like a spider dat 's got crippled. I could n't stan' it. All de hell-fire dat 'uz ever in my heart flame' up, en I snatch de stick outen his han' en laid him flat. He laid dah moanin' en cussin', en all out of his head, you know, en de niggers 'uz plumb sk'yerd to death. Dey gathered roun' him to he'p him, en I jumped on his hoss en took out for de river as tight as I could go. I knowed what dey would do wid me. Soon as he got well he would start in en work me to death if marster let him; en if dey did n't do dat, they 'd sell me furder down de river, en dat 's de same thing. So I 'lowed to drown myself en git out o' my troubles. It 'uz gitt'n' towards dark. I 'uz at de river in two minutes. Den I see a canoe, en I says dey ain't no use to drown myself tell I got to; so I ties de hoss in de edge o' de timber en shove out down de river, keepin' in under de shelter o' de bluff bank en prayin' for de dark to shet down quick. I had a pow'ful good start, 'ca'se de big house 'uz three mile back f'om de river en on'y de work-mules to ride dah on, en on'y niggers to ride 'em, en *dey* war n't gwine to hurry — dey 'd gimme all de chance dey could. Befo' a body could go to de house en back it would be long pas' dark, en dey could n't track de hoss en fine out which way I went tell mawnin', en de niggers would tell 'em all de lies dey could 'bout it.

"Well, de dark come, en I went on a-spinnin' down de river. I paddled mo'n two hours, den I war n't worried no mo', so I quit paddlin', en floated down de current, considerin' what I 'uz gwine to do if I did n't have to drown myself. I made up some plans, en floated along, turnin' 'em over in my mine. Well, when it 'uz a little pas' midnight, as I reckoned, en I had come fifteen or twenty mile, I see de lights o' a steamboat layin' at de bank, whah dey war n't no town en no woodyard, en putty soon I ketched de shape o' de chimbly-tops ag'in' de stars, en de good gracious me, I 'most jumped out o' my skin for joy! It 'uz de *Gran' Mogul* — I 'uz chambermaid on her for eight seasons in de Cincinnati en Orleans trade. I slid 'long pas' — don't see nobody stirrin' nowhah — hear 'em a-hammerin' away in de engine-room, den I knowed what de matter was — some o' de machinery 's broke. I got asho' below de boat and turn' de canoe loose, den I goes 'long up, en dey 'uz jes one plank out, en I step' 'board de boat. It 'uz pow'ful hot, deckhan's en roustabouts 'uz sprawled aroun' asleep on de fo'cas'l', de second mate, Jim Bangs, he sot dah on de bitts wid his head down, asleep — 'ca'se dat 's de way de second mate stan' de cap'n's watch! — en de ole watchman, Billy Hatch, he 'uz a-noddin' on de companion-way; — en I knowed 'em all; 'en, lan', but dey did look good! I says to myself, I wished old marster 'd come along *now* en try to take me — bless yo' heart, I 's 'mong frien's, I is. So I tromped right along 'mongst 'em, en went up on de b'iler deck en 'way back aft to de ladies' cabin guard, en sot down dah in de same cheer dat I 'd sot in 'mos' a hund'd million times, I reckon; en it 'uz jist home ag'in, I tell you!

"In 'bout an hour I heard de ready-bell jingle, en den de racket begin. Putty soon I

hear de gong strike. 'Set her back on de outside,' I says to myself—'I reckon I knows dat music!' I hear de gong ag'in. 'Come ahead on de inside,' I says. Gong ag'in. 'Stop de outside.' Gong ag'in. 'Come ahead on de outside—now we 's pinted for Sent Louis, en I 's outer de woods en ain't got to drown myself at all.' I knowed de *Mogul* 'uz in de Sent Louis trade now, you see. It 'uz jes fair daylight when we passed our plantation, en I seed a gang o' niggers en white folks huntin' up en down de sho', en troublin' deyselves a good deal 'bout me; but I war n't troublin' myself none 'bout dem.

"'Bout dat time Sally Jackson, dat used to be my second chambermaid en 'uz head chambermaid now, she come out on de guard, en 'uz pow'ful glad to see me, en so 'uz all de officers; en I tole 'em I 'd got kidnapped en sole down de river, en dey made me up twenty dollahs en give it to me, en Sally she rigged me out wid good clo'es, en when I got here I went straight to whah you used to wuz, en den I come to dis house, en dey say you 's away but 'spected back every day; so I did n't dast to go down de river to Dawson's, 'ca'se I might miss you.

"Well, las' Monday I 'uz pass'n' by one o' dem places in Fourth street whah dey sticks up runaway-nigger bills, en he'ps to ketch 'em, en I seed my marster! I 'mos' flopped down on de groun', I felt so gone. He had his back to me, en 'uz talkin' to de man en givin' him some bills—nigger-bills, I reckon, en I 's de nigger. He 's offerin' a reward—dat 's it. Ain't I right, don't you reckon?"

Tom had been gradually sinking into a state of ghastly terror, and he said to himself, now: "I 'm lost, no matter what turn things take! This man has said to me that he thinks there was something suspicious about that sale. He said he had a letter from a passenger on the *Grand Mogul* saying that Roxy came here on that boat and that everybody on board knew all about the case; so he says that her coming here instead of flying to a free State looks bad for me, and that if I don't find her for him, and that pretty soon, he will make trouble for me. I never believed that story; I could n't believe she would be so dead to all motherly instincts as to come here, knowing the risk she would run of getting me into irremediable trouble. And after all, here she is! And I stupidly swore I would help him find her, thinking it was a perfectly safe thing to promise. If I venture to deliver her up, she—she—but how can I help myself? I 've got to do that or pay the money, and where 's the money to come from? I—I—well, I should think that if he would swear to treat her kindly hereafter—and she says, herself, that he is a good man—and if he would swear to never allow her to be overworked, or ill fed, or—"

A flash of lightning exposed Tom's pallid face, drawn and rigid with these worrying thoughts. Roxana spoke up sharply now, and there was apprehension in her voice—

"Turn up dat light! I want to see yo' face better. Dah now—lemme look at you. Chambers, you 's as white as yo' shirt! Has you seen dat man? Has he be'n to see you?"

"Ye–s."

"When?"

"Monday noon."

"Monday noon! Was he on my track?"

"He—well, he thought he was. That is, he hoped he was. This is the bill you saw." He took it out of his pocket.

"Read it to me!"

She was panting with excitement, and there was a dusky glow in her eyes that Tom could not translate with certainty, but there seemed to be something threatening about it. The handbill had the usual rude woodcut of a turbaned negro woman running, with the customary bundle on a stick over her shoulder, and the heading in bold type, "$100 REWARD." Tom read the bill aloud—at least the part that described Roxana and named the master and his St. Louis address and the address of the Fourth-street agency; but he left out the item that applicants for the reward might also apply to Mr. Thomas Driscoll.

"Gimme de bill!"

Tom had folded it and was putting it in his pocket. He felt a chilly streak creeping down his back, but said as carelessly as he could—

"The bill? Why, it is n't any use to you; you can't read it. What do you want with it?"

"Gimme de bill!" Tom gave it to her, but with a reluctance which he could not entirely disguise. "Did you read it *all* to me?"

"Certainly I did."

"Hole up yo' han' en swah to it."

Tom did it. Roxana put the bill carefully away in her pocket, with her eyes fixed upon Tom's face all the while; then she said—

"You 's lyin'!"

"What would I want to lie about it for?"

"I don't know—but you is. Dat 's my opinion, anyways. But nemmine 'bout dat. When I seed dat man I 'uz dat sk'yerd dat I could sca'cely wobble home. Den I give a nigger man a dollar for dese clo'es, en I ain't be'n in a house sence, night ner day, till now. I blacked my face en laid hid in de cellar of a ole house dat 's burnt down, daytimes, en robbed de sugar hogsheads en grain sacks on de wharf, nights, to git somethin' to eat, en never dast to try to buy noth'n', en I 's 'mos' starved. En I never dast to come near dis place till dis rainy night, when dey ain't no

people roun' sca'cely. But to-night I be'n a-stannin' in de dark alley ever sence night come, waitin' for you to go by. En here I is."

She fell to thinking. Presently she said —

"You seed dat man at noon, las' Monday?"

"Yes."

"I seed him de middle o' dat arternoon. He hunted you up, did n't he?"

"Yes."

"Did he give you de bill dat time?"

"No, he had n't got it printed yet."

Roxana darted a suspicious glance at him.

"Did you he'p him fix up de bill?"

Tom cursed himself for making that stupid blunder, and tried to rectify it by saying he remembered, now, that it *was* at noon Monday that the man gave him the bill. Roxana said —

"You 's lyin' ag'in, sho." Then she straightened up and raised her finger:

"Now den! I 's gwine to ast you a question, en I wants to know how you 's gwine to git aroun' it. You knowed he 'uz arter me; en if you run off, 'stid o' stayin' here to he'p him, he 'd know dey 'uz somethin' wrong 'bout dis business, en den he would inquire 'bout you, en dat would take him to yo' uncle, en yo' uncle would read de bill en see dat you be'n sellin' a free nigger down de river, en you know *him*, I reckon! He 'd t'ar up de will en kick you outen de house. Now, den, you answer me dis question: hain't you tole dat man dat I would be sho' to come here, en den you would fix it so he could set a trap en ketch me?"

Tom recognized that neither lies nor arguments could help him any longer — he was in a vise, with the screw turned on, and out of it there was no budging. His face began to take on an ugly look, and presently he said, with a snarl —

"Well, what could I do? You see, yourself, that I was in his grip and could n't get out."

Roxy scorched him with a scornful gaze awhile, then she said —

"What could you do? You could be Judas to yo' own mother to save yo' wuthless hide! Would anybody b'lieve it? No — a dog could n't! You is de low-downest orneriest hound dat was ever pup'd into dis worl'— en I 's 'sponsible for it!" — and she spat on him.

He made no effort to resent this. Roxy reflected a moment, then she said —

"Now I 'll tell you what you 's gwine to do. You 's gwine to give dat man de money dat you 's got laid up, en make him wait till you kin go to de Jedge en git de res' en buy me free agin."

"Thunder! what are you thinking of? Go and ask him for three hundred dollars and odd? What would I tell him I want with it, pray?"

Roxy's answer was delivered in a serene and level voice —

"You 'll tell him you 's sole me to pay yo' gamblin' debts en dat you lied to me en was a villain, en dat I 'quires you to git dat money en buy me back ag'in."

"Why, you 've gone stark mad! He would tear the will to shreds in a minute — don't you know that?"

"Yes, I does."

"Then you don't believe I 'm idiot enough to go to him, do you?"

"I don't b'lieve nothin' 'bout it — I *knows* you 's a-goin'. I knows it 'ca'se you knows dat if you don't raise dat money I 'll go to him myself, en den he 'll sell *you* down de river, en you kin see how you like it!"

Tom rose, trembling and excited, and there was an evil light in his eye. He strode to the door and said he must get out of this suffocating place for a moment and clear his brain in the fresh air so that he could determine what to do. The door would n't open. Roxy smiled grimly, and said —

"I 's got de key, honey — set down. You need n't cle'r up yo' brain none to fine out what you gwine to do — *I* knows what you 's gwine to do." Tom sat down and began to pass his hands through his hair with a helpless and desperate air. Roxy said, "Is dat man in dis house?"

Tom glanced up with a surprised expression, and asked —

"What gave you such an idea?"

"You done it. Gwine out to cle'r yo' brain! In de fust place you ain't got none to cle'r, en in de second place yo' ornery eye tole on you. You 's de low-downest hound dat ever — but I done tole you dat befo'. Now den, dis is Friday. You kin fix it up wid dat man, en tell him you 's gwine away to git de res' o' de money, en dat you 'll be back wid it nex' Tuesday, or maybe Wednesday. You understan'?"

Tom answered sullenly —

"Yes."

"En when you gits de new bill o' sale dat sells me to my own self, take en send it in de mail to Mr. Pudd'nhead Wilson, en write on de back dat he 's to keep it tell I come. You understan'?"

"Yes."

"Dat 's all, den. Take yo' umbreller, en put on yo' hat."

"Why?"

"Beca'se you 's gwine to see me home to de wharf. You see dis knife? I 's toted it aroun' sence de day I seed dat man en bought dese clo'es en it. If he ketched me, I 'uz gwine to kill myself wid it. Now start along, en go sof', en lead de way; en if you gives a sign in dis

house, or if anybody comes up to you in de street, I 's gwine to jam it into you. Chambers, does you b'lieve me when I says dat?"

"It 's no use to bother me with that question. I know your word 's good."

"Yes, it 's diff'rent fom yo'n! Shet de light out en move along — here 's de key."

They were not followed. Tom trembled every time a late straggler brushed by them on the street, and half expected to feel the cold steel in his back. Roxy was right at his heels and always in reach. After tramping a mile they reached a wide vacancy on the deserted wharves, and in this dark and rainy desert they parted.

As Tom trudged home his mind was full of dreary thoughts and wild plans; but at last he said to himself, wearily —

"There is but the one way out. I must follow her plan. But with a variation — I will not ask for the money and ruin myself; I will *rob* the old skinflint."

XIX.

FEW things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example. — *Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

IT were not best that we should all think alike; it is difference of opinion that makes horse-races. — *Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

DAWSON'S LANDING was comfortably finishing its season of dull repose and waiting patiently for the duel. Count Luigi was waiting, too; but not patiently, rumor said. Sunday came, and Luigi insisted on having his challenge conveyed. Wilson carried it. Judge Driscoll declined to fight with an assassin — "that is," he added significantly, "in the field of honor."

Elsewhere, of course, he would be ready. Wilson tried to convince him that if he had been present himself when Angelo told about the homicide committed by Luigi, he would not have considered the act discreditable to Luigi; but the obstinate old man was not to be moved.

Wilson went back to his principal and reported the failure of his mission. Luigi was incensed, and asked how it could be that the old gentleman, who was by no means dull-witted, held his trifling nephew's evidence and inferences to be of more value than Wilson's. But Wilson laughed, and said —

"That is quite simple; that is easily explicable. I am not his doll — his baby — his infatuation: his nephew is. The Judge and his late wife never had any children. The Judge and his wife were past middle age when this treasure fell into their lap. One must make allowances for a parental instinct that has been starving for twenty-five or thirty years. It is famished, it is crazed with hunger by that time, and will be entirely satisfied with anything that comes handy; its taste is atrophied, it can't tell mud-cat from shad. A devil born to a young couple is measurably recognizable by them as a devil before long, but a devil adopted by an old couple is an angel to them, and remains so, through thick and thin. Tom is this old man's angel; he is infatuated with him. Tom can persuade him into things which other people can't — not all things; I don't mean that, but a good many — particularly one class of things: the things that create or abolish personal partialities or prejudices in the old man's mind. The old man liked both of you. Tom conceived a hatred for you. That was enough; it turned the old man around at once. The oldest and strongest friendship must go to the ground when one of these late-adopted darlings throws a brick at it."

"It 's a curious philosophy," said Luigi.

"It ain't a philosophy at all — it 's a fact. And there is something pathetic and beautiful about it, too. I think there is nothing more pathetic than to see one of these poor old childless couples taking a menagerie of yelping little worthless dogs to their hearts; and then adding some cursing and squawking parrots and a jackass-voiced macaw; and next a couple of hundred screeching song-birds, and presently some fetid guinea-pigs and rabbits, and a howling colony of cats. It is all a groping and ignorant effort to construct out of base metal and brass filings, so to speak, something to take the place of that golden treasure denied them by Nature, a child. But this is a digression. The unwritten law of this region requires you to kill Judge Driscoll on sight, and he and the community will expect that attention at your hands — though of course your own death by his bullet will answer every purpose. Look out for him! Are you heeled — that is, fixed?"

"Yes; he shall have his opportunity. If he attacks me I will respond."

As Wilson was leaving, he said —

"The Judge is still a little used up by his campaign work, and will not get out for a day or so; but when he does get out, you want to be on the alert."

About eleven at night the twins went out for exercise, and started on a long stroll in the veiled moonlight.

Tom Driscoll had landed at Hackett's Store, two miles below Dawson's, just about half an hour earlier, the only passenger for that lonely spot, and had walked up the shore road and entered Judge Driscoll's house without having encountered any one either on the road or under the roof.

He pulled down his window-blinds and lighted his candle. He laid off his coat and hat and began his preparations. He unlocked his trunk and got his suit of girl's clothes out from under the male attire in it, and laid it by. Then

he blacked his face with burnt cork and put the cork in his pocket. His plan was, to slip down to his uncle's private sitting-room below, pass into the bed-room, steal the safe-key from the old gentleman's clothes, and then go back and rob the safe. He took up his candle to start. His courage and confidence were high, up to this point, but both began to waver a little, now. Suppose he should make a noise, by some accident, and get caught — say, in the act of opening the safe? Perhaps it would be well to go armed. He took the Indian knife from its hiding-place, and felt a pleasant return of his waning courage. He slipped stealthily down the narrow stair, his hair rising and his pulses halting at the slightest creak. When he was halfway down, he was disturbed to perceive that the landing below was touched by a faint glow of light. What could that mean? Was his uncle still up? No, that was not likely; he must have left his night-taper there when he went to bed. Tom crept on down, pausing at every step to listen. He found the door standing open, and glanced in. What he saw pleased him beyond measure. His uncle was asleep on the sofa; on a small table at the head of the sofa a lamp was burning low, and by it stood the old man's small tin cash-box, closed. Near the box was a pile of bank-notes and a piece of paper covered with figures in pencil. The safe-door was not open. Evidently the sleeper had wearied himself with work upon his finances, and was taking a rest.

Tom set his candle on the stairs, and began to make his way toward the pile of notes, stooping low as he went. When he was passing his uncle, the old man stirred in his sleep, and Tom stopped instantly — stopped, and softly drew the knife from its sheath, with his heart thumping, and his eyes fastened upon his benefactor's face. After a moment or two he ventured forward again — one step — reached for his prize and seized it, dropping the knife-sheath. Then he felt the old man's strong grip upon him, and a wild cry of "Help! help!" rang in his ear. Without hesitation he drove the knife home — and was free. Some of the notes escaped from his left hand and fell in the blood on the floor. He dropped the knife and snatched them up and started to fly; transferred them to his left hand, and seized the knife again, in his fright and confusion, but remembered himself and flung it from him, as being a dangerous witness to carry away with him.

He jumped for the stair-foot, and closed the door behind him; and as he snatched his candle and fled upward, the stillness of the night was broken by the sound of urgent footsteps approaching the house. In another moment he was in his room and the twins were standing aghast over the body of the murdered man!

Tom put on his coat, buttoned his hat under it, threw on his suit of girl's clothes, dropped the veil, blew out his light, locked the room door by which he had just entered, taking the key, passed through his other door into the back hall, locked that door and kept the key, then worked his way along in the dark and descended the back stairs. He was not expecting to meet anybody, for all interest was centered in the other part of the house, now; his calculation proved correct. By the time he was passing through the back yard, Mrs. Pratt, her servants, and a dozen half-dressed neighbors had joined the twins and the dead, and accessions were still arriving at the front door.

As Tom, quaking as with a palsy, passed out at the gate, three women came flying from the house on the opposite side of the lane. They rushed by him and in at the gate, asking him what the trouble was there, but not waiting for an answer. Tom said to himself, "Those old maids waited to dress — they did the same thing the night Stevens's house burned down next door." In a few minutes he was in the haunted house. He lighted a candle and took off his girl-clothes. There was blood on him all down his left side, and his right hand was red with the stains of the blood-soaked notes which he had crushed in it; but otherwise he was free from this sort of evidence. He cleansed his hand on the straw, and cleaned most of the smut from his face. Then he burned his male and female attire to ashes, scattered the ashes, and put on a disguise proper for a tramp. He blew out his light, went below, and was soon loafing down the river road with the intent to borrow and use one of Roxy's devices. He found a canoe and paddled off down-stream, setting the canoe adrift as dawn approached, and making his way by land to the next village, where he kept out of sight till a transient steamer came along, and then took deck passage for St. Louis. He was ill at ease until Dawson's Landing was behind him; then he said to himself, "All the detectives on earth could n't trace me now; there 's not a vestige of a clue left in the world; that homicide will take its place with the permanent mysteries, and people won't get done trying to guess out the secret of it for fifty years."

In St. Louis, next morning, he read this brief telegram in the papers — dated at Dawson's Landing:

> Judge Driscoll, an old and respected citizen, was assassinated here about midnight by a profligate Italian nobleman or barber on account of a quarrel growing out of the recent election. The assassin will probably be lynched.

"One of the twins!" soliloquized Tom;

"how lucky! It is the knife that has done him this grace. We never know when fortune is trying to favor us. I actually cursed Pudd'nhead Wilson in my heart for putting it out of my power to sell that knife. I take it back, now."

Tom was now rich and independent. He arranged with the planter, and mailed to Wilson the new bill of sale which sold Roxana to herself; then he telegraphed his Aunt Pratt:

> Have seen the awful news in the papers and am almost prostrated with grief. Shall start by packet to-day. Try to bear up till I come.

When Wilson reached the house of mourning and had gathered such details as Mrs. Pratt and the rest of the crowd could tell him, he took command as mayor, and gave orders that nothing should be touched, but everything left as it was until Justice Robinson should arrive and take the proper measures as coroner. He cleared everybody out of the room but the twins and himself. The sheriff soon arrived and took the twins away to jail. Wilson told them to keep heart, and promised to do his best in their defense when the case should come to trial. Justice Robinson came presently, and with him Constable Blake. They examined the room thoroughly. They found the knife and the sheath. Wilson noticed that there were finger-prints on the knife-handle. That pleased him, for the twins had required the earliest comers to make a scrutiny of their hands and clothes, and neither these people nor Wilson himself had found any blood-stains upon them. Could there be a possibility that the twins had spoken the truth when they said they found the man dead when they ran into the house in answer to the cry for help? He thought of that mysterious girl at once. But this was not the sort of work for a girl to be engaged in. No matter; Tom Driscoll's room must be examined.

After the coroner's jury had viewed the body and its surroundings, Wilson suggested a search up-stairs, and he went along. The jury forced an entrance to Tom's room, but found nothing, of course.

The coroner's jury found that the homicide was committed by Luigi, and that Angelo was accessory to it.

The town was bitter against the unfortunates, and for the first few days after the murder they were in constant danger of being lynched. The grand jury presently indicted Luigi for murder in the first degree, and Angelo as accessory before the fact. The twins were transferred from the city jail to the county prison to await trial.

Wilson examined the finger-marks on the knife-handle and said to himself, "Neither of the twins made those marks." Then manifestly there was another person concerned, either in his own interest or as hired assassin.

But who could it be? That, he must try to find out. The safe was not open, the cash-box was closed, and had three thousand dollars in it. Then robbery was not the motive, and revenge was. Where had the murdered man an enemy except Luigi? There was but that one person in the world with a deep grudge against him.

The mysterious girl! The girl was a great trial to Wilson. If the motive had been robbery, the girl might answer; but there was n't any girl that would want to take this old man's life for revenge. He had no quarrels with girls; he was a gentleman.

Wilson had perfect tracings of the finger-marks of the knife-handle; and among his glass-records he had a great array of the finger-prints of women and girls, collected during the last fifteen or eighteen years, but he scanned them in vain, they successfully withstood every test; among them were no duplicates of the prints on the knife.

The presence of the knife on the stage of the murder was a worrying circumstance for Wilson. A week previously he had as good as admitted to himself that he believed Luigi had possessed such a knife, and that he still possessed it notwithstanding his pretense that it had been stolen. And now here was the knife, and with it the twins. Half the town had said the twins were humbugging when they claimed that they had lost their knife, and now these people were joyful, and said, "I told you so!"

If their finger-prints had been on the handle — but it was useless to bother any further about that; the finger-prints on the handle were *not* theirs — that he knew perfectly.

Wilson refused to suspect Tom; for first, Tom could n't murder anybody — he had n't character enough; secondly, if he could murder a person he would n't select his doting benefactor and nearest relative; thirdly, self-interest was in the way; for while the uncle lived, Tom was sure of a free support and a chance to get the destroyed will revived again, but with the uncle gone, that chance was gone, too. It was true the will had really been revived, as was now discovered, but Tom could not have been aware of it, or he would have spoken of it, in his native talky, unsecretive way. Finally, Tom was in St. Louis when the murder was done, and got the news out of the morning journals, as was shown by his telegram to his aunt. These speculations were unemphasized sensations rather than articulated thoughts, for Wilson would have laughed at the idea of seriously connecting Tom with the murder.

Wilson regarded the case of the twins as

desperate — in fact, about hopeless. For he argued that if a confederate was not found, an enlightened Missouri jury would hang them, sure; if a confederate was found, that would not improve the matter, but simply furnish one more person for the sheriff to hang. Nothing could save the twins but the discovery of a person who did the murder on his sole personal account — an undertaking which had all the aspect of the impossible. Still, the person who made the finger-prints must be sought. The twins might have no case *with* him, but they certainly would have none without him.

So Wilson mooned around, thinking, thinking, guessing, guessing, day and night, and arriving nowhere. Whenever he ran across a girl or a woman he was not acquainted with, he got her finger-prints, on one pretext or another; and they always cost him a sigh when he got home, for they never tallied with the finger-marks on the knife-handle.

As to the mysterious girl, Tom swore he knew no such girl, and did not remember ever seeing a girl wearing a dress like the one described by Wilson. He admitted that he did not always lock his room, and that sometimes the servants forgot to lock the house doors; still, in his opinion the girl must have made but few visits or she would have been discovered. When Wilson tried to connect her with the stealing-raid, and thought she might have been the old woman's confederate, if not the very thief herself disguised as an old woman, Tom seemed struck, and also much interested, and said he would keep a sharp eye out for this person or persons, although he was afraid that she or they would be too smart to venture again into a town where everybody would now be on the watch for a good while to come.

Everybody was pitying Tom, he looked so quiet and sorrowful, and seemed to feel his great loss so deeply. He was playing a part, but it was not all a part. The picture of his alleged uncle, as he had last seen him, was before him in the dark pretty frequently, when he was awake, and called again in his dreams, when he was asleep. He would n't go into the room where the tragedy had happened. This charmed the doting Mrs. Pratt, who realized now, "as she had never done before," she said, what a sensitive and delicate nature her darling had, and how he adored his poor uncle.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Mark Twain.

FRAGMENTS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I. LIFE IN LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE.

IT is the office and function of the imagination to renew life in lights and sounds and emotions that are outworn and familiar. It calls the soul back once more under the dead ribs of nature, and makes the meanest bush burn again, as it did to Moses, with the visible presence of God. And it works the same miracle for language. The word it has touched retains the warmth of life forever. We talk about the age of superstition and fable as if they were passed away, as if no ghost could walk in the pure white light of science, yet the microscope that can distinguish between the disks that float in the blood of man and ox is helpless, a mere dead eyeball, before this mystery of Being, this wonder of Life, the sympathy which puts us in relation with all nature, before that mighty circulation of Deity in which stars and systems are but as the blood-disks in our own veins. And so long as wonder lasts, so long will imagination find thread for her loom, and sit like the Lady of Shalott weaving that magical web in which "the shows of things are accommodated to the desires of the mind."

It is precisely before this phenomenon of life in literature and language that criticism is forced to stop short. That it is there we know, but what it is we cannot precisely tell. It flits before us like the bird in the old story. When we think to grasp it, we already hear it singing just beyond us. It is the imagination which enables the poet to give away his own consciousness in dramatic poetry to his characters, in narrative to his language, so that they react upon us with the same original force as if they had life in themselves.

II. STYLE AND MANNER.

WHERE Milton's style is fine it is *very* fine, but it is always liable to the danger of degenerating into mannerism. Nay, where the imagination is absent and the artifice remains, as in some of the theological discussions in "Paradise Lost," it becomes mannerism of the most wearisome kind. Accordingly, he is easily parodied and easily imitated. Philips, in his "Splendid Shilling," has caught the trick exactly:

> Not blacker tube nor of a shorter size
> Smokes Cambrobriton (versed in pedigree,
> Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
> Full famous in romantic tale) when he,
> O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
> Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese
> High overshadowing rides, with a design
> To vend his wares or at the Arvonian mart,
> Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
> Yclept Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
> Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil.

Philips has caught, I say, Milton's trick; his real secret he could never divine, for where Milton is best, he is incomparable. But all authors in whom imagination is a secondary quality, and whose merit lies less in what they say than in the way they say it, are apt to become mannerists, and to have imitators, because manner can be easily imitated. Milton has more or less colored all blank verse since his time, and, as those who imitate never fail to exaggerate, his influence has in some respects been mischievous. Thomson was well-nigh ruined by him. In him a leaf cannot fall without a Latinism, and there is circumlocution in the crow of a cock. Cowper was only saved by mixing equal proportions of Dryden in his verse, thus hitting upon a kind of cross between prose and poetry. In judging Milton, however, we should not forget that in verse the music makes a part of the meaning, and that no one before or since has been able to give to simple pentameters the majesty and compass of the organ. He was as much composer as poet.

How is it with Shakspere? did he have no style? I think I find the proof that he had it, and that of the very highest and subtlest kind, in the fact that I can nowhere put my finger on it, and say it is here or there.[1]

I do not mean that things in themselves artificial may not be highly agreeable. We learn by degrees to take a pleasure in the mannerism of Gibbon and Johnson. It is something like reading Latin as a living language. But in both these cases the man is only present by his thought. It is the force of that, and only that, which distinguishes them from their imitators, who easily possess themselves of everything else. But with Burke, who has true style, we have a very different experience. If we *go* along with Johnson or Gibbon, we are *carried* along by Burke. Take the finest specimen of him, for example, "The Letter to a Noble Lord." The sentences throb with the very pulse of the writer. As he kindles, the phrase glows and dilates, and we feel ourselves sharing in that warmth and expansion. At last we no longer read, we seem to hear him, so livingly is the whole man in what he writes; and when the spell is over, we can scarce believe that those dull types could have held such ravishing discourse. And yet we are told that when Burke spoke in Parliament he always emptied the house.

I know very well what the charm of mere words is. I know very well that our nerves of sensation adapt themselves, as the wood of the violin is said to do, to certain modulations, so that we receive them with a readier sympathy at every repetition. This is a part of the sweet charm of the classics. We are pleased with things in Horace which we should not find especially enlivening in Mr. Tupper. Cowper, in one of his letters, after turning a clever sentence, says, "There! if that had been written in Latin seventeen centuries ago by Mr. Flaccus, you would have thought it rather neat." How fully any particular rhythm gets possession of us we can convince ourselves by our dissatisfaction with any emendation made by a contemporary poet in his verses. Posterity may think he has improved them, but we are jarred by any change in the old tune. Even without any habitual association, we cannot help recognizing a certain power over our fancy in mere words. In verse almost every ear is caught with the sweetness of alliteration. I remember a line in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" which owes much of its fascination to three *m's*, where he speaks of the Hebrid Isles

> Far placed amid the melancholy main.

I remember a passage in Prichard's "Races of Man" which had for me all the moving quality of a poem. It was something about the Arctic regions, and I could never read it without the same thrill. Dr. Prichard was certainly far from being an inspired or inspiring author, yet there was something in those words, or in their collocation, that affected me as only genius can. It was probably some dimly felt association, something like that strange power there is in certain odors, which, in themselves the most evanescent and impalpable of all impressions on the senses, have yet a wondrous magic in recalling, and making present to us, some forgotten experience.

Milton understood the secret of memory perfectly well, and his poems are full of those little pitfalls for the fancy. Whatever you have read, whether in the classics, or in medieval romance, all is there to stir you with an emotion not always the less strong because indefinable. Gray makes use of the same artifice, and with the same success.

There is a charm in the arrangement of words also, and that not only in verse, but in prose. The finest prose is subject to the laws of metrical proportion. For example, in the song of Deb-

[1] In his essay, "Shakespeare Once More" (Works, Vol. III., pages 36–42), published in 1868, Mr. Lowell has treated of Shakspere's style in a passage of extraordinary felicity and depth of critical judgment.

orah and Barak: "Awake, awake, Deborah! Awake, awake, utter a song! Arise, Barak, and lead thy captivity captive, thou son of Abinoam!" Or again, "At her feet he bowed; he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead."

Setting aside, then, all charm of association, all the influence to which we are unconsciously subjected by melody, by harmony, or even by the mere sound of words, we may say that style is distinguished from manner by the author's power of projecting his own emotion into what he writes. The stylist is occupied with the impression which certain things have made upon him; the mannerist is wholly concerned with the impression he shall make on others.

III. KALEVALA.

But there are also two kinds of imagination, or rather two ways in which imagination may display itself — as an active power or as a passive quality of the mind. The former reshapes the impressions it receives from nature to give them expression in more ideal forms; the latter reproduces them simply and freshly without any adulteration by conventional phrase, without any deliberate manipulation of them by the conscious fancy. Imagination as an active power concerns itself with expression, whether it be in giving that unity of form which we call art, or in that intenser phrase where word and thing leap together in a vivid flash of sympathy, so that we almost doubt whether the poet was conscious of his own magic, and whether we ourselves have not communicated the very charm we feel. A few such utterances have come down to us to which every generation adds some new significance out of its own store, till they do for the imagination what proverbs do for the understanding, and, passing into the common currency of speech, become the property of every man and no man. On the other hand, wonder, which is the raw material in which imagination finds food for her loom, is the property of primitive peoples and primitive poets. There is always here a certain intimacy with nature, and a consequent simplicity of phrases and images, that please us all the more as the artificial conditions remove us farther from it. When a man happens to be born with that happy combination of qualities which enables him to renew this simple and natural relation with the world about him, however little or however much, we call him a poet, and surrender ourselves gladly to his gracious and incommunicable gift. But the renewal of these conditions becomes with the advance of every generation in literary culture and social refinement more difficult. Ballads, for example, are never produced among cultivated people. Like the mayflower, they love the woods, and will not be naturalized in the garden. Now, the advantage of that primitive kind of poetry of which I was just speaking is that it finds its imaginative components ready made to its hand. But an illustration is worth more than any amount of discourse. Let me read you a few passages from a poem which grew up under the true conditions of natural and primitive literature — remoteness, primitiveness of manners, and dependence on native traditions. I mean the epic of Finland — Kalevala.[1]

I am driven by my longing,
Of my thought I hear the summons
That to singing I betake me,
That I give myself to speaking,
That our race's lay I utter,
Song for ages handed downward.
Words upon my lips are melting,
And the eager tones escaping
Will my very tongue outhasten,
Will my teeth, despite me, open.

Golden friend, belovèd brother,
Dear one that grew up beside me,
Join thee with me now in singing,
Join thee with me now in speaking,
Since we here have come together,
Journeying by divers pathways;
Seldom do we come together,
One comes seldom to the other,
In the barren fields far-lying,
On the hard breast of the Northland.

Hand in hand together clasping,
Finger fast with finger clasping,
Gladly we our song will utter,
Of our lays will give the choicest —
So that friends may understand it,
And the kindly ones may hear it,
In their youth which now is waxing,
Climbing upward into manhood:
These our words of old tradition,
These our lays that we have borrowed
From the belt of Wainamoinen,
From the forge of Ilmarinen,
From the sword of Kaukomeli,
From the bow of Jonkahainen,
From the borders of the ice-fields,
From the plains of Kalevala.

These my father sang before me,
As the ax's helve he fashioned;
These were taught me by my mother,
As she sat and twirled her spindle,
While I on the floor was lying,
At her feet, a child was rolling;
Never songs of Sampo failed her,
Magic songs of Lonhi never;
Sampo in her song grew agèd,
Lonhi with her magic vanished,
In her singing died Wipunen,
As I played, died Lunminkainen.
Other words there are a many,
Magic words that I have taught me,

[1] This translation is Mr. Lowell's, and, so far as I know, has not been printed. — C. E. Norton.

Which I picked up from the pathway,
Which I gathered from the forest,
Which I snapped from wayside bushes,
Which I gleaned from slender grass-blades,
Which I found upon the foot-bridge,
When I wandered as a herd-boy,
As a child into the pastures,
To the meadows rich in honey,
To the sun-begoldened hilltops,
Following the black Maurikki
By the side of brindled Kimmo.

Lays the winter gave me also,
Song was given me by the rain-storm,
Other lays the wind-gusts blew me,
And the waves of ocean brought them;
Words I borrowed of the song-birds,
And wise sayings from the tree-tops.

Then into a skein I wound them,
Bound them fast into a bundle,
Laid upon my ledge the burthen,
Bore them with me to my dwelling,
On the garret beams I stored them,
In the great chest bound with copper.

Long time in the cold they lay there,
Under lock and key a long time;
From the cold shall I forth bring them?
Bring my lays from out the frost there
'Neath this roof so wide-renownèd?
Here my song-chest shall I open,
Chest with runic lays o'errunning?
Shall I here untie my bundle,
And begin my skein unwinding?
. . . . .
Now my lips at last must close them
And my tongue at last be fettered;
I must leave my lay unfinished,
And must cease from cheerful singing;
Even the horses must repose them
When all day they have been running;
Even the iron's self grows weary
Mowing down the summer grasses;
Even the water sinks to quiet
From its rushing in the river;
Even the fire seeks rest in ashes
That all night hath roared and crackled;
Wherefore should not music also,
Song itself, at last grow weary
After the long eve's contentment
And the fading of the twilight?
I have also heard say often,
Heard it many times repeated,
That the cataract swift-rushing
Not in one gush spends its waters,
And in like sort cunning singers
Do not spend their utmost secret,
Yea, to end betimes is better
Than to break the thread abruptly.

Ending, then, as I began them,
Closing thus and thus completing,
I fold up my pack of ballads,
Roll them closely in a bundle,
Lay them safely in the storeroom,
In the strong bone-castle's chamber,
That they never thence be stolen,
Never in all time be lost thence,
Though the castle's wall be broken,
Though the bones be rent asunder,
Though the teeth may be pried open,
And the tongue be set in motion.

How, then, were it sang I always
Till my songs grew poor and poorer,
Till the dells alone would hear me,
Only the deaf fir-trees listen?
Not in life is she, my mother,
She no longer is aboveground;
She, the golden, cannot hear me,
'T is the fir-trees now that hear me,
'T is the pine-tops understand me,
And the birch-crowns full of goodness,
And the ash-trees now that love me!
Small and weak my mother left me,
Like a lark upon the cliff-top,
Like a young thrush 'mid the flintstones,
In the guardianship of strangers,
In the keeping of the stepdame.
She would drive the little orphan,
Drive the child with none to love him,
To the cold side of the chimney,
To the north side of the cottage,
Where the wind that felt no pity,
Bit the boy with none to shield him.
Larklike, then, I forth betook me,
Like a little bird to wander,
Silent, o'er the country straying
Yon and hither, full of sadness.
With the winds I made acquaintance,
Felt the will of every tempest,
Learned of bitter frost to shiver,
Learned too well to weep of winter.
Yet there be full many people
Who with evil voice assail me,
And with tongue of poison sting me,
Saying that my lips are skilless,
That the ways of song I know not,
Nor the ballad's pleasant turnings.
Ah, you should not, kindly people,
Therein seek a cause to blame me,
That, a child, I sang too often,
That, unfledged, I twittered only.
I have never had a teacher,
Never heard the speech of great men,
Never learned a word unhomely,
Nor fine phrases of the stranger.
Others to the school were going,
I alone at home must keep me,
Could not leave my mother's elbow,
In the wide world had her only;
In the house had I my schooling,
From the rafters of the chamber,
From the spindle of my mother,
From the axehelve of my father,
In the early days of childhood;
But for this it does not matter,
I have shown the way to singers,
Shown the way, and blazed the tree-bark,
Snapped the twigs, and marked the footpath;
Here shall be the way in future,
Here the track at last be opened
For the singers better-gifted,
For the songs more rich than mine are,
Of the youth that now are waxing,
In the good time that is coming!

Like Vergil's husbandman, our minstrel did not know how well off he was to have been without schooling. This, I think, every one feels at once to be poetry that sings itself. It makes its own tune, and the heart beats in time to its measure. By and by poets will begin to say, like Goethe, "I sing as the bird sings"; but this poet sings in that fashion without thinking of it or knowing it. And it is the very music of his race and country which speaks through him with such simple pathos. Finland is the mother, and Russia is the stepdame, and the listeners to the old national lays grow fewer every day. Before long the Fins will be writing songs in the manner of Heine, and dramas in imitation of "Faust." Doubtless the material of original poetry lies in all of us, but in proportion as the mind is conventionalized by literature, it is apt to look about it for models, instead of looking inward for that native force which makes models, but does not follow them. This rose of originality which we long for, this bloom of imagination whose perfume enchants us — we can seldom find it when it is near us, when it is part of our daily lives.

James Russell Lowell.

CONTRASTS OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SCENERY.

HAVING lately visited England after a long absence, my mind, both there and since my return, has been busy with the subject of the relations between our scenery and that of the Old World. I visited a dull part of Hampshire; on leaving the house where I was staying, it was necessary to get up to an early breakfast to catch a train. Two young soldiers, very pleasant and friendly fellows, who went away at the same time, were in the cab with me. Reference was made to the scenery, and one of them, who had been in America, said, "You Americans may not always say you admire England, but in your hearts you know there is nothing like it." I looked out of the cab window at the flat and very rolled-out landscape, cut up into squares and plots by iron fences, which, however, with its sparse oaks standing here and there, was not without a classic grace, and thought of the fresh and magic outlines of the Virginian mountains. But the hour was much too early and too drowsy to allow of any expression of dissent. It is an old question, that between the scenery of the two worlds. It is a simple one, however, with an obvious answer. Here it is primeval and virgin nature; there, nature affected by man and art.

The difference between European and American trees and woodlands is significant of this. Early in September an acquaintance took me to look at a remarkable oak on his place in Essex, which he said had been thought by some persons to be a relic of the ancient British forest. This oak, which was not very high, threw its powerful arms straight out in all directions over a wide space of ground. Certainly such a tree could not have stood in an aboriginal forest. There would not have been sufficient sun to produce so great an amount of leafage, and there would have been no room for such a vast lateral extension. It so happened that only a few months before, in June perhaps, I had seen in Tennessee a good deal of a forest which was almost virgin. The trees went straight upward to a great height, the boles being clean of branches a long distance from the ground, and the leafage scant except at the top, where it received the sun. I rode into the middle of this forest. The trees were often so close together that it would have been hard for a horse to go between them, and my horse followed the bed of a stream which was so shallow that it scarcely more than wet his fetlocks, the rhododendrons being very thick on each side of me. Halting in the midst of the level floor of the forest, it was an impressive scene which I found. The pale and lofty trunks stood everywhere parallel, and with a stately decorum and regularity, except where, half-way up the adjacent mountain-side, some tumbling trees, leaning at angles against their surrounding fellows, which had arrested them in falling, varied the universal propriety with a noble confusion, the gray trunks looking like mighty fallen pillars of a ruined temple. The scene around me was without a voice — such faint, occasional twitter of bird life as there was serving only to deepen the stillness. Where was the voice of the place? There was continuous twilight, touched here and there by some stray sunbeam which a rift overhead had let through. At the foot of some vast column I found the morning-glory, surprised in such a place to come upon this ornament of the domestic sill, and companion of the bright face of childhood. But the hue of its glistening cup was as fresh and dewy amid these religious shadows as if in some sunlighted and human garden spot; the flower, however, not without a sense of exile, and conscious, as it seemed to me, of the absence of those welcome voices and shining faces of the cottage door.

It is true that our scenery is not very rich

in its associations of human history. This source of interest we have here only to a slight degree. But the landscape has its own history. Is it not well to consider that history? Is not scenery made more impressive by the study of those sublime changes which have prepared the world which we see, and may not the disclosures of men of science, so far as the unlearned are capable of comprehending them, be brought to the service of the sense of natural beauty? There are, indeed, times when one fancies that the historic facts linger on the face of nature. Chautauqua Lake, in the southwestern part of the State of New York, not many miles south of Lake Erie, is a fine sheet of clear water, a few miles long, and perhaps a mile wide. One perfectly clear evening I sat in a boat on the lake, the quiet surface of which was encompassed by a crimson stain possessing the entire circle of the horizon, with the pale azure of the sky above without a cloud. The red hues were in the air and upon the bosom of the lake. The only other occupant of the boat was a young girl, whose youthful coloring was blended with, and was a part of, that in the air and upon the waters. We spoke of the mighty change of which this still lake had once been the scene. The lake's outlet was at one time northward into Lake Erie, and through the St. Lawrence to the ocean. But the Ice Age came, and dumped a lot of debris to the north of Chautauqua, which forced the waters of the lake southward into the Ohio, so that they now seek the Atlantic through the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. A reminiscence of those boreal ages lingered on the chill shores and in the crystal heavens, a sense of the pole and of arctic scenes. Of this mighty event we talked, two waifs or motes floating in the atmosphere of the roseate evening, as transient as the diaphanous vapors which surrounded us.

Another contrast there may be in the scenery of the two lands. There is this to be said of English scenery: it is suitable to the luxury and comfort of English country life. It is appropriate to the English flesh-pots. There are plenty of country-houses throughout England in which material comforts are of the best, and which at certain seasons contain much agreeable company of both sexes. I had some experience of such a house in Surrey. The library was excellent; for a wonder the weather was good, the ephemeral British sunshine remaining all day on the southern walls, and really lavish among those flowers of the garden you do not know by name. Easily detained by such an existence, you are not inclined to anything more active than some kind of pleasant reading, and are likely to lose your place at that, while your gaze rests upon the hills to the west. To such a life and such a state of mind the vague, soft aspect of the Surrey hills was most suitable — two impalpable ranges of hills, alluring to the eyes. Essences they seemed, rather than substance or matter, and unreal, save in their gentle, emerald coloring; and they were always lying there, quivering as in a dream — a mirage which did not go away.

If there is an agreement between luxury and English scenery, my sentiment is that, on the contrary, luxury does not suit our scenery. An iron foundry, strange to say, does no harm; a forge, a factory by the side of a pond filled with water-lilies (I have now in mind the New England landscape) — these are not unsuitable. But a fine house in some way is, and my sense of incongruity extends as well to those mansions which a friend describes as Queen Anne in the front and Mary Ann in the rear. Architecture, both private and public, should be such as is suited to the local requirements and history. A white spire, for instance, marking such a church as New England farmers have built for generations, what an eloquent object in a wide and undulating view! The manner of life should be simple also. An eight-o'clock dinner and champagne are out of place. People should dine in the middle of the day. The evening meal, however, should be late, for it is a serious mistake to take the hour of sunset, for which the twenty-four have been a preparation, as one in which to eat something. In our semi-tropical summer people should adopt the tropical habit of rising early; it will do, however, if they are out of doors, say, within an hour after sunrise, for it is not till then that the dawn becomes "incense-breathing"; this quality the air has not acquired when the sun first appears. And yet it seems a great pity that the sunrise, that most auspicious of nature's facts, should not be noticed, at any rate from one's bedroom window. Its advent is never so benign as in a sky without a cloud; the orb, as it emerges, kindling the rim of the verdant meadow with cheerful promise — irresistible sign of life and friend of man.

E. S. Nadal.

HUNTING AN ABANDONED FARM IN UPPER NEW ENGLAND.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. A. MORLEY.

"THE PROFESSOR'S BARGAIN."

WHEN you look at the map you see a region in southwestern Massachusetts quite free from railroads. The points of departure for it, from below, are Canaan, Norfolk, or Winsted, Connecticut, by stage. I left Canaan post-office one day at 1 P. M., and arrived at Southfield, in the heart of the region in question, at half-past three. The stage was a two-horse wagon, with room for six, but the seating, as well as the freighting, space that day was occupied by kegs of nails and boxes of soap destined for an uncommonly prosperous store in the half ruinous village of Mill River, which we went two miles out of our way to visit. If one went directly to Southfield by private conveyance, one could do it much more quickly than we did. The drive back could be made inside an hour, for the way there is nearly all one long, gradual ascent.

My sole fellow-passenger was at first silent, but he grew voluble when the subject of farm-property was hit upon. It was a favorite topic, it appeared, with him as with me. He knew of a large old house over North Granby way, with seven acres of land — a place which had been run as a hotel for some sixty years, but I could have the whole for about $700. In case that did not suit, he would sell me his own farm, a hundred and fifty acres, for $1400; or if this were more land than I needed, then he would let the buildings and fifty acres of it go for $800 — fifty acres, he said, being enough to maintain a horse and four cows, and to furnish all the wood required.

"Reason for selling: I ain't no farmer," said he, "and I 've made up my mind it 's time for me to get out of it."

"How do you know you are not?" I asked. "On what grounds do you base the conclusion?"

"Well, I 've tried it 'bout eighteen years, and I hain't succeeded. I guess that 's basis enough."

But it appeared in conversation with him that he was one of the kind of men who never succeed in anything. He had been a miller, and had "swopped off" the mill for the farm, trusting to reap from agriculture the brilliant profits which he found the rumbling millstones and the flying grain-powder could never give.

Granby is a good deal of a horse-market; it has also some curious, disused mines, where prisoners were once kept before the State prison at Weathersfield was built. I was obliged to note the district as a promising field for further research.

The interest of the conversation did not prevent a diligent lookout on my part for such roughness as this back-country district might fairly be expected to present. Strangely enough, it was nowhere to be found. Traveling, after all, is merely a process of dissipating preconceived impressions, or of confirming them, and in this case preconceived impressions had to go. It is true that four ruined paper-mills at the village of Mill River were picturesque evidence of the shifting of an economic center, and their value to summer sketch-classes and the like can hardly be said to counterbalance it. But the roads in general were hard and good, marked at their intersections with fresh, neat guide-posts; and the pleasant, undulating farm-country was free from any trace of crudeness. Southfield, when we reached it, set in its cup-like hollow of the hills, might have been taken, from a distance, for some pretty little French village. Just at its entrance we saw great heaps of wholesome-looking cheeses staring out at us as best they could through the windows of a thriving creamery. The village had a convenient water-supply, piped into the houses from a generous spring on a hillside above, and, furthermore, it had telephone communication with Great Barrington, though this was now temporarily suspended through lack of sufficient patronage.

A single grassy street, and scarcely more, constituted this hamlet — a street of small, neat white or gray houses, with here and there one

citified with yellow ocher. Two small white meeting-houses show their Christopher Wren steeples complacently. Time has been when all these white country meeting-houses alike seemed to freeze the imagination with their coldness; but times change, and we with them. The charming grace and lightness of design that many of them possess have been recognized; their whiteness is a refreshing spot amid the greenery: in short, they are coming back into favor again, with the many other nice old-fashioned things of the period, and the invasion of Gothic chapels that succeeded them had better look well to the security of its domination.

A professor known to literary fame had made his summer home in this benighted village, and a group of Vassar College teachers were just taking an old house here, with the privilege of buying it if it suited them. Trusting he will never see these lines, I must tell you about the professor's bargain. It might fairly be considered the manor of the place. Through a screen of pleasant shade-trees, it faced the verdant open stretch of the public green. Its nearest neighbor was the village school-house, whose honest-faced, freckled little inmates would come out and play on the green with a merry clamor that ought to have given yet added value to the location. The owner appeared to have found his place after many researches like my own, and a diligent study of the official catalogues as heretofore described; and found it, too, at a highly reasonable price. It combined so many advantages that, for the nonce, it seemed quite useless to look for any other place, through fear of being devoured by envy in the retrospect. He was sufficiently retired, and yet was in the center where he might either keep a horse or not, as he chose. Fifteen acres of his own fell away behind him, down a slope to a little stream, a domain large enough to be garden, farm, and park combined, and which happily contained within itself nearly all the most desirable forms of rural charm. Distant Mount Everett rose upon the horizon blue and full of dignity. The upper field was rather wet, it is true, and needed draining. Then came a second pasture, with a few old pear-trees, apple-trees, and nut-trees scattered over it. It descended to a nearly level bench of land, with a fragrant pine-grove upon it, to breathe the odors of Araby the Blest about you on a summer day, and furthermore there were plenty of wild strawberries in the carpet of the pine-grove. Still a little farther down, there crossed the end of the property — in and out of and over its large stepping-stones — a fine, strong, babbling trout-brook, hazel-eyed and limpid. It was the kind of brook to lend itself readily to any hydraulic devices that affectionate ingenuity and the leisure of vacation might invent, though probably the very best thing to do with such a brook is to leave it decidedly alone to its own natural charm.

In this property I looked on at some small inroads which that famous pest the hardhack had made. Its doings had almost an amusing human interest. The hardhack is the arch-enemy in certain rural districts. It is a shrub of about the general look of a huckleberry-bush. Its roots take hold on the lowermost hard-pan, and never let go if they can help it. It invades only fairly good soil, the really poor land being free from it. It must be burned over, or plowed under, or grubbed up, or fed upon by sheep, or the land must be planted with young pines. There is an irreconcilable conflict, it seems, between the pines and hardhack. You hear all of the above methods and others recommended, but, after all, certain people claim that it will take a hundred dollars an acre thoroughly to eradicate it. It is evident, therefore, that whether you pay five or fifty dollars an acre for land, you won't care to have much hardhack on it. A fight here was going on between the hardhack and the young pines wind-sown from the grove above mentioned. These were everywhere distinguishable by their yellowish tufts amid the darker green. It whimsically recalled one of those combats where the cavaliers of the lively painter Wouwerman slash and cut among the enemy in an inextricable mêlée. Beyond the area of the wind-sown pines, a swarm of hardhacks was charging the hill with the vigor of a storming-party or a football "flying-wedge."

One could catch, in the mind's ear, their yell of victory. But this misguided party reckoned without their host. My visit thither was in May; in the long vacation following, the professor arrived, and fell upon them with devastating ax and stump-grubber, and I have been given to understand since that the hardhacks were reduced to a becoming state of subordination.

I have now cited a number of cases going to show the material of the superior sort that is filling up the places of the absent on the "abandoned farms"; and more will follow as the narrative proceeds. The place here in question was got at a bargain, as I have said; yet this was not through the general argument of "farm decay in New England," but owing, I think, to some private and local necessity on the part of its owner. Desiring to remove to another town a small manufacturing business he was carrying on there, he realized upon his property, and sold out for what he could get. If all the property put upon the market from similar motives, even in town, were enumerated, it would make a formidable showing. What fallacious arguments, what pictures of gloom, for instance, might not be based upon

a catalogue of all the houses standing vacant, for any cause, in New York!

The success of residents for the summer would not naturally bear positively upon the problem of living with comfort in the country for a good part of the year, or even for the year through. I like to believe, and it was much kept in mind during these researches, that the ordinary plan should be reversed; people should spend nine or ten months in the country and two or three in town, instead of vice versa, as now.

A manufacture of whip-lashes was carried on in a small way in this hamlet, an industry sending a pleasant, quiet hum to the ear. Stepping into the "shops," you could see some small wheels, revolving in an iron caldron, throw the deer-skin thongs over one another, and braid them with a more than human deftness and speed. But there was only one store, and neither butcher nor baker. Some wagons used to come around with various supplies, but I learned that these were not to be depended upon as a resource for the winter. And though the stage-driver would do your commissions for a consideration, the most sagacious of stage-drivers could not be expected to have that infallible accuracy which would take the place of personal visit and inspection. I went out alone one evening, to try to realize how the place would seem supposing one were actually living there. What resources would be open to the promenader at the hour, say, of eight P. M.? The lights seemed already out in the houses, or if here and there they burned still, it was only in some obscure kitchen at the rear. The steady chirrup of tree-toad and cricket occupied the night, broken in upon occasionally by the note of the whippoorwill or the stamp of some horse in his stable. There was a light, however, in the country store, and I pushed the door open and entered. A postmaster was silently figuring his accounts at a desk in the corner, a couple of men were playing checkers at a table, overlooked by two or three others, while two half-grown country boys whispered confidentially together of things peculiar to themselves. But now a "traveler" for one of the whip-shops came in, and stirred up the men playing at checkers, and enlivened the place with some quite citified quips and pranks. This, however, could not always be expected; the young man had only "laid over" a few days, on a visit to his family. In general the sedate club must depend upon its own resources.

In midwinter, I learned, a weekly "sociable" is held among the inhabitants in a hall over the chief whip-lash shop. A long table is spread in picnic fashion with refreshments contributed by the members; "bean-bag" throwing and similar diversions are indulged in, but dancing is against the general convictions, and not permitted.

Certain city people might not think that all this promised well; but indeed it promised very well as compared with certain other things — with the isolation of a farm shut in by the darkness of the hills, for instance. There should be nothing about it to discourage the aspirant for country life. Let the advantages and disadvantages of each state of life be properly kept in mind — a difficult thing to do, no doubt, since the disadvantages that are nearest are forever obtruding themselves in undue prominence. However, it promises well to the hag-ridden man, distracted by cares, noises, his immense distances, weighed down by the bare mechanical obstacles of life in the metropolis that often render its all-alleged social advantages and amusements completely nugatory. For what would such a man retreat to the country? Why, for the restfulness of nature, for an opportunity to go early to bed, to get a proper acquaintance with his own family, to cultivate his own resources. And he would expect and desire to live chiefly by daylight instead of by lamplight.

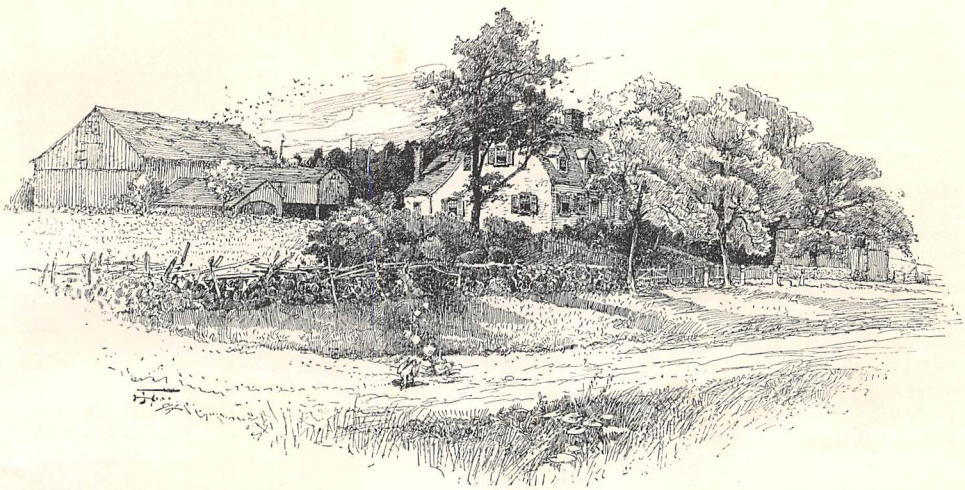
A much more important matter would be the probable temper of one's new associates in all the little points of contact with them in practical every-day life. Might it not be that, used only to a certain limited routine of views and practices, they would look upon these as having something of the sacredness of the laws of the Medes and Persians, and, strong in their majority, would too severely expect the newcomer to conform? There is something formidable and repellent in such an attitude, and if it chances to exist, it might easily ruin all hope of success. Not to go so far as Renan, who said he would even prefer an immoral community to a narrow one, one would wish to count upon a liberal construing for the best of all his variations from the local type. All questions of social distinctions apart, he would want to feel sure of an atmosphere of friendliness and approval as the proper background of the whole experiment. Have I said it already? Then let me repeat it again: the element of the unknown in the problem remains so large, even after studious efforts to solve it, that the prudent would find some means of trying rural life before committing himself to it irretrievably. He ought to hire one of these places for a year, with the privilege of buying. But I fear very few would rent him a place on such terms.

Southfield is remote, if you will, but it is in the southern Berkshires, and nothing over-primitive is now to be looked for in any of that Berkshire district, of which Lenox, Stockbridge, and Pittsfield, full of their opulent villas, are a part. Becket is yet more remote than Southfield, and

Sandisfield is more remote than Becket, the latter having no railroad connection nearer than fifteen miles. Farms were liberally catalogued in them all, but many had been sold, or withdrawn from sale, before my arrival. One vender, for instance, instead of selling out, had bought the advertised place adjoining his own, and thrown the two together.

"Chicago people" were coming in at Sandisfield, and were arranging great trout-breeding ponds and the like. Becket, on the other hand, was becoming popular for summer homes, especially among people from Springfield, Massachusetts. Let it be borne in mind that it is not New York alone that wants villas and country homes, and that has the money to pay for them: every prosperous small city in the north adds its contingent to the demand. The district I treat of is to have its railroad after all, it seems, a fact which I state with no enthusiasm. No doubt capitalists looked at the map one day, and remarked with surprise what a considerable stretch there was without any. "This will never do," they said; so I am told they projected one. It is to start out from somewhere near Great Barrington, connect various of these disconnected points, and bring up somewhere about Westfield.

A distinct type of person who takes up the old farms is the prosperous son who comes back and "fixes up" the old homestead for his country residence. Him you find everywhere. Often he has no great taste or delicacy in his way of treating the old place. His best testimony of affection is generally to enlarge and make it over, winking, staring new, so that its best friend would never recognize it, and then to set up there some florid exhibition of stock-raising or other fancy farming. His motive, in short, is the display of his own importance rather than reverence for the past. Not such, however, was the basis of the large stock-farm that had lately given a new life to the village of New Marlborough. This was composed of a number of abandoned, or in other words cheap, farms all thrown into one, under the proprietorship of a wealthy New York man. The prosperous new owner was fond of gathering around him his own kind. The horn of the four-in-hand was heard in the land, as they drove back and forth from Lenox and Stockbridge. Other city people, too, were coming in on a more modest scale. The red and yellow ochers that mark our latest modern stage of evolution in house-painting were cropping out; every farmer had a new and shrewd appreciation of the worth of his acres and his mountain view; and this one circumstance of the establishment of the large stock-farm bade fair to banish "the timid spirit of inexpensiveness" from that locality permanently.



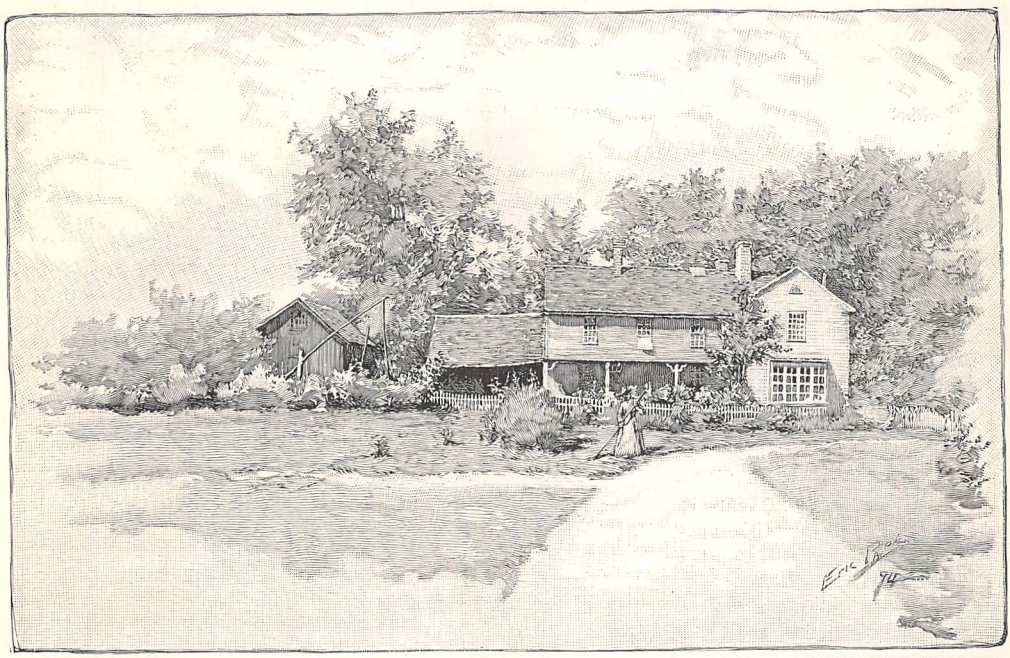
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.

AN ANCESTRAL FARM-HOUSE.

A measure of disappointment awaited me at the pretty town of Monterey, four miles farther on. My objective point there had been a certain twelve-room house, with its 200 acres of land, living springs, trout-brook, and maple-sugar grove (of 300 trees), the whole on the shore of Lake Garfield, and to be had for $1200. But scarcely had I entered the town when my eye fell upon the following item in the local paper:

> Real estate is booming in town, Mr. P—— [I omit name] having sold one of his farms to Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. T—— having sold the old homestead on Mount Hunger, where he was born, to New York parties. Immediate possession. The purchaser proposes building new, on a rise of ground west of the old buildings, where he can overlook the lake.

That was precisely the place, this latter one on Mount Hunger,—inauspicious name, to be sure,—and I have never known to this day whether it possessed half the attractions that the catalogue claimed for it. There were others. The country thereabouts was, all things considered, one of the most promising that I saw. An amiable, hospitable temper on the part of the people that I met added to this effect. I recall especially two very "sightly" places, as the expression goes. One, for only $800, was opposite a little common, near which were price was $2000. Looking back upon it all now, I scarcely know why I did not return from the expedition under contract to buy not merely one but a dozen of the farms. In that sweet month of May, with the delicious apple-blossoms drifting slowly to the ground, each and every one of them had its moving attractions. This last is the one of those that I mentally bought, and then at once I mentally began to get into all the difficulties that provisions, the servant question, the horse question, the isolation, and the untried disposition



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. WELLS CHAMPNEY. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE PLEASANT COUNTRY LIFE.

a district school and other neighbors. I did not look closely into the quality of land, some forty acres of it. It was suitably divided into mowing, pasture, and woodland, and sixteen acres of it were said to be proper for cultivation. Naturally, the buildings could not be expected to be wonderful for that money; something would certainly have to be expended upon them: yet they were of good size, they grouped well, and the group stood well back from the road. A discerning eye might see that it was a place you could make something of, whereas many others of far more pretensions and cost were so hopelessly commonplace and unfit in site and looks as to be beyond correction.

The second place mentioned had twice as much land; and the house had ten rooms, was considerably nearer the post-office, stood in a dignified way on a knoll of its own, shaded by fine maple-trees, and overlooked the lake. Its

of a city family would naturally involve us in. The people hereabout are favored with summer-boarders; their twelve or fourteen hundred feet elevation, their good air and water, and nearness to the heart of the Berkshire Hills, procure them this patronage. Whatever may be said of the summer-boarder otherwise, he has at least a certain liberalizing influence; the country district that he frequents is apt to shake off some of its narrowness, and to acquire the habit of treating the prejudices of strangers with comfortable consideration.

The persons with houses to dispose of had much confidence in them, for often they had them photographed with snow on the ground. The selling agent would have sent you a photograph of the one above mentioned, if you had asked for it, shown half-buried in the drifts of a great blizzard. Here indeed is the reverse of the shield; here the very antipodes of the



FROM A PAINTING BY J. ALDEN WEIR.

A WARM CORNER.

apple-blossoming. Yet I cannot say that even this picture gives me pause to any effectual extent: I rather think, as I look at it, of the healthful labor in those drifts, of the keen, bracing air, of the swift rush of the sleigh along the hard roads, and of the ring and scrape of the gliding skates over the black ice of the wintry ponds.

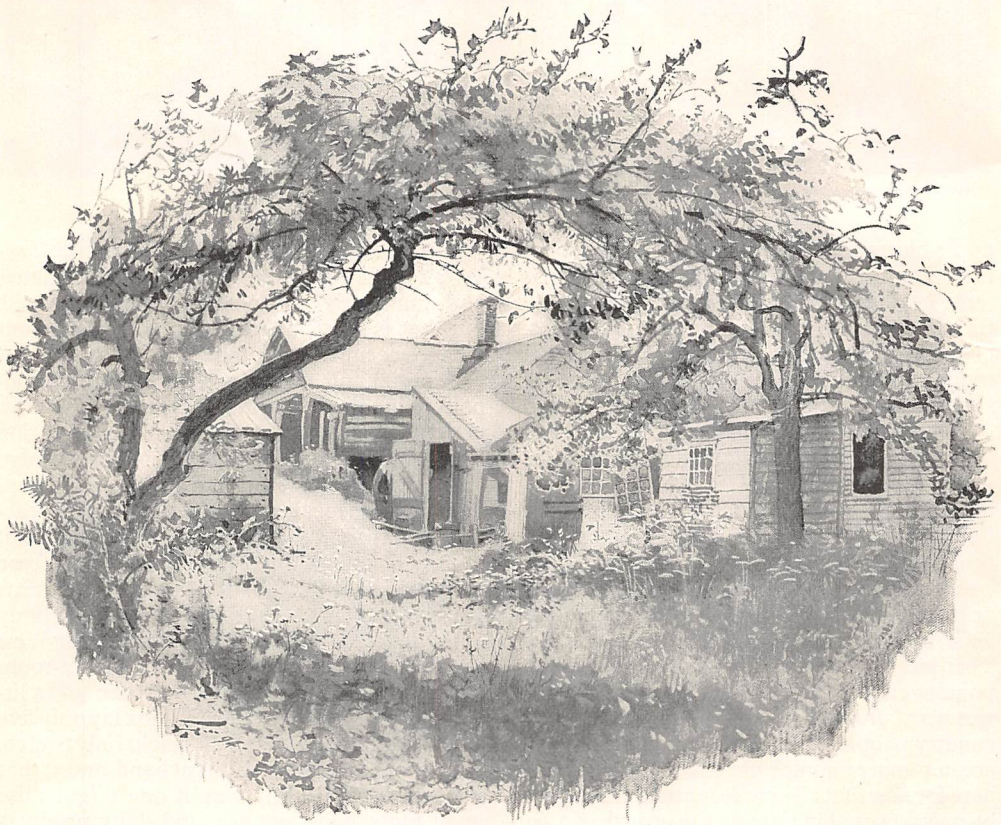
Monterey begins to be near a region of distinguished fashion. An eight miles' drive thence westward brings us to Great Barrington and a main artery of travel once more, the Housatonic railroad. Monument Mountain, inspiration to the poet Bryant, soon hove in sight as we advanced to Barrington, its native ruggedness veiled here by the delicate spring foliage, as if it were gently trying to prove an alibi. This was the termination of the long, roundabout, twenty-five-mile ride I had taken northwestward from Canaan. "Barrington" the country people call it for short. Perhaps even greater unceremoniousness would be desirable here for fear that all simple, natural feeling may be overpowered in time by the growth of a portentous grandeur, may be overawed by vast granite mansions and mammoth conventional inns. Bryant's early homestead makes part of the modish Berkshire Inn, but relegated to the rear, and now used as servants' quarters. You remember that French marquise, who, when she was bored in the country, and they asked her why she did not do this, that, and the other, replied, "*Mais je n'aime pas les plaisirs innocents!*" Well, village improvement societies and mundane developments are all very well, but that is what many of our over-prosperous villages seem to be coming to.

A sprinkling of better-dressed and cosmopolitan-looking persons appeared in the trains, perhaps taking a run up in the charming spring days for a look at their Lenox and Stockbridge villas. To inquire for cheap or abandoned farms in these localities would hardly seem practical enterprise, and yet I am not so sure but thorough investigation might ferret out some bargains even hereabout; just as front seats are always found in church even when the body of the house is full. There is a farm near West Stockbridge of 225 acres, with an eight-room house and three barns, which had been sold a little before for $3000 or less. Lenox lay only five miles distant from it, and Pittsfield only twelve. With such excellent markets at hand, and at that price, it seemed almost as if one might raise small fruits, eggs, poultry, and dairy products enough to reap a fortune.

Were I to devote even a brief mention to each of the farms visited that presented some points of interest, this account would be swollen to undue proportions. I pass a large number of them untouched. In a general way all fall into four classes. First, there was the poor shanty dwelling, with some considerable stretch of

starved land, the price of which would be a few hundred dollars. Next, the story-and-a-half house, with from fifty to one hundred acres of ground, "run down," but not without tangible merits, for from $1000 to $2000. A number of good-sized village houses, out of repair and without land, would also come within this class. Thirdly, the two-story house, in good repair, its farm in good order, for from $2000 upward — $2500 being a fair average price for a place of this kind, something that was really worth while. Lastly comes the list of stock-farms, dairy-farms, and summer boarding-houses, with names of their own. These would be held at from $5000 up to $20,000, and their owners had no idea of selling them at a bargain, but put them into the catalogues only to snatch the opportunity for some free advertising. Apart from a few rare exceptions, the houses that were for sale cheap either were in a condition of deplorable neglect, or else had never been good for anything from the first. In addition, they would lie away off on some forlorn back road, in places all but impossible of access. Not even once did I see any fine mansion or notable homestead, capable of better things, abandoned to decay, after the numerous pathetic stories to that effect with which we have grown familiar; and I returned from my trip finally in a very skeptical frame of mind about such stories.

I hasten northward now in Massachusetts, past the grave majesty of Graylock, eastward through the Hoosac tunnel, through sylvan Deerfield and Greenfield, and I cross the New Hampshire line just above Winchendon. They try to make you forget the Hoosac tunnel by lighting the lamps brilliantly, so that you may read your paper as you go through it,— as they do not for you in the Mont Cenis,— but they neglect to put these lamps out afterward, and if it is a summer day, the car is hot and stuffy the rest of the afternoon. Much fine agricultural country was passed, and there were many counties well-catalogued which I was able to study only from the car window, after the favorite method of a leading statesman some years since. The farms seemed to grow larger as we went northward. Straight, formal pine-groves stood up here and there, like Puritan train-bands on parade. One Massachusetts village offered as an inducement to settlers a free omnibus



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.

WAITING FOR AN ARTIST.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.

IN THE TWILIGHT OF ITS FORTUNES.

which would convey their children to and from school, and I think this idea has made some little progress elsewhere. The town of Miller's Falls offered the spectacle of a young bridal pair pelted with rice to the train — pelted by enthusiastic friends through the station to the very steps of their car. The couple bent before the unappeasable storm in a sulky way. As they stopped in the vestibule of the parlor-car to shake the rice out of their collars and to prepare to meet the awaiting audience within, one could but hope that such delicate social tact was more than rare in the region.

I had long since passed the limit of any preliminary engagements partly made by letter. The objective point now was Jaffrey, and the circle of villages that cluster as in reverence around the fine, isolated mountain of Monadnock, in southern New Hampshire. I bethought me of taking some opinions on my marked list of places at Winchendon before actually setting out to see them. I do not know why a town of the settled aspect of Winchendon should have such an influx of new people just then. My landlord was freshly arrived in the place, the druggist was new, the livery-stable keeper was new. A court clerk, who was also put down in the directory as a real-estate agent, could not be found after three or four visits to his office. An early settler was then obligingly hunted for me, an oracle who was alleged to know everything that the mind of man was capable of knowing concerning the region.

"What do you think, then, of this first place on the list?" I asked, pointing it out to the oracle.

"I don't know as I know anything about that one," he returned, with a cautious air.

"What of this second one?"

"I guess I ain't much acquainted with that place."

The next question, the next, and still the next, met with no better response.

"Suppose we drop the list," I went on; "will you kindly give me a few points about *any* farms you have noticed as for sale that come within the conditions mentioned."

"Well, I don't know as I know of any — not just now," responded the vaunted oracle, uneasily. The oracle had proved a broken reed.

The livery-stable keeper said he was going to send out a man to bill the towns for a coming circus. If I cared to ride with this man, he said I would have an exceptional opportunity to see and to hear of any and all real estate that might be for sale in the country. This, indeed, seemed to promise well, and it certainly promised some amusing glimpses into life and character. But a condition precedent to it was the coming of the special railroad car contain-

ing the circus posters with other properties. The car was so much belated, that I could not wait for it, and thus I have never billed any town for a circus — in connection with light, sociological study, and the problem of modest country homes for persons of limited means.

There were catalogued farms in Rindge and East Rindge, in Fitzwilliam, in Peterboro', in Jaffrey, and Troy — such farms everywhere but in Dublin, which has been taken possession of by a colony of the élite, and grown fashionable and dear. Jaffrey is called "Jeffrey" on the spot. I was driven in all some twenty miles across the country, west from the station of East Jaffrey, to the little manufacturing town of Troy. My driver was a French-Canadian. I came to know he was a Canadian by his saying that his horse did not speak a word of English, though he himself, in speech, ways, and looks, was thoroughly assimilated to the indigenous Yankee type.

I had heard below some wonderful stories of the cheapness with which one could drive at Jaffrey, but I found that here, as elsewhere in these jaunts, driving about in the country cost but little less than city prices.

The fine, umbrageous, cathedral-like streets of the earlier part of my journey were much less frequent now. The sparse shade-trees along the main road at Jaffrey let in the sunlight freely, and a few young maples that had been set out about the three meeting-houses on the common — no Sir Christopher Wren steeples upon these meeting-houses, either! — would require many years before reaching a respectable maturity. Jaffrey had long been a familiar word; but here, once more, how rarely one gets the least idea what a place is like until one goes there. I was surprised to find Jaffrey rather a new-looking hamlet with a sandy soil. There is nothing striking about it in itself; it has for its sole attractions a dry, pleasant air, which the sandy formation favors, and the grand mountain always making a picture in the background. It is frequented by people from Boston and other parts of populous upper New England. The wayfarer from New York has to remember that the apparent remoteness to which he has withdrawn is only very relative; the farther he has got away from New York, the nearer he has come to a new and almost as busy a sphere of influence.

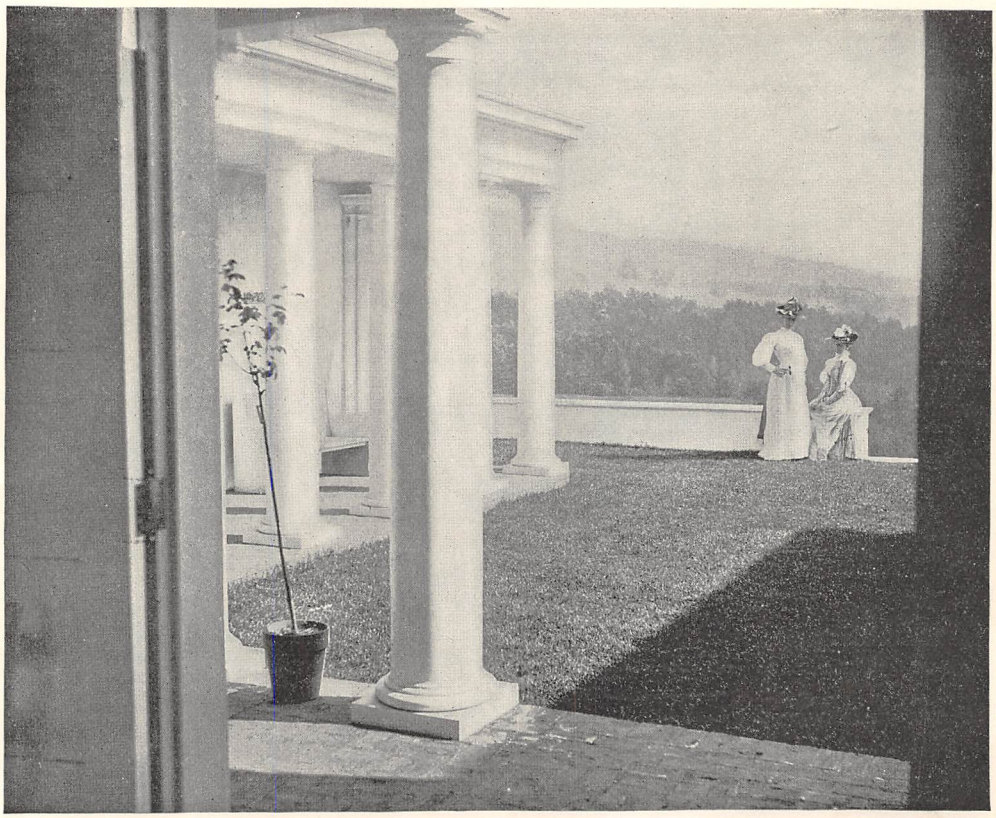
A New York man lately bought one of the local farms. It was in sight, on a hilltop, from the door of our inn. He was going in for something expensive, to take the place of his yacht or his four-in-hand, and was thus quite outside the pale of this inquiry, which may be considered more as devoted to outwitting destiny rather than dealing with her as one high contracting party with another. In that country a hill-slope was called a "pitch"; we were always going up a pitch or down a pitch. They were pleasant pitches that took us down, then up again, to the cheap farm tenanted by a French-Canadian, a swarthy, pock-marked little man, with bead-like eyes, speaking English not merely broken, but pulverized, and much too full of profanity. You could perhaps have got that farm for six hundred dollars. You would have had to build a new house upon it, and the land was very likely no great affair; but, oh, what delightful boulders it had, and what a park-like screen of trees behind the house! The road through the pasture was a very painter's road, and it wound in part amid pine-trees that gave out their richest balsamic fragrance under the genial warming of the summer sun.

Going on, I cared much less for the hotel and 200 acres, on the shoulder of Monadnock, that $4000, or, at any rate, $6000, would have bought. I marked with special stars of admiration a well-kept place we passed which had been entered in the catalogue for $4000, but had gone, at a recent auction-sale, for no more than $1000. That was one of the chances that fall to persons born under a lucky star. Down in the bottom-lands, by a stream, was a house, not bad, but indeed rather good, with six acres of land for $400. Both its well and spring were hopelessly plugged up, and the only resource for water was to bring it from a neighboring brook. Occasionally there would be a cabin and three or four acres on the market for $150 or $200 — a poor dwelling, certainly, but the view of grand Monadnock was comprised in its title. How worthy, how even regal, it was, compared not merely with the abodes of the poor in the metropolis, but with those in which a larger part of the fairly well-to-do are, for their sins, compelled to live.

I regret, among others, a large old house on a hillock, with barns and woodsheds all joined to it in the same group, with a farm of sixty acres — the whole valued at $1000. It had some strange inconsistencies. For instance, although there was classic ornament in its cornice, its upper story had never been "done off" into chambers; again, though the entrance-hall was wide and spacious, there were no balusters on the stairs. Its most particular lack, however, now seemed a pine-grove. I could hardly find it in my heart to forgive such a deficiency in a region where pine was so plentiful, and my taste had been set upon one ever since my stop at Southfield.

We passed at length the shoulder of scarred old Monadnock, and had left the white mountain-house showing high above like a patch of the last winter's snow. We came to a maiden sitting picturesquely under a tree by the road,

shelling peas. A house, standing far back from the border of the route, corresponded not a little to this its pleasing inmate and frontispiece. There comes a time in such researches — and it had come long before this — when you no longer adhere to any fixed list or especial program. "Is this place for sale?" we asked. She



"HIGH COURT," CORNISH, N. H. LOOKING SOUTH FROM COURTYARD.

referred the query, by word of mouth, to the distant dwelling. A cross, elderly female figure at once appeared at one of the windows, bordered with apple-blossoms, and without further parley snapped back:

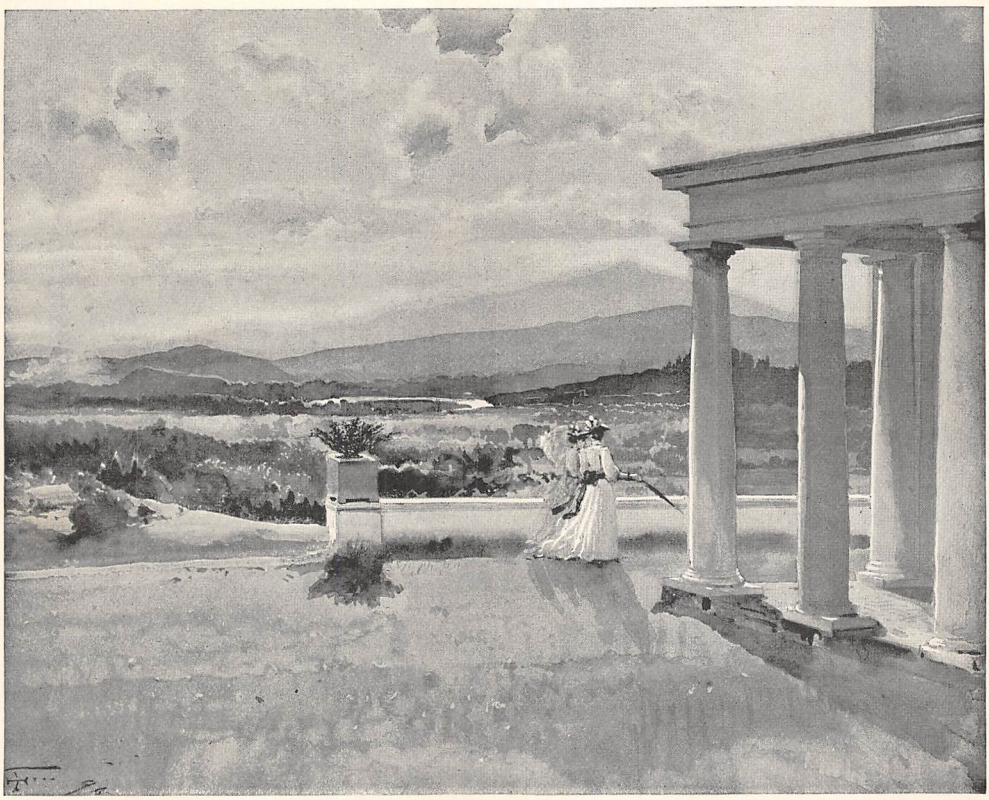
"No, 't ain't. 'T ain't for sale, not at no price."

But farther down the road we met the full owner, and he, leaning at ease on the cultivator with which he was encouraging the growth of young corn, said it was for sale. He would take $2500 for it. This man was willing to chat and philosophize at length. We found that we had opinions in unison on the subject of that prevalent scourge, the "grippe." He had suffered from it greatly during the past hard winter. If he could sell out, he said, he would go South. He wanted a place in a warmer climate. He would have done it twenty years earlier if his wife would have let him. His talk of the inclemency of the winter prompted new speculations as to the desirability of the South instead of the North for the experiment. But in the South the negro problem would have to be met, and the lawlessness, the apparent insecurity of life and property, in certain sections. "Better," one says to one's self, "the harshness of nature than of man." But I have collected no data, made no investigations, in that region.

Here in New Hampshire one may fairly count upon eight months of favorable weather; the rest of the year one would be more or less snowed in. The Jaffrey mail-carrier started on horseback, last March, to make the short two miles to East Jaffrey. He was obliged to abandon his horse in the great drifts, and only succeeded in getting the mail-bags through, after prodigious effort, by carrying them on his back.

Troy town devoted itself to its blanket-mills and saw-mills, and I judged that its atmosphere was little ameliorated as yet by the summer-boarder. Changing conveyances there, I drove out two miles, almost up and down a break-neck hill, in the direction of Swanzey. I was

unable to resist going to see what a certain 150 acres, with house and barn, were like, which were offered at $500. I did not expect very much of it, but the place proved even more disappointing than I had expected. It was even worse than the 200 acres, with buildings, for $500, which I was to see later under the shadow of Mount Chocorua. It was abandoned, indeed.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

"HIGH COURT." COURTYARD LOOKING TOWARD MOUNT ASCUTNEY.

It was a sort of "jumping-off place" that I arrived at — the last end of everything. The house was a poor squatter's shanty in a clearing of scrubby undergrowth. There was no shade; there was no fruit; there were no fences; there was no well, no spring, and you would have been so cut off from the world there as scarce ever to have seen even a country wagon go by.

And that was why — strike again the mournful lyre, O ye who love to lament over departed grandeur and economic decay! — this is why 150 acres of land, with residence and outbuildings upon the same, could be offered for $500 in the heart of once happy New England.

It was a relief to take the train after this, and dismiss the whole subject from mind for a while. The ride along the banks of the upper Connecticut was a constant delight. Stretches of fair lawn, homes of comfort, good taste, and luxury were a conspicuous part of the view in each successive town. The multitude of such homes in our country at this day is a marvel which only the traveler is in a position to feel. Go where you will, they rise on every side; they give a new realization of the vast resources, the underlying power, the widespread prosperity, of the American people. The grandeur of the metropolis is, after all, only a limited incident of the whole. It was hard to believe in much serious depression in back-country of which this was the foreground, yet Bellows Falls, Charlestown, Claremont, and the rest, were all points of departure for districts of "abandoned farms" — by the catalogue. A New York acquaintance had bought one in the town of Alstead, which was reached from Cold River, and he was importing other friends. They assured me that $10 per acre, including buildings, was a sort of standard basis for the sales thereabout. He had put a farmer on the place, and used to have part of the products sent down to him in New York.

Vermont furnished the most marvelous of all the stories I fell in with in this connection. Whitingham, Vermont, in the southern part of the State, I was told, was an absolutely deserted village. A commercial traveler declared that

he had twice driven through it without encountering a living soul, and that the houses all stood vacant, excellent houses, too, and some even with good furniture in them. When asked how he accounted for this, he said, in the usual way, that the old folks had died off, and the young folks moved away. Later on he wrote me that he understood the place had been "stocked" with Swedes — such was the rather irreverent expression — by a well-known capitalist of Bennington; but subsequent investigation showed that there was nothing in this unique story. The Whitingham postmaster writes, "This town has been quite prosperous for the past few years, and there are no Swedes settled here."

Thus there seems a chronic tendency in the human mind to invent such tales, following on after Atlantis, and Norumbega, and the Seven Cities of Cibola.

What was a reality, however, and a charmingly romantic one, were the places of artists, that I found at Windsor in Vermont. Windsor is the site of William M. Evarts's somewhat famous farm, and also of a villa of the late Judge Stoughton. The latter, I was told, after long standing idle, came to be sold for less than the cost of its plumbing. Windsor technically claimed the artist places: it was their post-office; but in reality they were across the river at Cornish Hill, on the New Hampshire side. One of them had bought an old farm-house as a basis, but he had completely disguised it by the addition of a studio and other features; his group of irregular constructions almost resembled a small village in itself. From one corner of his house projected — what shall I call it? It was not a veranda, not a loggia; it was a spacious, square, out-of-doors chamber. This was open on all sides, and simply roofed in against the weather. There the family would breakfast, dine, and pass most of the day in their various avocations, practically in the open air. One of the open sides looked out upon a garden expressly grown with flowers of the old-fashioned sort,— dahlias, phlox, and sweet-william,— and the other sides upon delicious glimpses of billowing, green mountains and the sylvan river. Others had built outright upon the ancient farm property. One dwelling was on a hilltop, somewhat bare and windy-looking at present, but likely to recall, when its formal avenues are grown, such effects as those of Palladio about Vicenza. One, whose especial fondness for the formal style in landscape has prompted his late beautiful book on the Italian gardens, had begun to carry out on his own ground some of the stately foreign ideas embodied in the book.

Strange destiny this, truly, for plain, homely old Yankee farm-lands to come to! How it must astonish their staid soil, as it is turned! Below a terrace containing geometrical flower-gardens was a delightful pine-grove of tall, regular trees, and the ground out of which it grew, carpeted with the ruddy pine-needles, was as level as a floor. This ground was being formed into a second terrace by bordering it with a formal balustrade, like a lesser Roman Pincian. Pensive, cinque-cento poets and blessed damosels should walk upon such a terrace and in such a wood. The landscape was seen directly through the wood; the distant, peaceful river, the bold, green hills, and the blue mountains, seemed woven in amid the fine, straight trunks of the pines like some original and exquisite pattern of tapestry.

The denizens of the neighborhood did not, as a rule, keep horses; they were rarely tempted from home, since scarce anything elsewhere was half as beautiful as what they left behind. The stage-driver performed their commissions. Such a nucleus for the propagation of love of beauty and rational living deserves a monograph to itself. But I draw near my limit: I must fly across the State of New Hampshire, and I pause next in the district of Lake Winipiseogee.

The sign of the cottager and of the camper-out was on the face of the land along Lake Sunapee. The small towns, again, both before the State capital of Concord and after it, were full of the beautiful houses, and the tasteful red and yellow hues, of the current domestic architecture. At the typical farm I took from the catalogue for inspection at Plymouth a wolf-story was thrown in. The wolf had come down into the edge of the orchard, they said; they all saw him plainly, and he was as big as a dog. The white petals were falling in a veritable snow in the same orchard just then, and the end of the blossoming was at hand, but the skeptical scoffed at the wolf; they declared that it was a dog — just simply that and nothing more.

"Was you one of them that wrote?" the proprietor asked, with a quick, keen look, as I broached the object of my visit. The farm was lonely and primitive, although his prices did not seem to take those facts greatly into account; had he known all that I had seen, from New Canaan, in Connecticut, thither, he would, like enough, have been more artful and considerate with me.

The drive between Plymouth and Center Harbor is set down as a notable one, but take care to make it from Center Harbor to Plymouth, instead of the reverse, otherwise you will have the high mountains behind you, and will not see them as you go. A certain bridge was down, and we were forced to go round by Ashland, thus extending the already long drive to something like twenty miles. "There 's some

folks that make farming pay," said my driver, pointing to a place we passed.

"How?" I demanded, thinking to hear of some new plan.

"They work," he replied.

The remark was intended as a fling at "lazy farmers," of whom, rightly or wrongly, one hears much. We passed Holderness, a pretty cross-roads, with some red-roofed summer cottages, an Episcopal church in stone, and a large hotel, on the knoll that commands the widest view of the charming Lake Asquam. A novel use to which some farm-land there had been put was the establishment of a permanent vacation-camp on the lake, for the benefit of boys whose families do not wish to take them about to the summer-resort hotels.

On the shores of limpid Lake Winipiseogee I came at length to the home of him whom I may call the father of the abandoned farm — the author of informing and entertaining letters which have appeared from time to time in the columns of "The Nation." It was in a remote spot some five or six miles from Center Harbor, and a considerable drive from the main road, even after you had turned out of that into the by-road. One would need a large, cheerful family, with its many interests, to counteract the isolation of the place, and fortunately that is just what its proprietor had. His caretaker, from a farm-house in the vicinity, said that he did not believe another family in the world enjoyed their place with the unfailing merriment and thorough happiness of this; no, he would not except a single one. The house was simplicity itself, a long, low, gray house, not even painted, and all the more picturesque for lacking paint. Its new owners had merely made it weather-tight, and thrown out a number of good-sized dormer-windows in the attic, which was converted into one continuous, well-lighted room or hall. Below was a spacious living-room with a fireplace, but, apart from that, no set distribution of the house to the usual formal purposes. The dining-room was, I fancy, as Rousseau pictures it, *un peu partout;* their music-room was the beach or the shade of some fine tree; and their easy chairs, sometimes, at least, the heaps of fresh-cut grass on the rustic lawn before the door. It was rather a camp than a villa, and purposely it held as little as possible to give a housekeeper any uneasiness.

I shall not say what the owner paid for it — the more especially as I really do not know. But in going around the two lakes, I found that prices were rising here, as elsewhere. You could come in on the first story, perhaps, or on the second, but no longer on the ground floor. People were getting an exalted idea of what their property was worth to "fancy farmers" and seekers for villa-sites. Three thousand dollars was an average price for a farm, which as a farm alone was worth $1000.

A son of the family above adverted to was settled about as far from Center Harbor, down Lake Asquam, as was his father from it on Lake Winipiseogee. His pastures rose steeply to the bold crag of Red Hill; in front of him lay long, slender islands, like black steamers at anchor, and across the lake rose upon the view Black Mountain, White-face, Rattlesnake Hill, and Chocorua, varying all their tones with the passing hours. The young proprietor was a college man, and had pursued for a while some city occupation; but he had taken to farming out of pure love of it, and not the worst severities of winter had been able to daunt him. He hoed with his men in planting-time, pitched hay with them in haying-time, and lugged his own heavy buckets of sap through the snow in early spring, in maple-sugar time. It was a vindication of the ideal, a testimony to the world of actual, hard physical labor, which, for us, despite the disparagement of the indolent and the maledictions of the working-man,— who gets something too much of it,— is most desirable, a beautiful, beneficent thing. We please to marvel when a city person goes off heartily into the country, and yet the following paradox is true; namely, that it is city people who are precisely the best fitted for the country. Your average denizen of the country has no appreciation of natural scenery, never raises his eyes to notice it, scarce knows that it exists; thus he suffers all the disadvantages of the country without its principal compensation.

When the pretty steamer took me down to Lake Winipiseogee, the last semblance of illusion had vanished: the abandoned farm did not exist; it was not to be found even in the neighborhood of him whom I have called its inventor. Next, I journeyed northwestward to Wells River; thence, eastward, to the high peaks of the White Mountains, and passing through them, came down to Albany, under Mount Chocorua. Few or no farms were catalogued in the northern counties of the State, or in those that contain the summer resorts. In the township of Albany, two hundred acres, a seven-room house, and a barn 25 by 40 feet, were advertised for $500. That beat the record, and I made haste to go to the town of Conway, and addressed myself to the attorney who had the place in charge.

"Sold," said he, as soon as I had mentioned my business.

It had been sold some three years, and thus should have been omitted from the last edition of my catalogue. Furthermore, the agent said it contained nearer three hundred acres than two hundred. He had had probably a hundred

letters about it. The inquiries had not come generally from the city, but from country persons of small means who asked if they could get a living out of it. The courteous attorney showed it to me, all the same, in connection with some others in the region. He threw into the wagon, as we started, fishing-rods, boots, and penny-royal oil, against the mosquitos. He intended that we should take some trout on the way, without interfering with our errand.

Albany is a very back country, indeed. It has only a single road, so that you must come out again by the same way you go in. Its population has declined, and it is only lately that it has paid off its heavy debt in bounties, incurred during the war. Payment was made through distress by tax levies. The levy in one year was as high as 12½ per cent., and half the property in the town, including the piece we were going to see, passed under the hammer. The farm was in a miniature intervale below the beetling crags of Chocorua. It was precisely in the district covered by the legend of Chocorua's dying curse. The chief cursed all sheep or cattle of the whites, that they should never live or thrive there. This is the famous "Burton ail,"— the town was Burton before it was Albany,— and it is fact, owing to some peculiarity of the pasturage or what not, that cattle waste and die there, unless they can be fed on hay brought up from the Saco River.

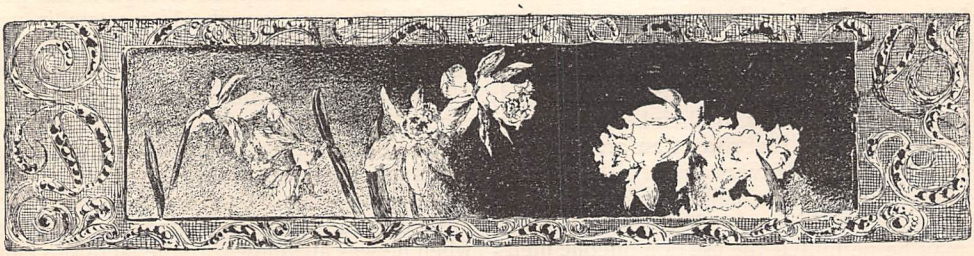
In his stirring "Night on Mount Chocorua" which the late Albert Bolles of Harvard described for us, he must have looked directly down upon this farm. Old Chocorua himself, if he have any feeling for the fitness of things, would choose it as his place for revisiting the pale glimpses of the moon. In the midst of a small oval meadow, or prairie, encroached upon by the surrounding forests of which the greater part of the property consisted, stood a poor, lonely house and barn abandoned to the elements. I had the curiosity to note a few of the vagaries which years of ruin had occasioned. Doorsteps and main door were missing; the sill beneath had rotted away to a condition of red powder; a side door leaned against the outer wall, its panels all kicked in. Bricks from the chimney littered the floors. The parlor door had a panel out, and pistol-shots through it, the facetious doing of sportsmen who had happened that way. Gaps yawned in the roof and ceilings, as if shells had come through. One was forcibly reminded of nothing so much as the scene of Détaille's "Last Cartouche."

"You were right," said I to my companion; "it would not have suited me; it is dear at five hundred dollars."

"Dear at five hundred? But the price is fifteen hundred. The purchaser is holding it for a rise."

I paused there, and myriad mosquitos droned their unanimous opinion of this difference.

William Henry Bishop.



THE HEART OF THE WORLD.

THE great world's heart is old and sad,
'T is long, long since the world was glad,
For death falls fast and love must part,
And wrong and sorrow drive men mad,
And salt tears grieve the old world's heart.

And yet, dear soul, for whom alway
My life has waited, as the May
All April waits to bloom and bear,
If we might meet and love some day,
How glad a heart the world would wear!

W. P. Foster.

A LOAN OF HALF-ORPHANS.

A Narrative in Two Parts. Part I.

By Thomas A. Janvier, author of "Color Studies," "An Embassy to Provence," etc., etc.

I.

SHOWING HOW A BENEVOLENT LADY DEVOTED HERSELF TO AMELIORATING THE CONDITION OF HALF-ORPHANED CHILDREN AND DESTITUTE CATS.

IN philanthropic matters — being easily started, but stopped only with great difficulty — Mrs. Haverwood bore a close resemblance to a lady-like middle-aged locomotive with an inadequate brake. Philanthropy was more than a hobby with Mrs. Haverwood; it was a passion. To say that her bonnets had to be specially bulged out in order to accommodate her organ of benevolence would be, of course, extravagant; but to say that the considerable circle of her friends had to bulge out in all directions, and usually in a hurry, to make room for her frequent and violent benevolent eccentricities would not be extravagant at all; it would be literally, and in many cases annoyingly, true.

At the period of her life to which attention here is directed, Mrs. Haverwood's dominant benevolence, if I may so phrase it, was the amelioration of the condition of half-orphaned children in the city of New York. A person of a less resolutely philanthropic temperament would have been satisfied to pool her good intentions toward half-orphans with one or another of the charitable institutions designed, directly or incidentally, for their benefit already in existence. But that sort of an arrangement did not suit Mrs. Haverwood at all. Not only in her dealings with half-orphans, but in her dealings with affairs generally, she wanted — if I may be permitted the use of a bucolic metaphor — a ten-acre lot in which she could flourish around and kick up her heels. In other words, she had a will of her own and liked to do things in her own way. In her experimental stage of benevolence she had allied herself at one time or another with very many of the charitable institutions of New York; but, as her experience grew, she gradually had relinquished them all: on the ground that every one of them was managed by a set of stubborn and unreasonable people whose natural tendency was to do everything wrong, and who obstinately refused to permit her to set them right.

I may add that, in addition to resigning from these several charitable societies because of the pig-headedness of their respective members, Mrs. Haverwood would have resigned, on similar grounds, had this been practicable without creating a scandal, from the society of her husband. Possibly because he realized the strain of the situation,— and if he did not it was not because of lack of opportunity,— Mr. Haverwood most considerately relieved it by retiring, with a discreet complaisance by no means in keeping with his normal character, not only from his home, but from his planet, to another, and presumably a better, world. He probably felt certain that, temporarily, at least,— that is to say, until such time as Mrs. Haverwood should join him there,—it would be a quieter world, anyway.

It is only just to Mr. Haverwood's memory, however, to interpolate here the statement that, while he certainly was extremely positive in most of his opinions and acts, it was only in the line of his dominant hobby that he was an aggressive man. His hobby was the commendable one of desiring to pose as a patron of art; and the pertinent fact may be added that some of — indeed, most of — the art which he patronized was as queer as it possibly could be. But it would be very unfair to blame him for his artistic shortcomings. He was a product of his times: the period immediately preceding the development of the Hudson River School, when every New Yorker who aspired to high social position had to own enough old masters, in very gorgeous frames, to fill a picture-gallery of reasonable size. Because of this necessity, Mr. Haverwood built a more than reasonably large picture-gallery and stocked it with magnificently framed old masters — every one of which had faded almost to the vanishing point, and was as brown as a bun. To accompany him to this apartment, after one of his own heavy dinners, when he was all aglow with the factitious benevolence derived from his own Sillery, and there to hear him descant upon the merits of these immortal works, was decidedly better than going to the play. His untimely death was a bitter blow to the picture-dealers — even if it did result in giving his widow absolute freedom, and absolute control of one of the biggest and soundest fortunes in New York.

Being thus disengaged from both domestic and extraneous entangling alliances, and having the command of practically unlimited money, Mrs. Haverwood was in the position, as it were, to take what she wanted from the pack and to go it alone. And then it was, to pursue the simile, that she took half-orphans from the pack, and devoted herself to the amelioration of their con-

dition with all the energy of her very energetic body and soul.

That this benevolent lady entertained the most positive views in regard to the way in which a half-orphan's condition ought to be ameliorated, and that these views were utterly unlike anybody else's views on the same subject, are inferential truths which scarcely need to be stated in set terms; and because this was her attitude, and also because she was sick and tired of struggling constantly against stupid opposition, she adopted the radical course toward half-orphans of founding an institution for their succor, in the management of which she united in her own person all the functions of president and secretary and treasurer and board of advisory trustees. With a commendable desire to perpetuate in connection with so notable a charity the memory of her lamented husband (who, in point of fact, always had fought shy of charities; who, for some unknown reason, had manifested a peculiar antipathy toward half-orphans; and whose detestation of cats frequently was avowed in violent terms), Mrs. Haverwood gave to her institution the name of the John L. Haverwood Female Half-Orphanage and Destitute Cat Home.

The destitute cats were an after-thought. Mrs. Haverwood was quite devoted to cats, and since she was starting a charitable institution, as she very sensibly put it, there was no reason why she should not give the cats a show; and the more, she reasoned, because the scraps remaining after feeding sixteen half-orphans easily would suffice for the sustenance of thirty-two cats. The whole number of half-orphans that she had in view was twenty-four; and the whole number of cats was to be forty-eight; but her plan provided for harboring the half-orphans in relays of eight in her own home — where their condition was to be ameliorated by training them in the ways of domestic service — and for harboring a proportional number of cats with them. One of her objects being to inculcate among her human beneficiaries the habit of kindness toward the lower animals, each half-orphan was made responsible for the well-being of two destitute cats; and as each relay came from the institution to her private residence, the sixteen cats pertaining to that particular relay came with it.

Expense being a matter of secondary consideration with Mrs. Haverwood, she had caused to be constructed for this transportation service a vehicle, resembling a small omnibus, especially adapted to its needs. On the two inside longitudinal seats sat the eight neatly-uniformed half-orphans; while outside, firmly secured on the roof by a simple system of bolts and catches, the sixteen cages containing the sixteen cats were arranged (like the oars of a Roman galley) in a double bank. Even in New York, where queer sights on the street are not unusual, this vehicle always attracted a good deal of attention as it made its weekly trips back and forth between Mrs. Haverwood's private residence and the John L. Haverwood Female Half-Orphanage and Destitute Cat Home.

II.

TELLING HOW MRS. HAVERWOOD TIRED OF HER CATS AND HALF-ORPHANS AND DECIDED TO THROW THEM OVERBOARD.

THAT the estimable founder of this excellent charity would continue for any considerable period of time to take an interest in it was not expected by even the most sanguine among her intimate friends. Mrs. Haverwood believed firmly that the spice of charity was variety, and she governed herself by this belief. Like a stout, but benevolent, butterfly she fluttered happily from one to another project for the alleviation of human misery; took a turn, as occasion offered, at reforming different breeds of heathen; and always was ready at a moment's notice to join any society for the suppression of any really interesting variety of vice.

In the course of a year or so, therefore, quite as a matter of course, half-orphans began to pall upon Mrs. Haverwood, and destitute cats to lose their charm: under which changed conditions she rejoiced rather than lamented when, for family reasons, sixteen of her twenty-four female half-orphans suddenly were reclaimed by their several remaining parents; and she even beheld with composure the outbreak of a fatal distemper among the destitute cats, by which two thirds of them were hurried prematurely into unwept graves. This rather startling shrinkage in both lines of inmates occurred in the early springtime, and Mrs. Haverwood almost came to the determination then and there to kill the remaining cats, send the remaining half-orphans packing back to their relatives, rent the half-orphanage, and so — in not much more than an eye-twinkle — bring her venture in this particular sort of charity definitely to an end.

Had it been possible to dismember and to obliterate her institution in fact as easily as in thought, it unquestionably would have disappeared without another moment of delay. But Mrs. Haverwood found that getting rid of her half-orphans would involve so much correspondence with their respective fathers or mothers, that to enter upon it at that time would keep her for half the summer in town. Therefore it was — all her plans having been made for a summer in Europe — that she conceived the project of transferring the eight half-orphans and the sixteen destitute cats still remaining on the foundation to her own home, thus enabling her to

discharge the matron and to close the half-orphanage; with the corollary project of offering for the summer the free use of her home, and the free usufruct of the half-orphans to carry on its domestic service, together with the supplies necessary for the maintenance of so large a household, to young Mr. and Mrs. Ridley Cranmer Latimer: in whom she had just begun to take a benevolent interest, and for whom, therefore, she could not do too much.

The arrangement thus outlined, Mrs. Haverwood perceived, would save in her own pocket a very considerable sum of money; would confer a substantial benefit upon two deserving young people; would continue to the latest possible moment the training of her charges in the ways of domestic servitude; and, finally, would enable her to arrange matters by letter with her half-orphans' whole parents in such a way that she could get rid of the entire bothersome business on the very moment of her return.

On the other hand, when this handsome offer of free lodging and board and service was made to Mr. and Mrs. Ridley Cranmer Latimer, these young people accepted the benefits tendered to them with a grateful alacrity; at least, to be quite accurate, Mrs. Latimer came forward briskly with her gratitude, while Mr. Latimer followed more temperately in her impetuous wake. The offer, truly, was made most opportunely. They had been married only a couple of months, and Mr. Latimer — who was an assistant designer to a firm of silversmiths — had taken his annual holiday of a fortnight in order to go upon his wedding journey. It was impossible, therefore, for him to have another holiday that summer; and what they had expected to do, until Mrs. Haverwood made them this liberal tender of her half-orphans and her home, was to board at a farmhouse in the Hackensack Valley — whence Mr. Latimer would come into town to his work every day. Mrs. Haverwood's plan was so much better than their plan, and she was so careful to make plain to them that they really would be doing her a great service if they would keep the house going, and so keep the half-orphans going too, that the upshot of the matter was their acceptance of her offer in the same spirit of frank friendliness in which it was made.

"I shall not burden you with many directions, my dear," Mrs. Haverwood said to Mrs. Latimer in the course of the talk which they had together when the matter finally was arranged. "In dealing with my charges my method is a very simple one: I am careful to select for the performance of each household task a half-orphan of a suitable age and degree of intelligence; and then, to give them that confidence in themselves which can be created only by encouraging them in self-resource and self-reliance, I leave them to perform the task entirely in their own way. When it is completed I commend them or reprove them, as the case may be. This, I am confident, is the only rational method of instruction. All that I ask is that you exactly adhere to it."

"And when they are bad," Mrs. Latimer asked a little anxiously, "what do you do to them?"

"When verbal reproof is inadequate," replied Mrs. Haverwood, "I administer to them, in accordance with the gravity of the offense, one of the three punishments which the remaining parent of each of my charges has agreed to sanction, and which the rules of the half-orphanage prescribe. For light offenses, they are compelled to stand upon one leg, with the other leg projecting in front of them as nearly as possible in a straight line, for a length of time commensurate with the extent of the offense. As this attitude involves a considerable muscular strain, they are permitted to change from one leg to the other at intervals of one minute and a half. The children themselves," continued Mrs. Haverwood, "have given to this form of correction the name of 'going legetty'; and I confess," she added with a kindly smile, "I have fallen into the way of using that name for it myself. As I have said, it is only a punishment for offenses of a trifling sort; but for such, I assure you, it works admirably well."

"And when things get more serious what do you do?" Mrs. Latimer inquired with a good deal of interest.

"The second and more severe punishment," Mrs. Haverwood answered, "is what we call — using the children's name again — 'all-fouring.' In this case the culprit is compelled to go down on all fours, and to remain in that position for a period to be determined, as in 'going legetty,' by the gravity of the offense."

"But what do you do when they are really seriously bad — bad enough, I mean, to be regularly spanked if they were n't half-orphans, and could n't be?"

"Then," said Mrs. Haverwood, sternly, "they are bagged!"

"Bagged?" repeated Mrs. Latimer, in a tone of interrogation, "I don't quite understand."

"No, I suppose not. The punishment is an unusual one, but we find that it works to a charm. It consists simply in compelling the offender to get into a stout bag, — we have bags of various sizes, of course, to fit any size of half-orphan, — which then is tied closely around her neck with her arms inside. The bag is of such ample dimensions that she can raise her hand to her head in case her nose tickles or a fly bothers her, but the hand still remains within the covering. Even the small-

est of my charges feels keenly the ridicule which is the dominant quality in this form of punishment; and the larger girls — we have had several of sixteen and seventeen, you know — never have had to be bagged more than once."

"I should think not!" exclaimed Mrs. Latimer, feelingly.

"And in inflicting any of these punishments, my dear," Mrs. Haverwood said in conclusion, "you will do well to make them as public as possible. It is my custom, and I advise you to follow it, to punish in the drawing-room; then, if any one happens to call, the culprit suffers the additional mortification of being exhibited 'going legetty,' or 'all-fouring,' or 'bagged,' as the case may be, to a total stranger. The discipline, I assure you, is most salutary."

"And what about the cats?" Mrs. Latimer asked.

Mrs. Haverwood smiled pleasantly as she answered: "Ah, there you will have no trouble at all. All that you will have to do is to see that each half-orphan feeds her two cats regularly and not too abundantly, and that they have ample liberty in the house and yard."

III.

EXHIBITING MRS. LATIMER'S FIRST ACTUAL DEALINGS WITH HALF-ORPHANS AND CATS, AND HER INCIDENT MISERY.

At ten o'clock of a June Wednesday morning — that is to say, coincident with the departure of Mrs. Haverwood for the steamer, which was to start at noon — Mrs. Latimer took over the entire establishment, and formally assumed the tripartite duties of her domestic, semi-parental, and feline trust; and before eleven o'clock of that same June Wednesday morning she began to realize with a good deal of emphasis that in thus endeavoring to run a cat-encumbered house by half-orphan power she had accepted a contract of rather appalling size. By six o'clock, when her husband came home to dinner, she realized the extent of her contract so fully that her very strongest desire was to abandon it altogether; but by that time the party of the first part, Mrs. Haverwood, was racing along well to the eastward of Fire Island (with the feeling that her interior department was traveling with even greater rapidity by a different conveyance), and the relinquishment of the trust was impossible.

"You see, Ridley," Mrs. Latimer said, — and it was a very great comfort after such a day to be able to tell about it, and to be sure of sympathy, — "you see, the trouble is that it seemed simple before I began, but that instead of being simple, it 's all as mixed up as it possibly can be!"

"How was it simple, and why is it mixed up?" Mr. Latimer asked, at the same time settling her more comfortably upon his knee and kissing her — which affectionate encouragement caused her to give a little restful sigh of happiness, and to reply in much more spirited tones:

"What was simple, you dear boy, was Mrs. Haverwood's rule as to how I was to manage the half-orphans and the cats; and what is so dreadfully mixed up is what happens when I try to put this rule into practice. She said, you know, that the cats simply were to be fed regularly and given ample liberty in the house and yard, and that when I wanted anything done all I had to do was to pick out a half-orphan 'of a suitable age and degree of intelligence,' — those were her very words, — and then to let the half-orphan go ahead and do it in her own way. That sounds simple enough, does n't it?"

"Yes," Mr. Latimer answered; "it certainly does. It seems to me that even I could keep a house that way."

"Suppose you try!" said Mrs. Latimer, with a touch of bitterness in her voice. "Oh, I don't want to be cross," she went on repentantly; "but if only you knew the bothers I have been through with to-day, Ridley dear! Where the hitch comes in is in making both ends of Mrs. Haverwood's rule about the half-orphans apply. 'Suitable age *and* degree of intelligence' was what she said. Now, since you think it 's so easy, tell me how old a girl you would set to such a piece of work, for instance, as cleaning the knives?"

"Why, quite a little girl ought to do that sort of thing, I should think," Mr. Latimer replied considerately; "one about eight or ten years old. If I had a half-orphan of about that age in stock, that is the age that I should use."

"Yes, that 's just what I thought too. Well, Polly Carroon is just nine years old, — I have all their names and ages, and the addresses of their people, you know, in the list that Mrs. Haverwood left with me, — and so I set Polly at the knives. But what the list does n't say anything about is their intelligences. Polly, I don't think has any intelligence at all. Just as Mrs. Haverwood told me to, I let her go at her work without any directions beyond telling her to take the knife-board out of the kitchen so that she would n't be in our way. And then things got to going so badly that I forgot all about her, and it was n't until we wanted the knives for lunch that I went to hunt her up. And where do you suppose that child was?"

Polly Carroon's whereabouts evidently being extraordinary, Mr. Latimer declined to venture even a guess.

"In the drawing-room, with the knife-board on one of the blue satin sofas, and bath-brick dust scattered everywhere! She had cleaned just one knife, and then she had got her two especial cats for company, and had gone to one of the

front windows to look out into the street — and there she was!"

"And what did you do?" Mr. Latimer asked, with a show of serious interest that was very creditable to him.

"I all-foured her, of course; but all-louring her for the rest of her life won't get the iron-rust out of that sofa, and what Mrs. Haverwood will say about it I 'm sure I don't know.

"But I give you just this one instance, Ridley dear, to show you how very hard it is going to be to make Mrs. Haverwood's rules work out in practice. Age and intelligence don't go in couples at all; and leaving the children to do things in their own way may teach them self-reliance, but it is certain to make a mess."

"And do you mean to say that things have been going wrong like that all day, you poor child?"

"Oh, that little trouble does n't really count. I spoke of it because it happened to be the first. Some of the things really were dreadful — like the way Susan Poundweight almost killed herself when I set her to washing the back-kitchen windows. Susan is one of the biggest, you know — she 's nearly seventeen, and quite pretty — so I thought that she would do to wash windows very well. I asked her if she knew how to sit outside on the sill, and she said she did; and then I told her to go ahead. And then the first thing I knew I heard a dreadful scream, and I saw her legs rising up in the air inside the kitchen, and the rest of her going down backward outside, and I just had time to rush to the window and get hold of one of her feet as she was beginning to slide away. Fortunately, all of the half-orphans, except Polly Carroon, happened to be in the kitchen, and I made them all catch hold of her, three to each leg, and hold her with all their strength until I could get out into the back yard and grab her by the shoulders; and then we all let her slide gently down to the ground. If I had started her at washing upstairs windows," Mrs. Latimer added solemnly, "Susan Poundweight would have been by this time a dead girl!"

"It looks as if none of them had any intelligence at all — as if they 'd got nothing but age," Mr. Latimer observed.

"You won't say that when I tell you about Jane Spicer," Mrs. Latimer answered. "She has n't any size at all — at least none worth speaking about, considering that she 's over thirteen years old — but she 's got enough intelligence to supply all the half-orphans in the house if she only could divide it up and pass it around. And the coolness and presence of mind of that mite really are wonderful! Just listen to the way she straightened out the worst tangle of trouble I got into all day.

"A couple of hours or so ago, when we were beginning to get ready for dinner, things all of a sudden went as wrong as they possibly could go. I had sent Sally Tribbles down cellar to the ice-chest for the meat,— Sally is a big stout girl nearly fourteen,— and somehow or another in coming up-stairs she had managed to stumble over one of the cats and had gone down backward with the joint flying right over her head into the ash-bin; and I 'd just caught Biddy O'Dowd — she 's an untidy little thing — wiping out the soup-tureen with the hand-towel; and the two little Wells girls, the twins, you know, Xenophona and Sophonisba, had got scalded both at once — they do everything together that way — while they were trying to fill the tea-kettle; and Martha Skeat had just shaved off the ends of three of her fingers with the potato slicer; and in the very moment that I turned my back on the kitchen table to tie up Martha's hand, three of the cats were up off the floor like a flash,— the cats are everywhere, Ridley, they make me perfectly desperate! — and were eating the croquettes that I had just finished making up into forms." Mrs. Latimer's voice broke a little as she recalled that culminating moment of agony, and Mr. Latimer had to kiss her repeatedly before she could go on.

"Well, just as everything was in that awful way, Jane Spicer came into the kitchen,— I had sent her to get something from the store-room,— and the way that that child took in the whole situation at a glance, and then instantly began to make everything go right, was nothing short of a miracle! She whisked the cats off the table and away from the croquettes as she ran across to the sink where the twins were howling together at the tops of their voices, and when she found what was the matter with them she was in and out of the store-room like a flash and had them sitting on the floor in one corner with their scalded hands in the starch-box — they are dreadful little objects now, for they got the powdered starch all over themselves. Then she dashed down cellar to Sally, and picked her and the beef out of the ash-bin,— you must n't mind about the beef, dear; I washed it most carefully myself, and ashes are clean, anyway,— and brought them both up to the kitchen. Sally was n't a bit hurt, but she had the most shocking head you ever saw; her hair full of ashes and all over cobwebs. And then, with the utmost coolness and presence of mind, Jane collected the cobwebs from Sally's head and gave them to me to bind on Martha's cut fingers, because cobwebs, she said, stopped bleeding better than anything else in the world. It was wonderful, Ridley, simply wonderful, the way that child attended to everything in just the right way — and Susan Poundweight, who is big enough to make two of her, all the while

standing stock still, like the sleepy goose that she is, and never raising a hand.

"It did seem as if this dreadful day never would come to an end, Ridley dear," Mrs. Latimer said in conclusion. "But it has ended at last, and you have come home, and now I can't have any more serious worries, I'm sure."

Mrs. Latimer's statement that the day had come to an end at six o'clock in the evening obviously was as loosely inaccurate as her assertion that she would have no more serious worries was a presumptuous essay in personal prophecy. But Mr. Latimer, who yearned over her as she told him her tale of woe, did not attempt to correct either of these errors although he perceived them both. On the contrary, rather did he endeavor to encourage her in her belief that this weary day was ended with its third quarter, and that in his sheltering arms she had found a secure haven of rest.

And, really, from the moment that Mr. Latimer crossed the threshold things went so swimmingly that Mrs. Latimer's right to rate herself as a prophetess seemed to be above dispute. Their dinner, served to a charm by the superintelligent Jane Spicer, was quite the merriest dinner that ever they had eaten: for, after all, with every allowance for drawbacks, there was a good deal to exhilarate them in thus finding themselves in absolute possession of a large and luxuriously appointed dwelling, with a train of eight half-orphans ready (in theory, at least) to obey with a sparkling alacrity their lightest or their most severe commands.

After such a desperate sort of a day, Mrs. Latimer was glad to go very early to bed; but Mr. Latimer, whose day had not been desperate, was disposed to begin to get the good of his kingdom by sitting, for a couple of hours or so, in one of the vastly comfortable chairs in the library while he read the new magazine that he had brought home with him and smoked a refreshing cigar.

But in taking this pleasure which he had promised himself, Mr. Latimer was not betrayed by the zest of it into inconsiderate selfishness. Before he entered upon his own enjoyment, he attended punctually to certain matters which he knew were necessary to his wife's happiness — that is to say, he looked at the kitchen fire; tried the fastenings of all the doors and windows; went down cellar and made sure that there were no live-coals in the ash-bin, and that the plate covering the coal-hole was secure; and, finally, went up into the cock-loft and examined the bolts of the scuttle. It is but just to add that, in taking these several precautions, Mr. Latimer consulted not only his wife's comfort but his own — in view of the highly probable possibility that she might wake up at three or four o'clock in the morning and demand from him instant and accurate information touching one or another of these points of danger, on the ground that she smelled smoke or heard a burglar. Smelling smoke and hearing a burglar were two things which Mrs. Latimer did with an energy and an inopportuneness that Mr. Latimer — although his knowledge of these peculiar traits was but two months old — already was disposed to regard as excessive.

He returned from his tour of inspection just as she had got to bed, and — after lighting and placing by the bed-head the dark lantern which she had bought that very day to the end that they might the better protect the valuable property confided to their care — he made his report as he sat beside her holding her hand. The smell of the Japan varnish on the new lantern was very strong indeed; but Mrs. Latimer, when he commented unfavorably upon this smell, declared that he would find it delightful if he would only think, as she did, that it was oriental incense, and that they were in some very far Eastern shrine.

Knowing that one of her greatest pleasures was to talk herself to sleep, he sat quietly beside her while she talked for a while about the journey that they hoped to make some day to Japan and India; and then on and on about anything that happened to come into her head until the animation in her voice gave way to a delicious drowsiness, her words came slowly and with less and less connection, and at last she gave a little sigh of satisfied weariness and so dropped away softly into sleep. When her breathing became long and regular, assuring him that her sleep was sound, he drew his hand very gently away from hers, — which resisted the withdrawal by little instinctive clutches, as the wakeful body tried to signal to the sleeping spirit that he was going away, — and so, on tiptoe, went softly out of the room. Even at a much later period of his married life — when he was getting, indeed, to be quite gray and elderly — Mr. Latimer still found in this little ritual of slumber a certain quality which touched and thrilled him with a tenderness so searching that his love was almost pain.

IV.

TELLING HOW MRS. LATIMER WAS AROUSED FROM HER SLEEP BY THE SOUND OF STRANGE VOICES, AND WHAT SHE DID ABOUT IT.

THE library to which Mr. Latimer retired — a large, gravely luxurious room in the rear of the house, with three back windows opening toward the south, and with two side windows (over the picture-gallery) opening toward the west — was on the same floor, the second, with their bedroom. On the floor immediately above, so that help would be near in case any-

thing went wrong, were the eight half-orphans — three of whom slept in the front room and four in the back room; while Susan Poundweight, in consideration of her age and size, had the hall-room to herself. The cats were provided with sixteen cushioned boxes in the rear cellar — whence a cat-hole gave access to the back yard, and so enabled them, at their pleasure, to take the air. To prevent their escape, and as a safeguard to their morals, the yard was roofed over with a netting of wire.

Having earned by his several acts of considerate kindliness an unqualified right to seek his own happiness in his own way, Mr. Latimer, upon betaking himself to the library, both sought and found it in the conjunction of himself and his cigar and magazine and vastly easy chair in that delightful book-room which for the time being was all his own. So keen, indeed, was his enjoyment of this heretofore untasted combination of luxuries, that he was rather more than half disposed to believe that he was the victim of a momentarily agreeable but ultimately bitterly disappointing dream.

But this super-refined psychologic doubt increased rather than diminished his pleasure, and for an hour or more he continued to read and to smoke with an unruffled satisfaction; save that once, fancying that he heard a slight rustling in the passage and the soft tread of unshod feet, he was disturbed by the fear — which investigation proved to be groundless — that Mrs. Latimer had forsaken her bed and her slumber to seek his protection in some sudden exigency of fright. But at the end of this reposeful period, suddenly, he truly was aroused by hearing his name called in a penetrating sibilant whisper, and then by seeing his wife standing in the doorway, — like a singularly attractive semaphore clad in white, and with touzled golden hair, — pointing the bull's-eye lantern at him with one hand and with the other beckoning him to come to her at once. Upon beholding this engaging apparition, he naturally fell a prey to the emotion of very lively alarm. With a cry of anxious affection he sprang from his chair, and in two steps was across the room and had Mrs. Latimer, lantern and all, tight in his arms.

"My darling!" he cried, "what is it? Are you ill?"

"H-s-s-s-h!" Mrs. Latimer answered in a guardedly low tone which quivered with repressed excitement. "H-s-s-s-h! Don't speak out loud, and do what I ask you quickly and silently. Get your revolver, and then we will go down-stairs together. There 's a burglar in the house!"

Mr. Latimer's clasp upon Mrs. Latimer's person relaxed instantly; the eager look upon his face gave place to a look of bored annoyance; and in a perfectly calm voice he replied: "Oh, is that all! I thought that there really was something wrong. You 'd better get back to bed now — you 'll catch cold."

"Don't, *don't* take it that way, Ridley. I implore you not to take it that way. I heard him most distinctly, I assure you."

"Yes, yes, I know," Mr. Latimer answered, a little petulantly, "but remember how very often you 've heard him before, and what a lot of time I 've wasted in hunting for him without finding him, or anything remotely like him. Come, now, be a good child," his voice became tender again, "and let me put you back in bed. If it was anything at all that you heard, you know, it was only the cats. Indeed, you 'll get a bad cold if you stay around in the night air like this."

"Ridley!" exclaimed Mrs. Latimer, in a whisper that had a righteously incensed tone, "do you mean to tell me that I cannot tell a burglar from a cat?"

"Frankly," replied Mr. Latimer, "I don't think you can. I don't mean to say, of course," he continued, "that if a real burglar and a real cat came and stood right up in front of you together, in broad daylight, you could n't tell which was which — under those circumstances I do believe that you could tell them apart. But I do mean to say, and I speak from experience, that when it comes to telling burglars from cats at night, and by their voices only, you 're bound to get them mixed every time."

"I never, *never* shall forget these bitterly cruel words — the first cruel words you ever have said to me, Ridley," Mrs. Latimer answered in a broken whisper that was more than half a sob. "But this is not the time," she continued, tragically, "to consider my own personal misery. Just now the property for which we are responsible is in danger; probably a portion of it already has been removed. You doubt my word, and you treat me as though I were but a foolish child, — no, don't try to kiss me: all that is at an end, — and I must waste precious time in arguing with you before you will believe that what I tell you is true. But if it must be, it must — so be good enough to listen to me carefully, and be good enough to believe" — this with much scorn and bitterness — "that I am *not* altogether a fool, and that I *am* telling you the truth.

"What happened was precisely this: I waked up suddenly, — aroused, I suppose, by an instinctive knowledge that danger was near, — and the first thing I knew I was sitting straight up in bed, listening with all my ears. At first I did n't hear anything at all. And then in a moment I heard most distinctly the tread of his bare feet — though he may have had on stockings — coming down the stairs from the third floor. He must have gone up without arousing me; and, of course, when he found

only the half-orphans up there, he came right down again. And then — just as I was expecting to see the door open stealthily, and the awful creature come into the room — I heard him stepping softly along the passage and keeping on down-stairs; and then, a minute later, I heard him talking to his confederate through the front-kitchen windows. His confederate is a woman, I distinctly perceived that one of the voices was a woman's voice.

"And now," concluded Mrs. Latimer, still speaking in a stony whisper, "I have told you all; and I am quite willing, since you desire it, to go back to bed, and there await my doom. I do not doubt that in the morning, supposing you survive me, you will find me lying there murdered; and all of Mrs. Haverwood's silver and most of her other valuable possessions will be gone. It is very, very cruel of you, Ridley, to treat me in this way. But in the presence of impending death I cannot be harsh with you, as you are with me. Remember, Ridley, when all is over, that I did love you with all my heart," and with these words Mrs. Latimer's voice went beyond tremulousness into the inarticulate region of sobs.

His wife's great earnestness, and the unusual circumstantiality of her narrative, combined to convince Mr. Latimer that for once, perhaps, her burglar was not made absolutely out of the whole cloth; and he was the more strengthened in this belief by suddenly remembering, as she spoke of the noises which she had heard, that he also had heard, or had fancied that he heard, footsteps in the passage but a little while before. Under these circumstances, while still leaning decidedly to the cat hypothesis, he was willing to admit that the asserted burglar was not absolutely impossible, and that the case was one which reasonably might be investigated. Moved by which considerations, he answered:

"Well, since you 're so dead sure about it this time, I 'll take a look for him anyway. Now come back to bed, and then I 'll go gunning for him down-stairs."

"Without me?" demanded Mrs. Latimer in a most resolute whisper. "Indeed you won't do anything of the kind. I 'm going with you, of course!"

Of burglars in the bush, Mrs. Latimer had a most lively horror; but when it came to burglars in the hand, and that hand her husband's, her fear was cast out by her love.

"Come!" she said, detaching herself from Mr. Latimer's arms, and making a heroic gesture with the lantern. "Come! If necessary, we will perish together; but, whatever may be my fate later, you shall not die in the basement alone."

"Oh, rubbish!" exclaimed Mr. Ridley testily, "we 're not going to perish together, nor on the instalment plan either. Anyhow, you can't go down-stairs looking like that to meet a strange burglar. What are you thinking of; and what, I should like to know, would he think of you?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Latimer, blushing like a delightful rose, "I did n't think — with a burglar, you know — it 's — it 's different, don't you see?"

"No," replied Mr. Latimer, with a great show of righteous severity, "I *don't* see. Even if he is a burglar, he is a man, all the same; and there 's nothing about his profession — as there is about the profession of medicine, for instance — to give him special privileges. Really, I am ashamed of you! If you absolutely insist upon going down-stairs with me to receive him,— and I must say that I think you are over-punctilious in the matter: he certainly must be a total stranger to us, and obviously comes without an introduction,— at least do up your hair and put on your slippers and a wrapper."

The utterance of these sentiments of commonplace propriety in an entirely commonplace tone had the effect of putting the burglar at a different angle of Mrs. Latimer's mental vision, and, in spite of herself, her dread of him very sensibly decreased.

"Please hold the lantern — I 'll only be a minute," she said, forgetting to whisper, and speaking, such is the force of association of ideas, in precisely the tone that she would have employed had any ordinary caller been waiting for her down-stairs.

"All right. There 's not the least hurry, you know," Mr. Latimer answered; and his wholly matter-of-fact words and manner tended so much the more to bring Mrs. Latimer down from the high level of tragedy to the plane of every-day life that she went to the glass to do up her hair quite with her usual deliberation, and with her mind mainly occupied in deciding which of her two pretty wrappers she should put on.

V.

TELLING OF MR. LATIMER'S VAIN SEARCH FOR A BURGLAR, AND OF SUSAN POUNDWEIGHT'S EXTRAORDINARY BRAVERY.

THIS was Mr. Latimer's opportunity, and he promptly made use of it. Closing the slide of the lantern, that he might not be betrayed by the brilliant stream of light from the bull's-eye, and kicking off his slippers, that his steps might be noiseless, he stole softly down-stairs; and was fairly in the basement before Mrs. Latimer had much more than made a beginning at her hair.

In spite of his caution, he did not think that the chances in favor of his meeting a burglar were large. What he expected to meet was cats; and his intentions toward the cat or cats responsible for putting his wife into such a state of alarm, and for spoiling his own calm enjoy-

ment of his book and cigar, were not at all the sort of intentions proper to the acting head of a destitute-cat home.

And yet, convinced though Mr. Latimer was that he had come, as usual, upon a sleeveless errand, he certainly did have — as he tiptoed along the passage to the front kitchen — a curiously strong feeling that somebody was close beside him there in the dark. This feeling was instinctive rather than reasoning; but it was so overpowering that he actually backed up against the wall, and held his breath while he listened intently for some definitely convincing sound. On the score of prudence, he kept the lantern covered. The burglar, if there were a burglar, might have slipped away to either end of the long passage; and to let off the lantern in the wrong direction — thereby indicating his own whereabouts some seconds in advance of discovering the whereabouts of the intruder — might be productive of consequences of the most awkward kind. Many years before, when he was quite a little boy, some one had told him a story about a man who had killed a burglar by emptying a revolver into the darkness immediately behind the glare of a bull's-eye lantern — on the logical assumption that that was where the burglar ought to be. In the present instance, as he perceived with a rather chilling clearness, the conditions would be reversed but the principle would remain unchanged.

However, during the half minute or so that he thus stood rigid against the wall, the silence was absolute; and then, convinced that his instincts had got mixed with his imagination, and that the burglar was just as unreal as all the rest of Mrs. Latimer's burglars had been, he went on to the kitchen in a more rational frame of mind. The condition of the kitchen tended to restore his belief that the state of affairs in every way was normal. The locks and bolts of the doors, the fastenings over the window-sashes, the massive iron bars outside the windows — all were precisely as he had left them only a couple of hours before. Obviously, Mrs. Latimer's convincingly circumstantial statement had not even a cat back of it — the whole of it had come straight out of a dream.

And then, at the very moment that he had arrived at this quieting but not precisely soothing conclusion, there rang out upon the silence of the night a shrill scream of terror, which was followed in the same instant by another shrill scream of terror in a slightly different key, and simultaneously with this last came the sound as of two bodies — one rather heavier than the other — falling on the floor above!

Although Mr. Latimer never before had heard Mrs. Latimer's voice thus loudly raised and all a-thrill with fear, he knew very well that one of these screams of terror came from her. From whom the other scream came he did not stop to consider — as the dreadful thought flashed through his mind that a burglar really had got past him in the dark, and that his defenseless wife was at the mercy of the ruffian in the regions above. Acting on the most natural impulse, the moment that this horrible possibility occurred to him he went up the kitchen stairs three steps at a time.

As he rounded into the hall above, he heard a sound of gasping breathing that seemed to come from near the foot of the front stairs; and when, reaching the spot, he brought his lantern to bear upon it, the sight that he beheld — while instantly abating his feeling of dread — filled him with a very lively surprise. There, seated upon the floor, with her legs sticking straight out in front of her, was Mrs. Latimer. Directly facing her, also seated upon the floor and also with straight-extended legs — the two evidently having collided in the dark and then fallen backward — was a pretty young girl, rather inclining to stoutness, whose neat gray frock and neat blue-and-white checked apron implied that she was one of their own half-orphans: an implication that was confirmed into a certainty, in the moment that the light from the bull's-eye lantern flashed upon her, by Mrs. Latimer's exclaiming:

"Why, Susan Poundweight! I thought you were a burglar! What *are* you doing here?"

"Oh, ma'am," answered the young person, "when you came bumping into me that way, and we both went down kerflump, *I* thought *you* were a burglar, and that I'd got to my last hour! And truly, ma'am, there is one down-stairs — for I heard him sort of snorking with his breath, and I know he a-most caught me, when I was down there a minute ago."

"No," put in Mr. Latimer, "that was n't a burglar; that was me. I was sure I heard somebody; and so it was you, was it? And what were you doing down in the basement at twelve o'clock at night, I 'd like to know?"

"If — if you please, sir," Susan answered, arising briskly, but speaking with a strangely marked hesitation, and getting very red as she spoke, "I — I thought I heard a noise."

"Well, and what if you did hear a noise?"

"Why, sir, I thought that — that mebbe I 'd better go down and see what it was."

"Faithful girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Latimer, before Mr. Latimer could reply to this avowal. "Just think of it, Ridley! She thought she heard a burglar, and her sense of duty made her peril her life by going down into that utter darkness to confront that great danger alone! Susan, I am proud of you! You are the very bravest girl I ever knew!"

"Oh, it was n't nothin', ma'am," Susan answered in still more constrained tones. "I did n't — I did n't know for sure that it was a

burglar. You see it might 'a' been the—the cats. And anyhow, ma'am, I 'm given to walkin' in my sleep."

In delivering this disjointed and also incongruous explanation, Susan Poundweight addressed the darkness behind the blazing bull's-eye, while she herself stood in the center of the circle of brilliant light, and looked very much like a blushing half-orphan projected from a magic-lantern upon a screen. These conditions were not favorable to self-possession; yet even when due allowance was made for them, and also for the strain due to the very unusual circumstances of the situation as a whole, it did seem to Mr. Latimer that her contradictory statements were so curious, and that her embarrassment was so much in excess of its apparent causes, that some additional disturbing element remained to be revealed.

When they got up-stairs again, and Susan had been sent off once more to bed, he exhibited to Mrs. Latimer this application of astronomical principles to domestic affairs; and he added that he considered Susan's conduct to be very suspicious indeed. But Mrs. Latimer would have none of his domesticated astronomy; and she resented his suspicions in energetic terms.

"I am ashamed of you, Ridley," she said warmly; "I am thoroughly ashamed of you! Susan has done a very noble and heroic act, and you are treating her as though you had caught her trying to make off with the spoons."

"No, I 'm not sure that she was after the spoons, exactly," Mr. Latimer answered, "but I do think that she was after something or another that she 'd better not have been. You must keep a sharp eye on that young woman. Unless we are very careful she certainly will get us into some sort of a scrape."

"Scrape, indeed!" responded Mrs. Latimer, indignantly. "Your suspicions are as ungenerous as they are utterly unjust. Instead of her getting us into scrapes, I consider that it is an honor to live in the same house with her. Really, Ridley, we must stop talking about her, or I shall get seriously angry with you. You see, nothing that you possibly can say can change my convictions. Susan Poundweight has shown herself nobly true to her duty, and the bravest of the brave. If ever there was one, she is a heroine. She deserves the Victoria Cross."

VI.

TREATING OF MRS. LATIMER'S LONGING FOR ORIENTAL TRAVEL, AND EXHIBITING HER ABILITY TO CHANGE FANCIES INTO FACTS.

As has been inferred, perhaps, from some of the facts already stated, Mrs. Latimer's disposition reasonably might be termed imaginative. That this romantic quality had its practical drawbacks, no one was more ready to admit than Mr. Latimer—whose experiences in consequence of it at times were very intense indeed. To be cautiously but firmly awakened at two o'clock in the morning, and then hurriedly despatched upon a reconnoissance along such remote frontier passes as the kitchen windows or the scuttle in the roof,—to make sure that marauding parties were not pouring in through those exposed openings,—he found decidedly wearing; and scarcely less wearing did he find what he very offensively styled the smoke-smelling act: to perform which he usually was aroused just as he was dropping off into his first sleep, and was sent flying down-stairs in search of a fire in either the kitchen or the laundry, with supplementary instructions—should these apartments prove to be in their normal state of non-combustion—to keep on to the cellar and make sure that there was not an incipient conflagration in the ash-bin.

But Mrs. Latimer's imagination also had its good side. As has been exhibited, she was quite capable of exalting the smell of scorching Japan-varnish, consequent to the lighting of a new lantern, into an odor of incense burning in an Oriental shrine; and of continuing along the line of fancy thus indicated by imagining that she and Mr. Latimer were visiting not only that particular shrine but various adjacent places of interest in the far East.

This longing for Oriental travel was, indeed, Mrs. Latimer's most vigorously ridden hobby. When the circumstances would permit it, her intention was that they should go upon a long Eastern journey: visiting all the lands mentioned in the Arabian Nights, and conducting themselves, generally, like a prince and princess got at large from that delectable storehouse of romance. Pending their departure upon this expedition, she insisted that they should anticipate its delights by assuming that they actually were traveling in the Orient, and by fancying the adventures of one sort or another which were befalling them by the way.

In order to give a still livelier air of realism to her system of imaginary travel—and especially to brace up the imagination of Mr. Latimer, whose faculty for etherealizing himself into an astral shape and then going off with it was not large—Mrs. Latimer very ingeniously contrived, out of cheese-cloth, costumes of an Oriental sort for them to wear while taking their mental jaunts. These garments, very vivid in hue, were patterned after the woodcuts in an old edition of the "Arabian Nights"; and their enthusiastic maker, while not contending that as costumes they were critically correct, insisted that they were near enough to the right thing to help along the illusion tremendously.

"When you actually are dressed like the pic-

ture of the African Magician, you know, Ridley dear," she said very earnestly, "it is impossible for you not to feel like him — even if African magicians in real life are dressed totally differently: and for you to feel like him is all we want. With a true African feeling like that inside of you, everything that we are talking about instantly becomes entirely real. Indeed, the turban alone, with its queer little point coming up in the middle, is enough to make you feel that you are thousands of miles away in a very foreign land."

But even with the assistance of the costumes, Mrs. Latimer had difficulty in imagining, and still more difficulty in making Mr. Latimer imagine, some of the situations which were most after her own heart. The apartment in Irving Place which they had inhabited since their marriage consisted only of a little sitting-room, with a still smaller adjoining bedroom; and, excellent though her powers of mental fabrication unquestionably were, Mrs. Latimer found the strain rather excessive when it came to converting these contracted quarters into, for instance, the palace inhabited by the Prince of the Black Isles. Mr. Latimer, being confronted with this situation, squarely refused to meet it. The best that he could do, he said, was to imagine that the Prince of the Black Isles had rented his palace furnished for the season, and had taken lodgings for himself on Irving Place in the city of New York. Of course, this would not answer at all. As Mrs. Latimer pointed out, they were pursuing the fancy that they were traveling in the East, not that Eastern people were paying them visits in their own home; and the upshot of the matter was that they had to abandon their trip to the Black Isles and take a fresh start in another direction.

As in the case of the palace, so in a dozen other ways were they brought up constantly in the midst of their fancyings with a round turn — such as a papered ceiling intervening when they wanted to contemplate the moon and stars, or a conspicuous absence of slaves when they clapped their hands.

One of the principal reasons, therefore, why Mrs. Latimer had been eager to accept the loan of Mrs. Haverwood's half-orphans and home was the large opportunity which these possessions would afford for making their fanciful life in the Orient more real. At a stroke they would possess a very good imitation of a palace; eight slaves in the persons of the eight half-orphans to come in response to hand-clapping; and, best of all, absolutely unrestricted access to a roof on which they could sit and look at the moon and stars, if they wanted to, through the whole night long.

Being come into her kingdom, Mrs. Latimer found the roof part of it, at least, all that her fancy had pictured and that her heart had desired. Nor was her enjoyment of the romantic pleasure which the roof afforded her appreciably diminished by the fact that in order to attain it they were compelled to overcome certain obstacles of a material and unromantic sort.

"I know perfectly well, Ridley dear," she said, in the course of their first ascent to the housetop, "that when the Caliph of Bagdad went on the roof of his palace with his wife —"

"Wives," interpolated Mr. Latimer.

"If you don't mind, Ridley dear, I prefer to speak of them in the singular. Customs are different in the Orient; but I am sure that their little collection of wives is just as dear to them — to the nice ones, that is — as one wife is to nice husbands here."

Mr. Latimer did not venture any reply to this handsome profession of faith in the existence of a collective monogamous sentiment among the better classes of polygamists, and Mrs. Latimer continued: "Of course I know that when the Caliph of Bagdad and his wife went on the roof of their palace,— to enjoy the coolness of the night and the beauty of the heavens, just as we are now,— they did n't have to climb up a horrid little ladder, and then go creeping across a smelly cockloft, and he did not have to pull her up through the scuttle by her hands as you pull me."

"No," responded Mr. Latimer, "I don't believe he did. Indeed, I don't believe he could. Pulling you up, you see, is easy enough, for there 's only one of you to pull. But if you were the kind of wife the Caliph of Bagdad had,— in any number of parts, like a subscription book,— I 'd get completely tired out long before I 'd hauled you all up here: to say nothing of the fact that you would n't all be up before it would be time to begin to pass you down. Of course the Caliph did n't manage things that way. What he did, I suppose,— with him, of course, expense was no consideration,— was to put in a big elevator and bring her up a dozen at a time."

"Please don't spoil the romance of it all, Ridley dear, by talking that way — and about elevators, too! How many times must I tell you that the palaces, and the dwellings generally, in the Orient are only one, or at most two, stories high? In such a building an elevator would be an absurdity. But what I am trying to tell you, dearest, is that while the Caliph of Bagdad and his wife did n't have to get on their roof in the uncomfortable way that we do, they could n't have had a nicer time after they got there than we are having now."

"On that," answered Mr. Latimer, feelingly, "I am betting high. Indeed," he continued, "I am willing to bet that they did n't have as good a time. How could he manage, for instance, I should like to know, about putting

his head in her lap — when there was just one of him and half an acre more or less of her? Our little plan lays the Caliph's out cold — and, if you don't mind, I 'll take off my turban; it 's rather in the way."

Perhaps it was just as well that Mr. and Mrs. Latimer's immediate neighbors did not also frequent the housetops, for the effect produced by these young people as they wandered about their roof in the moonlight, clad in loose and flowing draperies which had uncommonly the look of nightgowns, was decidedly queer. And it was a good deal queerer when Mrs. Latimer succeeded in putting the half-orphans into garments of the same Far-Eastern sort, and got them upon the roof in the capacity of slaves.

Mrs. Latimer's first intention had been to maintain the slave fiction continuously by dressing the half-orphans always in Oriental garb. But on more mature reflection she decided that this plan, attractive though it was, must be abandoned. On the score of ethics, she feared that the laying aside of Mrs. Haverwood's uniform dress might have a subversive effect upon the system of half-orphanly training which that excellent woman had devised; and even more to the purpose was the fact that the half-orphans themselves absolutely refused to accept as a chronic garb what Martha Skeat described, disparagingly, as "floppy heathen cloze." Susan Poundweight was still more emphatic, protesting earnestly that if ever she knew that anybody was lookin' at her when she had on things like them loose pants, she 'd have a fit and then die.

Being thus unable and unwilling to carry out her plan in its entirety, Mrs. Latimer compromised matters by decreeing that the Eastern dress should be worn only on Mondays; which day was to be known as Arabian Nights day in the household calendar. All the younger children, delighting in the fun of dressing up in queer clothes, of course approved of this arrangement rapturously; and even the elder girls — including Susan Poundweight, who was not ill-natured, though she was as pig-headed as she possibly could be — came into it with a fairly good grace. That the masquerading tended to excite mutinously high spirits among the masqueraders was undeniable, and Mrs. Latimer presently found that things always went more violently wrong on Monday, that is to say, on Arabian Nights day, than on any other day in the week.

VII.

TELLING HOW SUSAN POUNDWEIGHT WRECKED THE PLUMBING AND WAS SUSPECTED OF MYSTERIOUS MISDEEDS.

As the summer slowly moved onward, Mrs. Latimer perceived, with an ever-increasing clearness, that she was carrying a good deal more of a load of half-orphans than her shoulders were strong enough to bear. All that sustained her was the knowledge that relief was certain at a fixed and not distant point of time. From Mrs. Haverwood there came a letter, about the middle of August, stating that she had arranged with all the surviving parents of her charges to meet her in New York on the day succeeding her return, and then to take them instantly and forever off her hands. But for this cheering light at the end of her dark vista, Mrs. Latimer was of the opinion — as she many times confided to Mr. Latimer — that she necessarily must go wild.

Yet, with a single exception, her half-orphanly tribulations were of a petty sort; mere gnat-stings of trouble which would have been supported easily had they not gathered about her in so dense a swarm. The serious exception to this rule of trivialities was Susan Poundweight. In a purely material way Susan's awkwardness and carelessness were productive of a good deal of annoyance. Her faculty for breaking things was quite phenomenal; and more than phenomenal in that her destructiveness was confined exclusively to the gas- and water-system of the house, and always was of such a nature as to require the immediate presence of a plumber in order to set it right. Advice and correction were thrown away on her. After Mrs. Latimer had shown her exactly how to use the faucets of the kitchen sink, — this was after she had broken one of them off, — she went right ahead in her slap-dash way, and within seven weeks had broken off one or the other of those faucets no less than five times. On top of all this, she broke the sink itself twice by dropping into it first a flat-iron and then a large iron pot; she wrenched off, in some unaccountable way, no less than three gas-brackets; she managed repeatedly to deposit obstructing substances in the waste-pipes of the permanent wash-tubs, and she even contrived to let a heavy gridiron fall in such a malignant fashion that it punched a hole in the big copper boiler beside the kitchen range.

When these catastrophes occurred, Susan always was dreadfully cut up about them, and accepted, with a pathetic penitence, her merited reproof. She always went herself post-haste for the plumber, and usually brought him back with her; and she even insisted — all the while blushing, and evidently very much ashamed of herself — on doing what she could, by holding the candle for him and handing him his tools, to help him repair the wreck which she had caused. He was quite a young plumber, just starting in business, and Mrs. Latimer was both surprised and delighted by the exceeding smallness of his bills. Another thing that surprised Mrs. Latimer in this connection, though it was

some little time before she noticed it, was the odd coincidence that never on Arabian Nights days did the plumbing sustain the smallest injury at Susan Poundweight's devastating hands.

Annoying though these aqueous and gaseous mischances undoubtedly were, however, they were but trifling matters in comparison with the really serious anxiety which Susan Poundweight caused (or was suspected of causing) in another and a much more perplexing way. The strange conduct of this young woman in the depths of the first night which she and Mrs. Latimer had passed together under the same roof never had been adequately explained. Neither of the three explanations, advanced hurriedly and inconsiderately at the moment, had been justified by the subsequent course of events. Mr. Latimer's explanation, that Susan had designs upon the spoons, had been disproved again and again as time went on by conclusive evidence that Susan was as honest as the sun; Mrs. Latimer's explanation, that Susan had gone down heroically to confront a burglar alone, and to capture him single-handed, had been disproved not less conclusively by repeated demonstrations of the fact that Susan was a pleasingly plump but entirely arrant coward; and as to Susan's own confused and contradictory explanation, that she was walking in her sleep, and had come down-stairs because she had heard a noise, its absolute absurdity was obvious from the start.

Yet, vexatious though it had been at the time, this unaccountable venture in nocturnal perambulation would have passed quietly into the realm of oblivion but for Mrs. Latimer's uneasy feeling that Susan's jaunts by night — in what obviously was a condition of dangerously wide-awake somnambulism — still went on. Of course, had she possessed positive knowledge in the premises she would have charged Susan squarely with the sin of misapplied migratory vigilance, and issue would have been joined. But she did not possess positive knowledge. All that she had to go upon certainly was a mass of indirect evidence of a suspicious but not demonstrating sort. Repeatedly she had been aroused from sleep as though by some slight but sudden noise. In almost every instance the noise had ceased before she had become sufficiently wide-awake to tell, with any degree of certainty, whence it came. Once, however, she fancied that she had heard a slight creaking of the stairs; again, — this was one warm night when the door leading into the passage was open, — that she had heard the faint sound of soft footsteps; and on several occasions it had seemed to her that the door of an upper room had been very cautiously opened or closed.

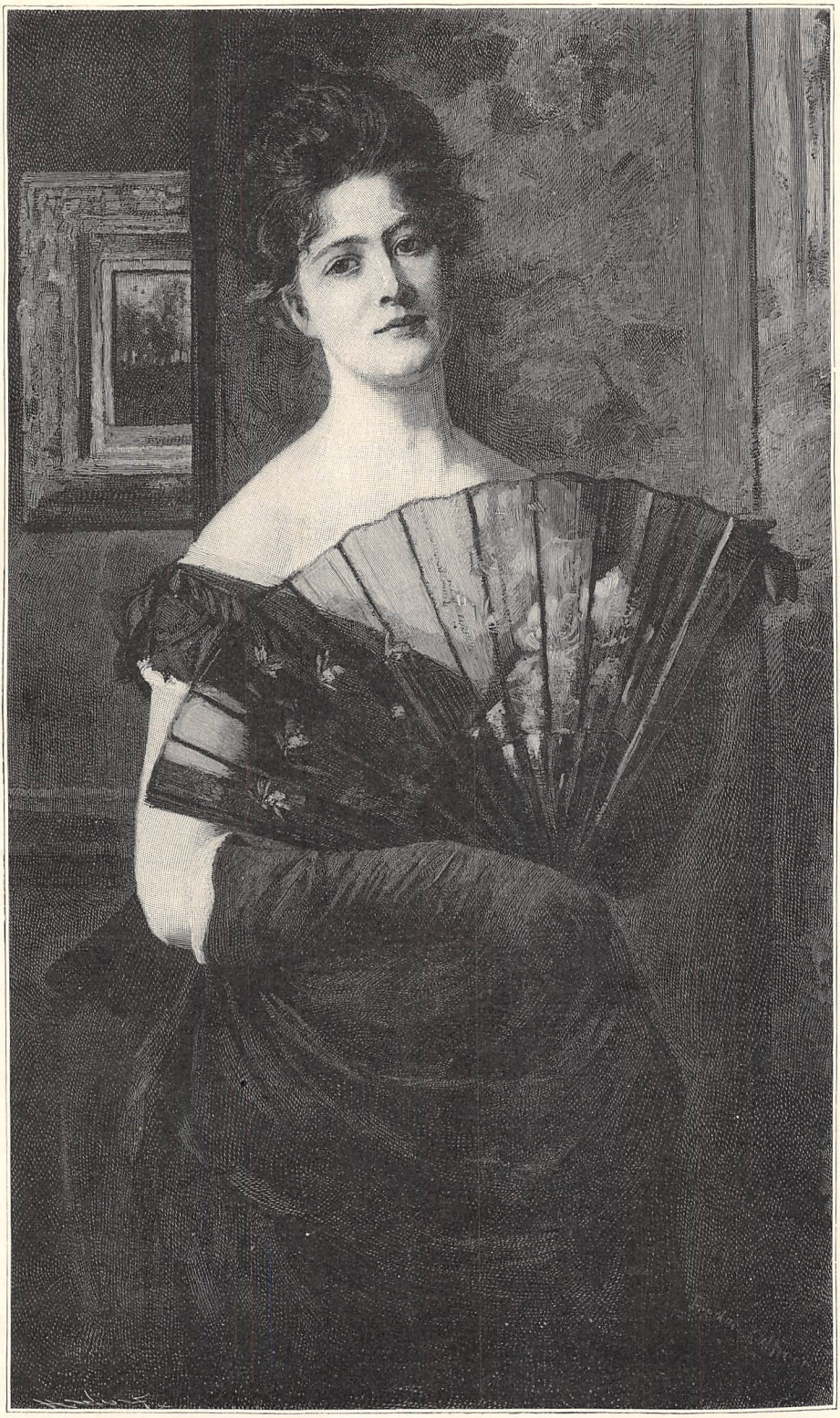
In the earlier stages of these manifestations, Mrs. Latimer regularly woke up Mr. Latimer, and sent him cantering off into the lower or upper regions of the house — according to her fancied location of the fancied sound — to find out what was going wrong. But as the result of these expeditions invariably was to find that everything was going right, Mr. Latimer more and more resented being despatched upon such bootless errands; and on several occasions — by this time having been almost half a year married — he pained Mrs. Latimer deeply by the reprehensible hesitation that he manifested in getting out of bed, and still more pained her, on his return from hunting her supposititious sounds and smells, by denouncing in a brief but exceedingly forcible commination service of his own devising these acoustic myths and phantom odors of her mind.

It was because the alarming sounds continued without any alarming consequences, such as the murder of herself and Mr. Latimer and the disappearance of the plate, that Mrs. Latimer very unwillingly abandoned her burglar theory and took up in a tentative way the theory that, inasmuch as Susan Poundweight had been at the bottom of one nocturnal disturbance, she might be at the bottom of them all. But why Susan Poundweight thus should go careering around the house at night — supposing, that is, that she did career — was nothing less than an impenetrable mystery. Somnambulism would not account for it, for somnambulism was a product of the imagination, and Susan Poundweight was as conspicuously lacking in that refined mental attribute as Mrs. Latimer was conspicuously over-endowed with it. Nor was it reasonable to suppose that a person of Susan's dull nature would keep awake during the period divinely set apart for slumber save under stress of some motive of such exceptional energy that traces of it would be manifest, also, during the day; but during her waking hours — save for her continued demolition of the plumbing — Susan was as placid as a windless day in June.

In short, the situation was such that Mrs. Latimer could make neither head nor tail of it. Nor was Mr. Latimer able to give her any rational assistance when she exhibited to him her mystery for solution. All that Mr. Latimer did in the premises was to advance the inadequate and brutal opinion that, inasmuch as all the noises on which Mrs. Latimer rested her scheme of bewildering wonderment undoubtedly were the pure creations of her own fancy, there was no mystery to solve. Actually, of course, Mr. Latimer went off on this tack because he could not solve the problem either — as Mrs. Latimer promptly pointed out to him, with the comment (matrimony already had taught her something) that to do that "was so like a man!"

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Thomas A. Janvier.



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

A LADY IN BLACK. PAINTED BY FREDERICK W. FREER.

OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

AELBERT CUYP (1620–1691).



AELBERT CUYP, born at Dordrecht, or Dort, in 1620, and not in 1605, as has been accepted until recently, was perhaps the most versatile of the Dutch masters. He was one of the first of the school, beginning with its robust incipiency, and living to witness its decline. He died in 1691. By the diversity of his talent he contributed greatly to enlarge the list of those homely observations which characterize the art of his period, and the variety of his subjects makes up almost a complete repertory of Dutch life, especially in its rural phases. Indeed, such is the multifariousness of his investigations, and the vigor and independence of his way of proceeding, that he must have been one of the most active promoters of the school. He painted landscapes, sunsets and moonlights, marines, cattle and horses, people of various condition, from those of wealth and refinement to shepherds, portraits, pictures of barn-yard fowl, and groups of "still life"; and all with admirable coloring and execution. He was well-to-do, living upon his own estate, and painting what he pleased and at his leisure, and according to the inspiration of the moment. Taking nature ever as his guide, he rarely fails to impress us by a charmingly naïve conception, and an originality of handling quite his own.

Very little is known of his early life; he was the pupil of his father, Jacob Gerritsz Cuyp, an able landscape-painter. It is probable that he visited other parts of Holland before beginning to practise on his own account at Dort. He was little known or appreciated in his day, owing to the taste which sprang up at that time for the extreme finish that the works of Dou and his school exhibit. For this reason Rembrandt also suddenly lost favor, and other rare spirits like Ruisdael were misunderstood and neglected. Until 1750, the best examples of Cuyp were not valued at more than twelve dollars apiece. The English have the honor of first discovering him to the world, and consequently England possesses the majority of his works. The engraved example is one of his finest, and is to be seen in the Louvre at Paris. The picture is one of Cuyp's largest, measuring 5 feet 7½ inches high by 7 feet 6½ inches wide. The temperament of Cuyp led him to seek calm and sunny scenes, and his rare faculty for rendering light, and the atmospheric effects of hazy morning, of glowing afternoon, and of golden evening, is well known. Dwelling on the banks of the placid Maas, he delighted to reproduce the warm skies of summer or autumn, and the amber-colored atmosphere that enveloped the surrounding hills, and found reflection in the dreamy water. To one proceeding directly from Italy to Holland, the difference in the sunlight of the two countries must appear a striking feature; that of the former is white and brilliant compared with the latter, which is soft and decidedly yellow. The brightest of summer days in Holland always impressed me as though the sun were veiled by yellow mists, and one's shadow upon the ground would not show clear-cut as in Italy.

Speaking of the painting here engraved, Fromentin, in his admirable work on the old masters of Belgium and Holland, has the following:

> No one could go farther in the art of painting light, of rendering the pleasing and restful sensations with which a warm atmosphere envelops and penetrates one. It is a picture. It is true without being too true; it shows observation without being a copy. The air that bathes it, the amber warmth with which it is soaked, that gold which is but a veil, those colors which are only the result of the light which inundates them, of the air which circulates around, and of the sentiment of the painter which transforms them, those values so tender in a whole which is so strong — all these things come both from nature and from a conception; it would be a masterpiece if there had not slipped into it some insufficiencies which seem the work of a young man or of an absent-minded designer.

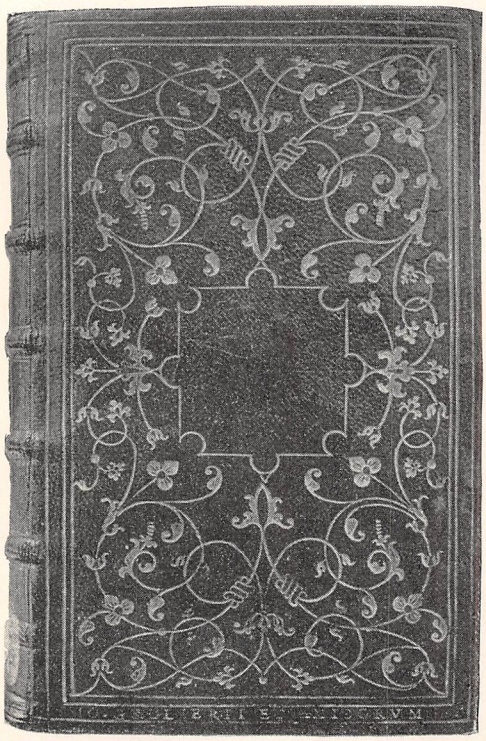
What these "insufficiencies" are may be seen in the proportion of the children to the shepherd playing upon the pipe, though this detracts nothing from the charm and poetry of the whole. Such, apparently, is the enchantment of the scene that I have come to imagine these little creatures as intended by the artist to represent the genii of the place, evoked by the music of the shepherd, and the harmony of this rarest of occasions, when all nature is attuned.

T. Cole.

ECOLE ROYALE PARIS

BOOKBINDINGS OF THE PAST.

NOTES OF A BOOK-LOVER.



"ERIZZO, DISCORSO SOPRA LE MODAGLIE ANTICHE," VENICE, 1559. IN 8VO (IMPRIMÉS EXPOSITION, NO. 526. PLAT RECTO). BOUND FOR GROLIER IN THE STYLE OF THOSE OF GEOFFROY TORY.

It is the only example known of work of this class bearing the name of Grolier. The device is on the verso. (From "Les Reliures d'Art à la Bibliothèque Nationale." By permission of Édouard Rouveyre.)

AS I begin to set down here these rambling impressions and stray suggestions about the great bookbinders of the past, I am reminded of a pleasant saying recorded in Burton's "Book-Hunter," that storehouse of merry jests against those who love books not wisely but too well. Burton tells us that in the hearing of a certain dealer in old tomes and rare volumes a remark was ventured that such an one was "said to know something about books," which brought forth the fatal answer: "He know about books? Nothing—nothing at all, I assure you; unless, perhaps, about their insides."

The pertinence of this retort to myself, just now, I cannot but confess at once. What I know best about books is their insides. And yet, perhaps, it is not an unpardonable sin for an author to concern himself also with the outside of books—if so be he love them, if he care for tall copies, if he be capable of cherishing the good edition, the one with the misprint. This is why I am emboldened to risk myself in a voyage of retrospection in search of the masters and the masterpieces of the bibliopegic art.

I.

GROLIER AND THE RENASCENCE.

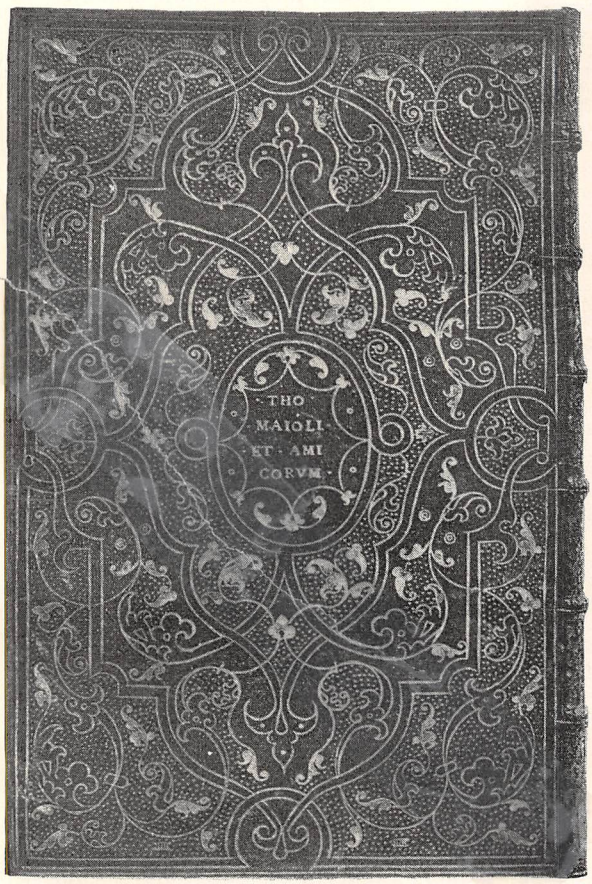
IN a letter written to a friend in April, 1518, Erasmus highly praised the civility, the modesty, the integrity, and the munificence of his correspondent, and added, "You owe nothing to books, but in the future books will give you an eternal glory."

The man to whom this was written was a Viscount of Aguisy, for a while treasurer of the army of Italy, then French ambassador to Rome, and afterward treasurer of France under Francis I., Henry II., Francis II., and Charles IX. "Born in 1479, dying in 1565, he lived eighty-six years,"—so M. Le Roux de Lincy, his biographer, tells us,—"during which he showed himself always a zealous protector of the learned, a lover of the good and beautiful books issued by the Giunti and the Aldi, or by the other publishers of the time, and also an ardent collector of coins and of antiquities." Yet the prediction of Erasmus has so far come true that the name of the ambassador and treasurer of France would be forgotten were it not that the fame of the book-lover has lingered, and spread, until now, more than three centuries after the death of Jean Grolier of Lyons, there is a flourishing club called by his name here in New York, the chief city of a continent undiscovered when he was born.

Grolier had the good fortune to live through the glorious years of the Renascence, when all the arts were reviving at once and flourishing together; and he had the good judgment to aid in the development of the art of bookbinding, to which he attached his name inseparably. The art was not new when he began to collect the best works of the best printers, but it was about to have a new birth; and when it was born again, Grolier helped to guide its early steps. Perhaps the first bookbinder was the humble workman who collected the baked clay tiles on which the Assyrians wrote their laws; and he was a bookbinder

also who prepared a protecting cylinder to guard the scrolls of papyrus on which Vergil, and Horace, and Martial had written their verses.

Before the invention of printing, the choicer manuscripts, books of hours, and missals, were made even more valuable by sides of carved ivory, or of delicately wrought silver often studded with gems. Even after printing was invented, the binder was called upon only to stitch the leaves of the book, all further decoration being the privilege of the silversmith. Benvenuto Cellini was paid six thousand crowns for the golden cover, carved and enriched with precious stones, which he made for a book that Cardinal de' Medici wished to give Charles V. In France the silversmiths claimed the monopoly of binding, and also of dealing in the finer stuffs — not merely in cloth-of-gold, but even in velvet.



BINDING EXECUTED FOR THO. MAÏOLI, 1536. (FROM "MANUEL HISTORIQUE ET BIBLIOGRAPHIQUE DE L'AMATEUR DE RELIURE." BY PERMISSION OF LÉON GRUEL.)

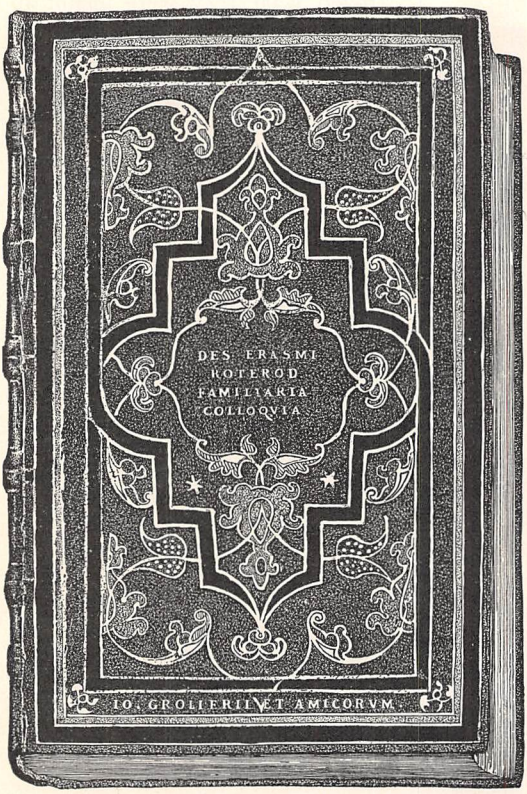
Certain of the books bound in the monasteries were incased in boards — veritable boards, of actual wood — so thick that now and again they were hollowed out to hold a crucifix or a pair of spectacles, although sometimes it was only to make room for an almanac. It is no wonder that when a tome thus ponderously begirt fell upon Petrarch it so bruised his leg that for a while there was danger of amputation. Even when these real boards were thin, they were thick enough to conceal a worm, that worst of all the enemies of books; and thus real boards, like the German *condottieri* in many an Italian city, destroyed what they were meant to protect. In time the genuine board was given up for a pasteboard, which was then made by pasting together sheets of paper, and myriads of pages of books no longer in fashion were thus destroyed to stiffen the covers of newer volumes. In our day many an interesting fragment of a forgotten author, and not a few curious and instructive engravings, have been rescued from oblivion, when the decay of old book-covers has led to the picking apart of the pasteboards beneath the crumbling leather.

With the invention of printing, and the immediate multiplication of books, there came an urgent demand for workmen capable of covering a volume in seemly fashion. In many a monastery the binderies must have been increased hastily to meet the demand, and we can trace the handiwork of these monastic craftsmen by the designs they imprinted on the covers of the books they bound — designs made up mainly of motives from the manuscript missals, from the typographic ornaments of the early printers, and from the transcripts of those carvings in wood and stone with which the churches of that time were abundantly enriched.

But the workshops in the monasteries did not suffice, and leather-workers of all sorts — saddlers, harness-makers, and those who put together the elaborate boots and shoes of the times — were impressed into the service, taking over to the new trade of bookbinding, not only their skill in dealing with leather, but also the tools and the designs with which they had been wont to decorate the boots, the saddles, the harness, and the caskets of fair ladies and lords of high degree. For the most part these were humble artisans, lacking even in the rudiments of learning. The authorities in France preferred the workman to be ignorant who was called in to bind the records of the State and the royal books of

account. The late Édouard Fournier, in his essay on the "Art de la Reliure en France," cites the contract of one Guillaume Ogier in Italy, 1492, as a binder of the registers of the treasury, in which the artisan "declared and made oath that he knew not how to read nor to write."

Perhaps one reason for the superiority of the early Italian bindings over the French of the same period was that the workmen employed



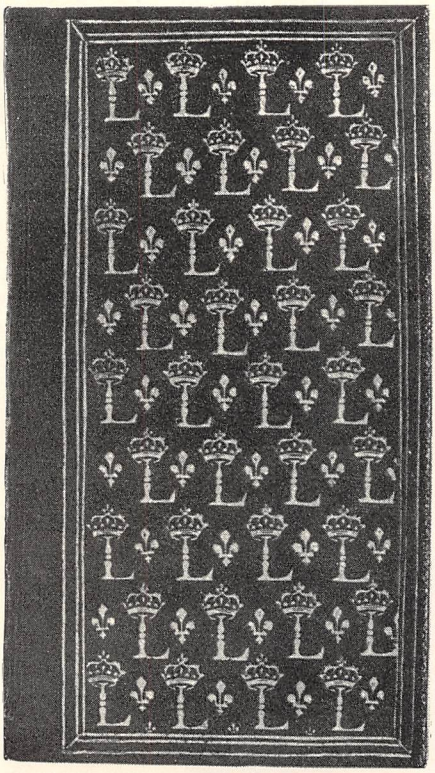
"COLLOQUIES OF ERASMUS," BASEL, 1537. QUARTO, 7×4⅝ INCHES; BROWN CALF. (FROM BLENHEIM COLLECTION. OWNED BY MR. BRAYTON IVES.)

in Italy were more intelligent and better educated. In a book printed by Aldus in 1513, the notice to the binder is in Greek! Ambroise Firmin-Didot explained the anomaly of this apparently extraordinary culture on the part of the handicraftsmen of that era by suggesting that the workmen employed by Aldus — who was binder as well as printer — were many of them Greeks who had been driven to Venice after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. Every reader of "Romola" will remember the influence exercised on the Italian renascence by the personal presence of the Greeks, and in no art was this influence more immediate, more permanent, or more beneficial, than in the art of bookbinding.

We know that Grolier was in Italy in 1512, and that he was still at Milan in 1525. He was a friend and a patron of Aldus. "No book left the Aldine press," M. Le Roux de Lincy declares, "without several copies, some on vellum," some on white or colored paper, being specially printed for the library of the French collector. Voltaire says that "a reader acts toward books as a citizen toward men; he does not live with all his contemporaries, he chooses a few friends." Grolier chose for his friends the best books and the most beautiful; he was fond of a good author no less than of a wide margin. As Dr. Holmes tells us, a library "is a looking-glass in which the owner's mind is reflected"; and it is a noble portrait of the man which we get when we look at the books of Jean Grolier. He was a lover of the New Learning. His praises are repeated in many a dedication from the scholars and the publisher-printers of the period. Many a book was brought out wholly, or partly, at his expense. The managers of the Aldine press often borrowed money from him, and never applied in vain. He quarreled once with Benvenuto Cellini, but he was a close friend of Geoffroy Tory. He was a scholar, as is attested by the elegant Latinity of his extant correspondence. He was an artist of not a little skill with the pencil, as a sketch in his copy of the "Maxims" of Erasmus proves.

Fournier thought that perhaps Grolier himself designed the graceful arabesques and interwoven bands which characterize the covers of his books. "Compared with the other bindings of the same time, and of the same country, those of Grolier are distinguished by an unequaled and unfailing taste." They are closely akin to the bindings executed for Aldus in Venice, and to the bindings then made by the Italian workmen elsewhere in Italy, in France, and even in England: but they are somehow superior; they have a note of their own; they are the result of a finer artistic sense; and the longer I study the books bound during the Italian renascence, the more I am inclined to agree with Fournier when he asserts that Grolier, "with Italian methods, created a French art." Certainly he gave to his library so definite an individuality that the volumes which composed it three hundred years ago are now treated as veritable works of art; they have their catalogue, like the pictures of a great painter, or the plates of a great engraver; they are numbered. Every existing book bound for Grolier has its pedigree, and is traced lovingly from catalogue to catalogue of the great collectors.

The beauty of the Grolier bindings is in the lavish and tasteful ornamentation of the sides. In



BINDING EXECUTED BY CLOVIS ÈVE FOR LOUIS XIII. (FROM "MANUEL HISTORIQUE ET BIBLIOGRAPHIQUE DE L'AMATEUR DE RELIURE." BY PERMISSION OF LÉON GRUEL.)

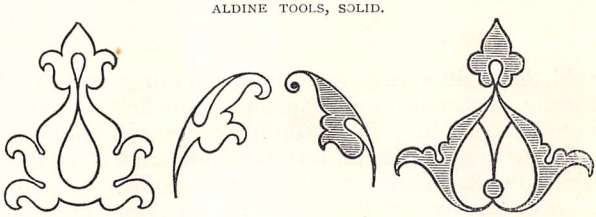
the early days of printing, and when the traditions of the days of manuscripts still were dominant, the shelves of a library inclined like a reading-desk, and the handsome volumes lay on their sides, taking their ease. Books then were not packed together on level shelves as they are now, shoulder to shoulder, like common soldiers; but each stately tome stood forward by itself singly, like an officer. So the broad sides of the ample folios seemed to invite decoration.

The first books which Grolier had bound in Italy are similar in their style of decoration to those then sent forth from the Aldine press; a few have elegant arabesques, setting off a central shield, but most of them have simple geometrical designs in which interlacing bands, formed by parallel lines gilt-tooled, are relieved by solid ornaments very like those with which the Aldus family then adorned the pages of the books they were printing, and which were suggested some, no doubt, by the illuminations of the old missals, but more, beyond question, by the Oriental traditions of the Greek workmen. The distinguishing quality of these ornaments, familiar enough to all who know the Aldine style, was grace united to boldness.

Look at a specimen of the earlier of Grolier's bindings. Note the simplicity of the interlaced bands, the sharp strength of the enriching arabesques, the skill with which they are combined; and then remember that this, like every other design, was laboriously tooled bit by bit, and line by line, each separate ornament being stamped on the cover at least twice, once to impress the leather, and again to attach the gold. It is only an understanding of the technic of an art which enables us to appreciate its triumphs. The art of the bookbinder is limited by the "tools" he uses. A "tool," in the parlance of the trade, is the brass implement at the end of which is cut the little device, ornament, or part of an ornament, that is separately to be transferred to the leather. Every figure, every leaf, every branch, every part of the design, is made of one or more tools. The binder conceives his general scheme of decoration, knowing his tools; and it is by a combination and repetition of these tools that he forms his design. One might almost say that tools are style; certainly it is obvious that the tools changed form concurrently with every modification of taste in bookbinding; and a study of the tools, as they have been modified during the past three centuries, is essential to any understanding of the art of bookbinding. Thus we see that when Grolier began to gather his library the binder used tools copied from Aldine typographic devices, and impressed in gold on the cover of a book that figure which on the printed page was a solid black. But the finer taste of the Renascence soon discovered that, although the broad black of the Aldine devices was pleasing on a white page, an excess of solid gold was less satisfactory on the side of a book. So they made these tools sometimes hollowed,—that is, in outline merely, which lightened them



ALDINE TOOLS, SOLID.

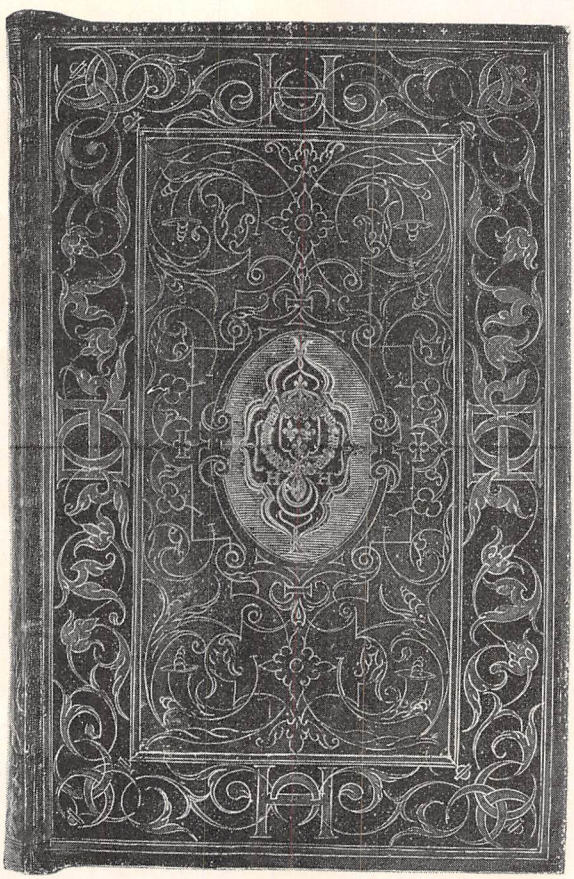


ALDINE TOOLS, HOLLOW. ALDINE TOOLS, AZURED

instantly,— and sometimes azured — that is, crossed by horizontal lines, as in the manner of indicating "azure" in heraldry. Then, having the same device in three different values where before they had but one, the adroit binder was able to vary and combine them as he needed solid strength or easy lightness.

The next step was to increase the variety and the complication of the interlacing bands— and it is these interlacing bands which are perhaps the chief characteristic of the Grolier bindings. Instead of being indicated by two fine lines of gold, the bands were marked out by three lines. Finally, the bands traced by plain gold tooling were enriched by paint. Adroitly contrasted colors were chosen to fill up the hollow bands which twisted above and below one another all over the cover of the book. To-day these painted ribbons and the gilding of the design are sadly dulled by the years, but when they were fresh, nothing could have been more magnificently resplendent than this polychromatic decoration.

On one or the other side of Grolier's books was the legend "Io. Grolierii et amicorum," a form which M. Le Roux de Lincy thinks he may have borrowed from his friend Maïoli, an Italian collector, of whom almost nothing is known, although his books are greatly sought after — Grolier had several of them. M. Clément de Ris, the author of a pleasant volume on the "Amateurs d'Autrefois," doubts whether Grolier ever lent his books, despite this altruistic declaration. But M. Le Roux de Lincy has been able to trace not a few duplicates and triplicates from Grolier's collection,— he has even found five copies of the same Aldine edition of Vergil,—whence it is fair to conclude that the book-lover meant the legend to be interpreted in the most liberal manner, in that he stood ready to give his books to his friends, even though he was not willing to lend them. Indeed, to lend a beloved volume is the last thing a true bibliophile can be coaxed to do, although the lending of books was a form of charity specially recommended by a Council

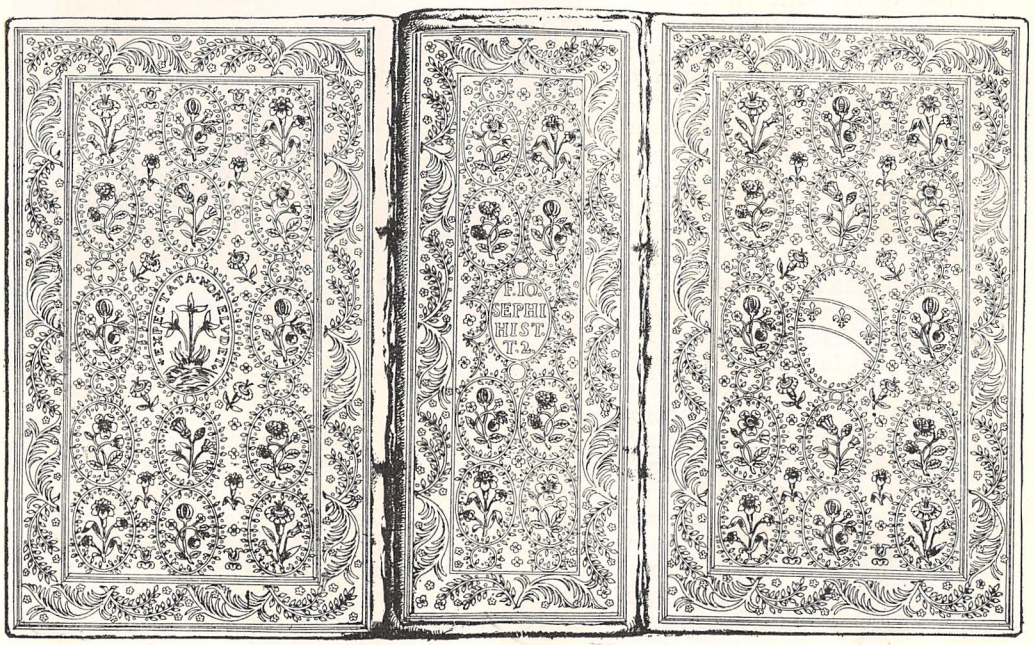


"PANDECTARUM JURIS FLORENTINI, VOL. II." BINDING WITH THE ARMS OF FRANCE SURROUNDED WITH SCROLLS, AND WITH THE CIPHER OF HENRY II. AND DIANA OF POITIERS. IN THE MAZARIN LIBRARY. (FROM "LA RELIURE FRANÇAISE," BY M. MARIUS MICHEL. BY PERMISSION OF DAMASCÈNE MORGAND.)

of Paris so far back as 1212. We know that Grolier gave four of the best of his books to the father of J. A. de Thou.

The books bound for Maïoli are almost as beautiful as the books bound for Grolier, but, as M. Marius Michel remarks, Maïoli had some poor bindings, and Grolier had none. Perhaps it was also due to the example of Maïoli that Grolier chose a motto, which ran, "Portio mea, Domine, sit in terra viventium," modified from Psalm cxli. Maïoli's was, "Inimici mea michi, non me michi." Marc Laurin of Watervliet, a friend of Grolier and of Maïoli, and a book-lover like them, had for his motto, "Virtus in arduo." In as marked a contrast as may be with the friendly legend on Grolier's books is the motto which the learned Scaliger borrowed from the Vulgate, "Ite ad vendentes"—"Go rather to them that sell" (Matthew xxv. 9).

Nor is this the whole story. While Grolier and his fellow-collectors were developing a French art in Italy, and with Italian workmen, the art was taking root in France, and



BINDING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. (FROM "HISTOIRE DE LA BIBLIOPHILIE." BY PERMISSION OF J. TECHENER.)

PREFIXED to the "Catalogue of an Exhibition of Recent Bookbindings, 1860–1890," held at the Grolier Club in New York in December, 1890, was a note on styles, in which there was a division of the best known work of the Renascence into three classes rather arbitrarily designated as "Aldine or Italian," "Maïoli," and "Grolier." The Aldine was said to have ornaments of solid face without any shading whatever, and these ornaments were of Arabic origin, and such as were used by Aldus and the other early Italian printers; the Maïoli was said to be composed generally "of a framework of shields or medallions, with a design of scrollwork flowing through it"; and the Grolier was said to be "an interlaced framework of geometrical figures, circles, squares, and diamonds, with scrollwork running through it, the ornaments of which are of Moresque character, and often azured." A classification of this sort is lacking in scientific precision, since all three of these styles existed at the same time, and are to be found on books bound for Grolier, although there is no doubt that he most often affected the interlacing geometrical patterns. That three styles different enough to bear distinct names should flourish side by side is evidence, were any needed, of the extraordinary artistic richness of the Italian renascence.

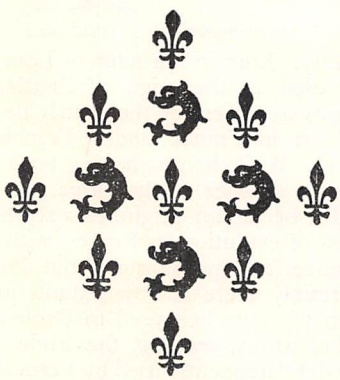
flourishing lustily. Born in the reign of Louis XII., Grolier died in the reign of Charles IX., and he was a witness of the sturdy development of art in France under Francis I. and Henry II. While he was having books bound in one or another of the three contemporary styles of Italian origin, two styles were in process of evolution in France, without his assistance, and perhaps without his approval. Certainly there is now extant no volume known to have belonged to Grolier decorated either with a *semé* (as the French call it), a "powder," frequently used by Francis I., or with the elaborately enriched central rec-

tangle, surrounded by a frame of rolling arabesques, such as we find Henry II. to have been fond of. In the semé there is, perhaps, a lightly tooled fillet around the side of the book, and perhaps a coat of arms, or some other vignette, in the center, and even at each corner, but the binding derives its decorative richness from the sowing broadcast of the king's initial, or of the royal lily, or of some other single tool, repeated regularly in horizontal and perpendicular lines. Sometimes it contains but one device thus repeated geometrically, and sometimes two or three devices are alternated, and agreeably contrasted. In the hands of a feeble binder the "powder" degenerates easily into stiff and barren monotony; but when the devices are adroitly varied, and made to sustain each other skilfully, it is capable of indisputable dignity and strength.

A kindred artful employment of monogram and personal emblem it is which gives distinction to the beautiful bindings which bear the double H of Henry II., and the triple crescent of Diana of Poitiers. The famous Henri Deux ware, for which the lover of ceramic art longs in vain, has not a rarer charm than that of some of the bindings executed at the same time and under the same inspiration. M. Marius Michel, bringing to the study a highly trained understanding of the technic of bibliopegic art, declares that there were in France under Henry II. three, and perhaps four, binders of extraordinary merit. Their work survives to this day, and is more and more admired, but their names have perished forever. It is a pity that we cannot do honor to the memory of the noble craftsman who executed some of the most splendid bindings with no other implements than the straight fillet and curved gouge, disdaining aid of any engraved tools whatsoever. To him we owe the transcendent folio, "Pandectarum Juris Florentini," now in the Mazarin Library at Paris. M. Marius Michel asserts that no binder had ever such skill of hand. "As clay is transformed under the fingers of the clever sculptor, so the learned arabesques, the graceful volutes, seemed to be born under his instruments; no one has ever carried to such a degree the exquisite sentiment of form."



BINDING EXECUTED BY NICOLAS ÈVE, 1579. (FROM "MANUEL HISTORIQUE ET BIBLIOGRAPHIQUE DE L'AMATEUR DE RELIURE." BY PERMISSION OF LÉON GRUEL.)



A "POWDER" (SEMÉ) WITH THE DEVICE OF THE DAUPHIN.



CURVED GOUGES.

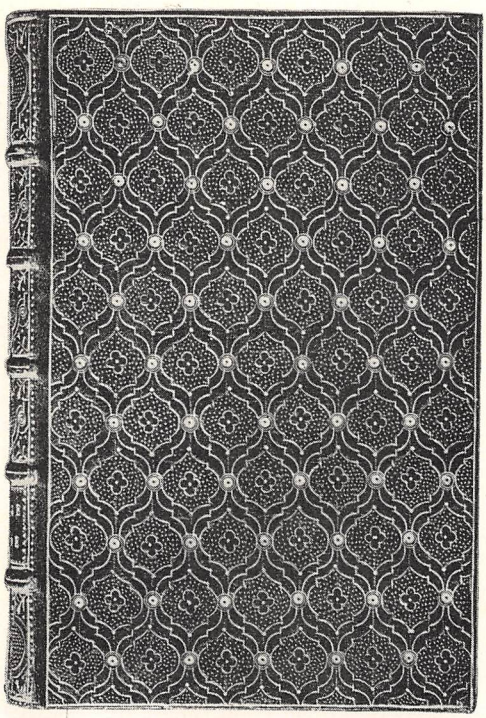
II.

DE THOU AND LE GASCON.

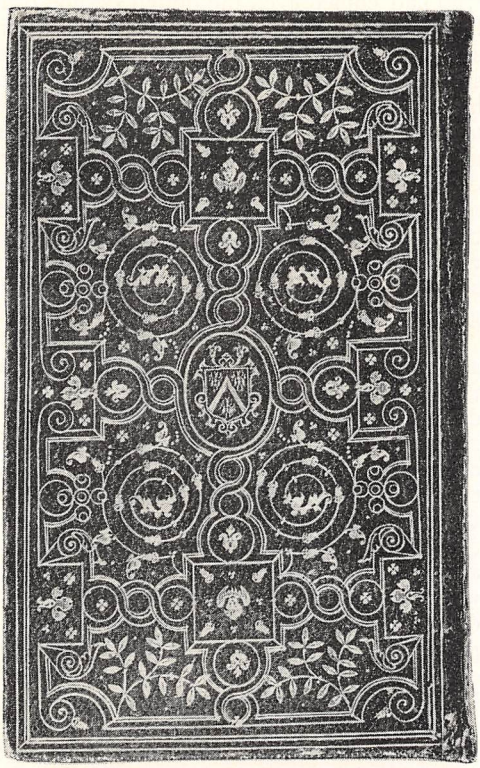
In the history of the bibliopegic art the names of book-lovers and of bookbinders are inextricably entangled. At one moment the dominant individuality is seen to be a collector like Grolier or Maïoli, and at the next it is an artist-artisan like Le Gascon or Derome. After the death of Henry II., the great binders of his reign disappear absolutely; there is no trace of their handiwork or of their tools. Perhaps they were Huguenots, as French historians of the art have surmised, and were done to death, or fled the country, before the promulgation of the Edict of Nantes in 1598.

Whatever their fate, the tradition was broken, and the art of bookbinding developed on other lines than theirs; and the personality which next comes into view is that of a collector — Jacques Auguste de Thou.

When Grolier was in danger of his life De Thou's father saved him, and Grolier gave the elder De Thou four of the best books of his library. The son was then only nine years old, but perhaps this was the beginning of his love for books—a sacred fire which thus passed from Grolierius to Thuanus by a sort of apostolic succession. Born in 1553, De Thou traveled from 1573 to 1582, paying a visit in 1576 to Plantin. In 1593 he was appointed to the custody of the books of the king, Henry IV., succeeding Jacques Amyot, the translator of Plutarch's "Lives," and of the "Daphnis et Chloe" of Longus. In his new post De Thou was able to save for the nation the library of Catherine de' Medici. Swift says that "some know books as they do lords; learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance"; and there are always book-collectors of this sort. But De Thou was a book-lover of another kind; he knew his books, he used them well, he lived with them; and to-day he lives



"OFFICE DE LA SEMAINE SAINTE." BOUND BY N. PADELOUP. (FROM "REMARKABLE BINDINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM," BY HENRY B. WHEATLEY.)



"VALERII MAXIMI DICTORUM FACTORUMQUE MEMORABILIUM, LIBRI IX." BOUND BY NICOLAS ÈVE. FROM THE LIBRARY OF DE THOU. (FROM "REMARKABLE BINDINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM," BY HENRY B. WHEATLEY.)

by the fame they have given him since he died in 1617. It is the love of books which has saved his name from oblivion, as M. Clément de Ris declares in his pleasant gossip about the "Amateurs d'Autrefois." "Distinguished magistrate, remarkable writer, historian of rare merit, statesman of exceptional common sense and of great foresight, what survives is the bibliophile. Who remembers that he took part in the abjuring of Henry IV., or that he was one of the most active negotiators of the Edict of Nantes? No one. Who reads the 'History of his Time?'—'that grand and faithful history,' as Bossuet called it. Again, no one. But ask any petty dealer in second-hand books what the emblem was with which he marked his books. He will answer you without the error of a letter. A collector, if he have but an elevated taste, is moved by respect for the past; he seeks the driftwood of time, which the present despises. The future pays the debt of the past"— and hands the collector's name down to posterity.

IT was toward the end of the reign of Charles IX., after the death of Grolier (1565), that we find the first specimens of a new style. The side of a book was now covered by a framework of small compartments formed by double-filleted bands. At first these compartments were

empty, and Henry III. added to the barren severity of the design by filling the central space with a stamp representing the crucifixion. As Henry II. put the bow and arrows and triple crescents of the unchaste Diana on the royal bindings, so the somber Henry III., taking life sadly because of his lost love, Mary of Cleves, was fond also of a powder of tears and of death's heads scattered through the lilies of France. So solemn a style of decoration did not tempt his sister Margaret of Valois, afterward known as Queen Margot, and she preferred a powder of marguerites, each flower being framed in an oblong wreath.

For her, also, the cold austerity of the geometrically distributed compartments was done away with, and, while the same regular framework was retained, all the hollow spaces within and without the figures, formed by the double fillets, were filled with twisting branches, with spiral vines, and with a multitude of little tools, light, airy, and graceful. These are the bindings which we find on the best of the books of De Thou. These are the bindings which are credited to the Èves, Nicolas and Clovis, two brothers who were the royal binders from 1578 to 1627. Whether or not they are entitled to the credit for the many beautiful bindings rather rashly attributed to them is one of the many moot points in the history of the art. These are the bindings now known as "fanfares," because that was the chief word in the title of an old book which Thouvenin bound in this style for Charles Nodier, during the Restoration. These are the bindings which served as models to that greatest of binders, who is known to us as Le Gascon, and who, so M. Marius Michel surmises, may have been a pupil or apprentice of the binders who worked for De Thou.



THE LITTLE BRANCHES.













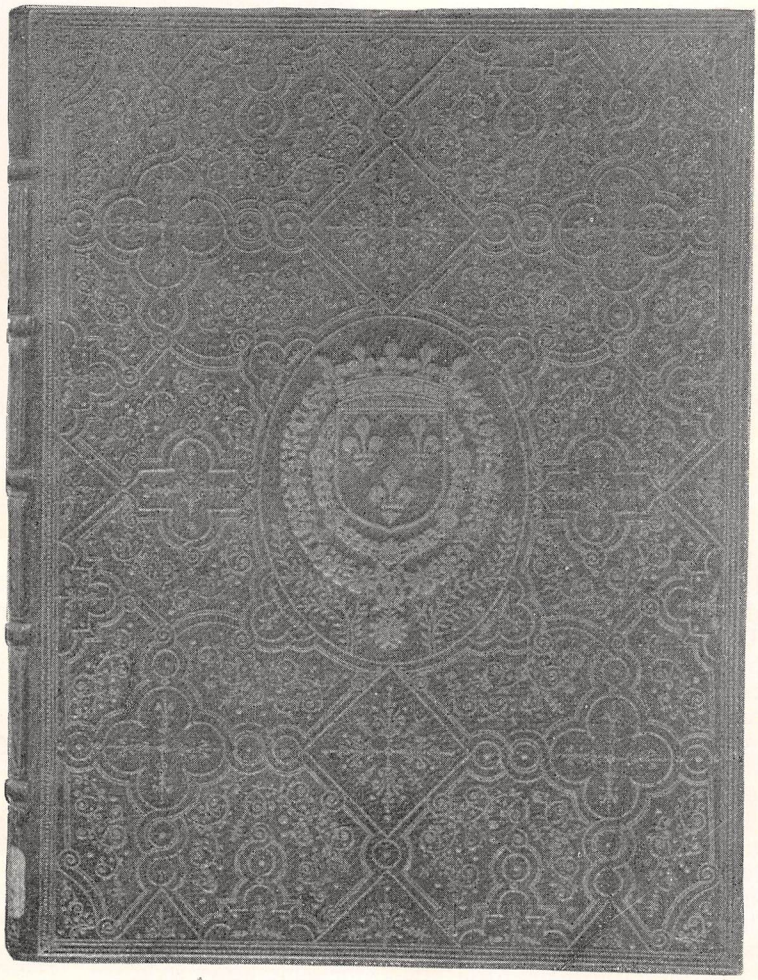
TOOLS USED IN THE "FANFARES."

After Grolier, perhaps Le Gascon is the foremost personality in the history of bookbinding. Grolier was not a binder himself; he was a collector, an art-patron, and when applied to him the term has no taint of the offensiveness which may attach to it nowadays; and, as it happens, we do not know the names of any of the artist-artisans who worked for Grolier, and to whom we owe the many masterpieces of the most magnificent collection ever yet attempted. Le Gascon was himself a binder, but this is all we know about him. We do not know for sure whether or not it was he who covered the immortal "Guirlande de Julie"; we do not even know whether Le Gascon is his patronymic, or a mere nickname. Probably it is a sobriquet recalling his Gascon origin. M. Léon Gruel, in his "Manuel Historique et Bibliographique de l'Amateur de Reliure" (Paris: Gruel & Engelmann. 1887),—one of the most valuable of many volumes the present writer has placed under contribution in the preparation of these pages,—reproduces a binding signed by Florimond Badier (now in the National Library in Paris), and draws attention to the extraordinary resemblance in style which this binding bears to the bindings generally ascribed to Le Gascon. M. Gruel ventured the hypothesis that Florimond Badier might be the real name of the man whose nickname was Le Gascon. But M. Marius Michel, a practical binder himself (as is M. Gruel), in his book about "La Reliure Française" (Paris: Damascène Morgand et Charles Fatout. 1880),—another book to which the writer owes more than he can here confess,—M. Marius Michel had declared this binding of Florimond Badier's to be the handiwork of some clumsy imitator of Le Gascon, who had copied even the dotted outline of a human head which some have taken to be in some sort the trade-mark of the master. Who shall decide when decorators disagree? If a layman may hazard an opinion, it would be to the effect that although Florimond Badier might well be the true name of Le Gascon, yet the binding in question is not equal to the best of those accredited to the supreme artist of bibliopegy, those marvels of taste and splendor wherein the utmost luxury of gilding is never allowed to become vulgar, tawdry, or even glaring.

That Le Gascon is the foremost of all the artists who have embellished a book-cover is the verdict of his fellow-craftsmen. M. Gruel does not yield to M. Marius Michel in admiration of the magnificent masterpieces which came from the hands of Le Gascon. In all that M. Marius Michel has written about Le Gascon there is a glow of devoted enthusiasm. Mr. William Matthews is as swift in praise; and Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, when I asked him whom he held to be the greatest of all binders, did not hesitate, but answered promptly and positively, "Le Gascon." As Keats has been called the poets' poet, so is Le Gascon the bookbinders' bookbinder. But it does not need the trained eye of the expert to discover his surpassing charm, the richness of his gilding, and the unfailing delicacy and distinction of his design. Yet the most characteristic of his bindings differs but little from those of his im-

mediate predecessors—in so far at least as the mere structure and outline of the decoration are concerned. It was only by slow degrees that he developed his own individuality, and to the end of his career he employed the formal framework of the fanfares whenever he had to do a binding of exceptional importance.

Now and again, however, he preferred a less complicated design, and he used a lace-like border and a broad rectangular framework, boldly tooled, and almost filled with a dazzling array of coruscating spirals, which set off the red leather of the smaller central space, containing generally the coat-of-arms of the fortunate owner. It was only by degrees that he introduced what was almost his only innovation—tools in which a dotted line replaced the simple fillet. The full-face device of the Aldine bindings was first azured, to lighten it a little, and then hollowed out, leaving it in outline only; and now it was made still airier, when it appeared only as a string of tiny gilt points. This dotted line is the characteristic of Le Gascon, and it gives their incomparable brilliancy to the best of his bindings. But it is merely one of the implements at the command of his skill and taste, and he would be almost as great an artist if he had not happened on this particular improvement.

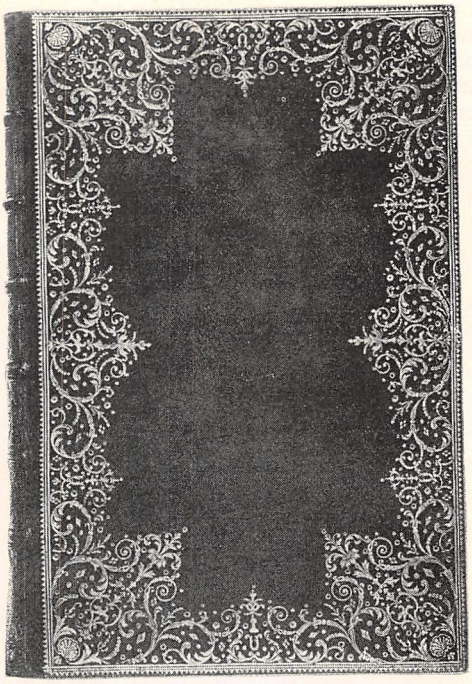


"ARIANUS, DE VENATIONE." PARIS, 1644. IN QUARTO. (IMPRIMÉS EXPOSITION, NO. 619. PLAT RECTO.)

Bound in the arms of Gaston of Orleans, which is often attributed to the mysterious Le Gascon, but which is Ève's, nevertheless. This piece is curious in this respect, that it marks the transition between the flowered decoration of Ève and the pointed foliages of Le Gascon. (From "Les Reliures d'Art à la Bibliothèque Nationale." By permission of Édouard Rouveyre.)

M. Marius Michel thinks that Le Gascon in his youth must have been familiar with the best bindings in the library of De Thou. In his manhood he worked for Cardinal Mazarin, and it is worthy of note, as a proof of the mas-

tery of France in an art borrowed from Italy, that when Cardinal Mazarin (himself an Italian) was in Rome in 1643, he sent to Paris for workmen to bind his books. Barely a century and a quarter earlier, Francis I. and Grolier had been forced to import Italian binders into France. Perhaps Le Gascon lent the cardinal some of his own apprentices. That he had assistants is obvious. No one man could satisfy the demands of the book-lovers of his time. M. Marius Michel thinks that he can pick out certain bindings—four volumes of Thomas Aquinas, for example, now in the Mazarin Library—which were the work of these apprentices, as he believes that he can discern in these books the tools of the master, but not his skill of touch. The tools of Le Gascon are graceful in themselves, but to use them as he used them —*ne faict ce tour qui veut.*



"ARIOSTE, ORLANDO FURIOSO." VENICE, 1584. BINDING OF DEROME THE YOUNGER. EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. (BY PERMISSION OF DAMASCÈNE MORGAND.)

III.

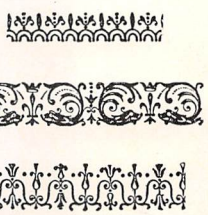
PADELOUP AND DEROME.



TOOLS OF LE GASCON.

When Louis XIV. succeeded to the throne of France, and began the long reign which opened in splendor and ended in sadness, probably Le Gascon was still binder to the king; but the influence of the greatest of bibliopegic artists diminished as the years went on, and as the proud king sought to dominate every art, and to center all things in himself as the sun from which all things were to draw light. The reign of Louis XIV. was the golden age of French literature; it was but the over-gilt age of French binding. The characteristic of the art toward the end of the long rule of the Grand Monarch was a brutal luxury of heavy gilding. The king's own books were bound in a fashion as leaden as the architecture of Versailles, and as expressive of the royal pride. The royal arms, exaggerated out of all proportion, were stamped on the center of the side of a book, and they were girt about by a broad border, equally emphatic and equally dull. These borders were often imprinted by a roulette, a wheel on which a pattern was incised in the same way that the cylinder-rings of the Egyptians were engraved. The use of a roulette, repeating the same motive indefinitely as it is rolled over the leather, is indefensible; it is the negation of art; it destroys the free play of hand which is the very essence of handicraft.

The fashion set by the king was copied by the courtiers, and on most of the books bound under Louis XIV. we find little more than a border around the margin, and a coat-of-arms in the center. Sometimes a roulette was prepared broad enough to imprint a heavy wreath three inches in width; sometimes there would be two or three borders one within the other, the corners forming themselves as best they could, haphazard and happy-go-lucky. Sometimes huge and heavy corner-pieces were employed. Sometimes even the whole side of a book was engraved in the same heavy style, thus reducing the binder's task almost to the level of a day-laborer's. When the public accepts a mechanical and lifeless substitute for artistic and individual handicraft, the result is a deadening of the artistic impulse, and a decadence into the inertia of commonplace.



THREE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BORDERS.

Possibly we may fairly charge this decline to the inexorable self-assertion of the king; certainly there was no great bookbinder in France while Louis XIV. was on the throne, and no great book-lover. His reign is not distinguished by the development either of a Grolier or of a Le Gascon. Yet it was while he ruled that, under the influence of the traditions

bequeathed by Le Gascon, the tools known to book-lovers as the *fers du dix-septième siècle*, the seventeenth-century tools, were brought into use; and these lovely tools continue in use to this day, and form the basis of the stock in trade of the best binders of the nineteenth century. And in the reign of Louis XIV., also, by sheer reaction against the leaden showiness of the fashion set by the king, there arose the simple style of binding called after Jansen, and adopted by the sect of Port-Royal. The Jansenists bound their books soberly, with no gilding whatsoever on the sides, relying on the simple beauty of the leather in which their volumes were clad, and decorating only the inside border — the "dentelle," as it was called, from its resemblance to delicate lacework. These under-decorated books were better bound, in a technical sense, than those of an earlier day, however much more beautiful the older books were to the eye. The books bound by Boyet, for example, toward the end of the seventeenth century, were more solidly prepared, more carefully sewn, more cautiously covered, than those sent forth from the workshops of his immediate predecessors. The Boyets, one of whom in 1733 was binder to the king, kept alive the traditions of Le Gascon; and although they were not encouraged and sustained in their more artistic endeavors, as their indisputable skill deserved, yet they are the bridge from the days of Le Gascon to those of the Padeloups and the Deromes.

Shortly after the death of Louis XIV. was produced one of the most remarkable bindings in the history of the art — the "Daphnis et Chloe" of 1715, which is adorned with the arms of the regent, and which was recently in the Quentin-Bauchard collection. Its chief characteristic is that it is a mosaic — that it has a polychromatic decoration formed by inlaid leathers of various colors. The colored bindings of Grolier's time owed their varied tints to bands of paint, and although there had been now and again attempts at inlaying, there had been no such bold effort as this "Daphnis et Chloe," attributed generally to Nicolas Padeloup, one of a long family of binders, existing for more than a century and a half. A binding in mosaic of the regency, or of Louis XV., is generally credited to Padeloup, just as a picture with a white horse is often ascribed to Wouwerman without further warrant. The decoration of the "Daphnis et Chloe" was obviously inspired by the designs of the contemporary potters.

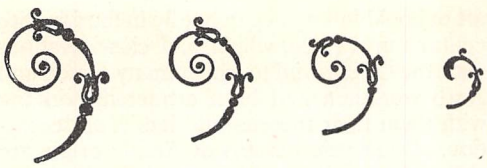
And here occasion serves to say that the interdependence of all the decorative arts, their varying influence one upon the other, can be seen in the history of bookbinding, perhaps, more clearly than anywhere else. The modern art of bookbinding began boldly in the fifteenth century in Venice, which had close relations with the Orient, and to which many Greek and Arab workmen had been attracted, bringing with them their theories and habits of decoration. Geometric designs of Arabic origin are abundant on all the objects made by Venetian handicraftsmen at this time, especially on the fragile glassware for which the city of islands is still famous; and M. Marius Michel reproduced a decorative band taken from the tiles which adorned the interior of a mosque in Constantinople, and applied also the Venetian embroideries, then given as a model in a volume of Andrea Guadagnino, promptly copied by the Italian bookbinders, and soon borrowed by their French brethren.

At first, very naturally, the decoration of the outside of books was influenced by the decoration of their insides, and we find bindings the design of which was obviously suggested by the rich and lavish embellishment of medieval manuscripts, and others adorned with patterns modified but slightly from the elaborate typographic ornaments of the early printers. The Aldi were binders as well as printers, and the same devices decorated their noble folios both within and without. Geoffroy Tory, the author of "Champ Fleury," who reformed the art of type-founding and brought about the abandonment of black-letter, was a printer who was also a binder. He is supposed to have worked for his contemporary, Grolier. Mr. Story makes Raphael declare:

> It seems to me
> All arts are one — all branches on one tree,
> All fingers, as it were, upon one hand.

The solidarity of the decorative arts, at least, is indisputable. Even the casual observer cannot but note the hints of design borrowed and lent, and paid back with interest, and borrowed again. Under Louis XIII., for example, when lace-making flourished, the bookbinders took over not a few of the lace-makers' designs, modifying them to suit the conditions of the bibliopegic art. Perhaps it is not fanciful to see something of the formal grace of the stately gardens of Le Nôtre reflected in the covers of the sumptuous tomes of Louis XIV., influenced for the worse, as these were, by the heavy hand of Lebrun.

As we turn the pages of M. Marius Michel's instructive and interesting essay, we note that Le Gascon used tools one design of which was suggested by contemporary embroideries; that Padeloup, with a duller sense of fitness, found models in ecclesiastical stained-glass; and that Derome was influenced by the remarkably varied and skilful work of the master iron-workers of the day.



The close interaction of the decorative arts is made obvious again when we find experts like M. Marius Michel seeking for the source of certain of the florid designs attributed to Padeloup in the painted pottery of the regency, and in the symmetrically disposed parterres of the great gardens of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. Perhaps the mosaics of Padeloup (or at any rate the turning of his attention to mosaic) are due to the example of Boule, who died only in 1732, and who carried to the highest perfection the art of incrusting in wood designs of gold and of brass, of shell and of ivory.











EIGHTEENTH CENTURY TOOLS.

The main defect of Padeloup was an insufficient sense of form. Some of these floral designs in mosaic are as unrelated to the shape of the book they decorate as though they had been cut out of an embroidered silk or a printed calico. Some of them have a monotonous repetition of the same framework, as though they were torn from a roll of wall-paper. Form and symmetry, composition and balance — these are essentials of decorative art. Most of Padeloup's designs are fragmentary; they lack unity of motive; they have no center to which the rest of the decoration is duly subordinate. Some of them, less pretentious than others, have a quality of their own. Beyond all question they are characteristic of their period. In the main they are heavy, and they lack skill, style, grace. Style they lack most plentifully, for Padeloup was as eclectic as a quack-doctor. He would mingle in the cover of any one unfortunate book tools and methods borrowed from the whole history of the art.

I confess to having fallen into a popular error here, in speaking of Padeloup as though he were a single entity, despite the fact that there were, first and last, twelve of the Padeloups. And of the Derome dynasty, which for a while was contemporaneous, there were no less than fourteen who were more or less known as binders. Perhaps the greatest of these was Nicolas Denis Derome, who was received master in 1761, and who is generally known as the Younger Derome. The Younger Derome was a rapid binder, a merit most rare in those who practise this craft; and he was an honest workman, loyally following the mandates of his customers. His bindings have solidity and substance. But he was too fond of the knife, and, like a cruel surgeon, too careless in its use. He cut to the quick, and many a beautiful book has died under his treatment. Margins and edges were shorn away with merciless persistence; no tall copies ever left his shop. Dibdin cries out against Derome again and again, and we cannot but feel that the cutting-iron of the binder had pierced the soul of that traveling book-lover. The Englishman declares that a folio of "Priscianus," printed by John of Spires in 1470, had lost a head and shoulders, and that a good half of the miniatures are cut into at the top. This is a crime for which the guillotine itself is the only fit punishment.



A DEROME BORDER.

As it is the custom to attribute to Padeloup all the mosaics of the period, so to Derome are credited all the bindings whereon we see the *fer à l'oiseau*, a gracefully cut tool wherein a tiny bird with outstretched wings gives life and vivacity to the decoration of the book. In Derome's hands this decoration consisted generally of a dentelle, a lacework border obviously modeled on the marvelously easy and varied wrought-iron of the French smiths of the middle of the eighteenth century. Nothing could be at once lighter and firmer, and of its kind more charming, than the best of the open-work borders of Derome, solidly tooled on broad morocco. And the motives, borrowed from the artist-artisans who were forging the gates and making the locks of the French connoisseurs of that century, are capable of infinite variation. Probably there are no two bindings of Derome's exactly alike.

I confess that I have here praised Derome more warmly than do the French critics at whose feet I sit, and whose learned taste I envy. Derome's work seems to me to be preferable at all points to Padeloup's; easier, more graceful, more appropriate — in a word, more decorative. After Padeloup and Derome the eighteenth century had no binder in France over whose work we need dwell now. The art was getting clumsy and sluggish. Strangely enough, the vignettists, even at the height of their vogue, did not inspire those who decorated the outsides of the volumes, the insides of which they had illustrated with such dainty and delicious fantasy. Eisen was a friend of a

binder named Dubuisson, but the friendship had no appreciable effect upon Dubuisson's handiwork. Gravelot designed the tools to be used on the sides and back of the volumes of his "Contes" of La Fontaine (1762), of his Racine (1768), and of his Corneille (1771); but his hand seems to have lost somewhat of its cunning when it undertook a task for which it had no training. At least so M. Marius Michel thinks, and his is a trained taste which a layman may wisely follow. Cochin did not suggest a chaste disorder to those who bound the books he had adorned with his delicate plates; nor did Moreau — and if a French decorative artist of the last century could not be stimulated by Moreau, then the effort was hopeless.

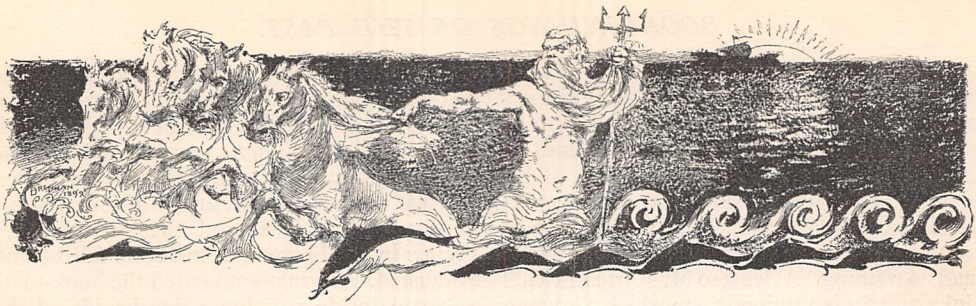
It is not a treatise on bookbinding that I have here attempted, or a history of the art, or even a set and formal essay. All I have sought to do is to jot down a few stray notes — to gossip about those who have helped to make the Book Beautiful. What I have tried to show in my rambling paragraphs, and in the illustrations chosen to accompany them, is the sequence of styles, and the way one style was evolved from another, and their relations one to the other. At first we find almost simultaneously the Aldine and the Maïoli, the Grolier and the Henry II., styles. Then followed the semé (which probably suggested the wreaths), the fanfares of the Èves, and the brilliant fantasies of Le Gascon. Finally came Padeloup with his polychromatic mosaics (some of them deriving their monotonous framework from the wreaths and the semé), and Derome with his vigorous borders. And as I wandered down the history of bookbinding, I have tried to show that the key to any understanding of the succeeding styles is to be found in a study of the tools of each epoch.

That the names of the gifted bookbinders and devoted book-lovers which came to the end of my pen in the course of my stroll down the vista of bibliopegy were nearly all French is not wilful on my part, but inevitable. The art of bookbinding was cradled in France, even if it was born elsewhere, and in France it grew to maturity. Italy shared the struggle with France in the beginning, but soon fell behind exhausted. Germany invented the book-plate to paste inside a volume, in default of the skill so to adorn the volume externally that no man should doubt its ownership. England has had but one binder — Roger Payne — that even the insular enthusiasm of his compatriots would dare to set beside the galaxy of bibliopegic stars of France. The supremacy of the French in the history of this art is shown in the catalogues of every great book sale and of every great library; the gems of the collection are sure to be the work of one or another of the Frenchmen to whose unrivaled attainments I have once more called attention in these pages. It is revealed yet again by a comparison of the illustrations in the many historical accounts of the art, French and German, British and American; nearly nine tenths of the bindings chosen for reproduction are French. And, after enjoying these, we are often led to wonder why a misplaced patriotism was blind enough to expose the other tenth to a damaging comparison. These remarks, of course, apply only to the binders whose work was done before the beginning of the nineteenth century. Of late years the superiority of French binders has been undisputable, but it has not been overwhelming. There are at present in Great Britain and in the United States binders whom no one has a right to pass over in silence, and about whom I hope to be allowed to gossip again in these pages; but in the past it was France first and the rest nowhere.

Brander Matthews.



A DEROME BORDER.



THE KEARSARGE.

IN the gloomy ocean bed
Dwelt a formless thing, and said,
In the dim and countless eons long ago,
"I will build a stronghold high,
Ocean's power to defy,
And the pride of haughty man to lay low."

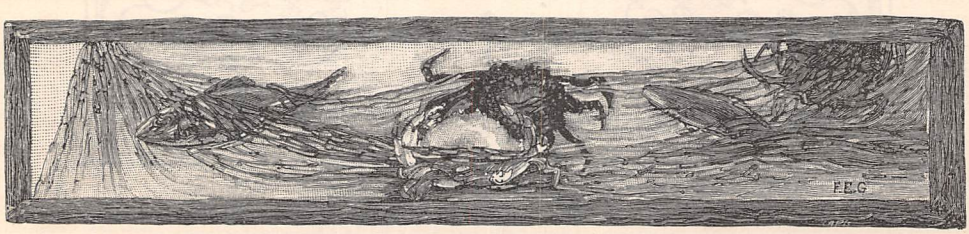
Crept the minutes for the sad,
Sped the cycles for the glad,
But the march of time was neither less nor more;
While the formless atom died,
Myriad millions by its side,
And above them slowly lifted Roncador.

Roncador of Caribee,
Coral dragon of the sea,
Ever sleeping with his teeth below the wave;
Woe to him who breaks the sleep!
Woe to them who sail the deep!
Woe to ship and man that fear a shipman's grave!

Hither many a galleon old,
Heavy-keeled with guilty gold,
Fled before the hardy rover smiting sore;
But the sleeper silent lay
Till the preyer and his prey
Brought their plunder and their bones to Roncador.

Be content, O conqueror!
Now our bravest ship of war,
War and tempest who had often braved before,
All her storied prowess past,
Strikes her glorious flag at last
To the formless thing that builded Roncador!

James Jeffrey Roche.



"THEIR EXITS AND THEIR ENTRANCES."



THOSE who had been at luncheon had gone away, and the first of the usual Sunday-afternoon throng had not appeared.

"I thought, Florence," said Miss Valence, seating herself, after she had kissed her friend, and the servant had shut the door, "that at this hour I might find you alone."

"Yes, Winifred. I don't know what I am going to do about it," sighed Mrs. Outton, helplessly. "I never have any time. All the week it is some one, and when it is n't some one, it is something. I have a few *entr'actes*, as it were; just moments between things, as it is now, but nothing else."

"I understand and pity you," assented Winifred; "a poor, hard-worked woman of the world."

"So are you," retorted Mrs. Outton; "and do you have such an easy time of it?"

"Oh, I!" exclaimed the girl. "I am not married, and a personage."

"But still you are quite as much a slave to others—"

"Yes," sighed Winifred; "there is a great deal that one must do, and I get so tired of it. There must be something else."

"Ah!" mused Mrs. Outton, "that 'something else'—that fair, glittering something that is always troubling the minds when it is n't troubling the hearts of womankind. What a nuisance it is—"

"But there must be something else," insisted the girl.

"Certainly," laughed Mrs. Outton; "there always is. It 's the Golden Fleece after which we are always setting out, the Grail for which we are always going in search. But what particular form does that 'something else' take with you at the present moment?"

"I don't know," answered Winifred, weakly.

"Are you quite sure?" demanded Mrs. Outton. "You are dissatisfied."

"I am sure of that," said Miss Valence, promptly.

"You want — want, and don't know what you want."

"I am twenty-six," said the girl, abruptly, "and I am tired of doing just what I have done — always."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Outton, softly, "who is the man? Really, this seems serious?"

"There is n't any man—honestly," replied the girl, quickly; and then she added, with a slight flush of color on her pale fine face: "Frankly, I suppose that is the matter as much as anything — that there is n't any."

She rose impatiently, and with an abruptness very unusual with her leaned her elbow on the mantel, and stood looking into the fire.

"Don't kick that log," said Mrs. Outton; "you 'll make it smoke. Now tell me more."

"There is n't any more to tell," continued Winifred, wearily and a little sullenly.

"So the S. S. S.—" began Mrs. Outton.

"What do you mean?" interrupted the other.

"Why, don't you know what you are called —S. S. S., 'the Stupendous Social Success'?"

"Yes. That was some time ago; I had forgotten — and I thought it was so amusing then," commented the rebellious young woman, again viciously kicking the end of one of the sticks of burning wood.

"And all your glories are as nothing now?"

"Yes. Is n't it silly that I cannot be satisfied with what I have? But really I do not know that it is, after all. Year after year I have gone on doing the same thing — and I am twenty-six."

"And there is n't any man?" prompted Mrs. Outton.

"Yes," said the girl, with another quick flush. "Why not recognize the truth? I am sure that if some one were in love with me with whom I was in love then I should be happy."

"But there have been very many in love with you."

"And what good was that," said the girl, contemptuously, "if I was n't in love with any one of them? When you are young — when you are just out — it is amusing enough to have almost any man in love with you; but after you have gone on a bit, there is no earthly use in it; it is only an annoyance — unless you can be in love with him."

"And you never have been in love?" asked Mrs. Outton.

"No; never," answered Winifred, deliberately. "I am sure, and I should so like to be. It seems to me that if I could it would make me feel that I had a reason for being — that it would justify the past, and satisfy the future. Does what I say seem so very strange?"

"No," said Mrs. Outton.

"Let her say what she pleases," continued Winifred, "it 's what every girl who 's worth the flowers that have been sent to her really expects. Of course, when you have just started you are distracted by other things; you are

dazzled a little bit, and dizzy. Then, too, you always insensibly expect that it is coming. But at twenty-six,— when it has not come,— you begin to think and to question."

"And you have never seen any one who made you think — it was coming?"

"No," replied Winifred. "And this is n't because I am different from any other girl. I only ask to meet some one who is strong, and brave, and truthful, and true — "

"Is that all?" asked Mrs. Outton.

"And — and sympathetic," continued Miss Valence.

"Yes; and sympathetic," said Mrs. Outton, with an inflection that clearly indicated that the gist of the whole matter had, in her opinion, at length been reached.

"Yes; I suppose that is it — and sympathetic," sighed Winifred.

"In short, you have n't found the other half of the apple," observed Mrs. Outton.

"What do you mean?" asked the girl.

"Has n't any one told you that *yet?*" exclaimed Mrs. Outton in astonishment. "Why, men always do it; it 's part of their stock in trade. But I understand; I imagine they generally keep it for married women. Well, you must know, my dear, that once upon a time,— long ago,— in India, men and women grew on trees like apples, and, what is singular, each man and each woman grew together. That was all very nice, but one day some god — some Vishnu, or Siva, or somebody — felt particularly mischievous, so he gathered all the apples, and proceeded to cut them in two, and then shook up all the halves in a basket, the result being that each half has gone about the world searching for the other half ever since."

"Yes?" said the girl.

"It is a pretty tale," commented Mrs. Outton, meditatively; "it has been told to me at least three times by different men in the last two months."

"I see what you mean," said Miss Valence, wearily.

"But there must be some reason for this," Mrs. Outton went on. "Something has happened."

"Nothing has happened," said Winifred. "If only something had happened I could understand; but it came suddenly,— the night before last,— and I have been blue and bothered."

"The night before last?" repeated Mrs. Outton.

"I was at the opera,— in the Auchenleck box, and you know they are not exciting,— and little Prince Rittenburg would insist upon showing me how well he could speak English, and I was bored, and it was the third act of 'Faust' —"

"Ah," murmured Mrs. Outton.

"Florence," interrupted Miss Valence, "I shall not be daunted by your very opprobrious 'Ah.' 'Faust' always does affect me, and that night it set my heart beating — not to say the blood running through my veins — as usual. I began to think: seven years had I been out, and seen all that in a young-lady-like manner it was possible for me to see of the world, and this was all there was of it, that I should be doing in my twenty-seventh year exactly what I had been doing in my twentieth. I am going to retire — as gracefully as possible. Either I am a failure or life is a failure, but which does n't make the least difference; the result is the same."

"And what do you purpose to do?"

"I thought," said Winifred, a little diffidently, "that I should study kindergartens in Chicago."

"You!" exclaimed Mrs. Outton.

"Yes," the girl hurried on; "I know that it is horribly commonplace and usual, but I can't think of anything else. I don't care for very small children, but I am sorry for them, and perhaps I should do."

"O Winifred," said Mrs. Outton ,"it would be so dreary for you!"

"No," said the girl, evidently trying to be cheerful. "Perhaps you would ask me to dinner sometimes, and I should have one decent frock. Oh, if I were rich it would be different; but I am horribly poor, and the alternative —"

"There is an alternative?" inquired Mrs. Outton.

"Yes," shuddered the girl.

"And the alternative offers — *solid* attractions."

"Yes," said the girl in a low tone.

Mrs. Outton was silent for a moment; then she looked up quickly at her companion:

"Winifred," she said, "you have nothing to do, and I want you to stay here until four o'clock."

"Certainly," assented the other, but with an accent of astonishment.

"And you are not going to carry out this preposterous kindergarten scheme at once?"

"I shall not begin this afternoon," answered Miss Valence, smiling sadly.

"You know what I mean — not for some little time."

"I have two visits to make this week and the next — to the Chetwodes's at Cedarhurst, and to the Kempschotts's at Tuxedo. They both have house-parties, and I have promised."

"Where do you go first?" asked Mrs. Outton, eagerly.

"The Chetwodes's this week, the Kempschotts's the next," replied Miss Valence.

"How very provoking!" cried Mrs. Outton, disappointedly.

"Why?" demanded Winifred.

"Oh, nothing," answered the other.

Here Outton entered the room, and, having spoken to Winifred Valence, stood irresolute.

"Sidney," said Mrs. Outton, "you look like a person going through the agonizing process of making up his mind."

"I want to see Cuthbert Clarges," he replied, "and I don't know where to find him."

"Then," said Mrs. Outton, "I don't mind in the least telling you that your own fireside will be the very best place. He is to be here at four exactly."

"Oh!" exclaimed Winifred, "that is the reason —"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Outton; "that is the reason: I want you to meet him; you might like him."

"The best fellow in the world," Outton asseverated warmly, "and with the warmest heart, in spite of his apparent coldness and stiffness."

"I have heard about him," said Miss Valence; "he has not been in the country for a long time."

"Only got back a month ago after being away years," said Outton.

"You *must* stay," said Mrs. Outton.

"I said that I would," assented Winifred.

"And I 'll come back," said Outton, going out.

Left alone, both women were silent for a moment.

"O Florence, Florence," murmured Winifred, at length, "it 's fearful to have made such a failure of my life, and when I thought that I knew it all!"

"I know," said Mrs. Outton, "that you have always tried to be an artist in existence —"



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

"'I THOUGHT,' SAID WINIFRED, A LITTLE DIFFIDENTLY, 'THAT I SHOULD STUDY KINDERGARTENS IN CHICAGO.'"

"And then to come out this way! When I wanted my life to be a masterpiece, to have it come down to being merely a 'pot-boiler'!"

"How very trying," said Mrs. Outton, irrelevantly, "that Cuthbert Clarges should be going this week to the Kempschotts's when you are going to the Chetwodes's, and next week to the Chetwodes's when you are going to the Kempschotts's."

"Is he?" asked the girl, indifferently.

A servant entered the room as she spoke, and stood at the door with a note.

"Give it to me," said Mrs. Outton.

"It is for Miss Valence, madam," said the man.

"Really?" exclaimed Winifred, receiving the missive. "They knew at home, I suppose, that

I was coming here, and sent it." She tore open the envelop hurriedly, and glanced along the lines. "What a pity, Florence — I can't wait! My Great-aunt Matilda is at the house, and wants to see me."

"Bother!" cried Mrs. Outton. "And I wanted you here so very much."

"Mama says that she cannot stay very long," continued Winifred, glancing at the note. "You know she is at our place up the river, and she has to catch a train."

"The very thing," responded Mrs. Outton. "What o'clock is it now? Three. Go immediately; you can easily get back by four."

"Perhaps," said the girl.

"You *must* come," urged Mrs. Outton.

"Very well," said Winifred, rising. "But I must hurry now."

After Miss Valence had hastily departed, Mrs. Outton remained for some time gazing at the fire; then she rose and moved uneasily about the room. With a dissatisfied air she picked the withered petals from some flowers, looked at a book here and there, and finally, taking up a magazine, returned to her place, and began to cut the leaves.

"Mr. Clarges," announced the servant, slowly opening the door.

The knife fell from Mrs. Outton's hand, and she glanced quickly at the clock and then at a young man who immediately entered.

"I hope I have not done wrong," he exclaimed, advancing.

"I sincerely hope not," said Mrs. Outton, severely. "Still, I am not by any manner of means sure."

"I mean in coming now instead of later. I knew that you were always at home all Sunday afternoon, and if I could n't have come at this time I should have had to give up coming at all."

"But I thought you said that you were coming at four?"

"I did," he said, in evident distress; "but let me explain. Jack Seaton, you know, is a very ill man — I have been unable to see him since I came back, and he 's my oldest friend. Just a few moments ago, I got a note from his physician, saying that I could see him at four and at no other time, and that he believed that it would do him the greatest possible good. I knew that I should have to go almost as soon as I told you, but I was n't going to lose a chance of seeing you, and therefore I ventured to call so much earlier."

"But I wanted you at four," said Mrs. Outton, plaintively.

"I imagined that it would make no difference; but if I am in the way, I 'll run off now."

"No," she said; "it is n't that I don't want you now, but that I wanted you particularly *then*."

"As I go back so soon, and might not have another chance, I came," he pleaded.

"Go back so soon?" repeated Mrs. Outton.

"Yes," he replied; "I go to the Kempschotts's, as you know, this week, and the Chetwodes's the next, and then I sail immediately."

"But I thought you were going to remain a long time — all winter," she said disapprovingly.

"Please don't speak to me in that way. I really would do better if I could. I came back with the very best intentions. I have tried to make it go, but it 's no use."

"What is the matter?" she asked severely.

"There is no place for me," he replied. "I have been wandering around the world so very long that I come back only to find myself completely cut off from everything. All I knew before are either married, divorced, or dead, and have new interests in which I am entirely 'out.' I have been torn up for so many years that I find I cannot strike root again."

"And you don't mind?" asked Mrs. Outton.

"But that is just it," he answered very seriously. "I do mind a great deal. I am tired, and I want a change."

"You should fall in love," said Mrs. Outton. "I don't mean in the way you have probably always been doing it, but really, *irrevocably* — with one woman."

"I am only too eager and anxious," said Clarges, decidedly. "I have felt it coming on for some time — an attack of creeping sentiment that renders me quite useless. The symptoms have been noticeable for several months, but the full effect surprised me only the night before last."

"At the opera?" suggested Mrs. Outton.

"Yes," he answered; "but how do you know?"

"Curious, is n't it?" she said, laughing.

"They were giving 'Faust,'" he continued, "and the music made me think and feel. I was with the Kerchevals, and they must have found me stupid enough. I sat there dreaming. I don't know what it was, but I seemed to see the past in a different light, and the future — in no light at all. It was so very dark and cheerless. You said I should fall in love: if only there were a Marguerite —"

"With modern improvements," corrected Mrs. Outton. "You never could endure a little middle-class German maiden."

"Yes," he said doubtfully; "I suppose that I do mean some one a little different; but I do mean some one as real as Marguerite — as tender and true and impulsive, and withal distinguished —"

"Why not say Juliet at once," suggested Mrs. Outton. "She was a swell, and yet she had a heart."

"Yes; Juliet," assented Clarges, eagerly.

"And if there were such a one," asked Mrs. Outton—"a Juliet with a brain as well as a heart, as anxious to be won as Capulet's daughter, what then?"

"It would solve every problem for me," he replied. "I would not rest until she listened to me — until with ring, wedding-march, and all, I had made her mine."

"Ah," murmured Mrs. Outton, reflectively.

"You may laugh at me," he continued; "I laugh at myself. It is all so very different from anything that I ever expected to feel." He paused a moment, and then went on rather shamefacedly: "I 'm pretty rich, you know,— not that I have anything to do with that,— and it seems to me that if I only knew how I could do more with the money than I have—I think that if there were only some nice, bright girl who would be willing to help me, that I might be of some use — do my fellow-beings a little good — and — and all that sort of thing."

His face was burned a deep brown, but as his words straggled, and "tailed" off ineffectively, it grew distinctly redder.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Outton, solicitously, "what a very great pity!"

"What?" he asked.

"That you have got to go and see your friend. Now, if I asked you to do something for me, particularly, would you do it?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Then," she said, "I will tell you what I want. You will not remain long with a man who is ill, and I want you to come back here at five."

"At five?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said; "I have a reason."

"I shall be delighted," he agreed. "And you are not disgusted with my maudlin state of sentimentality?"

"I think," she laughed, "that it does equal honor to your head and to your heart."

"And you don't dismiss me utterly from your consideration because I have wearied you with such a long description of the inadequacy of my existence?"

"I 'm very glad you told me."

"There is no mistake about it; my life is incomplete; there is something lacking —"

"I thought it was somebody," she interrupted.

"Perhaps you are right," he said, rising. "You know the legend about the apples —"

"Oh, horrors!" cried Mrs. Outton; "and you too! However, I forgive you, as you have not tried to imply that I was the other half. Good-by for the present," she continued, holding out her hand. "And don't forget — at five exactly."

"At five," he said, kissing her fingers, and immediately departing.

As Clarges left the room, Mrs. Outton glanced at the clock, and then, picking up the paper-knife, began vigorously to divide the still uncut leaves of the magazine. Across her smooth forehead was a small, soft fold — not a wrinkle — of thought, and her lips were pinched together firmly. For some time she was alone, the noise made by the knife as it tore through the paper being the only sound in the silent room; but as the three quarters struck, the door was again opened.

"Clarges not come yet?" said Outton, entering.

"But that is just it," she exclaimed, recklessly casting book and knife from her; "he has come and gone."

"Gone!" said her husband.

"I never knew anything so altogether maddening," she lamented. "Winifred Valence was here, as you remember, at three. I expected that she would stay, but she was called away by her bothersome old Great-aunt Matilda, so I made her promise to come back at four. At that time I expected Cuthbert Clarges; but what must he do but have a friend who is ill, and who sends for him, and can see him only at that hour! The result is that he arrives here five minutes after Winifred goes out."

"But what is the difference?" he demanded blankly.

"What is the difference!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Sidney, how stupid you are! They are both in a most unfortunate state of mind, dissatisfied and miserable,— you should hear them talk,— tired with what they have always been doing, and just pining for a change. He is going back to Europe, and she — just think of it! — Winifred Valence talks of 'kindergartening'."

"And you think that if they met —" began Outton.

"They are made for each other," asserted Mrs. Outton. "If they only came together it would be a case of love at first sight, and they are just living for something of the kind."

"And can't you do anything?" asked Outton.

"I have made Cuthbert promise solemnly that he would be back here at five, and when Winifred returns I shall keep her until then. Of course I could n't tell him why I wanted him, because that would have spoiled everything. If I had *recommended* her to him he never would have looked at her. Men have such a mania for *discovering* girls."

"Then it 's all right," said her husband.

"It 's nearer right than I thought it would be, for all that will be necessary will be for them to see each other." She was silent for a moment, and then she continued: "Is n't it strange the way the world is managed! Now here are two people who have been complaining bitterly to me this afternoon, and yet have happiness al-

most within their grasp, if they only knew it. I wonder if Fortune is often waiting for us around the corner without our knowledge. It is perfectly maddening to think that at any moment we may be throwing away the chance of a life, and not be in the least aware that we are doing it. And if we can't tell what is best to do, why do anything?—because when we are doing what may seem the very best, it may be the very worst possible; and if that is so, what is life anyway?"

"I say," cried Outton, appealingly, "don't! You make me quite dizzy. Do leave me something or—a somewhere."

"There is n't any," said Mrs. Outton, solemnly.

"And all because two people have missed each other in your drawing-room!"

"Such a thing is so upsetting — two people who would complete each other —"

"The two halves of the apple," said Outton, glibly. "I wonder if you 've ever heard the little legend —"

"Heard it!" exclaimed Mrs. Outton. "I 've heard nothing else. But really, I will not endure that from my own husband."

Both were silent for a moment.

"I am very cross and altogether disagreeable, I know," said Mrs. Outton, contritely; "but I am provoked. If one is to be thrown about like this one might as well be a mere molecule, or some speck of meteoric dust. What is human will and voluntary agency if fate can play us such tricks?"

"That is only the way it sometimes appears."

"You easy-going optimist, and what do you say about this case?"

"Are n't they going to see each other at five?"

"Yes," assented Mrs. Outton, unwillingly.

"And I 'll come back again," said Outton, turning.

He had hardly taken half a dozen steps toward the door when it was opened, and the servant admitted Miss Valence.

"You see," she said, entering swiftly, "I 'm in time. I am even before time."

"It 's nice of you, dear," said Mrs. Outton, helplessly, "but it 's no use."

"I am glad you 've come," said Outton. "Florence is n't exactly satisfied this afternoon with the way that the universe is managed. I 've done what I could to say a good word for it, but I don't appear to have been very successful."

"Don't you agree with me, Winifred?" demanded Mrs. Outton. "Is n't it perfectly humiliating to consider how much one is the creature of circumstance?"

"I have n't thought," said the girl. "Am I?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Outton, impressively, "we none of us can do anything; we just merely drift."

"Really," observed Miss Valence, "it has always seemed to me that I have managed my own affairs."

"You poor blind plaything in the hands of Fate!" murmured Mrs. Outton, pityingly.

"You see how it is," commented Outton; "Florence is in one of her despondent moods."

"But I did right to come?" asked Winifred.

"If you had n't," said Mrs. Outton, "I never could have forgiven you. I only meant that it was no use your being here on time. He has been here and gone."

"And I am not needed to amuse the distinguished stranger."

"But you are," said Mrs. Outton, quickly; "he is coming back again, and you must help me. There will be other people here, and I absolutely must have you."

"Oh, but," began the girl, "when will he be here?"

"At five," replied Mrs. Outton.

"Then it is quite impossible," said Winifred. "I ran away only because you were so decided about my returning, but I promised that I should be ready to go in fifteen minutes. Aunt Matilda is to stop for me as she drives up-town, and I have got to go—absolutely got to go and see that she gets off all right on her train."

"There," said Mrs. Outton, triumphantly; "what do you say now?"

"What do I say about what?" asked her husband.

"What do you say," demanded Mrs. Outton, "when the casual appearance of an Aunt Matilda — forgive me, my dear," she continued, glancing at Winifred; "I have as great a respect as any one for your very worthy aunt, but really she is not an exciting person. What do you say," she resumed, again looking at her husband, "when the innocent presence of a harmless old lady can be so important?"

"Aunt Matilda's presence — important?" said Winifred, blankly.

"Never mind what I am saying," commanded Mrs. Outton; "you do not know what I am talking about," and she added, again addressing Outton, "What do you say?"

"It 's an accident," he answered.

"That is just it," she insisted. "And everything is an accident; and that being so, what is the use — and where are we, and why are we doing it—"

"Anything else?" demanded Outton.

Winifred stood looking from one to the other in evident perplexity.

"I 'm sorry," she said, "that I can't stay."

"But you *must*," insisted Mrs. Outton; "I can't allow you to go. It would n't be right. I owe it to you to keep you by brute force, if necessary."

"It can't be done," said Miss Valence, decidedly.

"And you are going away to-morrow?" mourned Mrs. Outton.

"On a ten-o'clock train," answered Winifred. "The first thing in the morning."

"And to the Chetwodes's?" lamented her friend.

"Oh, no—no," said Winifred; "I forgot to tell you. All that has been changed since I left you."

"Changed?" inquired Mrs. Outton.

"Yes; the Chetwodes's have written me—you remember that I know them awfully well—that they would much rather have me on the following week, and so I am going to the Kempschotts's—"

"You are going to the Kempschotts's to-morrow?" cried Mrs. Outton, jumping up, and embracing Miss Valence excitedly.

"Yes," answered the girl.

"And you are going on to the Chetwodes's for the house-party there the week afterward?"

"Yes," replied the girl in evident astonishment.

"Thank goodness!" cried Mrs. Outton, fervently. "It 's all right, and Aunt Matilda may come and take you away as soon as ever she pleases."

"She may be here at any moment," said Winifred.

"I don't care," continued Mrs. Outton; "it does n't make any difference now."

"I don't understand."

"Very likely. But that does n't make any difference either. You will some time, and that is quite enough. If you don't see yourself why I 'm so delighted, then I 'll tell you."

Faintly through the heavy windows could be heard the noise made by a carriage as it drove up before the house.

"There 's the brougham now," said Winifred. "I must not keep her waiting—she always hates that, you know."

"But when am I going to see you again?"

"I don't exactly know," replied Miss Valence, pausing. "I won't be in town, except for a day, in two weeks." Then she added a little sadly, "If I am going away kindergartening—"

Mrs. Outton laughed merrily.

"Kindergartening, my dear!" she said. "I don't think that you will go kindergartening, and I am sure that I shall see you soon, and we shall have a long talk. And I am so glad," she concluded, impulsively kissing her astonished friend. "Now run along quickly, and don't keep Aunt Matilda waiting."

She hurried the girl out of the room with many protestations and endearments, and then returned to her husband, almost breathless.

"Well," he said, looking at her exultingly, "what do *you* say now?"

"I don't know," she replied; "I don't say anything. Is n't it all right?"

"But the principle involved?" he remonstrated.

"Oh, bother the principle involved!" she cried joyously. "Winifred is going to the Kempschotts's first, and that is much more to the point."

"And you take back all that you said about Fate?"

"I don't take back anything," she went on, rising and falling on her toes as she walked gaily across the room; "all I know is that they are going to be shut up first in one country-house for a week and then in another house for another—"

"And you think that will settle it?" said Outton.

"A country-house—just think!" she exclaimed—"of all places, and when they have so much in common—"

"Mr. Clarges," said the servant, abruptly opening the door.

Mrs. Outton had hardly time to glance at the clock before Clarges spoke.

"Mrs. Outton," he said, "how can I hope that you will ever forgive me for my very abrupt reappearance?"

"What is it now?" she asked.

"I could n't see Seaton, after all. He 's better, but he was asleep, and they thought best not to disturb him, and therefore I came directly on here; but I shall have to go back immediately."

"It does n't make so much difference now," said Mrs. Outton, still intent upon the subject in her mind.

"Not so much difference?" observed Clarges, evidently a little puzzled.

"Oh, don't think I 'm rude!" cried Mrs. Outton. "I was thinking of something else. Of course I 'm glad to see you."

"How are you, Cuthbert?" said Outton, advancing. "You see, the truth is that Florence this afternoon has plunged rather heavily into abstractions, and what with taking the cares of Fate upon her shoulders, and playing after a fashion the part of a small *dea ex machina*, she is, to say the least of it, thoughtful."

"Don't let him make fun of me," interrupted Mrs. Outton, "for, really, I am awfully glad to see you."

"Please be," went on Clarges, "because I can stay only a moment, as I must run directly back to Seaton, and you know that he is away uptown. I came in only to say good-by. I knew that I should n't have another chance. I sail immediately after I have got through the visits I am going to make, and shall not be in town

more than an hour or two. As this is going to be farewell for a long time, I want to thank you and Sidney for all your great kindness to me."

"But perhaps it won't be farewell, after all," said Mrs. Outton.

"But it will be," he said. "I am really going. As I tell you, there is nothing to keep me here, and I shall just go back,"—he hesitated a moment, and then added with a certain weariness in his tone,—"and wander as I have always done."

"I don't believe it," she said.

"Yes," he maintained, holding out his hand; "there 's no other way for it. I can't stand it here with every one else with interests and homes and belongings—"

"I should be so sorry for you," she said, "if I were not sure—"

"It is n't," he interrupted, "a very cheerful lookout for me, as you may imagine—the same old round, the same old grind. But there 's no help for it, and—good-by."

"Good-by," she responded, smilingly shaking his hand.

"I 'm going with you to the door," said Outton, as Clarges retraced his steps across the room.

"Good-by, again," exclaimed Clarges, pausing at the threshold. "You 've been awfully good to me,—you and Sidney,—and I 'm going to write to you, and try to tell you all that I feel—"

"I firmly expect," maintained Mrs. Outton, "that you will not write, but that you will come yourself and inform us—that you think we have been nice people."

"I certainly should," Clarges replied, "if I was n't off the first thing in the morning for the Chetwodes's—"

"But," gasped Mrs. Outton, "I thought it it was the Kempschotts's."

"Oh, that 's all been changed since I 've been away," he replied, carelessly. "I got a telegram from the Kempschotts's—you remember I know them very well—saying that the plans for the party were different, and therefore I am going to the Chetwodes's this week, and to the Kempschotts's the week after. Good-by."

When Outton again entered the room, he did not speak, but went and stood before the window, with his hands deep in his pockets, looking out at the bright, quiet Sunday avenue.

"What do you say now?" said Mrs. Outton, at length.

Outton did not answer, and only thrust his hands deeper into his coat.

"I say," continued Mrs. Outton, "that it is a perfect tragedy."

"But how can it be," he urged, "when people have never seen each other—and nothing has happened?"

"I don't care," said Mrs. Outton, decidedly; "I maintain that it is a perfect tragedy."

George A. Hibbard.

LOVE AND MAY-TIME.

LOVE, gentle Love, I am weary of waiting!
Why hast thou lingered so long on the way?
Birds 'mid the boskage are wooing and mating:
It is May!

Cold was the Winter, with snow-plumy pinions,
Holding our hearts in his insolent sway;
Now he is gone to his icy dominions:
It is May!

Brooks down the hillsides are leaping and singing,
What makes their laughter so rollicking gay?
Why are the hedges with merriment ringing?
It is May.

Love, gentle Love, I would welcome thee gladly,
Yet far aloof from my roof dost thou stray;
I cannot sing, for my song would fall sadly:
It is May!

Love, gentle Love, bring me joy without measure!
Make me thy debtor this jubilant day;
Here is my heart in exchange for thy treasure:
It is May! It is May!

Nathan Haskell Dole.



THE DONKEY BOYS INSPECT THE "DEVIL'S CARRIAGE."

ACROSS ASIA ON A BICYCLE.

THE JOURNEY OF TWO AMERICAN STUDENTS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO PEKING.

I.—BEYOND THE BOSPORUS.

ON a morning early in April the little steamer conveying us across from Stamboul touched the wharf at Haider Pasha. Amid the rabble of Greeks, Armenians, Turks, and Italians we trundled our bicycles across the gang-plank, which for us was the threshold of Asia, the beginning of an inland journey of seven thousand miles from the Bosporus to the Pacific. Through the morning fog which enveloped the shipping in the Golden Horn, the "stars and stripes" at a single masthead, were waving farewell to two American students fresh from college who had nerved themselves for nearly two years of separation from the comforts of western civilization.

Our guide to the road to Ismid was the little twelve-year-old son of an Armenian doctor, whose guests we had been during our sojourn in Stamboul. He trotted for some distance by our side, and then, pressing our hands in both of his, he said with childlike sincerity: "I hope God will take care of you"; for he was possessed with the thought popular among Armenians, of pillages and massacres by marauding brigands.

The idea of a trip around the world had been conceived by us as a practical finish to a thoretical education; and the bicycle feature was adopted merely as a means to that end. On reaching London we had formed the plan of penetrating the heart of the Asiatic continent, instead of skirting its more civilized coast-line. For a passport and other credentials necessary in journeying through Russia and Central Asia we had been advised to make application to the Czar's representative on our arrival at Teheran, as we would enter the Russian dominions from Persia; and to that end the Russian minister in London had provided us with a letter of introduction. In London the secretary of the Chinese legation, a Scotchman, had assisted us in mapping out a possible route across the Celestial empire, although he endeavored, from the very start, to dissuade us from our purpose. Application had then been made to the Chinese minister himself for the necessary passport. The reply we received, though courteous, smacked strongly of reproof. "Western China," he said, "is overrun with lawless bands, and the people themselves are very much averse to foreigners. Your extraordinary mode of locomotion would subject you to annoyance, if not to positive danger, at the hands of a people who are naturally curi-

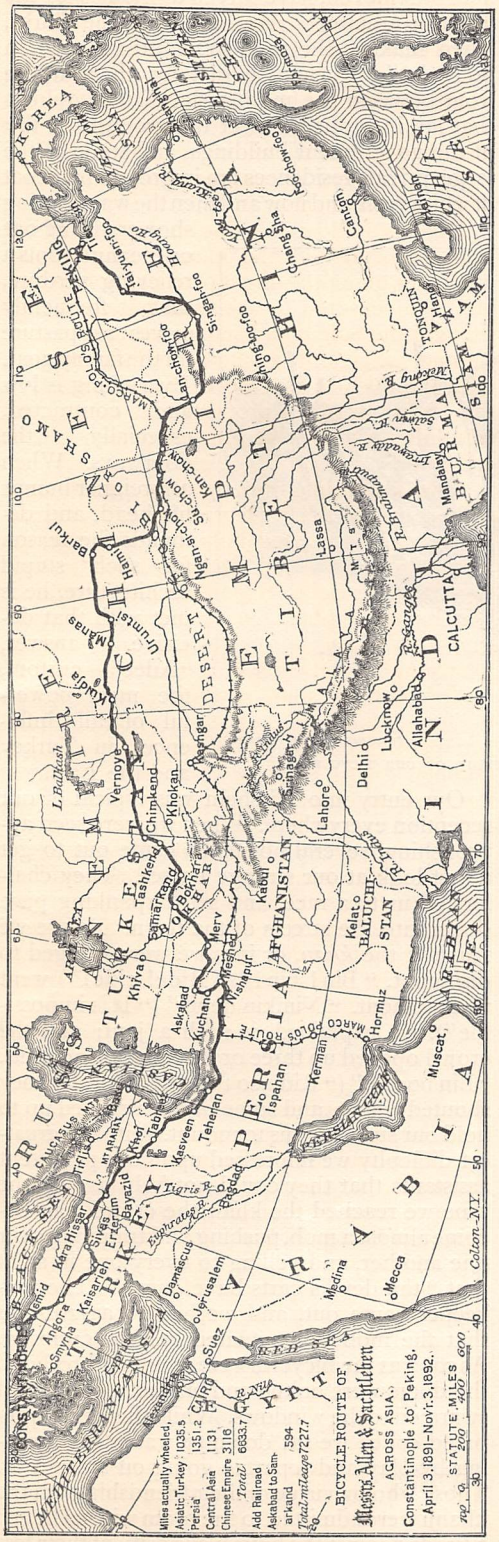
ous and superstitious. However," he added, after some reflection, "if your minister makes a request for a passport we will see what can be done. The most I can do will be to ask for you the protection and assistance of the officials only; for the people themselves I cannot answer. If you go into that country you do so at your own risk." Minister Lincoln was sitting in his private office when we called the next morning at the American legation. He listened to the recital of our plans, got down the huge atlas from his bookcase, and went over with us the route we proposed to follow. He did not regard the undertaking as feasible, and apprehended that, if he should give his official assistance he would, in a measure, be responsible for the result if it should prove unhappy. When assured of the consent of our parents, and of our determination to make the attempt at all hazards, he picked up his pen and began a letter to the Chinese minister, remarking as he finished reading it to us, "I would much rather not have written it." The documents received from the Chinese minister in response to Mr. Lincoln's letter proved to be indispensable when, a year and a half later, we left the last outpost of western civilization and plunged into the Gobi desert. When we had paid a final visit to the Persian minister in London, who had asked to see our bicycles and their baggage equipments, he signified his intention of writing in our behalf to friends in Teheran; and to that capital, after cycling through Europe, we were now actually *en route*.

Since the opening of the Trans-Bosporus Railway, the wagon-road to Ismid, and even the Angora military highway beyond, have fallen rapidly into disrepair. In April they were almost impassable for the wheel, so that for the greater part of the way we were obliged to take to the track. Like the railway skirting the Italian Riviera, and the Patras-Athens line along the Saronic Gulf, this Trans-Bosporus road for a great distance scarps and tunnels the cliffs along the Gulf of Ismid, and sometimes runs so close to the water's edge that the puffing of the *kara vapor* or "land steamer," as the Turks call it, is drowned by the roaring breakers. The country between Scutari and Ismid surpasses in agricultural advantages any part of Asiatic Turkey through which we passed. Its fertile soil, and the luxuriant vegetation it supports, are, as we afterward learned, in striking contrast with the sterile plateaus and mountains of the interior, many parts of which are as desolate as the deserts of Arabia. In area, Asia Minor equals France, but the water-supply of its rivers is only one third.

One of the principal agents in the work of transforming Asia Minor is the railroad, to which the natives have taken with unusual readiness. The locomotive is already competing with the hundred and sixty thousand camels employed in the peninsula caravan-trade. At Geiveh, the last station on the Trans-Bosporus Railway, where we left the track to follow the Angora highway, the "ships of the desert" are beginning to transfer their cargoes to the "land steamer," instead of continuing on as in former days to the Bosporus.

The Trans-Bosporus line, in the year of our visit, was being built and operated by a German company, under the direct patronage of the Sultan. We ventured to ask some natives if they thought the Sultan had sufficient funds to consummate so gigantic a scheme, and they replied, with the deepest reverence: "God has given the Padishah much property and power, and certainly he must give him enough money to utilize it."

A week's cycling from the Bosporus brought us beyond the Allah Dagh mountains, among the barren, variegated hills that skirt the Angora plateau. We had already passed through Ismid, the ancient Nicomedia and capital of Diocletian; and had left behind us the heavily timbered valley of the Sakaria, upon whose banks the "Freebooter of the Bithynian hills" settled with his four hundred tents and laid the foundation of the Ottoman empire. Since leaving Geiveh we had been attended by a mounted guard, or *zaptieh*, who was sometimes forced upon us by the authorities in their anxiety to carry out the wishes expressed in the letters of the Grand Vizir. On emerging from the door of an inn we frequently found this unexpected guard waiting with a Winchester rifle swung over his shoulder, and a fleet steed standing by his side. Immediately on our appearance he would swing into the saddle and charge through the assembled rabble. Away we would go at a rapid pace down the streets of the town or village, to the utter amazement of the natives and the great satisfaction of our vainglorious zaptieh. As long as his horse was fresh, or until we were out of sight of the village, he would urge us on with cries of "Gell-chabuk" ("Come on, ride fast"). When a bad piece of road or a steep ascent forced us to dismount he would bring his horse to a walk, roll a cigarette, and draw invidious comparisons between our steeds. His tone, however, changed when we reached a decline or long stretch of reasonably good road. Then he would cut across country to head us off, or shout after us at the top of his voice, "Ya-vash-yavash" (Slowly, slowly). On the whole we found them good-natured and companionable fellows, notwithstanding their interest in *baksheesh* which we were compelled at last, in self-defense, to fix at one piaster an hour. We frequently shared with them our frugal,



and even scanty meals; and in turn they assisted us in our purchases and arrangements for lodgings, for their word, we found, was with the common people an almost unwritten law. Then, too, they were of great assistance in crossing streams where the depth would have necessitated the stripping of garments; although their fiery little steeds sometimes objected to having an extra rider astride their haunches, and a bicycle across their shoulders. They seized every opportunity to impress us with the necessity of being accompanied by a government representative. In some lonely portion of the road, or in the suggestive stillness of an evening twilight, our Turkish Don Quixote would sometimes cast mysterious glances around him, take his Winchester from his shoulder, and throwing it across the pommel of his saddle, charge ahead to meet the imaginary enemy. But we were more harmful than harmed, for, despite our most vigilant care, the bicycles were sometimes the occasion of a stampede or runaway among the caravans and teams along the highway, and we frequently assisted in replacing the loads thus upset. On such occasions our pretentious cavalier would remain on his horse, smoking his cigarette and smiling disdainfully.

It was in the company of one of these military champions that we emerged on the morning of April 12 upon the plateau of Angora. On the spring pasture were feeding several flocks of the famous Angora goats, and the *karamanli* or fat-tailed sheep, tended by the Yurak shepherds and their half-wild and monstrous collies, whose half-savage nature fits them to cope with the jackals which infest the country. The shepherds did not check their sudden onslaught upon us until we were pressed to very close quarters, and had drawn our revolvers in self-defense. These Yuraks are the nomadic portion of the Turkish peasantry. They live in caves or rudely constructed huts, shifting their habitation at will, or upon the exhaustion of the pasturage. Their costume is most primitive both in style and material; the trousers and caps being made of sheepskin and the tunic of plaited wheat-straw. In contradistinction to the Yuraks the settled inhabitants of the country are called Turks. That term, however, which means rustic or clown, is never used by the Turks themselves except in derision or disdain; they always speak of themselves as "Osmanli."

The great length of the Angora fleece, which sometimes reaches eight inches, is due solely to the peculiar climate of the locality. The same goats taken elsewhere have not thriven. Even the Angora dogs and cats are remarkable for the extraordinary length of their fleecy covering. On nearing Angora itself, we raced at

high speed over the undulating plateau. Our zaptieh on his jaded horse faded away in the dim distance, and we saw him no more. This was our last guard for many weeks to come, as we decided to dispense with an escort that really retarded us. But on reaching Erzerum, the Vali refused us permission to enter the district of Alashgerd without a guard, so we were forced to take one.



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT. FROM AUTHORS' PHOTOGRAPH.

HELPING A TURK WHOSE HORSES RAN AWAY AT SIGHT OF OUR BICYCLES.

We were now on historic ground. To our right, on the Owas, a tributary of the Sakaria, was the little village of Istanas, where stood the ancient seat of Midas, the Phrygian king, and where Alexander the Great cut with his sword the Gordian knot to prove his right to the rulership of the world. On the plain, over which we were now skimming, the great Tatar, Timur, fought the memorable battle with Bajazet I., which resulted in the capture of the Ottoman conqueror. Since the time that the title of Asia applied to the small coast-province of Lydia, this country has been the theater for the grandest events in human history.

The old mud-houses of modern Angora, as we rolled into the city, contrasted strongly with the cyclopean walls of its ancient fortress. After two days in Angora we diverged from the direct route to Sivas through Yüzgat, so as to visit the city of Kaisarieh. Through the efforts of the progressive Vali at Angora, a macadamized road was in the course of construction to this point, a part of which — to the town of Kirshehr — was already completed. Although surrounded by unusual fertility and luxuriance for an interior town, the low mud-houses and treeless streets give Kirshehr that same thirsty and painfully uniform appearance which characterizes every village or city in Asiatic Turkey. The mud buildings of Babylon, and not the marble edifices of Nineveh, have served as models for the Turkish architect. We have seen the Turks, when making the mud-straw bricks used in house-building, scratch dirt for the purpose from between the marble slabs and boulders that lay in profusion over the ground. A few of the government buildings, and some of the larger private residences are improved by a coat of whitewash, and now and then the warm spring showers bring out on the mud roofs a relieving verdure, that frequently serves as pasture for the family goat. Everything is low and contracted, especially the doorways. When a foreigner bumps his head, and demands the reason for such stupid architecture, he is met with that decisive answer, "Adet"— custom, the most powerful of all influences in Turkey and the East.

Our entry into Kirshehr was typical of our reception everywhere. When we were seen approaching, several horsemen came out to get a first look at our strange horses. They challenged us to a race, and set a spanking pace down into the streets of the town. Before we reached the *khan*, or inn, we were obliged to dismount. "Bin! bin!" ("Ride! ride!") went up in a shout. "Nimkin deyil" ("It is impossible"), we explained, in such a jam; and the crowd opened up three or four feet ahead of us. "Bin bocale" ("Ride, so that we can see") they shouted again; and some of them rushed up to hold our steeds for us to mount. With the greatest difficulty we impressed upon our persistent assistants that they could not help us. By the time we reached the khan the crowd had become almost a mob, pushing and tumbling over one another, and yelling to every one in sight that "the devil's carts have come." The innkeeper came out, and we had to assure him that the mob was actuated only by curiosity. As soon as the bicycles were over the threshold, the doors were bolted and braced. The crowd swarmed to the windows. While the khanji prepared coffee we sat down to watch the amusing by-play and repartee going on around us. Those who by virtue of their friendship with the khanji were admitted to the room with us began a tirade against the boyish curiosity of their less



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT. FROM AUTHORS' PHOTOGRAPHS.

1, A CONTRAST; 2, A TURKISH FLOUR-MILL; 3, THE ENGLISH CONSUL AT ANGORA FEEDING HIS PETS; 4, PASSING A CARAVAN OF CAMELS; 5, PLOWING IN ASIA MINOR.

fortunate brethren on the outside. Their own curiosity assumed tangible shape. Our clothing, and even our hair and faces, were critically examined. When we attempted to jot down the day's events in our note-books they crowded closer than ever. Our fountain-pen was an additional puzzle to them. It was passed around, and explained and commented on at length.

Our camera was a "mysterious" black box. Some said it was a telescope, about which they had only a vague idea; others, that it was a box containing our money. But our map of Asiatic Turkey was to them the most curious thing of all. They spread it on the floor, and hovered over it, while we pointed to the towns and cities. How could we tell where the places were until we had been there? How did we even know their names? It was wonderful — wonderful! We traced for them our own journey, where we had been and where we were going, and then endeavored to show them how, by starting from our homes and continuing always in an easterly direction, we could at last reach our starting-point from the west. The more intelligent of them grasped the idea. "Around the world," they repeated again and again, with a mystified expression.

Relief came at last, in the person of a messenger from Osman Beg, the inspector-general of agriculture of the Angora vilayet, bearing an invitation to supper. He stated that he had already heard of our undertaking through the Constantinople press, and desired to make our acquaintance. His note, which was written in French, showed him to be a man of European education; and on shaking hands with him a half-hour later, we found him to be a man of European origin — an Albanian Greek, and a cousin of the Vali at Angora. He said a report had gone out that two devils were passing through the country. The dinner was one of those incongruous Turkish mixtures of sweet and sour, which was by no means relieved by the harrowing Turkish music which our host ground out from an antiquated hand-organ.

Although it was late when we returned to the khan, we found everybody still up. The room in which we were to sleep (there was only one room) was filled with a crowd of loiterers, and tobacco smoke. Some were playing games similar to our chess and backgammon, while others were looking on, and smoking the gurgling narghile, or water-pipe. The bicycles had been put away under lock and key, and the crowd gradually dispersed. We lay down in our clothes, and tried to lose consciousness; but the Turkish supper, the tobacco smoke, and the noise of the quarreling gamesters, put sleep out of the question. At midnight the sudden boom of a cannon reminded us that we were in the midst of the Turkish Ramadan. The sound of tramping feet, the beating of a bass drum, and the whining tones of a Turkish bagpipe, came over the midnight air. Nearer it came, and louder grew the sound, till it reached the inn door, where it remained for some time. The fast of Ramadan commemorates the revelation of the Koran to the prophet Mohammed. It lasts through the four phases of the moon. From daylight, or, as the Koran reads, "from the time you can distinguish a white thread from a black one," no good Mussulman will eat, drink, or smoke. At midnight the mosques are illuminated, and bands of music go about the streets all night, making a tremendous uproar. One cannon is fired at dusk, to announce the time to break the fast by eating supper, another at midnight to arouse the people for the preparation of breakfast, and still another at daylight as a signal for resuming the fast. This, of course, is very hard on the poor man who has to work during the day. As a precaution against oversleeping, a watchman goes about just before daybreak, and makes a rousing clatter at the gate of every Mussulman's house to warn him that if he wants anything to eat he must get it instanter. Our roommates evidently intended to make an "all night" of it, for they forthwith commenced the preparation of their morning meal. How it was despatched we do not know, for we fell asleep, and were only awakened by the muezzin on a neighboring minaret, calling to morning prayer.

Our morning ablutions were usually made *à la* Turk: by having water poured upon the hands from a spouted vessel. Cleanliness is, with the Turk, perhaps, more than ourselves, the next thing to godliness. But his ideas are based upon a very different theory. Although he uses no soap for washing either his person or his clothes, yet he considers himself much cleaner than the giaour, for the reason that he uses running water exclusively, never allowing the same particles to touch him the second time. A Turk believes that all water is purified after running six feet. As a test of his faith we have often seen him lading up drinking-water from a stream where the women were washing clothes just a few yards above.

As all cooking and eating had stopped at the sound of the morning cannon, we found great difficulty in gathering together even a cold breakfast of *ekmek*, *yaourt*, and raisins. Ekmek is a cooked bran-flour paste, which has the thinness, consistency, and almost the taste of blotting-paper. This is the Turkish peasant's staff of life. He carries it with him everywhere; so did we. As it was made in huge circular sheets, we would often punch a hole in the middle, and slip it up over our arms. This we found the handiest and most serviceable mode of transportation, being handy to eat without removing our hands from the handle-bars, and also answering the purpose of sails in case of a favoring wind. Yaourt, another almost universal food, is milk curdled with rennet. This, as well as all foods that are not liquid, they scoop up with a roll of ekmek, a part of the scoop being taken with every mouthful. Raisins here, as well as in many other parts of the country, are very cheap. We paid two piasters (about nine cents) for an *oche* (two and a half pounds), but we soon made the discovery that a Turkish oche contained a great many "stones"—which of course was purely accidental. Eggs, also, we found exceedingly cheap. On one occasion, twenty-five were set before us, in response to our call for eggs to the value of one piaster—four and a half cents. In Asiatic Turkey we had some extraordinary dishes served to us, including daintily prepared leeches. But the worst mixture, perhaps, was the "Bairam soup," which contains over a dozen ingredients, including peas, prunes, walnuts, cherries, dates, white and black beans, apricots, cracked wheat, raisins, etc.—all mixed in cold water. Bairam is the period of feasting after the Ramadan fast.

On preparing to leave Kirshehr after our frugal breakfast we found that Turkish curiosity had extended even to the contents of our baggage, which fitted in the frames of the machines. There was nothing missing, however: and we did not lose so much as a button during our sojourn among them. Thieving is not one of their faults, but they take much latitude in helping themselves. Many a time an innkeeper would "help us out" by disposing of one third of a chicken that we had paid him a high price to prepare.

When we were ready to start the chief of police cleared a riding space through the streets, which for an hour had been filled with people. As we passed among them they shouted "Oorooglar olsun" ("May good fortune attend you"). "Inshallah" ("If it please God"), we replied, and waved our helmets in acknowledgment.



DRAWN BY GEORGE W. CHAMBERS. ENGRAVED BY GEORGE BARTLE.

AN ANGORA SHEPHERD.

At the village of Topakle, on the following night, our reception was not so innocent and good-natured. It was already dusk when we reached the outskirts of the village, where we were at once spied by a young man who was driving in the lowing herd. The alarm was given, and the people swarmed like so many rats from a corn-bin. We could see from their costume and features that they were not pure-blooded Turks. We asked if we could get food and lodging, to which they replied: "Evet, evet" ("Yes, yes"), but when we asked them where, they simply pointed ahead, and shouted, "Bin, bin!" We did n't "bin" this time, because it was too dark, and the streets were bad. We walked, or rather were pushed along by the impatient rabble, and almost deafened by their shouts of "Bin, bin!" At the end of the village we repeated our question of where. Again they pointed ahead, and shouted "Bin!" Finally an old man led us to what seemed to be a private residence, where we had to drag our bicycles up a dark narrow stairway to the second story. The crowd soon filled the room to suffocation, and were not disposed to heed our request to be left alone. One stalwart youth showed such a spirit of opposition that we were obliged to eject him upon a crowded stairway, causing the mob to go down like a row of ten-pins. Then the owner of the house came in, and in an agitated manner declared he could not allow us to remain in his house overnight. Our reappearance caused a jeering shout to go up from the crowd; but no violence was attempted beyond the catching hold of the rear wheel when our backs were turned, and the throwing of clods of earth. They followed us, *en masse*, to the edge of the village, and there stopped short, to watch us till we disappeared in the darkness. The nights at this high altitude were chilly. We had no blankets, and not enough clothing to warrant a camp among the rocks. There was not a twig on the whole plateau with which to build a fire. We were alone, however, and that was rest in itself. After walking an hour, perhaps, we saw a light gleaming from a group of mud huts a short distance off the road. From the numerous flocks around it, we took it to be a shepherds' village. Everything was quiet except the restless sheep, whose silky fleece glistened in the light of the rising moon. Supper was not yet over, for we caught a whiff of its savory odor. Leaving our wheels outside, we entered the first door we came to, and, following along a narrow passageway, emerged into a room where four rather rough-looking shepherds were ladling the soup from a huge bowl in their midst. Before they were aware of our presence, we uttered the usual salutation "Sabala khayr olsun." This startled



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

GIPSIES OF ASIA MINOR.

some little boys who were playing in the corner, who yelled, and ran into the haremlük, or women's apartment. This brought to the door the female occupants, who also uttered a shriek, and sunk back as if in a swoon. It was evident that the visits of giaours to this place had been few and far between. The shepherds returned our salutation with some hesitation, while their ladles dropped into the soup, and their gaze became fixed on our huge helmets, our dog-skin top-coats, and abbreviated nether garments. The women by this time had sufficiently recovered from their nervous shock to give scope to their usual curiosity through the cracks in the partition. Confidence now being inspired by our own composure, we were invited to sit down and participate in the evening meal. Although it was only a gruel of sour milk and rice, we managed to make a meal off it. Meantime the wheels had been discovered by some passing neighbor. The news was spread throughout the village, and soon an excited throng came in with our bicycles borne upon the shoulders of two powerful Turks. Again we were besieged with entreaties to ride, and, hoping that this would gain for us a comfortable night's rest, we yielded, and, amid peals of laughter from a crowd of Turkish peasants, gave an exhibition in the moonlight. Our only reward, when we returned to our quarters, was two greasy pillows and a filthy carpet for a coverlet. But the much needed rest we did not secure, for the suspicions aroused by the first glance at our bed-cover proved to be well grounded.

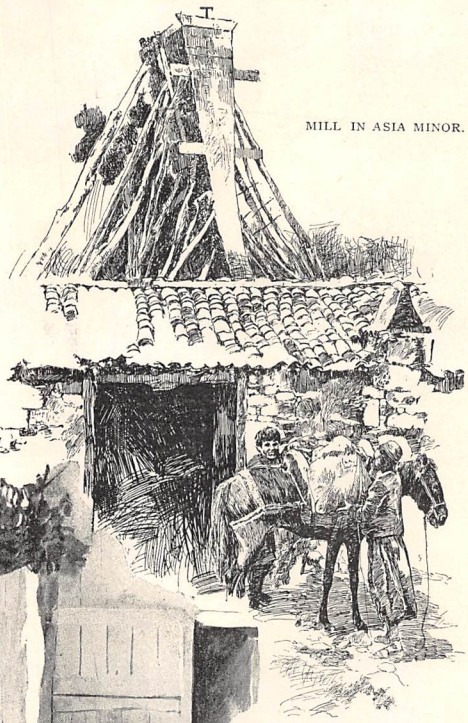
About noon on April 20, our road turned abruptly into the broad caravan trail that runs between Smyrna and Kaisarieh, about ten miles west of the latter city. A long caravan of camels was moving majestically up the road, headed by a little donkey, which the *devedejee* (camel-driver) was riding with his feet dangling almost to the ground. That proverbially stubborn creature moved not a muscle until we came alongside, when all at once he gave one of his characteristic side lurches, and precipitated the rider to the ground. The first camel, with a protesting grunt, began to sidle off, and the broadside movement continued down the line till the whole caravan stood at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the road. The camel of Asia Minor does not share that antipathy for the equine species which is so general among their Asiatic cousins; but steel horses were more than even they could endure.

A sudden turn in the road now brought us in sight of old Arjish Dagh, which towers 13,000 feet above the city of Kaisarieh, and whose head and shoulders were covered with snow. Native tradition tells us that against this lofty summit the ark of Noah struck in the rising flood; and for this reason Noah cursed it, and prayed that it might ever be covered with snow.

It was in connection with this very mountain that we first conceived the idea of making the ascent of Ararat. Here and there, on some of the most prominent peaks, we could distinguish little mounds of earth, the ruined watch-towers of the prehistoric Hittites.

Kaisarieh (ancient Cæsarea) is filled with the ruins and the monuments of the fourteenth-century Seljuks. Arrow-heads and other relics are every day unearthed there, to serve as toys for the street urchins. Since the development of steam-communication around the coast, it is no longer the caravan center that it used to be; but even now its *charshi*, or inclosed bazaars, are among the finest in Turkey, being far superior in appearance to those of Constantinople. These *charshi* are nothing more than narrow streets, inclosed by brick arches, and lined on either side with booths. It was through one of these that our only route to the khan lay — and yet we felt that in such contracted quarters, and in such an excited mob as had gathered around us, disaster was sure to follow. Our only salvation was to keep ahead of the jam, and get through as soon as possible. We started on the spurt; and the race began. The unsuspecting merchants and their customers were suddenly distracted from their thoughts of gain as we whirled by; the crowd close behind sweeping everything before it. The falling of barrels and boxes, the rattling of tin cans, the crashing of crockery, the howling of the vagrant dogs that were trampled under foot, only added to the general tumult.

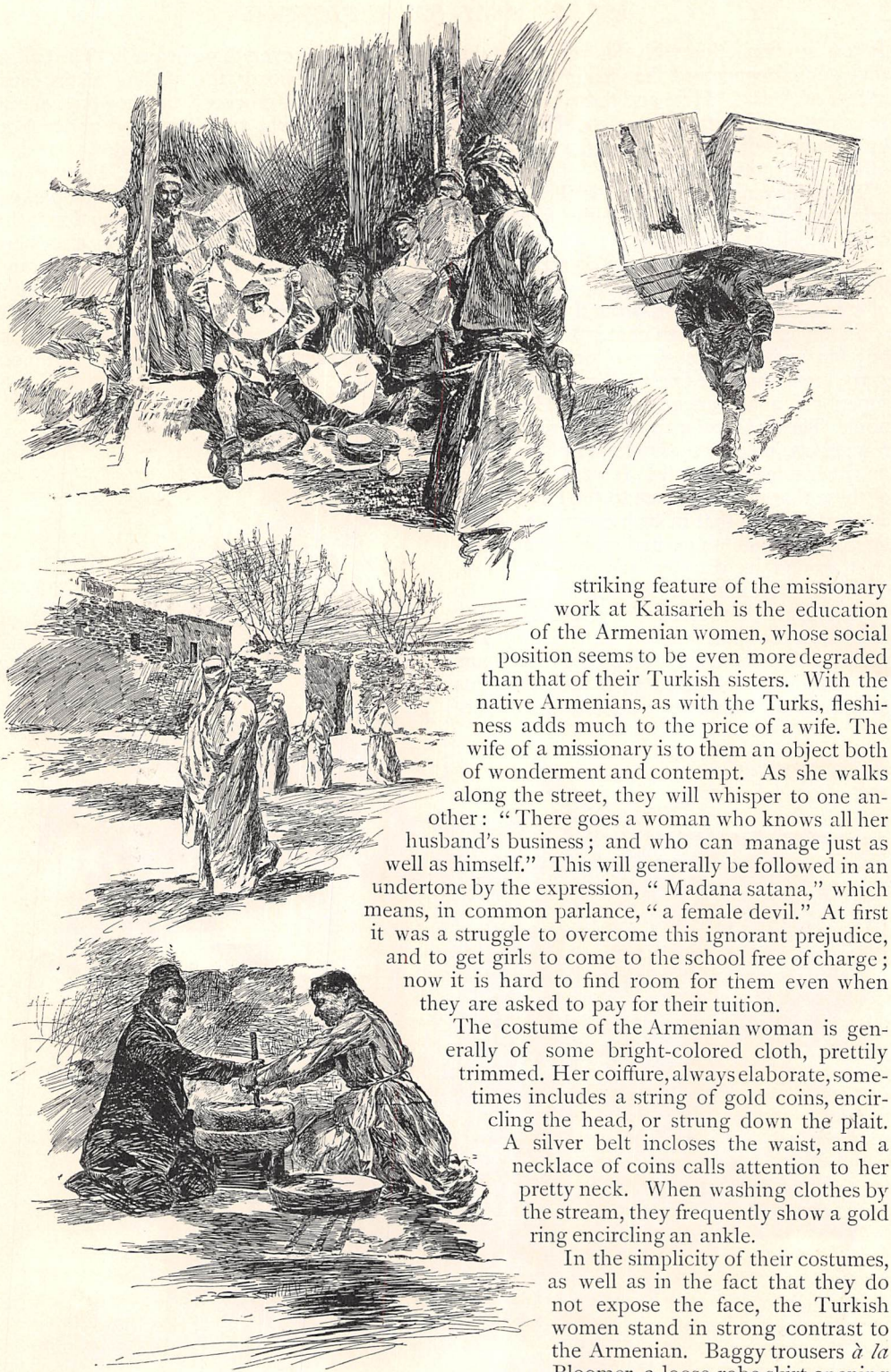
Through the courtesy of Mr. Peet of the American Bible House at Constantinople, we were provided with letters of introduction to the missionaries at Kaisarieh, as well as elsewhere along our route through Asiatic Turkey, and upon them we also had drafts to the amount of our deposit made at the Bible House before starting. Besides, we owed much to the hospitality and kindness of these people. The most



MILL IN ASIA MINOR.



SCENE AT A GREEK INN.



striking feature of the missionary work at Kaisarieh is the education of the Armenian women, whose social position seems to be even more degraded than that of their Turkish sisters. With the native Armenians, as with the Turks, fleshiness adds much to the price of a wife. The wife of a missionary is to them an object both of wonderment and contempt. As she walks along the street, they will whisper to one another: "There goes a woman who knows all her husband's business; and who can manage just as well as himself." This will generally be followed in an undertone by the expression, "Madana satana," which means, in common parlance, "a female devil." At first it was a struggle to overcome this ignorant prejudice, and to get girls to come to the school free of charge; now it is hard to find room for them even when they are asked to pay for their tuition.

The costume of the Armenian woman is generally of some bright-colored cloth, prettily trimmed. Her coiffure, always elaborate, sometimes includes a string of gold coins, encircling the head, or strung down the plait. A silver belt incloses the waist, and a necklace of coins calls attention to her pretty neck. When washing clothes by the stream, they frequently show a gold ring encircling an ankle.

In the simplicity of their costumes, as well as in the fact that they do not expose the face, the Turkish women stand in strong contrast to the Armenian. Baggy trousers *à la* Bloomer, a loose robe skirt opening at the sides, and a voluminous shawl-like girdle around the waist and body, constitute the main features of

DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT. FROM AUTHORS' PHOTOGRAPHS.

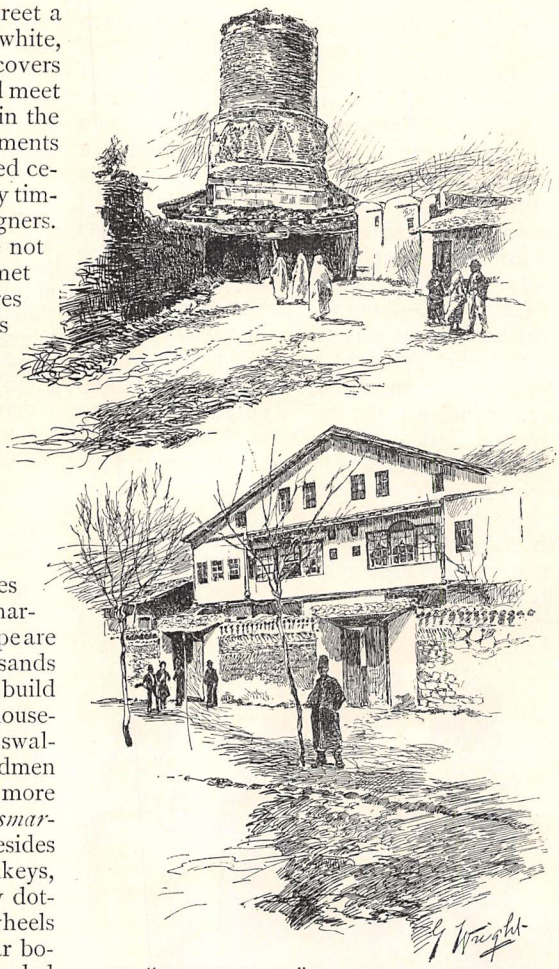
1, EATING KAISARIEHAN (EKMEK) OR BREAD; 2, A TURKISH (HAMAAL) OR CARRIER; 3, TURKISH WOMEN GOING TO PRAYERS IN KAISARIEH; 4, GRINDING WHEAT.

the Turkish indoor costume. On the street a shroud-like robe called yashmak, usually white, but sometimes crimson, purple, or black, covers them from head to foot. When we would meet a bevy of these creatures on the road in the dusk of evening, their white, fluttering garments would give them the appearance of winged celestials. The Turkish women are generally timorous of men, and especially so of foreigners. Those of the rural districts, however, are not so shy as their city cousins. We frequently met them at work in groups about the villages or in the open fields, and would sometimes ask for a drink of water. If they were a party of maidens, as was often the case, they would draw back and hide behind one another. We would offer one of them a ride on our "very nice horses." This would cause a general giggle among her companions, and a drawing of the yashmak closer about the neck and face.

The road scenes in the interior provinces are but little varied. One of the most characteristic features of the Anatolian landscape are the storks, which come in flocks of thousands from their winter quarters in Egypt and build summer nests, unmolested, on the village housetops. These, like the crows, magpies, and swallows, prove valuable allies to the husbandmen in their war against the locust. A still more serviceable friend in this direction is the *smarmar*, a pink thrush with black wings. Besides the various caravan trains of camels, donkeys, horses, and mules, the road is frequently dotted with ox-carts, run on solid wooden wheels without tires, and drawn by that peculiar bovine species, the buffalo. With their distended necks, elevated snouts, and hog-like bristles, these animals present an ugly appearance, especially when wallowing in mud puddles.

Now and then in the villages we passed by a primitive flour-mill moved by a small stream playing upon a horizontal wheel beneath the floor; or, more primitive still, by a blindfolded donkey plodding ceaselessly around in his circular path. In the streets we frequently encountered boys and old men gathering manure for their winter fuel; and now and then a cripple or invalid would accost us as "Hakim" ("Doctor"), for the medical work of the missionaries has given these simple-minded folk the impression that all foreigners are physicians. Coming up and extending a hand for us to feel the pulse they would ask us to do something for the disease, which we could see was rapidly carrying them to the grave.

Our first view of Sivas was obtained from the top of Mount Yildiz, on which still stands the ruined castle of Mithridates, the Pontine monarch, whom Lucullus many times defeated, but never conquered. From this point we made a very rapid descent, crossed the Kizil Irmak for the third time by an old ruined bridge, and half an hour later saw the "stars and stripes" flying above the U. S. consulate. In the society of our representative, Mr. Henry M. Jewett, we were destined to spend several weeks; for a day or two after our arrival, one of us was taken with a slight attack of typhoid fever, supposed to have been contracted by drinking from the roadside streams. No better place could have been chosen for such a mishap; for recovery was speedy in such comfortable quarters, under the care of the missionary ladies.



1, THE "FLIRTING TOWER" IN SIVAS; 2, HOUSE OF THE AMERICAN CONSUL IN SIVAS.

The comparative size and prosperity of Sivas, in the midst of rather barren surroundings, are explained by the fact that it lies at the converging point of the chief caravan routes between the Euxine, Euphrates, and Mediterranean. Besides being the capital of Rumili, the former Seljuk province of Cappadocia, it

is the place of residence for a French and American consular representative, and an agent of the Russian government for the collection of the war indemnity, stipulated in the treaty of '78. The dignity of office is here upheld with something of the pomp and splendor of the East, even by the representative of democratic America. In our tours with Mr. Jewett we were escorted at the head by a Circassian *cavass* (Turkish police), clothed in a long black coat, with a huge dagger dangling from a belt of cartridges. Another native cavass, with a broadsword dragging at his side, usually brought up the rear. At night he was the one to carry the huge lantern, which, according to the number of candles, is the insignia of rank. "I must give the Turks what they want," said the consul, with a twinkle in his eye—"form and red tape. I would not be a consul in their eyes, if I did n't." To illustrate the formality of Turkish etiquette he told this story: "A Turk was once engaged in saving furniture from his burning home, when he noticed that a bystander was rolling a cigarette. He immediately stopped in his hurry, struck a match, and offered a light."



1, ARABS CONVERSING WITH A TURK. 2, A KADI EXPOUNDING THE KORAN.

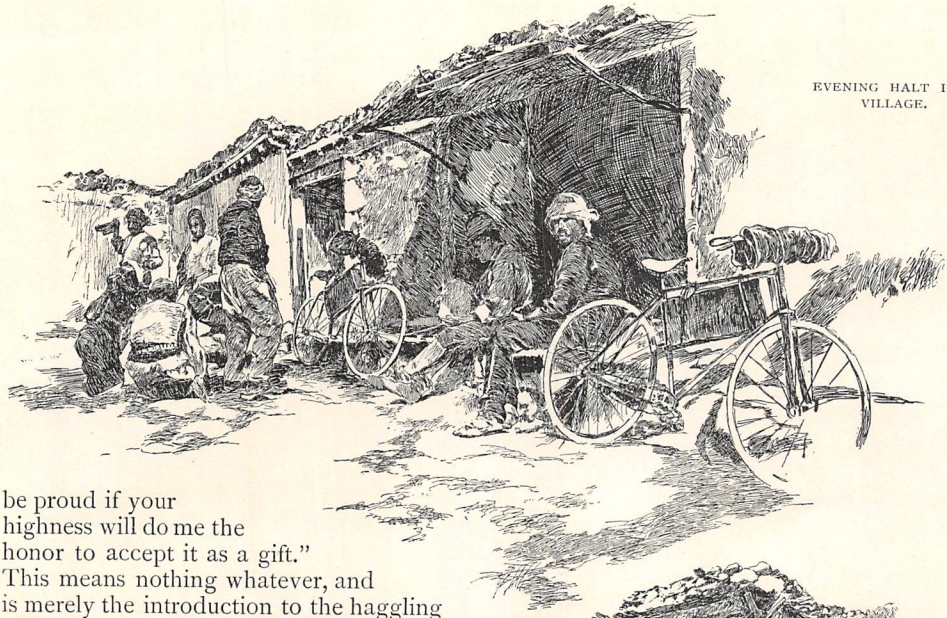
The most flagrant example of Turkish formality that came to our notice was the following address on an official document to the Sultan:

> The Arbiter; the Absolute; the Soul and Body of the Universe: the Father of all the sovereigns of the earth; His Excellency, the Eagle Monarch; the Cause of the never-changing order of things; the Source of all honor; the Son of the Sultan of Sultans, under whose feet we are dust, whose awful shadow protects us; Abdul Hamid II., Son of Abdul Medjid, whose residence is in Paradise; our glorious Lord, to whose sacred body be given health, and strength, and endless days; whom Allah keeps in his palace, and on his throne with joy and glory, forever. Amen.

This is not the flattery of a cringing subordinate, for the same spirit is revealed in an address by the Sultan himself to his Grand Vizir:

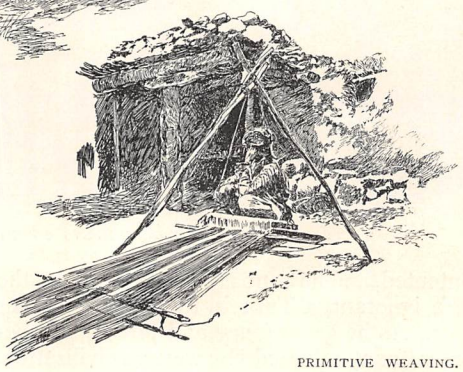
> Most honored Vizir; Maintainer of the good order of the World; Director of public affairs with wisdom and judgment; Accomplisher of the important transactions of mankind with intelligence and good sense; Consolidator of the edifice of Empire and of Glory; endowed by the Most High with abundant gifts; and "Moushir," at this time, of my Gate of Felicity; my Vizir Mehmed Pasha, may God be pleased to preserve him long in exalted dignity.

Though the Turks cannot be called lazy, yet they like to take their time. Patience, they say, belongs to God; hurry, to the devil. Nowhere is this so well illustrated as in the manner of shopping in Turkey. This was brought particularly to our notice when we visited the Sivas bazaars to examine some inlaid silverware, for which the place is celebrated. The customer stands in the street inspecting the articles on exhibition; the merchant sits on his heels on the booth floor. If the customer is of some position in life, he climbs up and sits down on a level with the merchant. If he is a foreigner, the merchant is quite deferential. A merchant is not a merchant at all, but a host entertaining a guest. Coffee is served; then a cigarette rolled up and handed to the "guest," while the various social and other local topics are freely discussed. After coffee and smoking the question of purchase is gradually approached; not abruptly, as that would involve a loss of dignity; but circumspectly, as if the buying of anything were a mere afterthought. Maybe, after half an hour, the customer has indicated what he wants, and after discussing the quality of the goods, the customer asks the price in an off-hand way, as though he were not particularly interested. The merchant replies, "Oh, whatever your highness pleases," or, "I shall



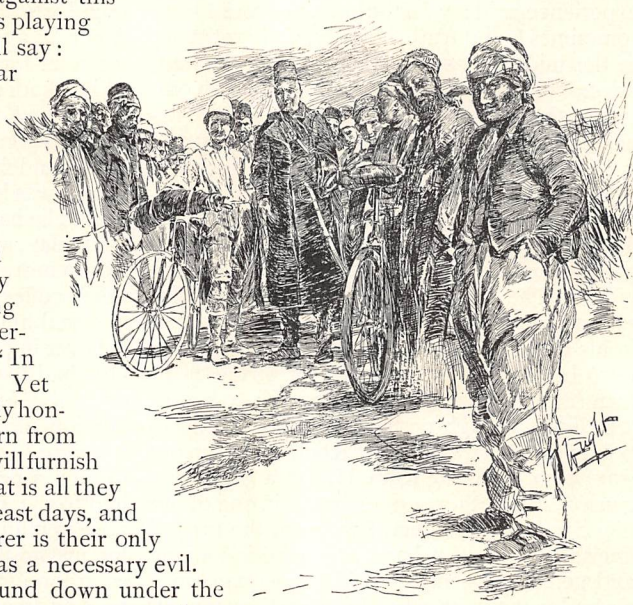
EVENING HALT IN A VILLAGE.

be proud if your highness will do me the honor to accept it as a gift." This means nothing whatever, and is merely the introduction to the haggling which is sure to follow. The seller, with silken manners and brazen countenance, will always name a price four times as large as it should be. Then the real business begins. The buyer offers one half or one fourth of what he finally expects to pay; and a war of words, in a blustering tone, leads up to the close of this every-day farce.

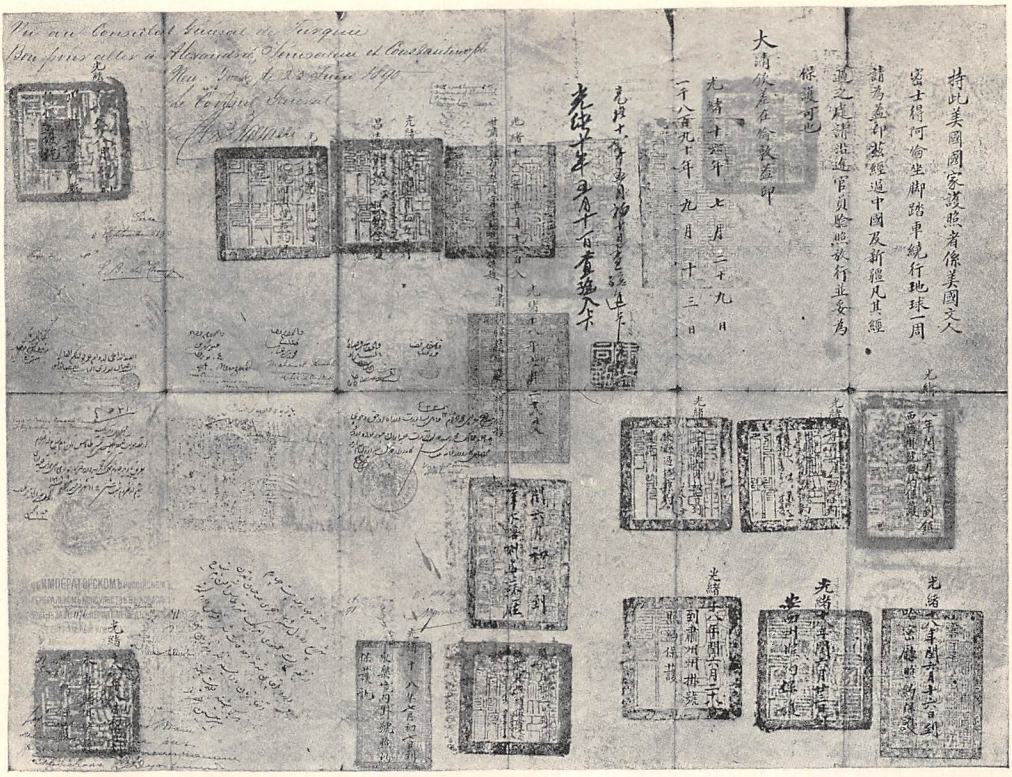


PRIMITIVE WEAVING.

The superstition of the Turks is nowhere so apparent as in their fear of the "evil eye." Jugs placed around the edge of the roof, or an old shoe filled with garlic and blue beets (blue glass balls or rings) are a sure guard against this illusion. Whenever a pretty child is playing upon the street the passers-by will say: "Oh, what an ugly child!" for fear of inciting the evil spirit against its beauty. The peasant classes in Turkey are of course the most superstitious because they are the most ignorant. They have no education whatever, and can neither read nor write. Stamboul is the only great city of which they know. Paris is a term signifying the whole outside world. An American missionary was once asked: "In what part of Paris is America?" Yet it can be said that they are generally honest, and always patient. They earn from about six to eight cents a day. This will furnish them with ekmek and pilaff, and that is all they expect. They eat meat only on feast days, and then only mutton. The tax-gatherer is their only grievance; they look upon him as a necessary evil. They have no idea of being ground down under the oppressor's iron heel. Yet they are happy because they are



A VILLAGE SCENE.



ASIATIC STAMPS AND INDORSEMENTS ON THE BACK OF ONE OF OUR AMERICAN PASSPORTS.

contented, and have no envy. The poorer, the more ignorant, a Turk is, the better he seems to be. As he gets money and power, and becomes "contaminated" by western civilization, he deteriorates. A resident of twenty years' experience, said: "In the lowest classes I have sometimes found truth, honesty, and gratitude; in the middle classes, seldom; in the highest, never." The corruptibility of the Turkish official is almost proverbial; but such is to be expected in the land where "the public treasury" is regarded as a "sea," and "who does not drink of it, as a pig." Peculation and malversation are fully expected in the public official. They are necessary evils — *adet* (custom) has made them so. Offices are sold to the highest bidder. The Turkish official is one of the politest and most agreeable of men. He is profuse in his compliments, but he has no conscience as to bribes, and little regard for virtue as its own reward. We are glad to be able to record a brilliant, though perhaps theoretical, exception to this general rule. At Koch-hissar, on our way from Sivas to Kara Hissar a delay was caused by a rather serious break in one of our bicycles. In the interval we were the invited guests of a district kadi, a venerable-looking and genial old gentleman whose acquaintance we had made in an official visit on the previous day, as he was then the acting *caimacam* (mayor). His house was situated in a neighboring valley in the shadow of a towering bluff. We were ushered into the *selamlük*, or guest apartment, in company with an Armenian friend who had been educated as a doctor in America, and who had consented to act as interpreter for the occasion.

The kadi entered with a smile on his countenance, and made the usual picturesque form of salutation by describing the figure 3 with his right hand from the floor to his forehead. Perhaps it was because he wanted to be polite that he said he had enjoyed our company on the previous day, and had determined, if possible, to have a more extended conversation. With the usual coffee and cigarettes, the kadi became informal and chatty. He was evidently a firm believer in predestination, as he remarked that God had foreordained our trip to that country, even the food we were to eat, and the invention of the extraordinary "cart" on which we were to ride. The idea of such a journey, in such a peculiar way, was not to be accredited to the ingenuity of man. There was a purpose in it all. When we ventured to thank him for his hospitality toward two strangers, and even foreigners, he said that this world occupied so small a space in God's dominion, that

we could well afford to be brothers, one to another, in spite of our individual beliefs and opinions. "We may have different religious beliefs," said he, "but we all belong to the same great father of humanity; just as children of different complexions, dispositions, and intellects may belong to one common parent. We should exercise reason always, and have charity for other people's opinions."

From charity the conversation naturally turned to justice. We were much interested in his opinion on this subject, as that of a Turkish judge, and rather high official. "Justice," said he, "should be administered to the humblest person; though a king should be the offending party, all alike must yield to the sacred law of justice. We must account to God for our acts, and not to men."

The regular route from Sivas to Erzerum, passes through Erzinjan. From this, however, we diverged at Zara, in order to visit the city of Kara Hissar, and the neighboring Lidjissy mines, which had been pioneered by the Genoese explorers, and were now being worked by a party of Englishmen. This divergence on to unbeaten paths was made at a very inopportune season; for the rainy spell set in, which lasted, with scarcely any intermission, for over a fortnight. At the base of Kosse Dagh, which stands upon the watershed between the two largest rivers of Asia Minor, the Kizil Irmak and Yeshil Irmak; our road was blocked by a mountain freshet, which at its height washed everything before it. We spent a day and night on its bank, in a primitive flour-mill, which was so far removed from domestic life that we had to send three miles up in the mountains to get something to eat. The Yeshil Irmak, which we crossed just before reaching Kara Hissar, was above our shoulders as we waded through, holding our bicycles and baggage over our heads; while the swift current rolled the small boulders against us, and almost knocked us off our feet. There were no bridges in this part of the country. With horses and wagons the rivers were usually fordable; and what more would you want? With the Turk, as with all Asiatics, it is not a question of what is better, but what will do. Long before we reached a stream, the inhabitants of a certain town or village would gather round, and with troubled countenances say, "Christian gentlemen—there is no bridge," pointing to the river beyond, and graphically describing that it was over our horses' heads. That would settle it, they thought; it never occurred to them that a "Christian gentleman" could take off his clothes and wade. Sometimes, as we walked along in the mud, the wheels of our bicycles would become so clogged that we could not even push them before us. In such a case we would take the nearest shelter, whatever it might be. The night before reaching Kara Hissar, we entered an abandoned stable, from which everything had fled except the fleas. Another night was spent in the pine-forests just on the border between Asia Minor and Armenia, which were said to be the haunts of the border robbers. Our surroundings could not be relieved by a fire for fear of attracting their attention.

When at last we reached the Trebizond-Erzerum highway, at Baiboot, the contrast was so great that the scaling of Kop Dagh, on its comparatively smooth surface, was a mere breakfast spell. From here we looked down for the first time into the valley of the historic Euphrates, and a few hours later we were skimming over its bottom lands toward the embattled heights of Erzerum.

As we neared the city, some Turkish peasants in the fields caught sight of us, and shouted to their companions: "Russians! Russians! There they are! Two of them!" This was not the first time we had been taken for the subjects of the Czar; the whole country seemed to be in dread of them. Erzerum is the capital of that district which Russia will no doubt demand, if the stipulated war indemnity is not paid.

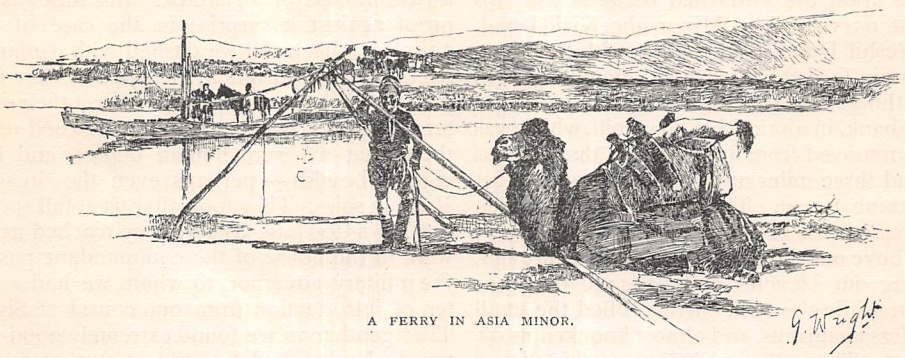
The entrance into the city was made to twist and turn among the ramparts, so as to avoid a rush in case of an attack. But this was no proof against a surprise in the case of the noiseless wheel. In we dashed with a roaring wind, past the affrighted guards, and were fifty yards away before they could collect their scattered senses. Then suddenly it dawned upon them that we were human beings, and foreigners besides — perhaps even the dreaded Russian spies. They took after us at full speed, but it was too late. Before they reached us we were in the house of the commandant pasha, the military governor, to whom we had a letter of introduction from our consul at Sivas. That gentleman we found extremely good-natured; he laughed heartily at our escapade with the guards. Nothing would do but we must visit the Vali, the civil governor, who was also a pasha of considerable reputation and influence.

We had intended, but not so soon, to pay an official visit to the Vali to present our letter from the Grand Vizir, and to ask his permission to proceed to Bayazid, whence we had planned to attempt the ascent of Mount Ararat, an experience which will be described in our next article. A few days before, we heard, a similar application had been made by an English traveler from Bagdad, but owing to certain suspicions the permission was refused. It was with no little concern, therefore, that we approached the Vali's private office in company with his French interpreter. Circumstances

augured ill at the very start. The Vali was evidently in a bad humor, for we overheard him storming in a high key at some one in the room with him. As we passed under the heavy matted curtains the two attendants who were holding them up cast a rather horrified glance at our dusty shoes and unconventional costume. The Vali was sitting in a large arm-chair in front of a very small desk, placed at the far end of a vacant-looking room. After the usual salaams, he motioned to a seat on the divan, and proceeded at once to examine our credentials while we sipped at our coffee, and whiffed the small cigarettes which were immediately served. This furnished the Vali an opportunity to regain his usual composure. He was evidently an autocrat of the severest type; if we pleased him, it would be all right; if we did not, it would be all wrong. We showed him everything we had, from our Chinese passport to the little photographic camera, and related some of the most amusing incidents of our journey through his country. From the numerous questions he asked we felt certain of his genuine interest, and were more than pleased to see an occasional broad smile on his countenance. "Well," said he, as we rose to take leave, "your passports will be ready any time after to-morrow; in the mean time I shall be pleased to have your horses quartered and fed at government expense." This was a big joke for a Turk, and assured us of his good-will.

A bicycle exhibition which the Vali had requested was given the morning of our departure for Bayazid, on a level stretch of road just outside the city. Several missionaries and members of the consulates had gone out in carriages, and formed a little group by themselves. We rode up with the "stars and stripes" and "star and crescent" fluttering side by side from the handle-bars. It was always our custom, especially on diplomatic occasions, to have a little flag of the country associated with that of our own. This little arrangement evoked a smile from the Vali, who, when the exhibition was finished, stepped forward and said, "I am satisfied, I am pleased." His richly caparisoned white charger was now brought up. Leaping into the saddle, he waved us good-by, and moved away with his suite toward the city. We ourselves remained for a few moments to bid good-by to our hospitable friends, and then, once more, continued our journey toward the east.

Thomas G. Allen, Jr.
William L. Sachtleben.



A FERRY IN ASIA MINOR.

WITHERLE'S FREEDOM.

HIS little world was blankly astonished when Witherle dropped out of it. His disappearance was as his life had been, neat, methodical, well-arranged; but why did he go at all?

He had lived through thirty-seven years of a discreetly conducted existence with apparent satisfaction; he had been in the ministry for fifteen years; he had been married nearly as long; he was in no sort of difficulty, theological, financial, or marital; he possessed the favor of his superiors in the church, the confidence of his wife, and he had recently come into a small fortune bequeathed him by a great-aunt. Every one regarded him as very "comfortably fixed"— for a minister.

Of all the above-enumerated blessings he had divested himself methodically, as a man folds up and lays aside worn garments. He resigned his charge, he transferred his property to his wife, and wrote her a farewell note in which he said in a light-hearted way which she mistook for incoherence that she would never see him again. These things done, he dropped out of the sight of men as completely as a stone falls into a pond.

His friends speculated and investigated, cu-

riously, eagerly, fearfully, but to no purpose. What was the motive? Where had he gone? Had he committed suicide? Was he insane? The elders of the church employed a detective, and the friends of his wife took up the search, but Witherle was not found. He had left as little trace whereby he could be followed as a meteor leaves when it rushes across the sky.

Presently, of course, interest in the event subsided; the church got a new minister; Witherle's wife went back to her own people; the world appeared to forget. But there was a man of Witherle's congregation named Lowndes who still meditated the unsolved problem at odd moments. He was a practical man of affairs, with the psychological instinct, and he found the question of why people do the things that they do perennially interesting. Humanity from any point of view is a touching spectacle; from a business standpoint it is infinitely droll. Personally Lowndes was one of the wholesome natures for whom there are more certainties than uncertainties in life, and he felt for Witherle the protecting friendliness that a strong man sometimes has for one less strong. He advised him as to his investments on week-days, and listened patiently Sunday after Sunday, as the lesser man expounded the mysteries of creation and the ways of the Creator, sustained by the reflection that Witherle was better than his sermons. He did not consider him an interesting man, but he believed him to be a good one. When Witherle was no longer at hand, Lowndes counseled and planned for his wife, and otherwise made himself as useful as the circumstances would permit. He felt sorry for Witherle's wife, a nervous woman to whom had come as sharp an upheaval of life as death itself could have brought about, without the comfort of the reflection that the Lord had taken away.

Fate, who sometimes delivers the ball to those who are ready to play, decreed that, in May, about a year after Witherle's disappearance, Lowndes should be summoned from the Pennsylvania village where he lived to one of the cities of an adjoining State. His business took him along the dingy river-front of the town. Crossing a bridge one evening toward sunset, he stopped idly to note the shifting iridescent tints that converted the river for the hour into a heavenly waterway between the two purgatorial banks lined with warehouses and elevators black with the inexpressibly mussy and depressing blackness of the soot of soft coal. His glance fell upon a coal-barge being loaded at the nearest wharf. He leaned over the rail, wondering why the lines of the figure of one of the workmen looked familiar to him. The man seemed to be shoveling coal with a peculiar zest. As this is a species of toil not usually performed for the love of it, his manner naturally attracted attention. While Lowndes still stood there pondering the problematical familiarity of his back, the man turned. Lowndes clutched the rail. "By Jove!" he said excitedly, for he saw that the features were the features of Witherle. Their expression was exultant and illuminated beyond anything ever vouchsafed to that plodding gospeler. Moving along the bridge to a point just above the barge, he took out his watch and looked at it. It was nearly six o'clock.

The next fifteen minutes were exciting ones for Lowndes. His mind was in a tumult. It is no light matter to make oneself the arbiter of another man's destiny; and he knew enough of Witherle to feel sure that the man's future was in his hands. He looked down at him dubiously, his strong hands still clutching the rail tensely. For a minute he felt that he must move on without making his presence known, but even as he resolved, the clocks and whistles clamorously announced the hour.

When the men quitted their work, the man whom Lowndes's eyes were following came up the stairs that led to the bridge. As he passed, Lowndes laid a hand lightly on his shoulder.

"How are you, Witherle?" he said.

The man stared at him blankly a second, recoiled, and his face turned livid as he shook off the friendly hand. The other men had passed on, and they were alone on the bridge.

"I 'm a free man," said Witherle, loudly, throwing back his shoulders. "Before God, I 'm a free man for the first time in my life. What do you want with me?"

"Don't rave," said Lowndes, sharply. "I sha'n't hurt you. You could n't expect me to pass you without speaking, could you?"

"Then you were n't looking for me?" asked Witherle, abjectly.

"I have business on hand." Lowndes spoke impatiently, for he did not enjoy seeing his old friend cower. "I am here for the Diamond Oil Co. I was crossing the bridge just now, when I saw a man down there shoveling coal as if he liked it; and I delayed to look, and saw it was you. So I waited for you. That is all there is of it. You need n't stop if you don't wish."

Witherle drew a deep breath. "My nerves are n't what they were," he said apologetically. "It played the mischief with them to —" He left the sentence hanging in the air.

"If you were n't going to like the results, you need n't have gone," observed Lowndes in an impartial tone. "Nobody has been exactly able to see the reasons for your departure. You left the folks at home a good deal stirred up."

"What do they say about me there?"

Lowndes hesitated. "Most of them say you were crazy. Your wife has gone back to her people."

"Ah!"

Lowndes looked at the man with a sudden impulse of pity. He was leaning against the rail, breathing heavily. His face was white beneath the soot, but in his eyes still flamed that incomprehensible ecstasy. He was inebriate with the subtle stimulus of some transcendent thought. But what thought? And what had brought him here? This creature, with his sensitive mouth, his idealist's eyes, his scholar's hands, black and hardened now, but still clearly recognizable, was at least more out of place among the coal-heavers than he had been in the pulpit. Lowndes felt mightily upon him the desire to shepherd this man back to some more sheltered fold. The highways of existence were not for his feet; not for his lips the "Song of the Open Road." He did not resist the desire to say meditatively:

"You have no children—"

"God in his mercy be praised for that one blessing!" Witherle muttered. But Lowndes went on as if he did not hear:

"But you might think of your wife."

"I have thought of her—too much. I thought about everything too much. I am tired of thinking," said Witherle. "I wonder if you understand?"

"Not in the least."

Witherle looked about him restlessly. "Come where we can talk—down there on that pile of boards. I think I 'd like to talk. It is very simple when once you understand it."

He led the way to the opposite end of the bridge, and down an embankment to a lumber-pile at the water's edge. Up the river the May sun had gone down in splendor, leaving the water crimson-stained. Witherle sat down where he could look along the river-reaches.

"Hold on a minute, Witherle. Don't talk to me unless you are sure you want to."

"That 's all right. There 's nothing much to tell. I don't seem to mind your understanding."

Witherle was silent a minute.

"It is very simple," he said again. "This is the way I think about it: either you do the things you want to do in this world or else you don't. I had never done what I wanted until I left home. I did n't mean to hurt anybody by coming away in that style, and I don't think that I did. I 'd rather not be selfish, but life got so dull. I could n't stand it. I had to have a change. I had to come. The things you have to do, you do. There was a Frenchman once who committed suicide, and left a note that said, 'Tired of this eternal buttoning and unbuttoning.' I know how he felt. I don't know how other men manage to live. Perhaps their work means more to them than mine had come to mean to me. It was just dull, that was all, and I had to come."

Lowndes stared. Truly, it was delightfully simple. "Why, man, you can't chuck your responsibilities overboard like that. Your wife—"

"When I was twenty-one," interrupted Witherle, "I was in love. The girl married somebody else. Before I met my wife, she had cared for a man who married another woman. You see how it was. We were going to save the pieces together. As a business arrangement that sort of thing is all right. I have n't a word to say against it. She is a good woman, and we got on as well as most people, only life was not ecstasy to either of us. Can't you see us tied together, snaking our way along through existence as if it were some gray desert, and we crawling on and on over the sand, always with our faces bent to it, and nothing showing itself in our way but the white bones of the men and women who had traveled along there before us—grinning skulls mostly? Can't you see it?"

Looking up, he caught an expression in Lowndes's eyes the meaning of which he suspected. "Oh, you need n't be afraid," he added hastily, "that this is insanity. It 's only imagination. That 's the way I felt. And my work was only another long desert to be toiled through—with the Sphinx at the end. I was n't a successful preacher, and you know it. I had n't any grip on men. I had n't any grip on myself—or God. I could n't see any use or any meaning or any joy in it. The whole thing choked me. I wanted a simpler, more elemental life. I wanted to go up and down the earth, and try new forms of living, new ways of doing things, new people. Life—that was what I wanted: to feel the pulse of the world throb under my touch, to be in the stir, to be doing something. I was always haunted by the conviction that life was tremendous if only you once got at it. I could n't get at it where I was. I was rotting away. So when that money was left me, it came like a god-send. I knew my wife could live on that, and I did n't think she 'd miss me much, so I just came off."

"And you like it?"

The man's eyes flamed. "Like it? It 's great! It 's the only thing there is. I 've been from Maine to California this year. I wintered in a Michigan lumber-camp—that was hell. I was a boat-hand on the Columbia last summer—that was heaven. I worked in a coal-mine two months—a scab workman, you understand. And now I 'm at this. I tell you, it is fine to get rid of cudgeling your brains for ideas that are n't there, and of pretending to teach people something you don't know, and take to working with your hands nine hours a day and sleeping like a log all night. I had n't slept for months, you know. These people tell me about themselves. I 'm seeing what life is like. I 'm getting down to the foundations. I 've

learned more about humanity in the last six months than I ever knew in all my life. I believe I 've learned more about religion. I 'm getting hold of things. It 's like getting out on the open sea after that desert I was talking about—don't you see? And it all tastes so good to me!" He dropped his head into his hands, exhausted by the flood of words he had poured rapidly out.

Lowndes hesitated long before he spoke. He was reflecting that Witherle's exaltation was pathological—he was drunk with the air of the open road.

"Poor little devil!" he thought. "One might let alone a man who finds ecstasy in being a coal-heaver; but it won't do."

"Life is big," he admitted slowly; "it 's tremendous, if you like; it 's all you say—but it is n't for you. Don't you see it is too late? We 're all of us under bonds to keep the world's peace, and finish the contracts we undertake. You 're out of bounds now. You have got to come back."

Witherle stared at him blankly. "You say that? After what I 've told you? Why, there 's nothing to go back for. And here—there is everything! What harm am I doing, I 'd like to know? Who is hurt? What claims has that life on me? Confound you!" his wrath rising fiercely, "how dare you talk like that to me? Why is n't life for me as well as for you?"

This Witherle was a man he did not know. Lowndes felt a little heart-sick, but only the more convinced that he must make his point.

"If you did n't feel that you were out of bounds, why were you afraid of me when I came along?"

The thrust told. Witherle was silent. Lowndes went on: "Bread is n't as interesting as champagne, I know, but there is more in it, in the long run. However, that 's neither here nor there—if a man has a right to his champagne. But you have n't. You are mistaken about your wife. She was all broken up. I don't pretend to say she was desperately fond of you. I don't know anything about that. But, anyhow, she had made for herself a kind of life of which you were the center, and it was all the life she had. You had no right to break it to pieces getting what you wanted. That 's a brutal thing for a man to do. She looked very bad when I saw her. You 've got to go back."

Witherle turned his head from side to side restlessly, as a sick man turns on the pillow.

"How can I go back?" he cried, keenly protesting. "Don't you see it 's impossible? I 've burned my ships."

"That 's easy enough. You went off in a fit of double consciousness, or temporary insanity, or something like that, and I found you down here. It will be easy enough to reinstate you. I 'll see to that."

"That would be a lie," said Witherle, resolutely.

Lowndes stared at him curiously, reflecting upon the fastidiousness with which men pick and choose their offenses against righteousness, embracing one joyously, and rejecting another with scorn.

"Yes; so it would. But I have offered to do the lying for you, and you *are* off your head, you know."

"How?" demanded Witherle, sharply.

"Any man is off his head who can't take life as it comes, the bad and the good, and bear up under it. Suicide is insanity. You tried to commit suicide in the cowardliest way, by getting rid of your responsibilities, and saving your worthless breath. Old man, it won't do. You say you 've learned something about religion and humanity—come back and tell us about it."

Witherle listened to his sentence in silence. His long lower lip trembled.

"Anything more?" he demanded.

"That 's all. It won't do."

The man dropped his head into his hands, and sat absolutely still. Lowndes watched the river growing grayer and grayer, and listened to the lapping of the water against the lumber, remembering that one of the poets had said it was a risky business tampering with souls, and matter enough to save one's own. The reflection made him feel a little faint. What if Witherle had a right to that life in spite of everything—that life for which he had given all?

Witherle lifted his head at last. "You are sure my wife was broken up over it?" he demanded despairingly.

"Sure."

Witherle cast one longing glance across the darkening river to the black outlines of the barge. There, ah, even there, the breath of life was sweet upon his lips, and toil was good, and existence was worth while.

"I thought no soul in the world had a claim on me. Curse duty! The life of a rat in a cage!" he cried. "Oh, Lord, I have n't the head nor the heart for it!"

The words were bitter, but his voice broke with compliance. He rose to his feet, and stretched out his arms with a fierce gesture, then dropped them heavily by his side.

"Come on," he said.

Lowndes, watching him with that curious, heart-sickening sympathy growing upon him, was aware that he had seen the end of a soul's revolt. Rightly or wrongly, Witherle's freedom was over.

Cornelia Atwood Pratt.

CŒUR D'ALENE.

By the author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

XI.

OUT OF THE GULCH.

IT is safe to say that if every ransomed Christian in the Cœur d'Alene had lived, according to the word that we preach to the heathen, as simply, as fearfully as Wan pursued his timorous way by the glimmer of his perfumed joss-sticks, there would have been no call for martial law. Yet Wan was destined to be one of the chosen victims of the labor question, his part in which, as a proletarian, was little more considered than that of the pony in the doctor's corral.

It fell out as the doctor had predicted. The case of Mike and Darcie had been postponed; it was not forgotten. There came a moment, in that hour of insane victory, when it did occur to some of the Big Horn men that there was a little job unfinished at the mine. One or two of them who had been concerned in the shooting on Tuesday night were burning to avenge that silly failure.

The trains were still running on the narrow-gage track between Gem and the mines of Big Horn Gulch, but they were in the hands of the strikers, and carried chiefly armed men and munitions of murder. They brought the posse of fifty men who had detailed themselves for special duty at the mine.

Faith witnessed this ill-omened arrival from the second-story gallery, where she was walking alone in the starlight, herself being unseen in the shadow of the roof. She watched the movements of the men with anxiety, and saw them in threatening consultation with Abby. Even as she listened to the sound of their bodeful voices, her own name was under discussion, and the men were proposing to put her to the question concerning the whereabouts of the spy.

"Don't bother with her; it 's time wasted for nothing," Abby advised. "She was asking Wan about him herself this morning, and Wan was sulky and scared, and pretended he did n't know. 'But I saw you going away somewhere with him,' says she. That 's what she said; I heard her myself. You bet he knows all there is to know! You go find Wan."

The doctor also had witnessed the ominous arrival, and was that moment in the cellar, warning the refugees to be ready, and to have out their light, in case it should be seen when the cellar door opened to admit the unhappy girl who was going with them.

Darcie's heart was in his mouth with fear and joy, and Mike's blood was bounding at the thought of the wild night's flight in the free, open darkness, and the deeds of daring he might have occasion to display; for Mike had a warm Irish imagination, and he was as vain of his valor as he was sure of it. The doctor had omitted to mention, as a detail of his plan, that he had not as yet presented the same to Faith. He was deliberately conspiring with the cruel circumstances that beset the girl to capture all her scruples at once; there was no other way but to harden his heart against doubts and compunctions, and to put confidence in the men he had chosen in the place of her natural protectors. The doctor was no bungling judge of male character, and, in his opinion, a man may be a young girl's natural protector in other than the established way; but the doctor was not yet a father.

As he left the cellar, his ear was shocked by a sound of pitiable screams and hoarse, brutal cries, and, looking across the gulch, he saw, as in a vision of the "Inferno," a wretched, struggling figure haled along at the end of a rope, towed by a mass of men, as fast as they could go over the rough ground, in the direction of the secret tamaracks. The person of the victim was scarcely distinguishable, but the doctor knew it could be only the miserable Chinaman; and a strange familiarity with the fact crossed him, as if he had beheld the shameful scene before in some moment of prophetic consciousness, and had always known that such would be the end of Wan.

In that horror-stricken moment Faith had flown to her father, forgetful of the breach between them, and confident of his protection for the wretched Wan. She could not yet count him as naught, or quite believe, for all the doctor's unrelenting summing up of facts that were sadly in evidence, what a string of shreds and patches was the manager of the Big Horn.

At this after-dinner hour he was usually clothed on with his evening liquor, and incommunicable to the pitch of surliness. It was thus

that she found him. He had risen from his chair, and was moving with circumspection from the table to the sideboard, when his daughter's excited entrance startled him. He let fall the key which he held—that very precious duplicate key of the sideboard closet where his liquors and brandies were kept, the possession of which he had thus far been able to conceal from the vigilant Abby. As it slipped from his fat, smooth, shaking fingers, all that was left of his intelligence groveled after it upon the floor.

"Father, father!" cried Faith, rushing upon him. "Come, come with me! Oh, rouse up, do! Come out, and stop this fearful thing!"

Seeing no hope of comprehension in his glassy, floating eye, which tried to fix hers with a reprehensive frown, she seized him and shook him passionately, trying to awaken in that dead heart some spark of warmth from the indignation that burned in her own.

"Will you listen to that poor thing begging for his life! Do you want to have your people murdered!"

But the late Mr. Bingham simply stared, working his empty fingers, feeling for the lost key; his mind was concentrated solely on that interrupted journey to the sideboard.

"Keep 'way — don' talk sho lou'; where-sh it? Only key I got. Abby fin' she — I — wha' sh'll I do?" he whimpered.

"Oh, oh!" shuddered the girl.

Mr. Bingham groped for the chair he had imprudently forsaken, and seated himself majestically upon the arm. The heavy chair tipped with his weight. Faith helped him to regain his seat. She stooped to search for his key, dashing the tears from her eyes.

"Here it is, poor father," she said, putting the key back into his hand. "There; have you got it? Let me put it into your pocket. See, you will lose it again."

It was all that he cared for; so let him have it, and find his way to the sideboard, and so find his way out of the world, where he was no longer of any use. Faith could not have reasoned in this cold-blooded fashion; she acted on the impulse, simply, to do one little thing for him that he wanted done before she left him. If not that night, yet she must leave him soon; she could not afford to be harsh with what was already a memory, a grave.

There was yet one man in his senses in that distracted place whose courage and humanity could be counted on; the doctor, Faith knew, had returned to the mine. But as she flew to seek him at his office he was on his way to her, and thus they missed each other by contrary paths in the dark.

The office was locked. Faith beat upon the door with her bare hands, but got no answer. Then she ran around to the kitchen door, which stood open, showing a light burning in an empty house.

The doctor could not be far away, she thought, and, stepping outside, she stood on the platform and shrieked, "Oh, doctor, doctor!" in a voice of anguish, which brought, not the doctor, but Darcie Hamilton out of the cellar where her piercing cry had reached him. He sprang to her side, and put his good arm around her as the simplest way of answering that there he was if she needed him.

"What do you want of the doctor? What has happened? Dear, what is this horror in your face?"

"I thought you were gone," she said, "days ago!" She had forgotten that it was only the night before that he had left her father's house: it seemed as if it might have been years.

"We are going to-night," he answered. "Have you not seen the doctor?"

"No, no; I cannot find him. They are doing something dreadful to Wan, to make him tell where you are; and they are not done with him. I must find the doctor!"

"They *are* done with him," said Darcie, listening. "Hark! it 's all quiet up the gulch."

"What do you mean? He is dead?"

"He has told."

"*What!* Does he know?"

"Why, it was he who brought me here. He 'll tell, you know, if that will save him," Darcie explained.

The shock of this discovery, and its self-evident consequences, left the poor girl no strength wherewith to "counterfeit" any longer, for pride's sake. It was the simple truth that Darcie read in her face as their sad eyes met, in the sincerity of a moment that might be their last on earth together.

"Go this instant! Why do you stay here? Oh, mercy! where *can* he go?"

She tried to push him from her, while he held her in a dream, hardly daring to believe what her pale face told him.

"We were waiting for you, Faith dear. The doctor said you were to go with us; but I said you would never go — with me. But would you go?" he implored.

Here Mike's double bass interrupted, lamenting in a suppressed roar, "Musha, musha! the docther has not towld her a word!"

"If it 's about my going — don't say another word," pleaded Faith. "I would n't go for all the world. I should only keep you back. You 'd have no chance at all with me along."

"And do you think that I am going if you stay here?" said Darcie, half beside himself with joy.

"But there 's no danger here for me."

"It would be parting soul and body," he said.

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"Ye 'll not keep soul an' body long together av ye stay," said Mike.

"You break my heart," Faith cried distractedly. "Those men will have no pity — and you have none — to refuse me this one chance for your life. Once more, will you go?"

"Arrah, here comes the docther! He 's the man we want," said Mike.

It was the doctor, in a panting hurry, half choked for breath.

"Well, young woman! So here you are, and I 've been all over the country looking for you. Well, boys, have you got this thing all fixed?"

"It 's bechune her an' him," said Mike, in despair. "She 'll not go for fear she 'd delay us, an' he 'll not go an' l'ave her, an' I 'll not shtir widout him; an' there ye have it — a caucus av fools if iver there was one!"

"Tut, tut! what a waste of time! If she won't go, she won't, and there 's an end of that. Your legs are your best friends now, boys. Get in there; all ashore that 's going.

"Come, Darcie, don't make this kick now, and ruin everything. I know it 's hard," the doctor whispered, with his hand on Darcie's shoulder, "but, Lord! man, you 're not the only friend she 's got! Trust me, we 'll get her safe out of this; they don't exterminate the girls. I 'll bet you fifty dollars you cross the lake with her to-morrow night. How 's that? Do you want any better chance than that to plead for your sins? Give her a kiss now, and get along with you! They are headed down the gulch," said the doctor to Mike. "In about five minutes you can break cover. I 'll delay them all I can."

XII.

THE EXPULSION.

MR. BINGHAM was very weary of his paternal joys. If a selfish motive had been at the bottom of his sudden late demand for his daughter's society in the West; if he had fancied that it would impart a trifling zest to his jaded existence to have youth and beauty near him, and increase his popularity with his brother mine-owners at a critical time, he had been properly disappointed in the sequel. The cloud of suspicion that rested on the mine had never lifted; the time had not been suited to an exchange of hospitalities, even with a beautiful young daughter to be introduced to the society of the camps; and all the brightness Faith had brought with her to the Big Horn, and that promise of adaptability that her father had welcomed in her, had been extinguished under the burden of himself and his elderly failings which she had taken upon her virgin conscience. It was simply keeping a recording angel in the house for his sole and personal benefit; one who wept, perhaps, but never "dropped a tear" upon the page where her father's slips were unfalteringly set down. The grief of his angel had never interfered with the strictness of her record. It was preposterous! He smiled with sardonic enjoyment of the joke that he was to be reformed, at his time of life, according to the "maiden aunt" school of training. But it was also a beastly annoyance; it sent him, more than often, to the society of those familiars which he kept under lock and key in his sideboard closet. With his daughter presiding, conscience-wise, over his personal habits, and with Darcie Hamilton investigating his business management, it was no wonder that a frail-minded old gentleman, with a rather darkling record, should have gone off somewhat in his temper. Heaven and earth! was he to be baited by children?

He had said to Faith that she could not go, without extraordinary precautions for her safety, in the excited state of feeling at the mines; but this had been merely for the purpose of reminding her that she was not quite mistress of the situation — free to repudiate her father, and depart from him whenever he should have paid for her ticket eastward. As a fact, she was not half so anxious to go as was he to have her: he did not desire her presence in his house, either as monitor or witness, any longer. She had seen too much already, considering her general intelligence and her uncompromising way of looking at things. She must go back to the East, where in a short time such frank incidents as the ordeal of Wan and the ambushing of Darcie Hamilton in the tamaracks would appear to her as incredible as the nightmare visions of a fever. And that she might not unwisely recall her visions in speech, he had, in that last painful interview in the library, taken measures to make her very tired of the subject of Darcie Hamilton. On this point at least he was easy.

As to Darcie, that young gentleman had been vastly busy at the manager's expense: he had formulated some dangerous discoveries; incidentally he had made rapid love to his daughter. Between business and pleasure he had been going very much at large. But he had been careless, as the too sure-footed are apt to be. If the Big Horn directors chose to send their younger sons, masquerading as honest miners, into the Cœur d'Alene, they must post them better upon the local institutions. "Monkeying with the buzz-saw" was pastime for children compared with a conflict of opinions with the Miners' Union in the summer of 1892. Mr. Bingham proposed to shift his personal responsibilities frankly upon the Union. If Darcie should never reach London with his verbal report (the documents were in Mr. Bing-

ham's hands), and an international correspondence, transcending questions of business, should ensue, the manager was prepared to wash his own hands, and to point to the guns in the hands of his irrepressible allies of the Union. The trade-unions have thus suffered always, and ever will suffer most, at the hands of their so-called friends.

And now we come to the last scene before the close of the war — the deportation of the "scabs," including a few non-combatants, among whom was Faith. Recording angels, recorders of the truth of any sort, were not in demand at that time in the Cœur d'Alene; the victors proposed to record matters to suit themselves.

On the twelfth day of July there were gathered at the Mission some sixty or seventy non-union miners, prisoners from the surrendered mines, awaiting transportation across the lake, and out of the Cœur d'Alene. The fast little lake-boat *Georgia Oakes* was unaccountably many hours behind her usual time, and there were no officials at the landing, in her service, who could be interviewed on the subject of this delay. Rumors passed from mouth to mouth, and it was whispered, "She is held back under military orders; she will bring the troops!" But so many contradictory telegrams had been flying across the wires, which were now controlled by the Union, that the hope was barely breathed — so many were the counter-doubts and fears.

The old Mission is one of the most dream-like spots ever chosen by travel as the trysting-place of a steamboat and a railroad. The Northern Pacific lake-steamer and the narrow-gage railroad, a noisy adventurer from the mountain camps and roaring cañons of the Cœur d'Alene, here transact their daily meetings with the utmost publicity; yet, to land upon the wharf-boat and to step aboard the train is to stroll (by steam upon a steel pathway) between the "fields of sleep," beside the "waters of forgetfulness." The charming place, in its deep, sweet, sunshiny seclusion, seems to have been half-reluctantly yielded by nature long ago to the temporary occupation of man, and then fondly reclaimed into her own wild tendance. The Mission meadows are as rich as those upland pastures where the milk-white hulder maidens of the northern legend fed their fairy herds. The wild flowers in their beauty unite the influences of the West and the North, with the breath of the soft chinook to atone for the neighborhood of snow-slides. The river slips in silence past bowers of blossoming shrubs and leaning birches, and somber pines lift their dark spires out of the tender mass of deciduous green.

In it all there is an effect of abiding peace strangely in contrast with some of the scenes which the historic Mission has been called to witness. Needless to say, it is the ideal resort of the summer excursionist, whether he come for fishing or flirtation, or to search the poetic past, or merely from the common gregarious instinct of a people that loves to do everything in crowds. But it was no holiday company gathered this day at the Mission. The greater number were men who carried their worldly goods in their hands: they wore their best clothes, and their latest-earned wages were in their pockets: but the thought was not wanting that safety, and life itself, had been risked for those few dollars which they were taking with them, and that they were passing out of the country under a shameful ban. There was no Traveler from Altruria to ask: Who are these decent poor men? Why have they come here, and why do they go, by a common, sad impulse, as if through fear and force? And if so, who compels them? And what is their offense that they should be looked at askance and herded apart, like tainted cattle? A deeper question, this would be, than most of us are prepared to answer. Even the facts can hardly be trusted to answer; for facts are cruel, and they frequently lie, in the larger sense of truth. Hence it is with extreme reluctance that one approaches the story of what was done at the Mission on the night of July 12, during the labor troubles of 1892. The inferences must speak for themselves; no one would dare to be responsible for the logic of these cruel facts, which seem to accuse generally, yet really accuse only a few — the blind guides and faithless shepherds who were condemned in the communities where they are best known, and were brought to an inadequate punishment, but were afterward set free, through a technicality of the law, which in effect pronounced them guiltless. These are not "laboring-men"; but they are clothed and fed by laboring-men, who in turn are betrayed by them through injurious counsels.

The rank and file of the non-Union prisoners were of the ordinary class of Western miners who "pack" their blankets from camp to camp; but among the number were several men of better condition, and of more than average ability and intelligence, who had held responsible positions at the mines; and these, as if conscious of unfriendly observation, — both aboard of the train, where Union men, armed with Winchesters, sat in the same car with them, and at the Mission, after the guards had left them and returned, — kept apart by themselves, and were quiet and wary.

Michael Casson, ex-foreman of the Caltrop, one of the upper-country mines, had his wife and children with him on the train. The wife, a comely, high-spirited woman, with well-seasoned nerves, but a soft heart in trouble, kept

a motherly watch upon Faith, coming down in the same car with her from Wallace. Faith was known to be Manager Bingham's daughter, leaving the country under the special protection and guarantee of the Union leaders; but the signs of recent trouble in her tear-flushed face aroused Mrs. Casson's sympathies, and that neighborly woman soon discovered that the manager's daughter, notwithstanding her fashionable dress, prosperous connections, and look of delicate pride, was very much alone, and very warmly disposed toward the ostracized portion of the laboring community to which Mrs. Casson and her "man" belonged. Hence a sudden and, on Faith's part, rather hysterical intimacy. The voice of the kind woman, speaking with the rich, sympathetic, Irish intonation, touched the chord that vibrates in sobs or laughter. Sometimes Faith's eyes filled, sometimes she laughed, at Mrs. Casson's delicious, hearty talk; and the train rumbled on between the river and the mountains, thundering over its bridges; and the green, fair vista of the Mission opened; and the outbound passengers gathered in groups, or scattered till the moment of departure.

At the Mission Mrs. Casson's children had to be fed. Faith was not enticed by the sort of meal that the Mission set forth that day to its seventy visitors: anything at all, at a good round price, was right for the scabs; the Mission did what it could to retain a little of that apostate money in the land of the faithful. But Nature offered them her own refreshment — flowers, and deep, soft grass to lie upon, and shed the light of her jocund sunshine upon their recent troubles, and upon the anxious future before them; and the habit of making the best of a bad outlook was the habit of them all.

Faith had idly extended her acquaintance to a chatty little lad, one of the rising hopes of the Mission, who, having his time much at his own disposal, was pleased to bestow it largely upon her. He was a wise child in the happiest sort of knowledge — that of the "foot-path way." He took her across the meadows, where the blue camass flower was just falling from over-bloom. They crept under the boughs along the river, and loaded themselves with wild roses, pale and red, and every shade of pink between. He told her the names of the new flowers, as he knew them, and she likened them to other flowers at home. She noted the strange character of the river, which here at the Mission is not like a mountain stream, but cuts into the rich bottom-land, deep and still, like a Southern bayou, and has no beaches, but only banks, which drop off suddenly into thirty feet of water, or put forth a toe of tree-roots overlaid with dried mud, where drift-wood gathers, or great logs, traveling down-stream, halt as at a landing-place. Lovely reflections line the shores, binding the land and water together in an inverted borderage of green, with a clear sky pattern down the middle stream, dashed out of sight by the breeze, or returning again like a smile.

They crossed to the knoll, where stands the old church of the Mission, built in the days of intrepid zeal, where, in the deep forest wilderness, want of skill or want of tools was no detriment, and men wrought with faith and their bare hands in the sincerity of wood and imperishable stone. The priest's house, adjoining the church, and a shabby modern foil to its ancient dignity, was closed, and Faith was forced to abandon her desire to enter the church of the fathers; but they sat upon the steps, the odd young pair, and talked of the past. The little boy was not much of an historian: Faith did not put implicit confidence in his tales of Father de Smet, who was dead,— that at least was true,— and of Father Josette, who was still of the living. She knew, perhaps, quite as much about the history of the "old church" as he did, born in its shadow. But there were other subjects of contemporaneous and imperative interest on which he could offer her a few surprises. He had gathered that he was talking with no less a personage than the young lady of the Big Horn, and, for reasons which we know, the name of her father's mine inspired this wise child of the Union with the fullest faith in her as a partizan, notwithstanding that he had seen her consorting with scabs. So he poured forth his tale without hesitation — to behold her stare at him in incredulous horror!

What was this he was saying? she demanded; but the child drew back, and would not repeat his words. He had made a very great mistake; he now became confused, distrustful, and unhappy; they were no longer company for each other.

Faith sought an opportunity, later, when they were out of hearing of the other prisoners, to repeat the child's astounding confidence to Mr. Casson.

"Do you think such a thing could possibly be true?" she cried excitedly.

"Why, you may say, after what we 've seen, that anything is possible," Mr. Casson began guardedly. "There 's bad men everywhere, and in a time like this they naturally get bold, like thieves at a fire; but it 's a thing the Union leaders would try to prevent, I 'm sure, if they got wind of it. They have the whole thing in their hands now, and whatever happens, the blame of it lays at their door. They have done the preachin', and they 'll get the credit for whatever sort of practice it 'll lead to. They can't afford to let such a thing happen. No, miss;

it 's more likely some mean talk the child has heard, and is givin' it away for earnest; else he was just tryin' it on for fun, to see if he could frighten you."

"Oh, no; he did n't think I would be frightened," said Faith. "He thought I would be pleased. That was the dreadful part of it. It was I that frightened him. I could n't make him say it over again after he 'd seen how I took it. I suppose he thought that no one belonging to the Big Horn could have a spark of sympathy for a non-Union man."

"Call them 'scabs,' miss; don't spare the word on my account. It 's a name I bear in honest company. If any of them dynamite divils should fall upon us to-night,— and we without a weapon on us, leavin' the country peaceable under promise of our safety,— why it makes no matter to me what name they choose to kill me by. The law has a name for them that 's as old as the commandments; and maybe the law will be heard from again, some day, in the Co'r de Lane."

"Then you will not make light of it, Mr. Casson, even if you can't believe it?"

"I will not make light of it, miss; neither will I spread it, to make a panic. And I 'll ask you, if you please, not to breathe a word of it to Mrs. Casson; she 's easy excited, and no wonder, after what she 's been through. I would n't mention it to any one, for fear it would get about."

"I shall see no one to repeat it to," said Faith. "I shall stay here until the boat gets in."

They were walking under the trees that interspersed the wild, park-like common, between Mission station and the landing, where the river makes a sharp bend. To the right, between the railroad track and the dark-blue shadows of Fourth of July Cañon, stretch the beautiful Mission meadows, bathed in sunlight, where the deep summer grass, ripe for mowing, was lazily rolling in the breeze.

"And what would you be stayin' here for, miss, if I might make so bold?" Casson inquired.

"I am looking for two friends of mine who are coming down the river, hoping to get here in time for the boat," said Faith. "I can see them from here as soon as they pass the bend."

"And would n't they be stopping above by the station?"

"No," said Faith; "they must not be seen. I *must* tell this to *them*, Mr. Casson, for they are hunted men; they have not even the safeguard of disarmed prisoners."

"Do ye mean that they are fixed to fight?"

"I do; and they would fight if they saw these poor men attacked. How could they help it, even if they threw their lives away! They must not be seen, and they must not see. But they must know all that there is to tell. I must tell them."

"That 's right," said Casson, gravely; "but there 's others can tell them. What might be their business in the Co'r de Lane?"

"Mining. That is, one is a miner. The other is a sort of miner — an amateur."

"I would n't advise any man to be minin' in the Co'r de Lane this year, unless minin' is his business; there 's neither love nor money in it for fancy miners, and it 's not healthy for them — that 's sure!" said Mr. Casson.

"Yes," Faith assented. "He fell under suspicion of the Union from the first, and they warned him to leave, but he would not go. And then they took means to get rid of him quietly, but they did not succeed the first time. Do they ever give such a thing up?"

"'T would be safer for them to finish the job," said Casson.

"What should you advise them, Mr. Casson, supposing — anything — even that this story cannot be true? What should you say they had better do?"

"I would advise them to stay with their boat, and not set foot on shore till the steamer 's at the landin'."

"Mr. Casson?" Faith implored, studying his face. He was as inscrutable as if he were talking to a child. Still, she was sure that she could trust him.

"Ye need not be questionin' me, miss. I know the men," he answered to her look. "But it 's just as well not to be namin' names. The very leaves of the trees will whisper it."

"I call them my friends," Faith needlessly explained, "because they were very good to me once — I would do anything in the world!"

"Surely ye would," Mr. Casson interrupted easily; "and if they were not your friends, a life is a life, though it 's only the life of a 'scab' or a 'spy.'" Faith colored hotly at the word. "Ye need not fear me, Miss Bingham. I 've had a taste of their language myself. I 'm a 'thraitor,' a 'wage-slave,' I 'm 'bought an' sold' for the bread that goes into me children's mouths. I 'm an excreshence on a healthy laborin' community, to be sloughed off like the foulness of disease. I 'm as fond of the Miners' Union that 's bossin' this country as Mike McGowan is, and they 'll make as much out of me, just, if they come askin' me questions. Now ye leave me to watch out for the boys, and I 'll tell them anything at all ye want."

"Thank you, Mr. Casson; I trust you perfectly, but I cannot let you do it. They stood by me, and I will stay by them. It may be the one thing I am here to do; and you have your wife and children."

"They 're not meddlin' with women and children. Ye had better leave the men to me."

"I could n't, Mr. Casson," said the girl, with sad persistence. She was distressed by his questioning regard, and blushed for her own disingenuousness. "We have had a fearful time at the mine," she went on, leading him away from the tenderer subject. "Did you hear about our poor Chinaman?"

"I did, miss; and a wonder they left the life in him so long. Sole an' lone he was, the only Chinyman in the Co'r de Lane, so I hear; and only for Abby Steers not wantin' to do her own work he 'd have been fired, they say, the same as all the rest, before he 'd barely set foot in it. For what that woman says is law with the Union boys."

"Oh, she 's a terror!" exclaimed Faith. "The times have brought her out. But we have some very bad men at the mine, and they are the ones who seem to have all to say. I suppose it would not be safe to discharge them, now. My father simply has to endure the things they do, until he can get support for his own authority." Outwardly, Faith was still on the defensive in regard to her father's position. "Did you hear about the shooting?" she asked in a low voice.

"I did," said Casson, shortly. He did not admit her plea for the martyred authority of Manager Bingham; he conceived him quite as did the rest of the mining community, in his mixed character of the bat in the fable, posing between bird and beast till the outcome of battle should decide to which kingdom it was safest to belong. A bat he was, and nothing but a bat; and neither birds nor beasts would own him.

"One of the men I am watching for is he — the one who was wounded," said Faith, averting her face. "I don't know what state he may be in, after such a journey. It would be hard upon a well man, last night, through the timber, across those wild divides, and around Sunset Peak before it was light; and to-day, in the hot sun, coming down Beaver Cañon; and then in some sort of boat on the river! Do you think that Mike McGowan can row?"

"They 'd be polin', not rowin', in a dugout, whilst the river is shallow; and below they 'll come fast enough with the current, just keepin' her head down-stream. Ye would n't maybe like to have Mrs. Casson bide here with ye? She 'd be as good as a doctor for him — and I 'm loth to leave ye wanderin' here by yourself."

In reply to this fatherly suggestion Faith only blushed miserably, and shook her head.

"I hope we shall all be together, crossing the lake to-night," she said — "all of us for whom the Cœur d'Alene has no use." But she did not move from her post.

"Well," said Mr. Casson, who saw that she was bent on having her own way with her friends, "I wish them safe out of this, and all of us the same. But don't you let that child's prattle be runnin' in your head. It 's not a thing any one could believe — not even of them."

"Not of the men who blew up the Frisco Mill?" asked Faith, with a woman's partizan relentlessness.

Mr. Casson would not admit the thought, or pretended that he would not. "Think of it!" said he. "Think how a massacre would sound in print! We 're not quite bad enough for that, Union or non-Union; men has their feelin's. They 'd draw the line at promiscuous shootin' at unarmed men."

"I think dynamite and giant powder are tolerably promiscuous," bitterly argued Faith. But she was comforted, nevertheless, by Mr. Casson's pretense of unbelief.

He walked away toward the landing to watch for a sight of the boat. Once he looked back at her and seemed to hesitate, but then he walked on. "They 'd never touch a woman," he said to himself.

Faith continued to pace the short grass under the trees, watching for her friends.

XIV.

THE MASSACRE.

THE shadows, at this hour, had gained a portentous length; they laid long fingers across the fields, pointing darkly toward the cañon. "About sunset," the child had said.

Up at Wallace and at Gem the rumor was flying that the negro troops from Missoula had marched around the burned bridges, and were coming in by way of Mullan, to gather the non-Union men, and to bring them back and protect them in their places; and the Union had sworn that the thing should not be. Therefore there should be bloodshed that night at the Mission; not a "scab" should be left for the "niggers" to bring back. For "scabs" to be forced upon them by "niggers" was an aggravation of injury by insult which the pride of these valiant Irish leaders could not brook.

This was the story of the confiding little boy at the Mission, told in the simple faith of one who believes that his friends can do no wrong; all the bad men were on the other side. Not a shadow or a stain of its cruel meaning seemed to have touched his childish apprehension.

Faith was unhappy and fearful in her mind; yet — she tried to comfort herself — the thing was, as Mr. Casson had said, too monstrous, too suicidal, a disgrace for the Union leaders to permit to touch their organization, still less to invite as a means of discipline. The sun was getting low. Faith rebuked her impatience by turning her back on the up-stream view, and, taking a longer stroll toward the landing, resolved not to look around again till the sounds

she yearned to hear announced her friends; but no new sound broke the quiet stir of the leaves and the softly moving water. She grew sick with suspense. They would not come in time to get her warning; else they would not come at all—and what could have happened! This was a day when one might not talk of a morrow.

Suddenly, close inshore, making for the next bend across a loop of the river, a long, sharp canoe, or dugout, shot by, loaded with disaster; for Mike stood balanced, alone, guiding the slim craft, and along the bottom, stretched upon his back, lay a man, helpless, motionless, a shape with the face hidden. What did the coat conceal that covered the face? Was it death? There was enough of Darcie there for Faith to recognize. He was coming to meet her at the Mission, and this was the fate he had encountered on the way.

"Oh, Mike—oh, stop!" she groaned, upon her knees on the bank, stretching her arms out above the water. The breeze shook the bushes; the dismal load shot by. Mike had not heard her choking cry or seen her gesture of anguish. Gathering herself up, she stumbled through the grass, past the trees, that delayed her like idle, curious persons crowding upon one in a moment of extreme distress; but by the time she had rounded the loop by land, Mike had crossed it by water—as the bowstring measures the bow, had landed his freight under the bushes in the shade, and was already out of sight beyond the lower bend.

A wind was rising, spreading the rapid coolness that precedes a summer gale. The bushes were beating wildly, leaves and dust and blossom petals were flying, and dark wind-tracks streaked the meadows; but the waveless river only shuddered, and crept by in silence.

Darcie was lying on his back, staring at the green boughs overhead; the coat lay over his chest, and its folds perceptibly rose and fell. This was Faith's first assurance that he breathed. In the shock of so sudden, so complete a release from so great a fear, for the moment she forgot her warning.

He looked at her stupidly at first, then a little wildly, and then with an eager smile he flung his hand out toward her upon the grass. Yet something in his manner she missed—something that she had looked to see on their meeting again; missed it, and drew back from her instinctive first advances.

He knew her, but had placed her at the beginning of their brief, intense acquaintance; all between was oblivion. His love spoke, and his need of love, in his dumb eyes; but he was silent, troubled, and took nothing for granted. It was useless to question him as to how he had arrived at this phase of his condition. Investigating, as his nurse, Faith discovered that there had been a fresh hemorrhage from his wound; the sleeve and breast of his shirt beneath the coat were soaked with blood. Weakness, thirst, and delirium had followed, but not fever, so far as she could judge. He was bareheaded, and she looked in vain for his hat to fetch him water in the brim of it, as she had seen the hunters do, but was forced to use her handkerchief, feeding him with drops dripped between his lips. His face and hands and all his clothing down in front were grimed and scratched and earth-stained, as though Beaver Cañon had been literally wiped up with him; when he spoke it was a rapid muttering in a voice devoid of expression. There was no hope that they could come to any understanding now on those delicate points that remained to be settled between them. This was a piteous complication, that at this last hour before the boat came in—the hour that must decide how they should leave the boat and meet the world of strangers on the other side of the lake, when the one word must be said, and he alone could say it—he should be out of his senses, calling her Miss Faith, and babbling flat courtesies, saying nothing but with his eyes! She could not give him even the love he dumbly craved.

No; it was strangely cruel. They were meant for each other; this she believed as a new, inexplicable fact not to be reasoned about, yet she was powerless to act upon it. Could any girl follow a sick and crazy youth, a conspicuously adorable young man, whom any stranger would be good to, once he was out of this terrorized land; appear at his side, and assume the right to care for him on the strength of some wild love-passages in impossible places, under circumstances the least binding and most exceptional that could be imagined?

She had made up, poor child, a number of perfectly sane and commendable answers and arguments, which she had thought she should have need of, crossing the lake that night. He was to have done some very pretty pleading; he was to have prevailed in the end—even in her best arguments she had provided for that. But where now were the strong, delicious pleadings, the weak extenuations, the explanations which pride insists on, the conditions which feminine prudence declares for, ere it be too late? No; she was helpless, in the face of this pitiful estrangement: here it must end, their sad, little, crazy romance of the Cœur d'Alene. His world would be seeking him, would presently call him back; but the ocean could not part them farther than they were parted now. "Good-by, my love, good-by!" she whispered. But the warning! For him it was useless; she must instantly find "poor good Mike," as she called the great fellow in her

thoughts. She was so weak-hearted that she felt like distributing epithets and words of useless affection, as one who is taking leave of life.

She met Mike coming up the shore; and seeing her a long way off, he broke into a hilarious trot.

"Arrah, by the Blessin'! an' have ye seen him? An' was n't he the pictur' of peace, lyin' on the barren stones!"

This was an irrepressible figure of speech, for Darcie was very softly bedded on the grass, as Mike had left him. "Sure it 's the big luck for us that the boat 's behind her time! Musha, darlin'! what has hurted ye, to put up your lip like that?" he cadenced, seeing that the girl's eyes were filling with tears.

"O Mike, he does n't know me!"

"Av coorse he does n't, the craythur; his mind is takin' a bit av a rest. He 's betther widout any sinse, the way he was goin' on. An' see how happy he is! He does n't care for a blessed thing!"

"No," said Faith; "he does n't. But how came he to be so?"

"'T was along av a nasty fall he got comin' around Sunset Pake, which the thrail is the widt' av your hand. He would n't have me come anigh him for fear I 'd jostle him, he was that nervous. 'Wan at onct,' says he, 'and don't, for God's sake, blow your breath on me!' He catched holt av a juniper whin he felt the ground was l'avin' him; but the bloody bush let go by the roots, an' he wint down. Ah, don't faint away, miss! 'T was a child's tumble, only for the jar it gev his arrum: it shtarted the wound bleedin' on him, an' that tuk his stren't'; and I think it was bad for him goin' widout a hat. Yis, the fool wind lifted it off his head, an' he but the wan hand to grab for it, an' kape his grip o' the rock; an' it 's hung up in the top of a big pine-tree. I was for makin' him wear me own hat, for the sun it was powerful bad on his head; but he 'd cast it in me face wheniver I 'd try to put it on him — he was that silly. He was singin' like a canary in the boat, comin' down, till I put the coat over him, an' that quinched him. Was he qui't, miss, when ye left him?"

Faith could not speak to answer him.

"Saints above! now what are ye cryin' about? D' ye think the lad 'll not make it? Sure, here we are, an' the boat comin' in, an' Spokane, the city of refuge, will see us in the mornin'. He has 'wore out the candle'; he can 'bide the inch'!"

"O Mike, but it 's the last inch of the candle that will cost," cried Faith; and forth from her convulsed lips came the child's story, too long delayed, of the dark deed that threatened the prisoners at the Mission that night.

Mike leaped as if he had been hit by a bullet.

"Why was n't this the first word ye said to me?" he roared. "Go back and bide beside him whilst I go for the boat. Please God no wan has helped himself to it, an' me danderin' here!"

"Do you believe it?" Faith exclaimed in a voice of awe.

"Do I believe there 's divils in hell? I 'll pack him out av this, if I have to shwim wid him on me back."

Darcie was asleep. He rested, after pain, and excitement, and thirst, and weary journeyings. Faith watched beside him, and listened to his mutterings, and held her own breath in the pauses of his inconstant breathing. Sometimes he panted "like a dog that hunts in dreams," his features twitched, he plucked with his hands; then his troubled spirit would exhale in a long sigh, and gradually, in climbing intensity, the travail of delirium would resume its sway. His eyes glittered between half-parted lids; the yellow-green light under the trees, mingling with the reflection from the river, made his ashen color ghastly. Faith hung upon his breathing, hurried and fast or deep and slow, as the one sure contradiction of his death-like aspect.

The strange wind, which brought no rain, kept blowing and blowing, as if it would blow out all the last red sparks of sunlight; the dull sunset embers began to glow. She could hear no sounds but sounds of wind striving with the trees, or of water heavily flapping as it coursed along the bank. She wished for utter stillness that she might project, by ear, her knowledge of what was coming, beyond her powers of sight; but nothing could be heard above the crisp, gallant roar and rustle of the summer gale. All nature seemed to call to her, to be up and ready! to fly, fly! But those that can neither fight nor fly must hide, must hush, as she was hushing her sleeper by the darkling stream.

She sat in silence, and her thoughts drifted in trite phrases, and in fragments of old songs, as unguided wheels slip into old ruts of the way that the crazed or grief-blind driver goes.

O hush thee, my baby, the hour may come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum,

she found herself crooning over and over senselessly to herself; but where were the trumpets and drums, that call to arms in the name of peace — the law-and-order music? Far from the old Mission that night, and its dark, empty sanctuary, and its helpless prisoners of labor, waiting, as unconscious as sheep that have been fed and folded at dusk, to be harried at midnight by a pack of masterless dogs!

At about half after seven o'clock, as the

story of this evening goes, a hand-car, black with men, came down the track, and stopped within half a mile of Mission station. The number of men on the car is not known. It is supposed that they were assisted by others who were expecting them at the Mission; and these men, so it is said, were armed with Winchesters sent down on the prisoners' train. But all were armed, in one way or another, with weapons furnished by the Miners' Union of the Cœur d'Alene, or by their brothers of Butte.

The hand-car brigade ran down the track on both sides, and opened fire upon the surprised groups at the station. One or two of them went through the cars that stood upon the track, shouting to the "scabs" within, "Git out of here, you —" There was never a word too bad for a "scab." They were likewise driven forth from the shelter of the hotel by the prudent landlord, whose windows were being smashed by bullets. The hounds were loud in the mouth, but the sheep were silent and ran. Some of them ran across the track, and jumped into the river; some struggled desperately through the long grass of the Mission meadows. The cool-headed ones hid in the grass, or crept into the bushes, or made their way along the shore in the shelter of the river bank. Of the fate of those who fled up into the wild defile called Fourth of July Cañon much has been asserted and denied on both sides, but little will ever be known; the cañon and the river have been deeply questioned, but they bear no witness, and they tell no tales.

Faith sat beside her unconscious sleeper, listening to the sounds which reported all that she ever knew of those incredible scenes that have gone down on the annals of this region as "the massacre of Fourth of July Cañon." Her senses were blunted, her mind refused to act; her heart crushed the life out of her with its beating.

Now was the time to say good-by — not the potential good-by she had bidden him an hour ago, but the actual parting, now at the brink of the river of death. Many were crossing the dark waters to the city of refuge who would never return. She bent over her sleeper, and kissed him softly, but the sob that forced her heart against his aroused him, and he spoke to her suddenly in his natural voice:

"God bless me!" he murmured, while she held her breath in horror of his coming to himself at this fatal moment. "I thought that you kissed me! I must be dreaming. Oh, let it be true! Faith, dear, make it true before I lose you again."

"It *is* true," said the girl, hoarsely, "and nothing else is true — nothing. I will never doubt you; I never did doubt you. Now go to sleep! Good-night, dear; good-night!"

He held his breath, and looked at her keenly. "Your lips are cold; your hands are cold. Why are we saying good-night?"

"The boat is late," said Faith in a hollow voice. "We cannot go till the boat comes. You are sick: rest now — do rest; this is your only chance!"

She put her hands upon him, with soft, shuddering touches, trying with all the strength of her love to master her fear, that she might have power to lull him into obliviousness of the awful sounds of the night. Under the trees it was quite dusk; he could see nothing, but she felt that he was listening.

"What is that firing?"

"Only some men," gasped Faith.

"But what are they shooting at?"

"Shooting? Oh, at a mark."

"Oh, I say! in the dark!" laughed Darcie, softly. He was drifting off again, as his speech betrayed. "Are they drunk? What are they shouting about?"

"It 's the other men who are shouting," Faith lied to him, feebly.

"What other men? Is this a stag picnic? O Lord! O Faith dear!"

Faith did not know what he was saying, but she welcomed any wildness, profanity — anything but his own low, steady tones.

"Be quiet, Darcie dear!" she whispered.

"Darcie dear!" he repeated foolishly. "God bless me, but this is nice — what a sweet girl you are! Heavens! what a brute I was! Are you ever going to be friends with me again?"

He nestled his sick head close to her lap, contentedly, and gave himself up to the exquisite sense of her cold, soft touch moving over his hand in the dark.

"'Mother of Grace, the pass is difficult'!" whispered the tortured girl. It was the mother instinct, which can look on death, that taught her calmness at this moment, and gave her strength to exert her love, else one of nature's miracles was wrought; for out of the anguish of her deadly fear came supreme rest to him she loved, and Darcie slept. His hand slipped from hers, lower and lower, and touched the sand; softly she saved the contact from disturbing him. He sighed, and breathed more deeply; he was gone, even beyond the consciousness of her.

She moved a trifle, cautiously; drew away her dress, and noiselessly raised herself upon her knees. All along the shore she seemed to hear stealthy footsteps and furtive, leafy rustlings, as of a hunter stalking big game. The rapid firing had ceased, but scattering shots came infrequently, one at a time, from a distance. Step by step she moved a little way

past the bushes, and looked out. Overhead the clouds were blown in wild masses; the stars in the dark blue lakes of sky, between, winked peacefully, while the torn and flying cloud-signals altered from moment to moment. So did the peace of heaven abide this senseless, passing hour, that proved nothing, changed nothing, simply added its score to the wrong side, the side of human passion, which must miss the mark a thousand times before one true aim shall raise the record a little higher as the centuries pass.

Faith was quieted; she had reached the limit of emotional fear, and now a species of insensibility crept over her — the reaction after the shock. She wondered why she could not feel as she ought the peril of all those other men who were strangers to her affection. Where was Mike — always rash with himself? Was he safe? And how was it with the honest Cassons — the wife waiting with her little sleepy brood about her, to learn perhaps that they were fatherless?

She started back from her relaxed outlook and hid herself as a man came running, like one pursued, out from a group of black birch-trees that stood together shivering in an open windy space. He ran uncertainly, this way and that, as if crazed with fear. His dog-hearted pursuer covered him with deliberate aim. It was pitiful to see him waver between the chances of the river and of the broken plain below. He was exhausted with running; his chest labored in hard, painful gasps; his legs were giving under him. The next moment he stumbled and fell. The other came up and turned him over with his foot, keeping the muzzle of his rifle close to his chest. He said something brief, which Faith did not hear. The "scab" never spoke, but threw out his hands expressively on the sod. The other searched his clothes, and took all that he had in money or small valuables, and, stirring him with his foot, said:

"Git — git out from here! I 'll give you till I count sixty."

The hunted man sprang up and ran. Once he turned his head over his shoulder, and saw his pursuer following him with cool aim. He plunged into the bushes, cleared the bank, and splashed into the river.

The man with the rifle stood on the bank and waited. Faith could have touched him where he stood. He watched till the swimmer's head showed plainly beyond the shoreward shadow, a black spot parting the current in mid-stream; then a bullet went clipping through the wild-rose thicket. The black spot turned toward the light; it was the man's face; he was taking his last look at the sky; his hands went up; he sank; and a coil of ripples unwound in widening circles toward the shore.

The hunter of "scabs" stood still a moment while the smoke of his rifle drifted away among the trees. Then he set his feet upon the bank, slid down, and stooped at the river's brink. He laid his face to the water, and drank; and the river did not refuse to quench his thirst.

Faith crept back to her place; her sleeper still slept. The man by the river turned her way, and set his feet again upon the bank. She slipped the mantle from her shoulders, and laid it, as soft as the rose of silence, upon Darcie's face. The silk-lined folds settled into place; he did not move. So he had looked when she had thought him dead. She clasped her hands upon her knees, and bent her head upon them. Steps came up the bank, and paused close beside her; she merely breathed. There was silence; then a voice said:

"Who is your man, my dear?"

She did not answer. Dan Rafferty studied the two figures attentively a moment.

"Is this you, Miss Bingham? and our folks lookin' for you high an' low! And who 's this party you are hidin' out with?"

Faith raised her head, but she did not speak.

"Show me his face! What 's the matter with him?" Rafferty made a step forward.

"Keep your hands off the dead!" said Faith.

"Dead, is he? I don't think you can play that on me. If he 's dead, it 'll not harm him to show me his face."

"There is a dead man whose face you will see in the day you go to meet your God. Oh, you are a villain!" Faith had risen, and placed herself between Rafferty and her sleeper; she was aware that Darcie was stirring; her flesh rose in horror; she had no hope, only to postpone the moment of discovery.

"I know you, Rafferty," said the desperate girl. "I will bear witness against you, to this thing you have done. Coward! you took his money, and then you took his life!"

"Come, now, that 's no way for a lady to talk! I want to see who 's your best feller. Pull that thing off his face! I bet I know who it is. Don't I know them English shoes? Well, if you won't, then stand aside. See here, now; I don't want to put me hands on you."

"Ah!" cried Faith, simply shuddering at him.

Rafferty gave a coarse laugh. "Come off the nest now, me little chicken! It 's your own doin's if I have to hurt you."

Suddenly Faith felt that she was free. Rafferty had loosed her, and stood listening.

"Quit that!" came Mike's great battle-roar. "Put up your bloody hands! I have the drop on ye."

Rafferty had not been the last to perceive that this was true. It settled the situation between him and Mike once more, and for the



"SHE SLIPPED THE MANTLE FROM HER SHOULDERS."

last time. Mike walked slowly forward, hurling taunts at his old enemy:

"Chuck me your weppins, Raffy, me boy. You 'll not want them where you 'll be goin' shortly; you 'll not be huntin' scabs in Boise City."

At the mention of Boise, which is the city of approximate justice and of occasional punishment, Rafferty gave Mike a bitter look; but he offered no retort.

"I hope the climate will agree with ye," Mike proceeded. "I hear it 's a nobby buildin', the Pen, an' the boys is doin' a little gard'nin'. Ye 'll make a fine gar'ner, Rafferty; I doubt ye 'll turn out a pious fraction of a man."

As he came opposite to the spot where his prisoner stood, Mike raised his rifle and lowered his head, and suddenly he opened cry, like one mad school-boy defying another:

"Run, Rafferty, me bould boy!" he yelled. "The scabs is after ye! Get a move on you! Shake it up, man! *Hit* the road!" and as Rafferty ran, Mike, roaring with laughter, leaped upon the top of the bank, and sent his big voice after the fugitive:

"The boat is in, Rafferty! And the throops is on board! That 's right, I 'm tellin' ye! The throops is on board! They 're flyin' light, two comp'nies from Sherman, an' Gin'ral Carlin in command. Will ye try the river, or will ye try the cañon? Tell our boys if ye meet 'em that martial law — is out — in the Co'r de Lane?"

Long after Rafferty was clean out of hearing Mike continued to disperse his soul in barbaric hoots and howls, till Darcie, rising on his elbow to listen for another sound, bade him hold his infernal riot.

A quarter of a mile away the troops were disembarking. The orders demanded a quiet landing, but Mike had heard the roll-call on board the boat before she touched the shore. And now the tramp of feet could plainly be distinguished treading the deck of the wharf-boat; now they were mustering on the ground. Two by two, in column of twos, the companies were marching as one man. Steady, through the night, on came the solid, cadenced tread. As sharp as pistol-shots rang the words of command. The white stripes, the steel points, gleamed through the trees. Silence; and "piercing sweet," O voice of rescue, in the dark distance the bugles sounded:

"Attention!"

It sent the blood to the hearts of all who heard that midnight call. Darcie thrilled, and was himself again in that moment of strong excitement. Faith broke down like a child, and wept. A word at last had been spoken to which even anarchy, red-handed, paused to listen. That brief order would carry through the night; it would fly from camp to camp through the mountain gorges, and every man who caught but the echo of that word would understand. Those who will not heed the voice of law, or soften to the stiller voice of kindness, must pause at last when the bugle sounds:

"Attention!"



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ALL QUIET IN THE CŒUR D'ALENE.

THERE was no "weddin' in Spokane," as Mike had generously predicted; but there was a doctor in Spokane, which was more to the immediate purpose.

The wedding was some months later, when the war was over, and the trials were over, and the technicalities of the law had done much to retract the ringing lesson which the clear-voiced bugles taught. The mines had resumed; Mr. Frederick Bingham had "resigned," and was investigating the Keeley cure; and Darcie Hamilton was sent over as manager of the Big Horn. This time he did stop in New York long enough to protect his claim to the virgin lode he had located, under trying circumstances, the previous summer in the Cœur d'Alene. (The name of it was not the Black Dwarf.) But the complications between that early, rash location and the subsequent patent under law would make another story, with a very different scene-setting. The family discussions, in Darcie's opinion, were far worse than any miners' war. He never knew on which side his best friend would turn up. His mother, for instance, was inflexibly against him, while his father, the most positive of men, was inclined—especially after seeing Faith's picture—to look upon the young man's adventures in the Cœur d'Alene as very much what might have been expected, so why make a row about a thing that was a mistake all around? Darcie by no means considered that any of it was a mistake; but if his father chose to call it so, and to give his consent to his wishes on that understanding, he was willing to yield the point, in name. But Faith declined to go to England, into a family that gave her so cold a welcome. Therefore Darcie came to America as manager of the Big Horn, and the intrepid young pair went westward on their conquering way, and left age and opposition behind them. And if they have disappointed each other's high expectations of happiness, the fact has not as yet transpired to the knowledge of their relatives.

Faith celebrates in her letters the wonderful wild flowers of the Cœur d'Alene, the grandeur of its mountains, the softness of its sudden spring. Other persons maintain that the spring has been very late in the Cœur d'Alene this year. Her aunts wonder if the climate has changed. Something has changed: the girl has found her heart of youth again, and with it the courage to be glad. The premature, crushing experiences of the year before, its shocks and shameful surprises, have taken their due place in relation to larger experiences and more vital discoveries. She has parted with one sacred illusion, but she is fortified against that irreparable loss by a deeper knowledge of life and its inevitable shortcomings. Greater joy than hers no woman, she believes, has ever known. She cannot look to have all the joys, and all the strengths, of a woman's perilous life of the affections.

Her mother she lost before she ever knew her. A father she never had; he died the spir-

itual death before his child was born. The body of Frederick Bingham still walks the earth, but his soul will never be cured by the Keeley or any other mundane cure; it expired too long ago. When the will is dead, the man is dead. His children can only mourn him, and pay what respect they may to the dreary remains.

Darcie has his enemies in the Cœur D'Alene, but he has also his stanch friends. Mike is foreman of the Big Horn in place of Peter Banning, deposed; and Kitty Tyler, now Kitty McGowan, makes the surly Big Horn kitchen a realm of perpetual sunshine. She is spoiling her young mistress for whosoever her successor may be when she and Mike go to housekeeping in the fall.

THE END.

Mary Hallock Foote.



DRAWN BY W. TABER. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

THE CHASE.

CAPTURE OF THE SLAVE-SHIP "CORA."

THE LAST SLAVER TAKEN BY THE UNITED STATES.

ON my graduation at the United States Naval Academy, I was ordered to the African Squadron in June, 1859. In the summer of 1860 the United States steamer *Constellation* was cruising on the station as the flag-ship of that squadron, bearing the broad pennant of Flag-Officer Inman. While eccentric to a degree, Flag-Officer Inman was remarkable for his energy, and was a gentleman of high standing in his profession and in the world. Out of the generosity of his heart he placed me on his staff, after a "blowing up" for a trivial matter of which I was innocent, and very soon afterward gave me my first shoulder-straps as acting-master of the United States steamship *Marion*, which position then carried with it the duties of navigating-officer in addition to those of watch officer. In the course of service, I was ordered to the United States steam-frigate *Niagara*, which carried home the first embassy Japan ever sent abroad. The *Niagara* on her outward voyage touched at St. Paul de Loando, the headquarters of the African Squadron, for water. Here we found the *Constellation*, and several of the ships of that squadron. On an official visit to the *Niagara*, all the officers being drawn up in line, my old commander spied me out, and with his usual eccentric warmth, stopped and shook my hand with a look of pleased surprise. About an hour after he left

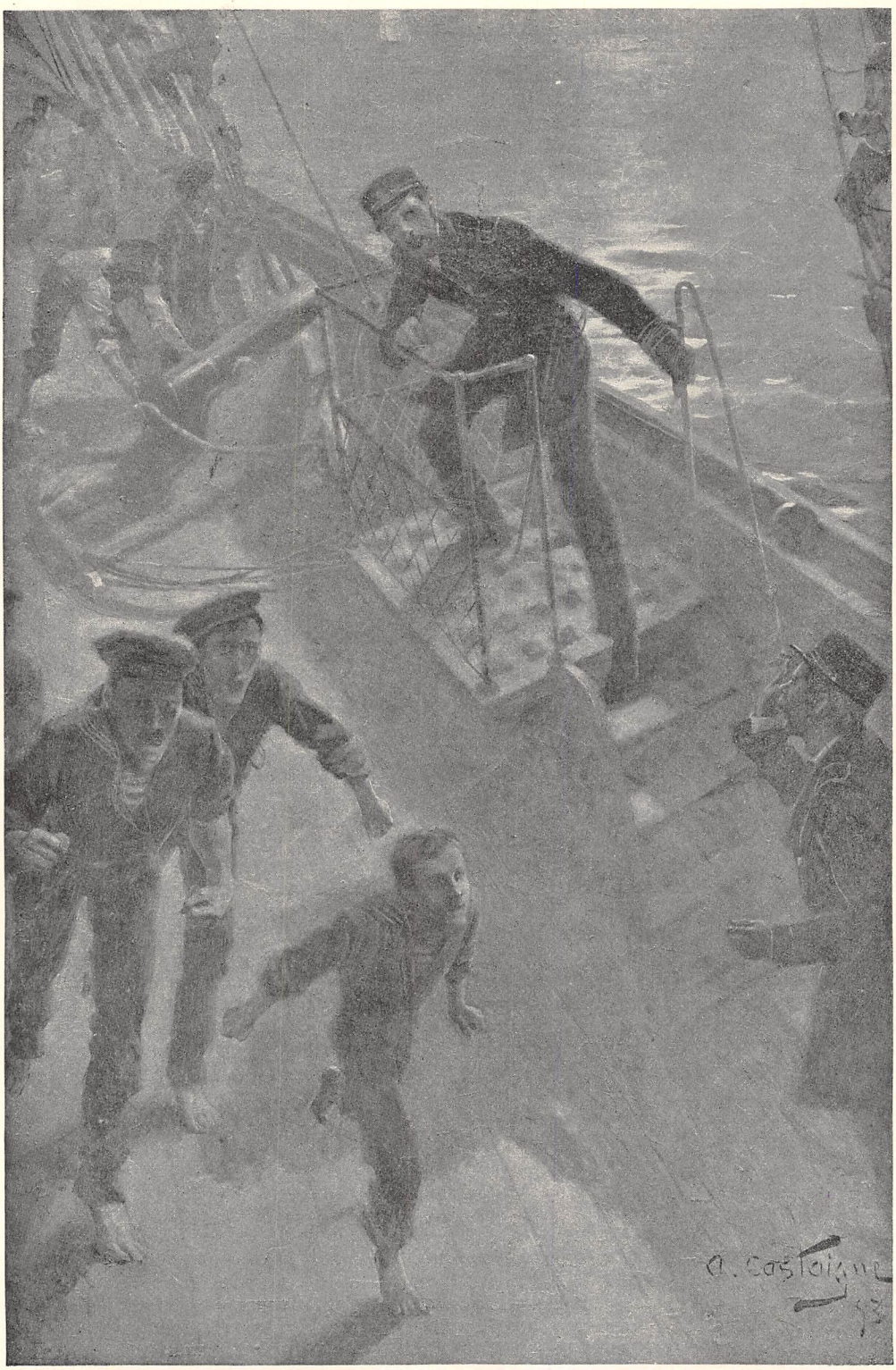
the ship, I received a note from the *Constellation*, saying the flag-officer wished me to return to his ship, and that if I so desired he would place me as junior watch-officer and his acting flag-lieutenant. This note concluded by saying I had better come back to old friends. In another hour I found myself once more on the *Constellation*.

In President Monroe's administration, the United States and Great Britain by treaty agreed to maintain each a squadron carrying at least 80 guns, on the African coast, to suppress the slave-trade, which to that time had received no real check. Each nation could search and might capture the merchant vessels of either, upon proof which satisfied the naval officer of the violation of the laws. In point of fact, while this right was occasionally used by British men-of-war, still they seldom exercised it against American vessels, and it became almost the rule that American men-of-war should perform the duty. This fact came about because the slave-trade was largely carried on by American vessels. And strange as it may seem, by way of parenthesis, the American vessels were invariably fitted out and despatched from northern ports, only one in many years immediately preceding the war having southern ownership — the schooner *Wanderer*, which landed slaves on the coast of Georgia; but these slaves were at once gathered in by the United States Government, and sent back to Africa on the steam-frigate *Niagara*.

Engaged in this duty, the *Constellation* was cruising on the African coast, the men finding relaxation only at long intervals in a short rest at Madeira, or the Canaries; or perhaps at one of the islands in the Bight of Benin. After one of these cruises, when off the Ambriz River, near the Congo, in August, 1860, the calm gave way to a refreshing breeze, and the *Constellation*, with all squaresail to royals, had just shaped her course for St. Paul de Loando. It was about 7 P. M., the sea was calm as a floor, and a beautiful moon lit the waters with a splendor rarely seen. The crew and officers were all on deck enjoying the refreshing change. Songs were heard forward, messenger boys were skylarking in the gangways, officers were pacing the lee quarter-deck. Suddenly from the foretopsail-yard rang out the cry, "Sail ho!"

Instantly laughter ceased, songs ended, men jumped to their feet — all was now expectancy. "Where away?" came sharply through the speaking-trumpet from the officer of the deck. "About one point for'ard of the weather beam, sir." Every eye caught the direction indicated. Sure enough, bright and glistening in the reflected moonlight, the sails of the stranger were seen, hull down, with the upper parts of the courses in view. She looked like a white phantom outlined against the clear-cut horizon. Glasses showed her to be a bark standing on the starboard tack, close-hauled to the wind, with every stitch of canvas drawing, royals, skysails, and staysails. The *Constellation* was at this time on the port tack, with royals, running with the wind about abeam. In a moment came the order, "Lay aft to the braces! Brace sharp up! Down main-tack and -sheet! Haul the bowlines!" This brought the *Constellation* close up to the wind, ready for further evolutions in chasing. For nothing on the African coast went unexamined, and every sail meant a chase and examination. The ship now felt the wind, and had the slight heeling which was one of her great peculiarities, but which only meant that she was like a thing of life, instinctively ready for the race. By this time came the quick, sharp, and clear notes of First-Lieutenant Donald McN. Fairfax (afterward rear-admiral), "All hands tack ship!" The first-lieutenant had taken the deck, and the chase was to begin. The sounds of the boatswain's whistle, and those of his mates, gave shrill notice throughout the ship, and their deep-toned voices, one after the other repeating the order, like rolling echoes of hoarse thunder in mountain glens, had not died away before three hundred men stood silent and expectant at their posts of duty, showing the discipline of the ship, and the eagerness of the men, for there was always excitement in a chase. "Down helm! Let fly head-sheets! Rise tacks and sheets! Let go the lee main and weather mizzen-braces! Clear away the bowlines! Haul well taut! Mainsail haul! Stand by! Let go and haul!" came quick, clear, and ringing from Fairfax, on the horse-block of the quarter-deck. The *Constellation* was simply superb in tacking, and round she came, raising her sharp bow from the sea like a racer ready for the signal.

Soon the ship was dashing along on the starboard tack with royals and staysails drawing. This evolution brought the chase on our weather beam. The *Constellation* was a remarkable sailer by the wind, and few ships were ever known to equal her when everything was braced sharp up and bowlines taut. The yards were now so sharp up that she ran nearer than the usual six points to the wind. In no long time the courses of the stranger began to rise, showing the gain we were making; and in an hour she was nearly hull up. It was as clear as day; but the light was that wonderfully soft light which the moon gives only in the tropics. The stranger's sails were as white in that light as a pocket-handkerchief. The breeze had freshened, so that we were running at least nine knots. Men had been sent aloft to wet down the topsails, and every thread was stretched with its duty, the leeches of the topsails just quivering. At this time a gun from



MR. FAIRFAX ON THE HORSE-BLOCK

our weather-bow was fired — a signal for the stranger to heave to, but on she sped, silent as a dream. We could now plainly see through the glasses that there was not a light about the ship, a most significant sign. Another gun was fired. As the white smoke came pouring over our deck, we lost sight of the chase, but as it was swept to leeward, there she ran silent and glistening, with no tack or sheet started. Suspicion now amounted almost to a certainty that we had a slave-ship at hand.

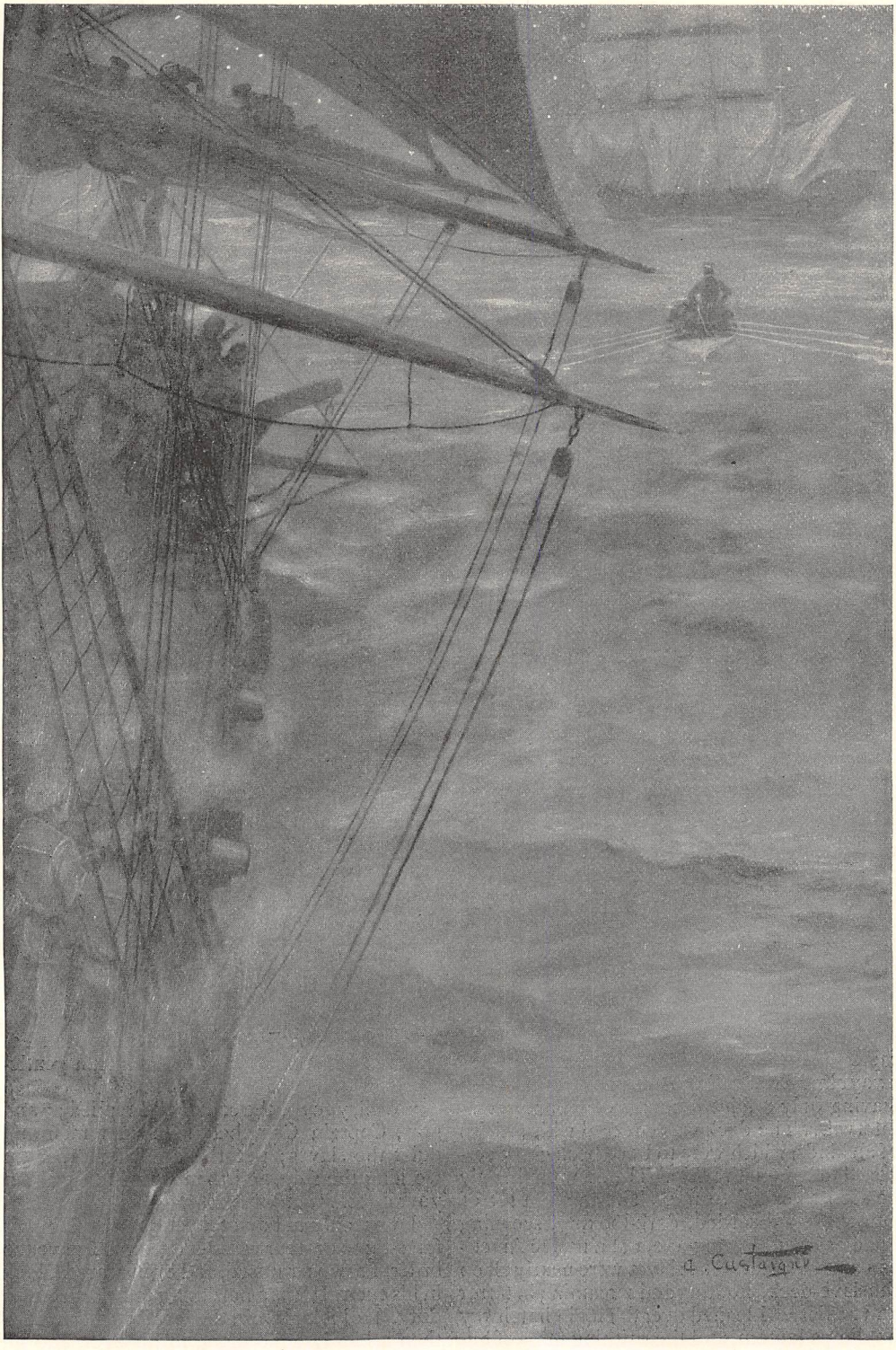
Our distance was yet too great to reach her with a shot. Soon her jib fluttered, her bow swung to the wind, the main-yards were hauled — altogether, she seemed to turn upon her very heel, and with the quickness, and almost the precision, of a man-of-war she had gone on the other tack, hoping doubtless to beat to windward. The *Constellation* followed her movement, and again fired a gun. We were both doing our utmost, and the two ships cut the brilliant waters on an apparently even course; but the *Constellation* was gaining. Nothing could prevent our overtaking the chase, unless a sudden squall should arise. This, possibly, was the stranger's hope. Again and again she tacked ship: we followed like Fate itself. About 11:30 we had the fleeing vessel within long range, and began a steady fire from one or two guns, shotted, and full of command. The orders were to aim at her upper spars, as all were now convinced that the hull was filled with slaves.

But little did we know the spirit of the slave-captain. He had determined to take every chance for escape, even to the sinking of the ship. This he subsequently told me. He saw that we were beating him to windward. Suddenly he executed a movement which evinced the determination of the man. It was rash, perhaps — because he lost ground; but he knew his vessel, and hoped by increased speed to prolong the chase, awaiting the chapter of accidents.

He deliberately put his helm up, brought the wind abeam, and set all his starboard studdingsails from lower to royals. Never did I see a more daring evolution. I myself since that night have had to run the gauntlet of thirteen men-of-war in broad daylight, taking their tremendous broadsides,— six on one side, seven on the other,—pouring thunderbolts upon our three poor little Confederate gunboats, carrying provisions to beleaguered Pulaski. But here was a slave-captain who, with a daring worthy of admiration, took the chances of having his ship blown out of the water to prolong the chase. His movement brought him within easy long range, but almost justified his risk; for the slave-bark, as she must now be called, appeared to fly like a frightened sea-bird, with a speed which challenged our best efforts, for we too had followed the movement, and were rushing through the water full ten knots under starboard studdingsails.

The slaver was well on our starboard bow. Mr. Fairfax called me to go with him on the gun-deck, where we ran two heavy 32's out to our bridle-ports ready for a chase dead ahead, which soon occurred. I was directed to carry away the upper spars and rigging, and under no circumstances to hit the vessel's hull! "Aim high and make your mark," he continued. I touched my cap and smiled; it was so like the admonition of an ambitious mother to her son. Soon one gun was sending round-shot whirling through the rigging. The bark edged away still further from the wind, and now rounding in her weather-braces, she had nearly crossed our bow, bringing the wind directly astern and setting her port studdingsails alow and aloft. She now went flying over the sea like a great white bird with her wings widely extended, with the *Constellation* following suit. We could have sunk her or raked her fore and aft. Every moment we hoped to bring down some of her spars or upper masts. At this time the chase was not a mile distant, but in the moonlight her distance seemed not half that. Suddenly our attention was attracted by dark objects on the water ahead of us. The slaver was lightening ship by throwing overboard casks, spars, and even spare masts. The sea appeared as if filled with wreckage in a long line. All at once boats were seen. "They are filled with negroes," I heard some one cry on deck. "Steady on your course," I heard the flag-officer shout on the forecastle just above my head. Sure enough they were boats, and as we sped they seemed to be coming swiftly to us. My heart beat with quick emotion as I thought I saw them crowded with human forms. Men on deck shouted that they were crowded with people, but we swept by, passing them rapidly. The slaver hoped we would stop to pick up his boats, and thus gain more time, but his ruse made us even more eager. Now, our guns redoubled, we knew the end must come soon, but there seemed no way to stop the chase without sinking her, and humanity forbade a shot in her hull. Her captain realized the situation, but even then his courage was wonderful.

On we went. Suddenly I saw her course begin to change; she was coming to windward — her studdingsails came fluttering down, her skysails and royals were clewed up, her foresail also, and as she rounded up to the wind and backed her maintopsail, the *Constellation* had barely time to get in her canvas, and round to under her maintopsail, scarcely two hundred yards to windward. "Away there, first cutters, away!" called the boatswain's mates, as their shrill whistles ceased. I had barely time to get



"THE FIRST CUTTER SPEEDING LIKE AN ARROW TO THE VESSEL."

on deck, after the guns had been secured, before I saw the first cutter, with our gallant first-lieutenant himself as the boarding officer, speeding like an arrow to the vessel, her oars scattering sparkling diamonds of phosphorescent water as they rose and fell. Every officer and man was leaning over our low hammock-rails, breathlessly waiting and watching. We saw the cutter round up to the gangway. "In bows; way enough!" we could hear Fairfax say distinctly, though his orders were low. Then came the rattling of the oars as they were tossed, and the grating of the cutter alongside. Fairfax's active figure could be seen quickly mounting the side, and then he disappeared as he leaped over the gangway into the waist. For two or three minutes the stillness was painful. One could hear men breathing in their excited anxiety. Suddenly there was a hail, in tones which I can recall as if heard to-day — clear, distinct, and manly, "*Constellation*, ahoy! You have captured a prize with over seven hundred slaves."

For a second the quiet still prevailed, and then the crew forward of the mainmast spontaneously gave three loud, ringing cheers. Only the sanctity of the quarter-deck prevented the officers from joining, but they shared the feelings of the crew. Aside from the natural feeling which success in a chase brings, there was large prize-money in prospect, for in every such capture the law divided among officers and men a sum equal to half the value of the ship and her outfit, and an additional sum of $25 for each slave captured, amounting in this case to at least $30,000. To a practical mind there was reason for cheering. The prize, however, was not surrendered by her captain, of whom we will speak again, but by the crew, who in terror of our guns hove-to the vessel.

It was about 2 A. M. when, by order of the flag-officer, I went on board the slaver with a prize-crew, consisting of nine men all told, one being a negro servant — all hastily selected, which accounted for some serious dangers to be spoken of hereafter. Closed lanterns here and there were now needed, for the breeze had died away almost to a calm, and the sky was covered, leaving only a faint glimmer of moonlight at intervals. The deck was covered with articles of all kinds, which were to have been cast overboard to lighten the ship. The crew could only be seen as called to me. They were a set of cutthroats — bearded, dark-looking, scowling Spaniards and Portuguese, not a native American among them. The slaves were nearly all on the slave-deck, shouting and screaming in terror and anxiety. I leaned over the main hatchway holding a lantern, and the writhing mass of humanity, with their cries and struggles, can only be compared in one's mind to the horrors of hell as pictured in former days. But I paid dearly for that sight. The sickening stench from hundreds of naked beings crowded into a space so small, in so warm a climate, without ventilation, was frightful. Overcome by horror at the sight and smell, I turned faint and sick at heart, and hastened to the stern. Here, seated on camp-stools, sullen and gloomy, were the officers; they made no sign of rising, or any offer of civility, though they recognized me with scowls as I passed among them, holding my lantern to examine their features. Two — the second and third mates — I saw at once were Danes or Swedes, not ill-looking, and having more honesty of countenance than I would have expected to see. I passed them by, and held my lantern so as to look into the face of another — such a face, cunning, cowardly, cruel, brutal, with duplicity written in every feature. This man was the first mate — a Russian, a villain below the grade of pirate, a murderous scoundrel, full of Satanic malice. One look in his face was enough. I felt danger for me, unceasing danger, in that man. Time verified my intuition, for mutiny and attempted murder of myself made every moment I passed with that man as my prisoner an unceasing and straining watch. I had been looking for the captain, and passed on to a large, powerfully built man who sat apart. As I held my light near his face, he rose — full six feet or more, splendidly proportioned, dressed somewhat in the sailor style of a man-of-war's man, with blue frock shirt and wide sailor trousers. His face was that of a man of intelligence and force, handsome, and covered with a full beard and a large, rounded mustache. "I am an Englishman, sir," he said, "and I protest against any indignity in the name of my queen, whose protection I claim. I hold you responsible for such protection; I am only a passenger." His voice was full-toned and manly, and his manner so earnest that for a moment he nearly deceived me. A slave-captain can't be found on board a slaver.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Campbell, at your service, and were I not a British subject, I 'd be an American gentleman."

"Well, you are the captain," I replied; "and now, Captain Campbell, take your men and quiet the slaves; put the decks in order for working the ship, and then we will talk about your queen."

I was only a boy of twenty-one. He was forty-three or -four years of age. As I gave the order, I saw a surprised, and even amused, look in his eyes. It was a new thing to be ordered to duty. He looked me in the face for a moment — then a kindly light shone in his eyes, and he laid his hand on my shoulder, — a powerful hand it was too, — and said, "Boy in years, but — you are an American gentleman. Well, so be



INTERVIEW WITH THE CAPTAIN.

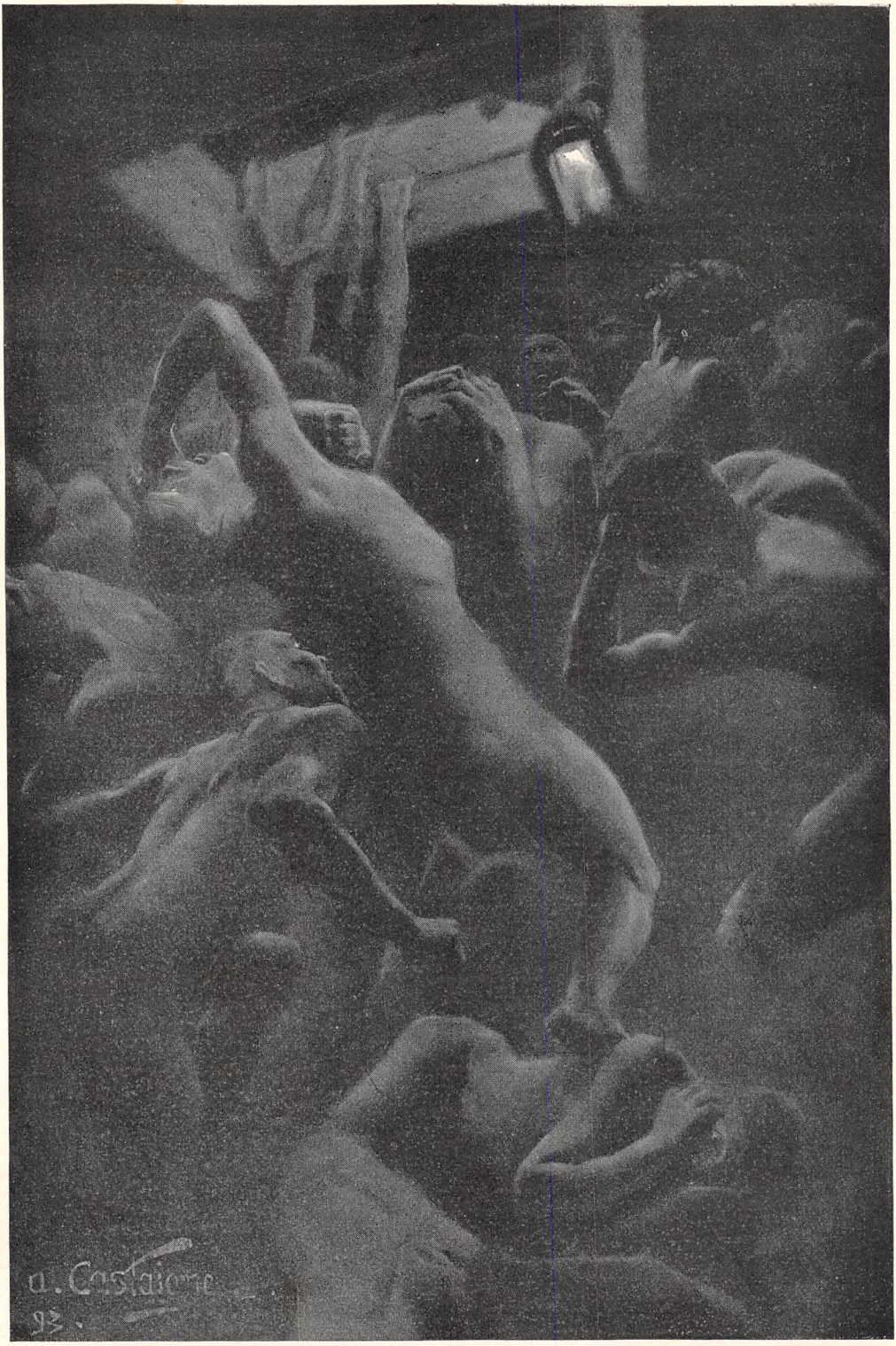
it. I 'll lighten your duties." Turning to his officers, he gave the necessary orders, and soon the din ceased, and the decks were once more sufficiently cleared to work the ship. I had been ordered simply to follow the motions of the flag-ship till daylight.

When I had divided my small crew into watches, and had put a man at the helm, I had a moment's time to look into the cabin which was to be my home. There were two cabins adjoining each other, with four state-rooms in the forward one, and two in the after. Here, in each of these rooms, I found one or two negro maidens, while several hovered in the corners, and crouched upon the sofa and on the floor. Like the rest of the slaves they were as nude as when born. They looked terribly frightened, and evidently considered me a sort of "lord high executioner." When daylight appeared, they were taken to the quarters of the other negresses.

The next morning found us rolling in a dead calm, and as the day grew on, the intense heat and glare made the slave-ship a den of indescribable horror. The slaves, of course, were brought on deck, or they would have suffocated and died — a course which was followed every day from early light till sunset, as long as I had them with me. They filled the waist and gangways in a fearful jam, for there were over seven hundred men, women, boys, and young girls. Not even a waist-cloth can be permitted among slaves on board ship, since clothing even so slight would breed disease. To ward off death, ever at work on a slave-ship, I ordered that at daylight the negroes should be taken in squads of twenty or more, and given a salt-water bath by the hose-pipe of the pumps. This brought renewed life after their fearful nights on the slave-deck. After their first bath under my charge, Mr. Fairfax came aboard bringing carpenters, boatswain's mates, and sail-makers; for the ship's rigging, sails, and spars had been badly injured aloft by our fire. That broiling day, and the next, these gangs were at work repairing damages, while the *Constellation* remained rolling near at hand.

In the mean time, I had been busily engaged in having an open lattice bulkhead put up on the slave-deck, close enough to prevent passing, and yet sufficiently open to give what ventilation could be obtained. The object was to make a complete separation of the sexes, which were about equal in numbers. Windsails were provided for ventilation, but with all this, no one who has never seen a slave-deck can form an idea of its horrors. Imagine a deck about 20 feet wide, and perhaps 120 feet long and 5 feet high. Imagine this to be the place of abode and sleep, during long, hot, breathless nights, of 720 human beings! At sundown, when they were carried below, trained slaves received the poor wretches one by one, and, laying each creature on his side in the wings, packed the next against him, and the next, and the next, and so on, till, like so many spoons packed away, they fitted into each other, a living mass. Just as they were packed, so must they remain, for the pressure prevented any movement, or the turning of hand or foot, until the next morning when from their terrible night of horror they were brought on deck once more, weak, and worn, and sick. Then, after all had come up and received the bath mentioned, there was the invariable horror of bringing up the bodies of those who had died during the night. One by one, they were cast overboard — a splash the only ceremony. For thirty odd fearful nights and days this routine was endured before I finally landed these creatures. At the time I write of, I was a slave-owner, but I had only known happy, well-fed, and carefully attended people, who were as a part of a large family. Since that service on the *Cora*, I have known how much it cost to Christianize the negroes, and I often see in reverie the rigid forms as they fell day by day into the tropic waters.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the second day, a light breeze sprang up, and the flag-ship sent a boat alongside with orders to sail when the signal pennant was hoisted. At the same time I was ordered to send the slave-captain aboard the *Constellation*. They were afraid to let him go with me. I must say something about my two days' intercourse with this man. He had apparently conceived as quick and kind a feeling for me as his first mate had at once shown me his hatred. The captain took his meals with me in the after-cabin, and I found him full of information, well acquainted with the world, bright, witty, and full of vivacity, abounding in anecdotes and original remarks. He had become very friendly in manner toward me, told me all the qualities of the ship, the characters of the crew, and the methods of dealing with them and the slaves. Though seated in his own cabin, he seemed to yield in a most natural manner to the logic of circumstances. He laughingly explained that he had lost $50,000 by this ship and its capture — saying that he would never have surrendered if he had been the captain, instead of a mere passenger and a British subject — though he "admired an American gentleman, yes, loved an American gentleman." Yet he did not hesitate to tell me that he heard the ship had been fitted out in New York, and he winked at me merrily as he told me how he "would like to see that town and great Broadway, and talk with the American gentlemen." I knew that he was an American of course, and that he was only playing the usual part. When I laughingly asked why he



"I LEANED OVER THE MAIN HATCHWAY HOLDING A LANTERN."

refused to acknowledge himself the captain, he replied with a twinkle in his eye, "Why, don't you see this is an American ship? Her captain must be an American — an American gentleman, while by law he is only a pirate! I 'm a British subject — but I rely on my queen for protection, and on you as an American gentleman."

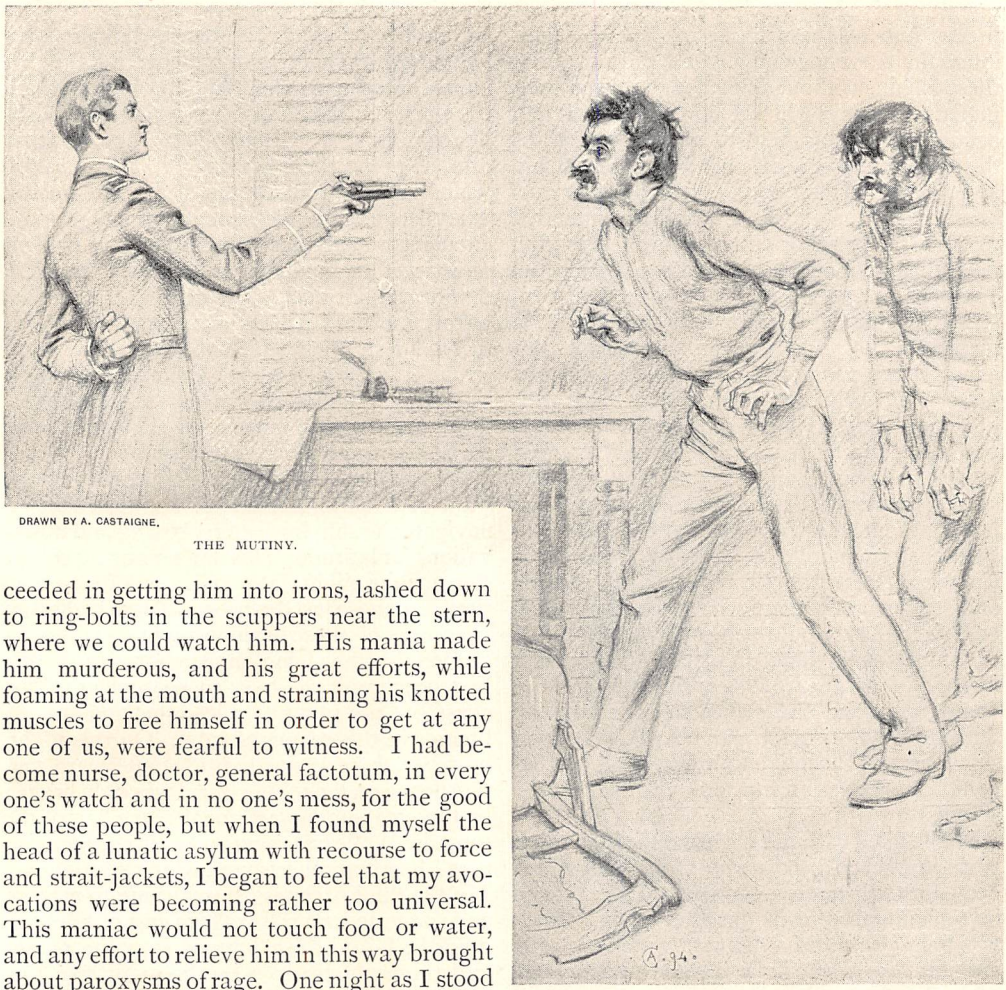
When he had been directed to get ready for his transfer to the *Constellation*, he came to me and said, "The boat officer tells me to give you a list of such of my effects as I take." I saw that he was hurt, and begged him to take whatever he wished without any such list, as I had confidence in him. His face brightened, and he said, "I love an American gentleman, and hope to show you so some day." And, indeed, he did show me that he was in earnest, for in the dark days of the beginning of the civil war I met my friendly slave-captain, and he proved his honesty of heart and kindness of feeling in a manner conclusive to "American gentlemen."

Just before parting he cautioned me against the first mate, bade me watch him, that "he was not a gen-tle-man," and, calling the second and third mates, bade them always "stand by" me. When I looked at the faces of his crew, I asked him, "Can I trust them?" His answer was, "Treat them right; though only a boy you are an American gentleman, and will get on well enough with them." Then he called up one of them — the worst-looking rascal of the whole crew, and said, "José, be true to this young officer. Do all you can to help him." "Si, señor," said the man without a look or gesture. But José did help me like a man, and so did the two Danes. The ship would have been lost, and even a worse fate would have been mine, had not these men been true and faithful when the need arose — for I had thirty desperate prisoners, and my prize-crew soon became reduced in numbers by events which will be told.

As it neared sunset, my slaver captain left me with a shake of the hand and a hearty God-speed — saying as he went down the ship's side: "You may have trouble — probably will; but act the American gentleman, and all will be right." As the cutter pulled away, he waved his handkerchief, and then a gun was fired from the *Constellation*, and the signal pennant fluttered at the mizzen. I squared away the yards, set the courses with a free wind, and the *Constellation* did the same on the opposite course. Soon it was night and I had gone out into the darkness with my prisoners and slaves. For some days without any incident we followed the coast to get the land and sea breezes. In the mean time, having found the decks too crowded to work the ship, during the day-time, with the slaves on deck, I devised a method which worked well. I selected an intelligent negro boy about twelve years of age, and, with the assistance of some of the men who could sew, rigged him up in a full suit of navy blue, gave him a naval cap with its broad band of gold, and a large flexible ratan, and christened him "Boatswain Tom." Tom's duties were to precede me wherever I went on deck, while working ship, and open a path for us to pass, with his ratan. The boy was very proud of his finery and authority, and he performed his duties well, the slaves always giving way with good humor to Tom. One duty Tom did not like. I had found a large hand-organ on board, brought evidently for the amusement of the slaves. Whenever the weather was clear, I had the organ on the poop, and Tom was organist. He thought it at first a very distinguished honor to be grinding out "The girl I left behind me," "Yankee Doodle," and comic minstrel songs; but by degrees Tom's African dislike of labor showed itself, and he often petitioned for an assistant.

In the mean time much sickness had begun to appear — stomach and other similar troubles, and many distressing and unsightly contagious diseases. I did all I could, but I had no medicine-chest. I found some alcohol well diluted, which I used where I thought it would prove effective. One case attracted my attention and sympathy. A boy about ten years old had a most terrible case of ophthalmia, which some of the slaves told me was the result of a contagious trouble, communicated to the child by close contact. I took him in the forward cabin, and had his eyes bathed frequently with a very weak wash of water and alcohol. At last he died. The slaver's admonition that this fearful disease was to be found among these wretched people put me on my guard to prevent ill to my prize-crew. In a short time one of my men was incapacitated for any duty, and became an additional care.

The daily duties were pressing upon us. In each watch there were only four men. One of these had to be stationed always at the cabin door armed with a revolver, with orders to shoot any slave-officer conversing with one of his men. This man on guard attended also to the main-sheet and topsail-halyards. There was one man at the helm, one forward, and one in the gangway. I attended the after-braces and the spanker gear. I had in my watch a gallant young seaman, with as brave a heart and active a body as ever reefed a topsail, or hauled out a weather-earing in a gale. He was a Scotchman — Burns by name. This young fellow was omnipresent on deck, and true in all cases of trouble. Among our slaves, one, a Hercules in size and strength, became insane, and was soon a raving maniac. We had suc-



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE MUTINY.

ceeded in getting him into irons, lashed down to ring-bolts in the scuppers near the stern, where we could watch him. His mania made him murderous, and his great efforts, while foaming at the mouth and straining his knotted muscles to free himself in order to get at any one of us, were fearful to witness. I had become nurse, doctor, general factotum, in every one's watch and in no one's mess, for the good of these people, but when I found myself the head of a lunatic asylum with recourse to force and strait-jackets, I began to feel that my avocations were becoming rather too universal. This maniac would not touch food or water, and any effort to relieve him in this way brought about paroxysms of rage. One night as I stood on the poop just over his head, I was startled by seeing him rise with a frantic effort. He had released his hands from the manacles, and had unlashed those on his legs from the ring-bolt to which they had been secured. It was a moment of life and death. I shouted for Burns and the watch, and sprang down the ladder. The maniac was endeavoring to go forward, his huge body swaying and his great arms held aloft, one of his hands holding the unfastened irons ready as a terrible weapon. Burns jumped upon him from the front, I from the back — the other two men as they came. He tossed and threw us about as a lion would toss whelps, and not till all the men had been aroused by the cries of the man at the wheel did we finally secure the madman. A day or two after, early in the morning, Burns came to me and said, as he touched his cap, "The devil is dead, sir." "You mean the madman," I asked. "He was the devil himself," persisted Burns, quite respectfully.

One incident in which Burns roused the ship in earnest will be given here, though not in the exact order of time. The first mate had given great cause at all times for anxiety, and had finally made an effort to win over some of my men. In one case he had so far succeeded as to cause one, an able seaman, but always a mutinous man, who had been tried for striking the boatswain of the *Constellation*, to rebel against my orders to cease his private communication with the slaver's mate. This man carried his mutiny so far as to threaten me personally, and to call upon the mate to stand by him when I ordered him to be put in irons. The mate advanced upon me from his cabin with oaths and threats, calling loudly upon others. He was quieted by my revolver in his very teeth, and submitted to being ironed only when he felt his head would be blown off. I had these men put into separate state-rooms, after being ironed — the rooms made more secure by heavy oaken battens on the doors, and the doors themselves secured by strong padlocks. The two

rascals received notice that they would be shot if seen outside these rooms, except at stated intervals. I wonder now that I did not shoot these villains without delay, for I realized their plot, the details of which I learned later. It had been discussed by them to murder several of the prize-crew — myself included, seize the ship and slaves, and then, by the aid of the other prisoners, carry the slaves as originally intended to Cuba. My sailor's mutiny broke the plan before it had matured, for the two Danes and José had not been brought to give their consent to a matter which would certainly have placed all their necks in the halter, sooner or later. Burns was now for "a drumhead court-martial and a military execution, without frills or trimmings," as he expressed it. I endeavored to calm his fears, while urging renewed vigilance. It would only have required a glance at any moment to have made Burns act like the courtiers who took it upon themselves to "rid their monarch of so great a worry as Thomas a Becket." He assured me "that he and one or two others who were true to me and their duty would settle the business." I told him not to think of such a thing, except in case of another overt outbreak, for if we could only land the slaves in Monrovia, all danger of an uprising would most likely be over, since the real incentive to mutiny and murder could only be found in the hope of selling the slaves.

While filled with these cares one night, tired, worn, drenched by the rain of a squall which came furiously but was soon over, I had thrown myself on the sofa in the after-cabin. Burns was lying down, tired out with watching, care, and anxiety, on the floor of the forward cabin, where he always slept like a watch-dog, guarding me from the dangers which he knew were real enough, and which grew greater by revolving them so constantly in his tired head. I had been asleep only a few minutes, it seemed to me, but fully an hour in reality, when I was aroused by sudden and startling cries of "Murder! Help! Murder!" I jumped up, revolver in hand, and rushed through the cabin. That the few men on deck were being murdered and thrown overboard was my only conclusion. I could see them running aft on the lee side, toward the cabin door. I raised my revolver, and was in the act of firing, when my wrist was strongly seized and held. It was the man on duty at the cabin door. He pointed to Burns, who still lay on the floor, rolling uneasily in his slumber and calling "Murder!" Poor fellow; he had had a terrible nightmare, which came near ending the lives of some of the men on deck.

The squall to which I have alluded had been succeeded by almost a calm, and yet there was an electrical disturbance which was very remarkable. At times the dense darkness was lighted up by sheet lightning covering the sky, almost crimson in color. Another feature which the electricity assumed was a weird and ghost-like exhibition of St. Elmo's lights. At each yard-arm, or point, there seemed to hang a canny white lamp, outlining the yards and masts. The effect was not pleasant after the night's excitement, and all these conditions gave evident uneasiness to the negroes on their crowded, damp, and hot deck. Their voices in tones of terror, and their groans and lamentations, indicated that their superstitious natures were wrought to a high tension. I trimmed the wind-sails to give them air, and relieve their sufferings; but the next morning there were five or six bodies to be given to the sea.

One of our chief sources of danger was the want of a chronometer. It was necessary to navigate the ship by dead reckoning and observations for latitude. This danger was especially shown a few nights later under conditions very similar to those just described. There had again been one of those furious night-squalls, succeeded by the same moist, hot calm. We had been running so as to keep clear of the coast, but not so far as to lose the land and sea breezes in this region of calm. On this night, however, there was no lightning afterward, and the silence on the rolling vessel was only broken by the creaking of yards or the lazy flap of the topsails. While watching and waiting, I fancied that I heard another sound which startled me. My "faithful Achates" Burns came to my side and suggested "surf." "Get a cast of the lead, quick!" I said. He jumped into the chains and threw the lead. "By the mark, five," he called. There was not a moment to lose. With all our efforts we only had time to get out an anchor and clew up the topsails, as we swung round and distinctly heard the angry roar of the heavy surf near at hand. At daylight we could see how close to wreck we had been — not a mile away the heavy surf was breaking high upon the gray, barren land. We had been carried in by a temporary current, and by compass errors, which I had had no opportunity to correct.

Such incidents as these, with increasing work, poor food irregularly taken and never relished, badly cooked and worse served, made life on the slave-ship a very severe strain. As we got further to the north, it became necessary to bear away from the coast to avoid being caught by the strong currents setting to the eastward into the Bight of Benin, and the northern part of the Gulf of Guinea. In doing so we were often compelled to hold on to our canvas longer than seemed safe — a thing almost necessary, since my prize-crew was now reduced to six men.

One night, in the first watch with the ship under square-sail, I saw a squall working from windward, and reduced the canvas to topsails fortunately, but hung on to the courses, thinking the squall would pass astern. I had a landsman, Simmons, stationed to tend maintopsail-halyards, and also the main-sheet when ordered, and I carefully instructed him what to do. Burns was forward with a man, so I felt safe there, as he knew my plans: I was to tend the spanker-sheet. I intended to let go the fore- and main-sheets and spill the sails, settle the topsails if absolutely necessary, luff the ship and keep her so till the squall passed, in case it struck us and should prove too heavy. But however good our plans, neither care nor prudence can always command success. Unfortunately I misjudged the force of the squall. It came upon us with fury. I gave the necessary orders, but Simmons, in terror at the violence of the wind and its frightful noise, was too paralyzed with fear to obey. The ship did not come to the wind, but did come near to capsizing. She heeled till the green water came rolling over the rail in white foam. I leaped into the scuppers, now filled with water, let go the main-sheet and the topsail-halyards by the run. I jumped on the poop to put the helm down, for I knew the man at the wheel must have put it hard up. Imagine my surprise at hearing José's voice in the darkness in his broken English shout into my ear "All right, it is hard alee now," and soon the ship was shaking in the wind, sails and blocks flapping with noise like thunder in the howling blast. José had heard my order, had seen it disobeyed, and while I cast off the main-sheet and topsail-halyards, he righted the helm and brought the ship to the wind, where his steady hand held her till the danger was over. From that night for four long, dangerous months José always had the helm in my watch. He was a faithful, true, and brave man, always obedient, ever watchful, quiet, and attentive; and yet, if ever there was a pirate in countenance, it was that dirty, ragged Spaniard. In many serious dangers to come, before we reached America, he was steady and true.

The following day, while we ran smoothly along in a bright sea, with a clear sky overhead, I watched the naked slaves as they sat chattering around tubs filled with boiled rice and peas, which I always carefully examined before serving, to test the cooking, and felt a deep sense of thankfulness that they had not been lost by me. They were fed twice a day, at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M., when large buckets of water were carried around, and each one given a liberal drink.

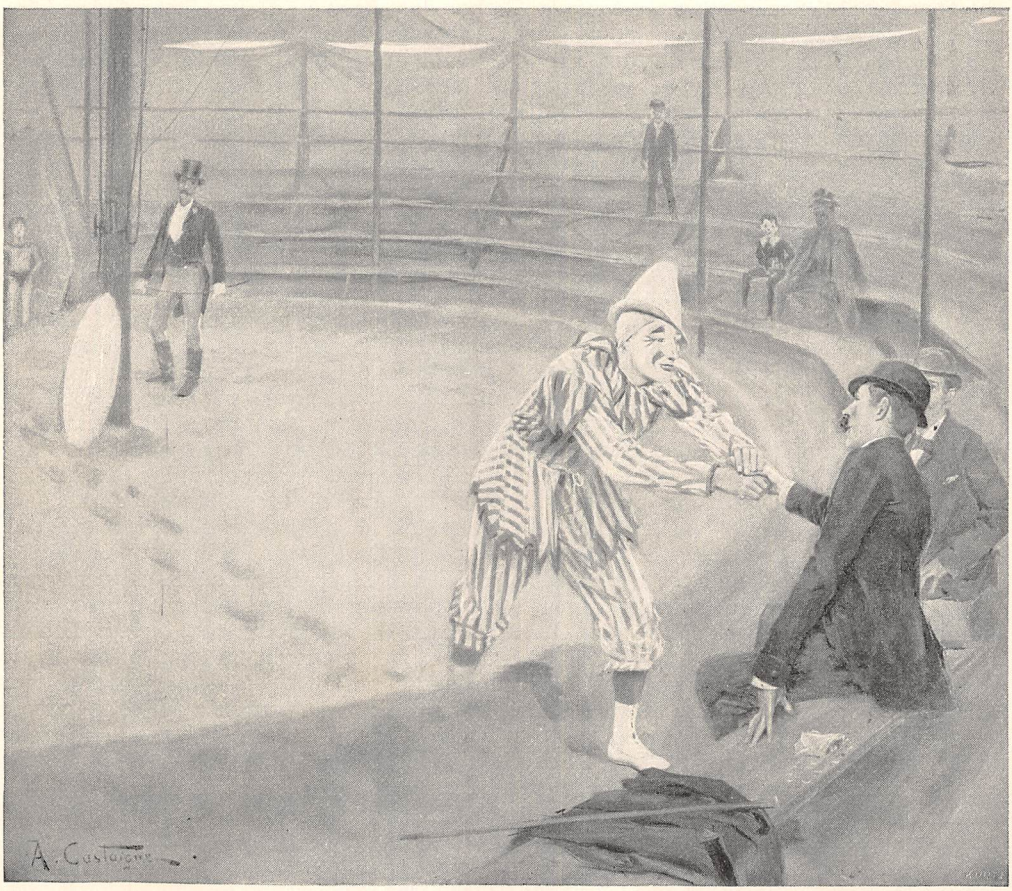
During all these days I had not sighted a sail, but one bright morning the smoke of a steamer was seen, hull down. She had evidently sighted us, and since we could perceive that her course was changed, we at once knew her to be an American or English man-of-war who wished to examine us. This offered me the only recreation I had on board the *Cora*; I determined to give her a race. Clapping on everything which would draw, the *Cora* made her best through the bright water sparkling under the sun of a clear sky. From the maintopmast cross-trees, by the aid of glasses, I soon identified her. She was the United States steamship *Mohican*. We gave her a delightful race, and when at last she drew near enough to hoist the United States flag and fire a gun, there was no excuse but to obey promptly. We ran up our flag and hove to. Soon a boat came to board us. Lieutenant Crossman, "little Crossman" of the 1851 date, stepped aboard. It was quite delightful to meet him, and equally so to enjoy his surprise. It was our last meeting.

After more than thirty days since parting with the *Constellation* we reached Monrovia, Liberia, where we were to land the slaves. The United States had an arrangement with Liberia, which, however, we had not then recognized as a government, by which provision was made for the support of liberated slaves by the Liberian authorities for one year. These authorities bound the slaves to their citizens, and good results were supposed to come from the transaction. Our stay at Monrovia was prolonged by the need of fumigating and cleansing the ship. I had been generally broken down, and was now quite sick. I shall not soon forget the faithful service of Dr. Roberts, given me with a dignity which rather surprised me, a young slave-owner. This physician was the brother of Liberia's first president — a dark mulatto, educated, I think he told me, at Oberlin College, Ohio. At all events he was skilful, considerate, and attentive. It was necessary to perform a simple operation, which he did with care and success; and a scar on my neck reminds me to this day of the Liberian doctor.

The long voyage from Monrovia was filled with suffering, want, and danger. Heavy gales of winter followed the *Cora* across the Atlantic. One of my men was lost overboard in a furious gale, though we made great efforts to save him, and now the two Danes came to the rescue. One terrible night in a raging winter's storm, while close reefing the maintopsail, by the lightning's glare I saw one on the weather, and the other on the lee maintopsail-yard, the ship rolling almost to her yardarms. In this gale we were hove to for many days, with two other ships, the *Cora* being in the middle. One, to windward, went down in a terrible night, and when the light came, the sea was strewn with her wreckage; the other and the *Cora* afterward drifted apart. Our water-supply had failed, and now we were driven to the necessity of replenishing our supply by catching rain-water in tarpaulins, and our

provisions were only a small supply of beans. The ship had crossed the Gulf Stream, and we had sighted Long Island, when we were again driven far seaward by one of those terrible winter gales which make everything a mass of ice. When we were once more able to make sail and shape a course, one dark afternoon, in half a gale of wind, we sighted a vessel which we knew to be a Maine-built ship. Running close on our opposite courses, I hailed: "What news from the United States?" "Abraham Lincoln is elected President," came back the reply in tones of joy, and a paper tied to an iron bolt was thrown safely on our deck. I felt that days of gloom hung over our country; nor was I wrong. Many days later, late one evening about Christmas, 1860, in the midst of a snow-storm, and steering through heavy masses of broken ice, I anchored the *Cora* under the stern of the receiving-ship at the Brooklyn navy-yard — a prize to a country no longer united.

I had chosen sides with the South, and, after resigning from the United States Navy, was on duty in New York on a special mission of importance. One bitter cold night about the middle of March, 1861, just as my mission was nearing success, in passing down Broadway I stepped into the lobby of one of the large hotels. As I stood waiting for a friend, I saw near at hand, in the rear of the hall, three or four well-dressed men, such as you may see on Broadway any fine day. One was tall, handsome, fashionably attired. He had a face clean-shaven except a large, curling, and well-shaped mustache. At some remarks which brought out his patriotism, for the country was then ablaze from Canada to Mexico, he curled his whalebone stick with graceful poise above his head, and apostrophized, in language both humorous and pathetic, the American flag. As he ceased, he turned and caught my eye. My friend came up at this moment, and we started to go. I had not taken three steps, however, before I heard the voice of this man call, "Stop, stop, there — I want to speak to you!" I did not turn my head, but continued straight for the door, fearing lest some trouble should involve the important trust committed to me. Indeed, I



AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

had been under espionage, and New York at that time was blazing with excited passions. I had not gone far, however, before I heard his quick step following me. I turned my head neither to the right nor to the left, but marched steadily on. In a moment more I felt a strong, heavy hand laid upon my shoulder. I stopped and turned. "What will you have, sir?" I asked. He bent down, and looked over my shoulder from behind well into my face. Then he asked, after his keen scrutiny, "Don't you know me?" "No," I said. He laughed in a pleased manner. "Don't you know Campbell of the *Cora?* — a so-called British subject, but really an American gentleman?" He spoke this in a whisper. I started with surprise. There was nothing in this rather distinguished looking man to recall the slave-captain. "Heavens!" I cried; "are you Campbell?" "The same, my young commander — the same," he answered. Then putting his arms around my neck with gentleness, he called his friends to us. "Gentlemen," he said in low tones, "this is the youngster I told you of, who captured me when I was after 'black-birds.' These are my friends — American gentlemen," he said to me by way of introduction. He seemed as glad to meet me as if I had done him some great service. The next day he called to see me at the Astor House, where I was staying. He told me that he had escaped from the *Constellation* at St. Paul de Loando, through masonic friends; from thence he had gone to the Congo River; there had joined as a bona-fide passenger a slave-ship bound for Cuba, having nine hundred slaves aboard. He had only lately returned to New York. "And now," he said, "I know the government is in arrears to all its officers," — a sad and very true fact at that time,— "and I want to offer you any means or funds you may need." I was greatly astonished at his generous offer, and having assured him that I did not need any assistance, I asked, "Why do you feel so kindly to me, who was one of the instruments of such heavy loss to yourself?"

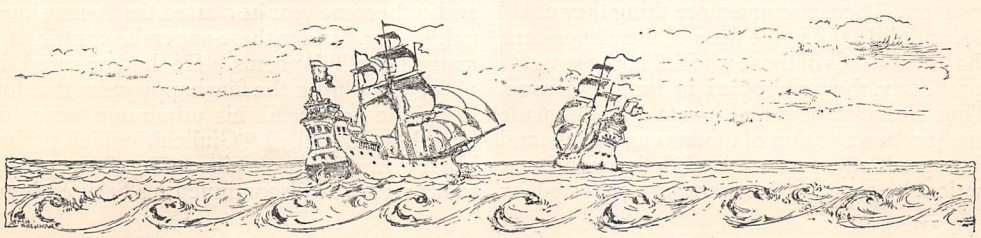
"Do you remember, my boy," he said, "that I told you I loved an American gentleman, and hoped some day to show it? Well, you treated me as an American gentleman, and put confidence in me when I was a technical pirate. That's why I love you and will serve you at any time as an 'American gentleman.'"

The sad four years of war followed. About a year after its close, I sat one afternoon, in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, with a former naval comrade, on the bare boards in a circus tent, waiting the afternoon performance. We had gone early, and there were probably not half a dozen persons yet assembled. As we sat talking over old times and past events, we saw the clown in his full uniform of paint, cap, and stripes come out from the dressing-room, pass into the ring, cross over, and then, to my surprise and confusion, step briskly over the benches directly up to me. He seized my hand—"God bless you, my boy. How glad I am you have escaped all the dangers of war. Oh, I 'm Campbell," he explained, seeing my surprise, "*not* a British subject, but well — an American gentleman. Meet me after the performance is over. The ring-master calls me — adios." Then he vanished till his watch on deck was called, when with his "Here we are now, sir," to the ring-master, he made speeches to the riding young lady, joked with the ring-master, sang his comic songs, pretended to turn somersaults and failed, then outdid all in gymnastic feats — in short he made all the world laugh. I met him as agreed — and what a change! Once more the tall handsome man, a little older, perhaps a little more rugged, but strong and manly in figure, and winning in manner and word. He told me much of himself now, and gave me his real name, which was Donaldson. He had been sailor, lounger, and pseudo-gentleman of leisure on Broadway, negro minstrel, clown, slave-captain — perhaps the list had better be closed; but he had a faithful, generous heart. He was a brave man, even though a statutory pirate.

About fifteen years ago I read with sadness in an American paper, while as one of the American officers of the Egyptian Army I was serving as major of engineers on the staff of the Khedive of Egypt, a telegram from the city of Washington: "Died suddenly last night in this city, the celebrated clown, William B. Donaldson."

Nature intended this American slaver to be a chivalrous hero; Fate led him by a rugged path to a height where he could at least see and admire that embodiment of manhood, which he fain would have been — "an American gentleman."

Wilburn Hall.



ZMAI IOVAN IOVANOVICH.

THE CHIEF SERVIAN POET.

HARDLY is there a nation which has met with a sadder fate than the Servian. From the height of its splendor, when the empire embraced almost the entire northern part of the Balkan peninsula and a large portion of the territory now belonging to Austria, the Servian nation was plunged into abject slavery, after the fatal battle of 1389 at the Kosovo Polje, against the overwhelming Asiatic hordes. Europe can never repay the great debt it owes to the Servians for checking, by the sacrifice of their own liberty, the barbarian influx. The Poles at Vienna, under Sobieski, finished what the Servians attempted, and were similarly rewarded for their service to civilization.

It was at the Kosovo Polje that Milosh Obilich, the noblest of Servian heroes, fell, after killing the sultan Murat II. in the very midst of his great army. Were it not that it is a historical fact, one would be apt to consider this episode a myth, evolved by contact with the Latin and Greek races. For in Milosh we see both Mucius and Leonidas, and, more than this, a martyr, for he does not die an easy death on the battle-field like the Greek, but pays for his daring deed with a death of fearful torture. It is not astonishing that the poetry of a nation capable of producing such heroes should be pervaded with a spirit of nobility and chivalry. Even the indomitable Marko Kraljevich, the later incarnation of Servian heroism, when vanquishing Musa, the Moslem chief, exclaims, "Woe unto me, for I have killed a better man than myself!"

From that fatal battle until a recent period, it has been black night for the Servians, with but a single star in the firmament — Montenegro. In this gloom there was no hope for science, commerce, art, or industry. What could they do, this brave people, save to keep up the weary fight against the oppressor? And this they did unceasingly, though the odds were twenty to one. Yet fighting merely satisfied their wilder instincts. There was one more thing they could do, and did: the noble feats of their ancestors, the brave deeds of those who fell in the struggle for liberty, they embodied in immortal song. Thus circumstances and innate qualities made the Servians a nation of thinkers and poets, and thus, gradually, were evolved their magnificent national poems, which were first collected by their most prolific writer, Vuk Stefanovich Karajich, who also compiled the first dictionary of the Servian tongue, containing more than 60,000 words. These national poems Goethe considered fit to match the finest productions of the Greeks and Romans. What would he have thought of them had he been a Servian?

While the Servians have been distinguished in national poetry, they have also had many individual poets who attained greatness. Of contemporaries, there is none who has grown so dear to the younger generation as Zmai Iovan Iovanovich. He was born in Novi Sad (Neusatz), a city at the southern border of Hungary, on November 24, 1833. He comes from an old and noble family, which is related to the Servian royal house. In his earliest childhood he showed a great desire to learn by heart the Servian national songs which were recited to him, and even as a child he began to compose poems. His father, who was a highly cultivated and wealthy gentleman, gave him his first education in his native city. After this he went to Budapest, Prague, and Vienna, and in these cities he finished his studies in law. This was the wish of his father, but his own inclinations prompted him to take up the study of medicine. He then returned to his native city, where a prominent official position was offered him, which he accepted, but so strong were his poetical instincts that a year later he abandoned the post to devote himself entirely to literary work.

His literary career began in 1849, his first poem being printed in 1852, in a journal called "Srbski Letopis" ("Servian Annual Review"); to this, and to other journals, notably "Neven" and "Sedmica," he contributed his early productions. From that period until 1870, besides his original poems, he made many beautiful translations from Petefy and Arany, the two greatest of the Hungarian poets, and from the Russian of Lermontof, as well as from German and other poets. In 1861 he edited the comic journal, "Komarac" ("The Mosquito"), and in the same year he started the literary journal, "Javor," and to these papers he contributed many beautiful poems. He had married in 1861, and during the few happy years that followed he produced his admirable series of lyrical poems called "Giulichi," which probably remain his masterpiece. In 1862, greatly to his regret, he discontinued his beloved jour-

nal, "Javor"—a sacrifice which was asked of him by the great Servian patriot, Miletich, who was then active on a political journal, in order to insure the success of the latter.

In 1863 he was elected director of an educational institution, called the Tekelianum, at Budapest. He now ardently renewed the study of medicine at the university, and took the degree of doctor of medicine. Meanwhile he did not relax his literary labors. Yet, for his countrymen, more valuable even than his splendid productions were his noble and unselfish efforts to nourish the enthusiasm of Servian youth. During his stay in Budapest he founded the literary society Preodnica, of which he was president, and to which he devoted a large portion of his energies.

In 1864 he started his famous satirical journal, "Zmai" ("The Dragon"), which was so popular that the name became a part of his own. In 1866 his comic play "Sharan" was given with great success. In 1872 he had the great pain of losing his wife and, shortly after, his only child. How much these misfortunes affected him is plainly perceptible from the deeply sad tone of the poems which immediately followed. In 1873 he started another comic journal, the "Ziza." During the year 1877 he began an illustrated chronicle of the Russo-Turkish war, and in 1878 appeared his popular comic journal, "Starmali." During all this period, he wrote not only poems, but much prose, including short novels, often under an assumed name. The best of these is probably "Vidosava Brankovicheva." In recent years he has published a great many charming little poems for children.

Since 1870 Zmai has pursued his profession as a physician. He is an earnest advocate of cremation, and has devoted much time to the furtherance of that cause. Until recently he was a resident of Vienna, but now he is domiciled in Belgrade. There he lives the life of a true poet, loving all and beloved by everybody. In recognition of his merit, the nation has voted him a subvention.

The poems of Zmai are so essentially Servian that to translate them into another tongue appears next to impossible. In keen satire free from Voltairian venom, in good-hearted and spontaneous humor, in delicacy and depth of expression, they are remarkable. Mr. Johnson has undertaken the task of versifying a few of the shorter ones after my literal and inadequate readings. Close translation being often out of the question, he has had to paraphrase, following as nearly as possible the original motives and ideas. In some instances he has expanded in order to complete a picture or to add a touch of his own. The four poems which follow will give some idea of the versatility of the Servian poet, but come far short of indicating his range.

Nikola Tesla.

PARAPHRASES FROM THE SERVIAN.[1]

AFTER ZMAI IOVAN IOVANOVICH.

THE THREE GIAOURS.

IN the midst of the dark and stormy night
Feruz Pacha awakes in fright,
And springs from out his curtained bed.
The candle trembles as though it read
Upon his pallid face the theme
And terror of his nightly dream.

He calls to his startled favorite:
"The keys! the keys of the dungeon pit!
Cannot those cursèd Giaours stay
There in their own dark, rotting away,
Where I gave them leave three years ago?
Had I but buried their bones! — but, no!
They come at midnight to clatter and creep,
And haunt and threaten me in my sleep."

"Pacha, wait till the morning light!
Do not go down that fearful flight
Where every step is a dead man's moan!
Mujo to-morrow will gather each bone
And bury it deep. Let the Giaours freeze
If thy bed be warm."

"Nay, give me the keys.
Girl, you talk like a wrinkled dame
That shudders at whisper of a name.
When they were living, their curses made
A thousand cowards: was I afraid?
Now they are dead, shall my fear begin
With the Giaour's curse, or the skeleton's grin?
No, I must see them face to face
In the very midst of their dwelling-place;
And ask what need they have of me
That they call my name eternally."

As groping along to the stair he goes
The light of the shaking candle shows
A face like a white and faded rose;
But if this be fear, it is fear to stay,
For something urges him on his way —
Though the steps are cold and the echoes mock —
Till the right key screams in the rusted lock.

Ugh! what a blast from the dungeon dank! —
From the place where Hunger and Death were wed;
Whence even the snakes by instinct fled,
While the very lizards crouched and shrank
In a chill of terror. 'T is inky black,

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And icy cold, but he cannot go back,
For there, as though the darkness flowers —
There sit the skeletons of three Giaours
Ghost-white in the flickering candle-gleam! —
(Or is it the remnant of his dream?)
About a stone that is green with mold
They sit in a group, and their fingers hold
Full glasses, and as the glasses clink
The first Giaour beckons him to drink.

"Pacha, here is a glass for thee!
When last on me the sunlight shone
I had a wife who was dear to me.
She was alone — no, not alone;
The blade in her hand was her comrade true,
As she came to your castle, seeking you.

"And when she came to your castle gate
She dared you forth, but you would not go.
Fiend and coward, you could not wait
For a woman's wrath, but shot her, so.
Her heart fell down in a piteous flood.
This glass is filled with her precious blood.

"See how fine as I hold it up!
Drink, Feruz Pacha, the brimming cup!"

Spellbound the Pacha now draws nigh;
He empties the glass with a sudden cry:
The skeletons drink with a laugh and toss,
And they make the sign of the holy cross.

Then speaks the second of the dead:

"When to this darkness I was led,
My mother asked, 'What sum will give
Your prisoner back to the sun?' You said,
'Three measures of gold, and the dog shall live.'
Through pinching toil by noon and night
She saved and saved till her hope grew bright.

"But when she brought you the yellow hoard,
You mocked at the drops on her tired brow,
And said, 'Toward the pay for his wholesome board
Of good round stones I will this allow.'
She died while her face with toil was wet.
This glass is filled with her faithful sweat.

"See how fine as I hold it up!
Drink, Feruz Pacha, the brimming cup!"

Haggard the Pacha now stands by;
He drains the glass with a stifled cry:
Again they drink with a laugh and toss,
And the third one says, as his comrades cross:

"When this black shadow on me fell,
There sang within my mountain home
My one pale lad. Bethought him well
That he would to my rescue come;
But when he tried to lift the gun
He tottered till the tears would run.

"Though vengeance sped his weary feet,
Too late he came. Then back he crept,—
Forgot to drink, forgot to eat,—
And no slow moment went unwept.
He died of grief at his meager years —
This glass is laden with his tears.

"See how fine as I hold it up!
Drink, Feruz Pacha, the brimming cup!"

The Pacha staggers; he holds it high;
He drinks; he falls with a moan and cry:
They laugh, they cross, but they drink no more —
For the dead in the dungeon-cave are four.

THE GIPSY PRAISES HIS HORSE.

You 're admiring my horse, sir, I see.
He 's so light that you 'd think it 's a bird,
Say a swallow. Ah, me!
He 's a prize!
It 's absurd
To suppose you can take him all in as he passes
With the best pair of eyes,
Or the powerful aid
Of your best pair of glasses:
Take 'em off, and let 's trade.

What! "Is Selim as good as he seems?"
Never fear,
Uncle dear,
He 's as good as the best of your dreams,
And as sound as your sleep.
It 's only that kind that a gipsy would keep.
The emperor's stables can't furnish his mate.
But his grit and his gait,
And his wind and his ways,
A gipsy like me does n't know how to praise.
But (if truth must be told)
Although you should cover him over with gold
He 'd be worth one more sovereign still.
"Is he old?"
Oh, don't look at his teeth, my dear sir!
I never have seen 'em myself.
Age has nothing to do with an elf;
So it 's fair to infer
My fairy can never grow old.
Oh, don't look — (Here, my friend,
Will you do me the kindness to hold
For a moment these reins while I 'tend
To that fly on his shanks?) . . .
As I said — (Ah — now — thanks!)
The longer you drive
The better he 'll thrive.
He 'll never be laid on the shelf!
The older that colt is, the younger he 'll grow.
I 've tried him for years, and I know.

"Eat? Eat?" do you say?
Oh, that nag is n't nice
About eating! Whatever you have will suffice.
He takes everything raw —
Some oats or some hay,
Or a small wisp of straw,
If you have it. If not, never mind —
Selim won't even neigh.
What kind of a feeder is he? That 's the kind!

"Is he clever at jumping a fence?"
What a question to ask! He 's immense
At a leap!
How absurd!
Why, the trouble 's to keep
Such a Pegasus down to the ground.
He takes every fence at a bound
With the grace of a bird;
And so great is his strength,
And so keen is his sense,
He goes over a fence
Not across, but the way of its length!

"Under saddle?" No saddle for Selim!
Why, you 've only to mount him, and feel him
Fly level and steady, to see
What disgrace that would be.
No, you could n't more deeply insult him, unless
You attempted to guess
And pry into his pedigree.

Now why should you speak of his eyes?
Does he seem like a horse that would need
An eye-glass to add to his speed

Or, perchance, to look wise?
No, indeed.
Why, not only 's the night to that steed
Just the same as the day,
But he knows all that passes —
Both before and behind, either way.
Oh, he does n't need glasses!

"Has he any defect?" What a question, my friend!
That is why, my dear sir, I am willing to sell.
You know very well
It is only the horse that you give or you lend
That has glanders, or springhalt, or something to mend:
'T is because not a breath
Of defect or of death
Can be found on my Selim that he 's at your pleasure.
Alas! not for gipsies the care of such treasure.

And now about speed. "Is he fast?" I should say!
Just listen — I 'll tell you.

One equinox day,
Coming home from Erdout in the usual way,
A terrible storm overtook us. 'T was plain
There was nothing to do but to run for it. Rain,
Like the blackness of night, gave us chase. But that nag,
Though he 'd had a hard day, did n't tremble or sag.
Then the lightning would flash,
And the thunder would crash
With a terrible din.
They were eager to catch him; but he would just neigh,
Squint back to make sure, and then gallop away.
Well, this made the storm the more furious yet,
And we raced and we raced, but he was n't upset
And he would n't give in!
At last when we got to the foot of the hill
At the end of the trail,
By the stream where our white gipsy castle was set,
And the boys from the camp came a-waving their caps,
At a word he stood still,
To be hugged by the girls and be praised by the chaps.
We had beaten the gale,
And Selim was dry as a bone — well, perhaps,
Just a little bit damp on the tip of his tail.[1]

MYSTERIOUS LOVE.

INTO the air I breathed a sigh;
She, afar, another breathed —
Sighs that, like a butterfly,
Each went wandering low and high
Till the air with sighs was wreathed.

When each other long they sought,
On a star-o'er-twinkled hill
Jasmine, trembling with the thought,
Both within her chalice caught,
A lover's potion to distil.

Drank of this a nightingale,
Guided by the starlight wan —
Drank and sang from dale to dale,
Till every streamlet did exhale
Incense to the waking dawn.

Like the dawn, the maiden heard;
While, afar, I felt the fire
In the bosom of the bird;
Forth our sighs again were stirred
With a sevenfold desire.

These we followed till we learned
Where they trysted; there erelong
Their fond nightingale returned.
Deeper then our longings burned,
Deeper the delights of song.

Now, when at the wakening hour,
Sigh to sigh, we greet his lay,
Well we know its mystic power —
Feeling dawn and bird and flower
Pouring meaning into May.

Jasmine, perfume every grove!
Nightingale, forever sing
To the brightening dawn above
Of the mystery of love
In the mystery of spring!

TWO DREAMS.

DEEP on the bosom of Jeel-Begzad
(Darling daughter of stern Bidar)
Sleeps the rose of her lover lad.
It brings this word: When the zenith-star
Melts in the full moon's rising light,
Then shall her Giaour come — to-night.

What is the odor that fills her room?
Ah! 't is the dream of the sleeping rose:
To feel his lips near its velvet bloom
In the secret shadow no moonbeam knows,
Till the maiden passion within her breast
Kindles to flame where the kisses rest.

By the stealthy fingers of old Bidar
(Savage father of Jeel-Begzad)
Never bloodless in peace or war
Was a handjar sheathed; and each one had
Graved on its handle a Koran prayer —
He can feel it now, in his ambush there!

The moon rides pale in the quiet night;
It puts out the stars, but never the gleam
Of the waiting blade's foreboding light,
Astir in its sheath in a horrid dream
Of pain, of blood, and of gasping breath,
Of the thirst of vengeance drenched in death.

. . .

The dawn did the dream of the rose undo,
But the dream of the sleeping blade came true.

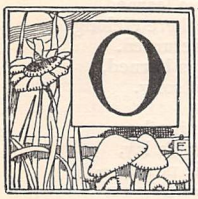
Robert Underwood Johnson.

[1] Readers will be reminded by this conclusion of Mark Twain's story of the fast horse as told to him by Oudinot, of the Sandwich Islands, and recorded in "The Galaxy" for April, 1871. In that veracious narrative it is related that not a single drop fell on the driver, but the dog was swimming behind the wagon all the way.



MR. PATE'S ONLY INFIRMITY.

Yet hath my night of life some memory, . . .
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear.
Comedy of Errors.



LD Mr. Pate, until his late and only infirmity, was the most even-tempered man in all our neighborhood. As well as I can remember, nobody knew or heard of his having been thrown at any time into a rage, at least with one of his own race. His resentment — what there was in it that was at all deadly — may have been kindled momentarily, now and then, by a sheep-killing hound, a fence-breaking steer, or some sneaking, four-footed invader of his wife's hen-house; but that was all. Things might go awry outside or inside of his family, at which some people might be tempted to use a bit of profane language, yet, although he could maintain his rights with sufficient judicious firmness, he did so with equal mildness. Wrapping himself in virtues known to himself, as well as to others, he used, when hearing of a stormy passion into which a neighbor had been flung, to smile calmly, and comment upon the uselessness, not to call it foolishness, in a person punishing his own self for other folks's doings.

He habitually spoke of the Creator in terms of much praise, and even expressed himself as thankful for what, if he had not done it for him pointedly, he had kindly allowed him to do for himself. He liked to see others join the church, and on revival occasions was known sometimes gently to urge young persons of both sexes to heed calls for mourners. He might have become a member long ago, except that for such a thing in a man like himself he felt that there was no earthly necessity. Contemplating his exemplary deportment, observed through the successes of seventy years and more, he was living in serene trust of many more as placidly felicitous as those now sitting lightly upon his honored head. One of his calm boasts was that he had enjoyed the society of two as good wives as the one wife of any other man under the sun, the former up to fifty, at her demise another, between whom — except as to a few details of no sort of importance, but rather operating as interesting, pleasant foils — he could never see, as he expressed it, "one single, blessed ioty of diff'ence." Fond both of the hearing and the imparting of news, good, bad, and indifferent, he wished to know as much as was possible of things occurring outside of his own experience, and it had been a strong support to what few troubles he had had, to note that other people had theirs also, and especially that they made more complainings than he did. All of his children were now grown, married, and living near in peace and prosperity.

Yet the prophecy of labor and sorrow to come after three score and ten! How insidious often, yet always how inevitable! A slight cold taken one day, like hundreds and hundreds that during the last sixty years he had known how to knock speedily into cocked hats with pepper-tea and hoarhound candy, after yielding to those efficacious remedies at all points save one, fastened upon that, and refused obstinately to go away. This was his left ear, and I regret to have to add that his right, whether from too intense sympathy with its twin brother, or reduced by continual loans extended to it, declined in time to like condition.

Mr. Pate, brave man as he was, scornful of trifles, went ahead for a while just the same as ever, ignoring a state of things which, unexpected and undeserved, a man of his energy and resolve was bound to overcome in no great while. But one day his daughter, Mrs. Betsey Runnells, who dwelt a mile distant, came over to see them all, and, after receiving several inaccurate answers — once or twice none at all — to her questionings, was moved to remark thus:

"Pa, what in this world is getting to be the matter with you since you had that last cold, that you answer people's questions so curious, and sometimes don't seem to know they 've asked you anything? It 's either that you 've got to paying mighty little attention to people when they 're talking to you, or the fact is you 're getting deef. One of the things is certain, and no doubt about it."

"No sech a thing, Betsey. It 's no sech a thing. It 's that you all don't speak cle'r and distinct like you used to do; but you 've all got to mumblin' and chawin' your words to that that a body can't always tell what 's it you 're talkin' about. I can hear well as I ever did when people open their mouth, and let their words come out cle'r. The fau't 's not in my years. It 's in your all's mouth, and I wish you all jest stop it, that I do. Nonsense!"

Now sharp words like these were entirely out of Mr. Pate's habit, in his family or elsewhere. Devoted to him as all were, thereafter, when addressing him particularly, they elevated their voices, sometimes above what was needful, and then he took offense of another sort.

"What in this whole blessed and everlastin' world have got into you all jest only here lately, that when you ain't a-whisperin' at me you bawl out to me the same if the house was afire, or you made out like you thought I 'd done gone stone deef? I wish to goodness you could all be reason'ble with your woices. I 'm no gate-post."

Self-delusions, easiest of all and sweetest, cannot abide always, even when nurtured and hugged with affection. The occasion of removal in this case seemed to Mr. Pate particularly mournful. Accustomed from youngest manhood to waken from his sleep at earliest cock-crowing, at the breakfast-table one morning, the last of several over-sleepings, he said to his wife:

"My dear, what 's become of all the roosters, or what ails 'em, that jest here for a fortni't or so they 've quit crowin' of a mornin'? And as for the old Dominicker, I hain't even laid eyes on him in I don't know the time."

"They 're all here, Mr. Pate, and nothing 's the matter with them, except the old Dominicker; that I had killed because he was old, and the young ones got to running him all over the yard, and he 's now in the oven a-baking for dinner. The rest are all right enough, far as I know."

"Eh? What did you say?"

She repeated the words sufficiently loud.

"Why, you don't mean to tell me they 've been a-crowin' these last few mornin's?"

"Regular."

"Eh?"

"*Regular!*"

"You cert'n in your mind, Nancy?"

"YES, SIR!" she screamed; "I 've heard them every morning of the world, distinct."

"My goodness! Then somethin' 's obleeged to be wrong about me som'er's, like has been hinted, and some has gone to the lenkt to say it flat down in my very face, and I denied it, hopin' they were mistakened. Ah, well, I suppose it ain't give to any one person to be perfect and keep perfect always. But a onexpecteder and a pitifuller case I 'd sildom wish to see any more in nobody."

The old man's carriage from that time underwent much change. His first efforts at resignation were entirely praiseworthy, even touching, he believed, notwithstanding the feeling that it would have been more just, at least more becoming all around, if, good man that he was, and known by everybody to be a good man, he could have been spared, in an old age so green and hearty, such a sorrowful letting down. As time went on, it pained and even began to anger him to suspect that others were not as considerate of him as he would have been of them in mutually reversed conditions. If he had tried ever so hard to keep silent, it would not have been possible to do so, and it was some comfort to him that, although he could not hear, he could pour forth into other ears his sore complainings. Yet even this, from certain causes, as will appear presently, dwindled somewhat after a while.

"HINESES" people called it.

This was a small country store situate on the public road at the corner of our grove. When a lad of eight or nine, with — sometimes, if my memory be not treacherous, without — leave of my parents, I went down to this place, especially on Saturdays, in order to see and listen to the men who repaired thither partly for business, mainly to tell and hear what news might be in the neighborhood. Mr. Pate seldom failed to be there on those days. I had grown to be somewhat of an acknowledged favorite with him; mainly, I suspect, because I used to listen respectfully to his talkings, while most of his acquaintances were beginning to avoid the garrulousness which increased with his years.

One day I felt complimented when he invited me to go with him to a bench under one of the great red-oaks a few rods from the store piazza.

"Come along with me, my son," he said affectionately. "I want to talk jest betwixt me and you about things that may be it may n't do you any harm, to 'member when you git to be a old man like me. Come along."

When we were seated on our bench, he took a rather mournful, but entirely calm, survey of the amphitheater above, and of the level roundabout, and thus began:

"Do you know, my boy, I ask you solemn without expectin' a answer — but do you know that I 'd ruther be blind than deef? I don't mean out and out clean, stone blind, but about half-way blind, like I 'm now deef. You don't? Well, I would, and I 'll tell you for why."

Then he threw down upon me a look perhaps little, if any, below the solemnly magisterial gaze which Plato on occasion of one of his most melancholy doubtings may be supposed to have bestowed upon his disciples in the grove of Academus, and thus began:

"Yes, sir; true as gospel. And it 's because people, as a gen'l thing, is good to blind people, and they 'll not only git out of their way, but they 'll actuil go out of their own way to help 'em to find whare they 're a-movin' to git to. And, sir, they 'll even take holt of their hand,

and be as proud as a jay-bird when they do it, and they 'll lead 'em, same as a baby jest learnin' to walk, to their best, comfortablest cheer, a hustlin' out any body else that 's in it. And then they 'll ask 'em all about their healths, when nine times out o' ten they ain't a-keerin' any more about it than other people's. And they 'll talk soft to 'em, and help 'em to cut up their victuals, and beg 'em to keep on takin' some more when they positive know that they 've already eat the greatest plenty, and has no earthly need of one single 'nother mouthful. And not only that, but they 'll do a whole lot of things for 'em to that — well, jest betwixt me and you and this tree we 're settin' under, I have positive knowed of some o' that sort that could jest see to git about, and a-makin' out they could n't do that conven'ent, that the fact of the whole business were, they was n't any manner of account in the beginnin', before they got so, and they would n't be if they got over it. And, sir, they were so proud of bein' waited on in that kind o' style, that they would n't give a bawbee nor a continental red cent to have their eyes put back cle'r, so they 'd be expected to go back to work, and be treated like other people. Yes, sir; that 's the way blind people is treated. But when you come to people that is deef in their year,— that is, you mind, people that is half-and-half like me,— people has not only no respects of 'em, but they has nothin' but contemp', and sometimes, as I know by expe'unce, they despise 'em in their very sight. Now, as for me, I always were a man that like to hear what 's goin' on, and a-knowin' other people was the same, it 's always been my rule to gether all I could, and let other people sheer in it, as well as the idees I have on matters and things in gen'l, and then to give 'em free my advices, whether they got the gumption to take it or not, which is their lookout, and not mine, you understand."

He paused briefly, as if in respectful review of a past so signally benignant, then continued:

"But sence I 've got in the fix I 'm in, in the hearin' of my year, people have got to dodgin' me, and runnin' away from me, same as if I had the eech or even the smallpok, whensomever I come where they are. Or if they set down to swap a few words with me, time we 've got through with how our families is, and about the weather, they git up, and they shoot off, albe some of them do have the manners to give out that their business is a-callin' of 'em som'er's else, and they are obleeged to go an' 'tend to it. And all that after the life I 've led, and the useful it 's always been my aim to be, and to do accordin' as the good Lord let it lay in my power. Now don't sech as that look like a pity to this generation of people? Seem to me like it do."

He sniffed long and audibly, and did not seem to note the few assuring words which I could employ in sympathy with his suffering from general ingratitude. Indeed, I was almost sure that he could not have heard them, because what I said was:

"But, Mr. Pate, everybody loves and respects you."

"Yes, yes," he said, with some impatience; "that 's what they all tell me; but I don't want advices. I ain't a man to need people's advices. What I want is for people to talk to me and to listen to me. Don't you understand?"

"Yes, sir," I answered quickly.

After a moment he said:

"But, my son, it 's things in my own family that hurts me the worst. If people outside think they can do without my opinion and without my advices in their business and their matters and things in gen'l, why, that 's their perfect right, and I 'm not a-denyin' of it; but when it come to my own folks, there 's where the shoe pinch. As to what my people has been to me, the good Lord know I can't complain, nor I don't. I 've had two as good wives as the sun ever ris or sot on. My first one were before your day; but people that 's old enough 'members what a high, splendid woman she were; and my second, well, everybody sees how if she 's low in heighth, she 's bunchy, and she make up for stren'th by bein' active. As for my childern, if I say it myself that maybe ought n't, they 've been raised to be as reason'ble good and respectable childern as the common run of anybody else's childern in this whole neighborhood of people, accordin' to — yes, I may say accordin' to the — to the society we live in at the present time, you — you understand — ahem."

"Oh, yes," I tried to interpolate; "everybody says that your children —"

"But," ignoring my attempt, he went on, "what hurts me to the very bone sometimes is the disrespects that 's putt on me in my own family, the not expectedest of all. Why, sir, I used to be lively at home, and keen as a brier to make things interestin' about the house; and now it look like I ain't so mighty much more than our old Dominicker rooster, that the young ones got to runnin' over him, and stopped all his usefulness; and so they put him up in the coop, and they fattened him, and then they killed him, and they baked him, and 't were n't he were so fat, and cooked so brown, stuffin' and all, and gravy accordin', I could n't of teched him. And I actuil felt solemn when I were a-eatin' one o' his drumsticks, and a slice or two of his breast, and some pickin's on his sidebone; I tell you, I felt positive solemn to think what everything have to come to in the course o' time, more or less; that the poor old

fellow used to wake me up every mornin' at the crack o' day with his crowin'; and it 's got to that I can't hear a single rooster on the place, and I hain't the words to tell how my feelin's inside o' me was hurted when I found it out."

He put his handkerchief momentarily to his eyes, as if to warn back any weak tear that might feel itself impelled to the front, and then continued:

"But the thing is, my son, that I 'm a-beginnin' to suspicion 'em o' dodgin' me in my own house, like they do everywhere else, and that it make 'em tired, and sometimes it even fret 'em, to have to talk to me. And then I git fretted too, after all I 've been to 'em. And it 's got so I try my level best to not want to know about things like I used to do. Yit, when I see them a-workin' o' their mouth in a way that make me certain in my mind somethin' interestin' is up, I can't help, to save my life—I can't help from wantin' to know what it 's about. And then when one of 'em comes and bawls it in my year, frequent it 's not worth talkin' about, and then I suspicion 'em of foolin' me by a-tellin' me the poorest, insignificantest part, and a-holdin' back the rest. Then, 'casionally the idee takes holt on me that they 're a-talkin' about me, and a-sayin' they wish I were n't so troublesome, and all that, and it sting me mighty nigh the same like anybody was to run a pin in me."

After another pause, turning his face all about, as if to be sure that none other were in hearing, with a look of grave apprehension, almost of alarm, in lower tones he said:

"And, sir, don't you know, sir, that the suspicionin' o' them in that kind o' style have got so it have begun to make me ruther deceitful myself? It jest skeers me to think about it. You must n't let on I told you so. I was positive obleeged to tell somebody, it lay so heavy on my mind, and I tell it to you because you 're always good, respectable to me, and you never dodges me, nor runs away from me when I 'm a-talkin' to you. Fact, sir, sometimes when my years ain't quite as cloudy as common, special when the a'r is on my side, I can gether what they 're sayin', and they don't know it. But I jest know I 've got not to let on, to keep 'em from suspicionin' me of makin' out I 'm worse off than what I actuil am. Now, ain't sech as that a pity for a man of my cha-rec-ter, that 's if they is any thing I ever did hate, it was deceitful, and special when I caught people a-tryin' to put it on *me*, and make a fool of *me?* I jest declare, I git so sorry for myself sometimes a-thinkin' about it, that I can but hope the thing will let up on me after a while, so I can git back to the usefulness I had before I got in this fix."

At this juncture, one of the neighbors, who had just arrived, after alighting, and fastening his horse at one of the racks, approached, in order to pay his respects. Mr. Pate, after a look of incipient resentment toward the comer, turned to me, and in low, hurried tones said:

"There, now, my son, that 'll do; you can go now; but *don't you let on what I told you.*"

To his injunction of silence regarding his confession I paid what respect was possible, limiting disclosure to my parents and a few other intimate acquaintances. After observations through many years among the aged, to say nothing of even more reliable sources, I seem to recall, what I was then too young to discern in my old friend's droll words, some real pathos, and if not some wisdom, a pathetic simulation of wisdom, felt to be necessary to one in his condition; and so his case, feeling at this late day I may be held excusable, I now, for the first time, make public.

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

THE IMITATIVE FUNCTIONS, AND THEIR PLACE IN HUMAN NATURE.

I HAVE been led of late, in connection with certain philosophical inquiries, to begin the study of a subject the general interest of which, for teachers, for students of any region of art, and for lovers of human nature at large, seems to me so considerable, that I am now disposed to ask for the coöperation of a larger public in the pursuit of the research. At the same time, I may as well take the opportunity which this paper affords to explain, as well as I can, why I have begun this task, and why I see so much reason to hope for good results from the further consideration of the matter.

I.

THE object of this study is, directly speaking, psychological, and relates to the nature, the scope, and the significance of what may be called, in general, the imitative functions of mankind. No functions are, in one sense, more familiar. None are more frequently interesting. We all are aware that children are imitative,

that both among children and among adults virtue and vice alike are, under favorable circumstances, "catching"; that fashion has, in certain matters, an irresistible sway; that not only commercial panics, and mobs, and "fads," but also great reform movements, and disciplined armies, and such historical events as the conversion of nations in the old days from heathenism to Christianity, all illustrate, in their several ways, the potency of imitative tendencies; and that art itself, at least according to Aristotle's famous definition, is essentially imitation. We know that there are sometimes epidemics of crime or of suicide. We know that the doleful prevalence of the current popular melody is due, not to a love of music, but to the insistent force of the imitative tendency. Turn, thus, which way we will, the familiar presence of the imitative functions in human life impresses itself upon us.

"Verily," says M. Tarde, an eminent French sociologist, in his remarkable book, "Les Lois d'Imitation" — verily, "*La société, c'est l'imitation*," or as one may freely translate, "Imitation of imitations," saith the professor, "in society all is imitation." In this extreme form, of course, the assertion does indeed remind us of many qualifications; but of these we shall speak further on.

Were I anxious, then, for mere illustrations of the frequency of the imitative functions in the life of man, I should indeed have no trouble in getting my fill of them, without other aid than that of my own eyes. But with the mere confirmation of their frequency, the question of their real significance is first brought really to the front. And along with this question there come before us a vast number of others, all interesting to the student of human nature. How, in the growth of the individual, do these imitative functions arise? Are any of them truly instinctive, or are all of them, as Alexander Bain has contended, acquired functions, due to experience? Or, in other words, does man learn to imitate because he is brought up in a social environment; or, on the contrary, is he capable of life in a social environment only because he is first, by nature and instinct, an imitative animal? What is the history of the imitative functions in childhood? When, and in what order, do they appear? How are they related to the growth of the childish reason, conscience, imagination, insight, skill? Of what use can the imitative functions, at any age, be made for the development of the child's intellect and will? Such are the first psychological questions that come to one's mind in this connection. It may already, in general, be clear how serviceable the study of such problems can become both to teachers and to all others interested in the psychology of childhood.

II.

BUT a wider scope still has of late been given to the psychological study of the imitative functions by the results of research in the domain of hypnotism. How deep-seated the imitative functions are, it has needed hypnotic research not so much to demonstrate as to illustrate, and to bring, through illustration, to our clearer scientific consciousness. The principal positive value of hypnotism for psychology, up to the present time, has consisted in the fact that the apparently marvelous, and, at first sight, even miraculous-seeming, phenomena of the hypnotic state have served to make the familiar facts of the prevalence of imitation in human life look, for the time, in these singular illustrations, unfamiliar; so that, in consequence, the attention of psychologists has been attracted to the matter in a new way and from a new side. That this is the principal service rendered by hypnotism to psychology was first pointed out at some length by the aforesaid M. Tarde, who herein, I believe, followed up a suggestion of Taine's. In a paper first published in 1884, early in the history of hypnotic research,— a paper which was later incorporated into the book called "Les Lois d'Imitation,"— M. Tarde asserted and developed the interesting formula that what the individual hypnotizer is to his sleeping and abnormally plastic subject, such, almost precisely, is society to the waking and normally plastic man.

The hypnotized subject believes what the hypnotizer says, and supposes this belief to be his own conviction; does what his hypnotizer suggests, and believes, or may believe, that he does this of his own free will; has suggested hallucinations of taste, sight, smell, or suggested emotions, and believes these to be his own independent and individual experiences. Well, just so the waking man usually believes, concerning politics, concerning the state of business, concerning religion, whatever the people of his party, or set, or faction, or profession, or sect, declares to be the truth; and he supposes, nevertheless, that his mind is his own. The waking man, moreover, as to all the endlessly numerous deeds of convention and custom, does what his portion of society declares to be the proper thing, and fancies all the while that he is choosing of his own free will. Finally, the waking man's emotions — as, for example, his esthetic emotions — are usually at the mercy, or, at all events, deeply under the influence, of social suggestion; and even his sensations and perceptions are not exempt from this influence.

Illustrations are here easy. What is beautiful in decorative art the community at large learns by social suggestion. Esthetic tastes as to domestic interiors, and as to the architecture of

private dwellings, are subject in every generation to changes which work upon individuals in almost precisely the same way as hypnotic suggestions made to sleeping subjects work during experiments in hypnotism. One hears that this or this is admirable in the way of house-building or of decoration. Society declares the fact; and forthwith one perceives with one's own eyes, if one is but an average man, that this is indeed beautiful, just as the people say; and one is naïvely unaware that if all the people had said that it was ugly, one would equally have observed that fact instead. Even so, too, as to our sensations, or, at all events, as to our immediate reaction of liking or of dislike in presence of our sensations. Everybody has many acquired tastes. Some people, to be sure, have liked olives from the first taste of them; but many have not. Yet, as the saying goes, if you eat in succession seven olives, you will henceforth like them. It would be more psychological to say that after you have received seven quasi-hypnotic social suggestions from your neighbors, each suggestion being strong enough to make you try to behave toward olives as the rest do, then, at length, your immediate sensations may yield, and henceforth the olives will taste as the other men say that they taste—namely, good. It is in such a fashion that one becomes a connoisseur in the world of mere sensations of taste and of smell, just as before in the world of art. The connoisseur as to wines, teas, perfumes, dinners, and other such sensory experiences, is a person of fairly keen native sensory discrimination, whose actual discriminations, and expressions of like and dislike, have been subjected to a long course of quasi-hypnotic social training. His tastes are never purely, or even largely, his own, although it is his game, as connoisseur, to pretend, and often his fate, as social bondman, to believe, that they are his own. Were they, however, original, he would not be reckoned as a connoisseur, but as a barbarian.

Such are some of the possible illustrations of M. Tarde's interesting thesis. In bringing them forward here in my own way, and with my own choice determining their selection, I am of course well aware that there are other factors at work besides the conventional or suggested factors, and that, too, even in the most conventional regions of life — factors which, despite all our imitativeness, determine our individual varieties of taste. We never reach perfect agreement with our neighbors as to these things of convention. A certain stubborn variety of individual caprice consciously forms a pleasant social contrast to our more imitative judgments. And so for the rest, despite all conformity, there are many social conventions which themselves require of the individual, within certain limits, a certain degree of individuality and of nonconformity.

But here is only one of the many cases where the imitative functions become, as we shall later more fully see, beautifully, and almost inextricably, entangled with the "temperamental" varieties of function in the individual. And it is this entanglement, as we shall find, that constitutes the very soul of the significance of the imitative functions, which, when properly developed, do not lead at all to the suppression of originality, but may actually form the condition of the growth of individuality, and of the only true independence of opinion and of ideals that is possible to man. But of this hereafter. Moreover, it is this same endless entanglement of imitative or "suggested" factors in taste and in belief with individual factors that makes the psychology of the imitative functions of man so complex and fascinating a problem for the student of human nature.

If the social phenomena in themselves, considered thus, serve to indicate by their universality, as it were, the breadth, the extent, of the imitative functions of humanity, certain of the well-known phenomena of hypnotism, viewed apart, tend especially to bring to mind the depth, the inner potency, of these functions in the life of each individual. It is true, as we have seen, that, viewed on the whole, the plasticity of the hypnotic subject is not something essentially novel, but is substantially the normal social plasticity of a man set at work under somewhat abnormal conditions. It is, however, also true that, under these abnormal conditions, there appear some unexpected special consequences of the general imitativeness of man — consequences that startle us by the indications which they give of the depth to which the imitative tendency reaches in its influence upon our unconscious, yes, upon even our lower physiological, life.

That by suggestion you can make a man notice what he would otherwise overlook is a strictly normal and familiar fact. Much, if not all, of that marvelous acuteness of senses which is often shown by hypnotic subjects seems, in the opinion of many observers, to be only a case of this directly or indirectly suggested concentration of attention upon his own fainter experiences on the part of the hypnotized subject. And so far the anomalies of hypnotism would seem to be related only to the peculiar conditions under which the hypnotic subject is influenced, and to the extraordinary source of the influence, which is here not, as normally, the authority of society in general, but the voice of his hypnotizer. Yet, in addition, it is indeed true that, in case of hypnotism, there also appear certain other aspects of the imitative functions — aspects which, in the case of the normal social influences, may also be present, and which prob-

ably are present, but which are there masked by their more obvious and conscious accompaniments; while, in case of the hypnotic subject, these other aspects come to light. Hypnotic suggestion, namely, is found to influence not only the acuteness of one's perceptions and the course of one's conscious habits, but the performance of a good many bodily functions that usually seem to have small relation to the will. Circulation, digestion, and general functional nervous conditions of a decidedly manifold sort, have been found to be more or less subject to hypnotic suggestion. To be sure, this sort of influence is seldom without very decided limits, which vary endlessly from person to person. But the fact remains that, in a given person, the imitative plasticity which leads him to follow out so faithfully the ideas which his hypnotizer suggests may lead him also to alter relatively deep and unconscious organic functions, such as he has never explicitly learned to influence by his will, and such as, normally, neither he nor his fellows would be aware of influencing. Yet, as many considerations make probable, what the hypnotic experiment thus brings to light cannot well be anything new in kind. Doubtless our organisms are at all times deeply plastic to suggestions; only this plasticity, on account of the complexity of our normal functions, remains masked until the hypnotic experiment, working upon a much simplified state of affairs, brings it to light.

But if our imitativeness thus actually extends far beyond the region of our conscious and voluntary life, one sees at once that one has to do with functions the basis of which probably lies deep down among the inborn and instinctive tendencies of our nature. And of such probably instinctive and original imitativeness childhood gives us many indications. For children often appear to sympathize imitatively with the expressed emotions of their elders even when there is no adequate basis in the previous childish experience for the emotions in question. A young child, taken unkindly to a funeral, or forced by unhappy fortune to witness one in the family, has suggested to him, in the faces and behavior of his elders, emotions of a depth and intensity for which his own experience can give no basis. These elders themselves know why they sorrow. The young child knows very dimly, or perhaps realizes not yet at all, why death is what it is, and means what it does. Yet sometimes he shows on such occasions an overwhelming sense of the horror of the situation, a sense which people usually refer to his direct and inborn dread of death and of his surroundings. There is, in fact, probably present some such original instinct concerning death; but very likely this instinct does not account for the whole of the child's horror, or yet perhaps for the larger part of it. This larger part is probably due rather to a contagion of emotion, the origin of which lies in another instinct — that of imitation. The child, without consciousness of the reason, assumes, by instinctive imitation, the expressive bodily states and attitudes of his elders, and accordingly, since our emotions are, in part at least, the results rather than the causes of our bodily states of emotional expression,[1] the child, having imitated the organic expression, consequently in some measure imitates the emotion, without at all well comprehending why the emotion ought to be felt. If everybody else at the funeral conspired with his fellows to seem gay and to talk merrily, it is unlikely that the child's own original instincts about death would be enough to terrify him. He would then very likely look at the corpse rather with wonder than with horror.

Just so, too, it is in youth, or even throughout life, so long as we retain any freshness of sympathetic experience. With the aid of certain deep and instinctive tendencies to assume imitatively the bodily attitudes or the other expressive functions of our fellows, functions which may be in part internal as well as external, we are able to share the emotions of others even when these emotions relate to matters that lie far beyond our own previous experience. When one first witnesses a serious accident, or attends another through a painful illness, or sees a friend suffering from some tremendous personal grief, one gets a sense of what this calamity means — a sense which may far transcend one's power to recall similar experiences in one's own life. There are some people, to be sure, who sympathize, like the maids of Andromache when she parted from Hector, or like the comforters of Gudrun when she sat tearless over Sigurd's body, or like Polonius himself, only by recalling, in the sufferer's presence, their own present or past griefs. "Truly, I in youth suffered many things of love — very near this." But such sympathy is not the only sort or the most spontaneous. The emotions of the theater carry the sensitive spectator, especially when he is young, far beyond any memory of his own experiences. Notice such a spectator, and you will see him imitating unconsciously, by play of feature, or possibly even by gestures of hands, arms, or body, the actor whose skill absorbs him. But meanwhile, through this imitation, he is ex-

[1] To this fact Professor James has recently given an expression in his now well-known theory of the emotions — a theory according to which "we do not cry because we feel sorry, but feel sorry because we cry." This theory, in its extreme form, may be inadequate. There can be little doubt that it expresses an important part of the truth.

periencing something of emotions before unknown to him — the sorrows of *Lear*, the remorse of *Macbeth*, the agony of *Othello*. To him these experiences seem as novel as if they had been original happenings in his own life. Such are the quasi-hypnotic suggestions of the stage. They often give us, as we say, wholly new insights into life.

As for other instances of the depth of such imitative emotions, there will be known to many of us cases of sensitive young women who, at the sight of accidents, or bodily ailments (say in elder women), misfortunes the causes of which they themselves have never yet experienced, are quite capable of feeling suggested internal pangs, or serious, if temporary, physical derangements, of the imitative, and at the same time partly instinctive, character of which there can be little reason to doubt. Nor are women alone in such imitative sufferings. Many men have felt such, and have been surprised at their vigor. The emotions of mobs, moreover, have the same character of imitative contagion, going much beyond the previous personal experiences of many, or perhaps, most members of the mob. In an important sociological monograph, entitled (in its French translation) "La Foule Criminelle," an Italian criminologist, Signor Scipio Sighele, has recently treated at length the problem of the psychology of mobs, and has dwelt much on the analogy between these phenomena, and those of hypnotic suggestion. It seems impossible to interpret such cases without supposing that the imitative functions of man have a very profound instinctive basis, and are by no means as purely secondary and acquired functions as Alexander Bain has supposed. So much, then, for the lessons derived from hypnotism, and from daily life, concerning the depth and significance of imitation in man.

III.

But now, as regards the uses and the results of the imitative functions in human life, the foregoing general indication of their breadth and their depth is only the merest beginning of a comprehension of the part they play in our education and in our consciousness. It is not because they are common, or because they are, in deepest origin, partly instinctive, that I lay such stress upon them. It is because they are, in their proper and almost inextricable entanglement with our individual or temperamental functions, absolutely essential elements of all our rationality, of all our mental development, of all our worth as thinkers, as workers, or as producers; it is, too, because this value of imitation as the necessary concomitant, and condition, and instrument, of all sound originality is still so inadequately understood by teachers, by critics of art, by students of human nature generally — it is on these accounts that I deem the study of the imitative functions probably the most important task in the psychology of the immediate future. The mental relations of the imitative functions are what I therefore have, next, briefly to indicate. This I may here do in the most summary form, thus:

It is a commonplace that most of our rational thinking (some psychologists incorrectly say, *all* of our rational thinking) is done in language. Well, language is very obviously a product of social imitation; is, therefore, a case of human imitativeness in every individual who learns it. So, then, without imitativeness, no higher development of rational thought in any of us. Only the imitative animal can become rational. So much for a beginning. But the fruitfulness of the imitative functions does not cease here. It is, in the second place, well recognized that our social morality, whatever else within or without us it implies, is in one direction dependent upon our regard for the will, the interest, the precepts, or the welfare of our fellows. Now such regard is, in its turn, dependent upon our power, by imitation, to experience and to comprehend the suggested will, interest, authority, and desires of those about us. So, then, without imitativeness, no chance for the development of the social conscience. The imitative functions, in combination of course with other functions, but still with essential significance, as factors in the whole process, are thus at the basis of the development of both reason and conscience. Nor yet is this all. Reason not only uses language as an instrument, but it aims at a certain well-known goal; it aims at the imitation in conscious terms of the truth of things beyond us. Reason thus not only depends upon imitative functions; it is explicitly imitative in its purposes. Just so, too, conscience is not only based, as to its origin, upon social imitations, so that you educate the childish conscience through obedience and through authority; but conscience, too, is in its goal explicitly imitative. It sets before us ideals of character, and then bids us imitate them. These ideals are, in general, personal. Conscience says: Such and such a self, thus and thus employed in reasonable service, is the right sort of self for you. You conceive such an ideal self. Now, in your practical life, imitate this conception. One imitates the ideal — precisely as, in childhood, the little boys imitate the big boys. Man the imitative animal is thus at the very heart of man the rational and man the moral animal, no matter how high in the scale the developed man may rise.

Yet the psychological importance of the imitative functions is not even thus to be exhausted. It is an odd fact, and one of vast sig-

nificance, that all of us come by our developed personal self-consciousness through very decidedly imitative processes. Of this fact a later discussion may give a fuller account. It is enough now to remind observers of children how full of proud self-consciousness is the little boy who drives horse, or who plays soldier, or who is himself a horse, or a bird, or other creature, in his play. To be what we call his real self is, for his still chaotic and planless inner consciousness, so long as it is not set in order by his imitativeness, the same as to be nobody in particular. But to be a horse, or a coachman, or a soldier, or the hero of a favorite story, or a fairy, that is to be somebody, for that sort of self one first witnesses from without, or finds portrayed in the fascinating tale, and then imitatively assimilates, so that one thereupon conceives this new self from within, and rejoices in one's prowess as one does so.

Nor does this process of acquiring one's selfhood vicariously, as it were, cease with childhood. My various present social functions I have, in the first place, imitatively learned. Others, my guides and advisers, first showed me the way to these functions; for it was thus that I learned to move in company, to speak, to assume the outward forms of my calling, to conduct myself as just this particular kind of social organ. Now I myself, as what the psychologist calls an "empirical ego," am just now, for myself as well as for my fellows, the man who possesses, among other things, such and such a calling, position, office, rights, and aptitudes. Of all these things I had no knowledge in childhood. I had to learn my whole social trade; I learned it by imitations. But now that I have got such a calling and place, my knowledge of it determines for me, all the while, my current notion of who I am. I am what my profession and my social relations define me to be. Thus it is actually true that just as my social guides — my parents, teachers, advisers, friends, critics — together gave me, through my love of imitating them and of being influenced by their characters, by their conduct, and by their ideals — just as they, I say, gave me a knowledge of my calling, so too they have furnished me with the very material of my present self-consciousness. Self-consciousness itself, in each one of us, is a product of imitation.

Reason, conscience, self-consciousness — these are significant possessions. Yet without imitativeness we should never have come by any one of them. They are results, and, as they stand, are even now embodiments of imitation. Such is my present thesis. Nor is this statement itself more than the beginning. As a fact, I hold that far more specific mental products than have yet been named — for instance, specific beliefs of reason, such as the so-called "axioms" at the basis of science — can be explained as determined in their nature by the special conditions under which the imitative functions of mankind have been developed. But herewith, indeed, I reach topics that lie far beyond the scope of the present paper, and within the domain of the deepest problems of philosophy.

IV.

And now for the announcement of the immediate practical purpose of this paper. I have written it for the sake of getting aid in the collection of facts. I venture, then, herewith to invite teachers, other observers of children, and observant persons generally, to communicate to me, either through letters addressed to the editor, or through letters addressed direct to me, their own past or future observations of certain classes of facts which may be accessible to them, and which, if collected, compared, and kept on record, may prove of service in studying the still much neglected question of the psychology of imitation. What is most needed is the coöperation of many independent observers; and owing to the nature of the facts concerning which I shall here ask, such observers will be able to contribute many useful data for comparison, even where the observers themselves are not experts in psychology. Meteorological societies have derived much assistance from non-expert observers, who, scattered over wide regions of country, have agreed to take the trouble to note such simple phenomena as the time of the first clap of thunder heard at the beginning of a thunder-shower at a given place, the direction whence and whither a thunder-cloud came and went, the duration of the attendant shower, and similarly obvious phenomena of the weather. Just so, could I get many psychological data of certain kinds from various independent observers, widely sundered in place, and widely differing in their opportunities, I should be aided in guiding certain of my intended investigations into the nature, the development, and the factors of these imitative functions of mankind.

In answer to any of the following questions, I ask, then, for independent observations, drawn as directly as possible from life, and described as fully as possible. Teachers and observant parents will be most likely to have such information to give; but in some cases my questions call for observations made by a person upon himself, and in these, as well as in most of the other cases contemplated by my questions, there will be other persons besides teachers and parents who may have facts to offer. All plain statements, written with the internal evidences of interest and of watchfulness, will be

welcome, whether made by persons acquainted with psychology or not. The use that can be made of such data, when once they come to hand, is capable of being submitted to pretty careful tests, such as the individual writers cannot well know in advance. The specific purposes of some of my questions will not at once be obvious to every reader. It is enough to say, in general, that all my questions bear upon some topic connected with the natural history of imitation. [1]

SCHEDULE OF QUESTIONS ON IMITATIVE FUNCTIONS.

1. *The General Question of the Place of Imitation in Child-Life.* Throughout our country there are now to be found a considerable number of groups of parents or of teachers who, in one way or another, are engaged in organized observations of children on the lines laid down by Preyer, in his well-known book on "The Mind of the Child." I shall be glad to receive, as time goes on, from any persons or circles engaged in this kind of definite and organized labor, information of any and every sort bearing upon the first appearance, and later development, of the imitative functions of infants and young children. For the benefit of all such persons, I may add that the best special observations of the imitative functions in their early stages, so far as I know, are those published by Professor J. Mark Baldwin in the journal "Science," for 1891 (p. 113), for 1892 (p. 15); and that these papers of Professor Baldwin's have been of great service in directing attention to the theoretical importance of this topic, and will be an excellent guide to any future observer of the imitative functions of children. In a future paper I hope to return to the mention of Professor Baldwin's work, to which I already owe much.[2]

2. *Imitative Games.* All the games of childhood are of course in general due to imitation. But there is one sort of game that deserves to be called above all *the* imitative game. It is the type that I have mentioned, in passing, already. But I am especially anxious to get as many descriptions as possible, drawn from the life, of just such games, and of the children that play them. In Professor James's larger "Psychology," Vol. II. p. 409, the type of sport in question is thus described:

> The dramatic impulse, the tendency to pretend one is some one else, contains this pleasure of mimicry as one of its elements. Another element seems to be a peculiar sense of power in stretching one's own personality, so as to include that of a strange person. In young children this instinct often knows no bounds. For a few months in one of my children's third year, he literally hardly ever appeared in his own person. . . . If you called him by his name, H——, you invariably got the reply; "I 'm not H ——, I 'm a hyena, or a horse-car," or whatever the feigned object might be.

Now, what is psychologically important about games of this sort is, first, that they are usually relatively *original imitations*. They are not, like the traditional childish games, handed down from an immemorial antiquity. Each child chooses, as it were, his own dramatic games of personation. The more the child's own private experience determines the thing, the more individual, eccentric, or stubborn the choice, the more characteristic is an imitative drama of this sort. The second importance of this type of mimicry lies in its before-mentioned deep, and, as I think, momentous relations to the whole development of character and of self-consciousness in the child. A third element of significance consists in the wonderful fixity and almost delusional persistence and vividness with which a mimicry of this sort is often kept up by a given child. But very transient, if vigorous, fits of such mimicry also have great interest.

I am accordingly extremely anxious to get all the fresh and exact accounts that I can of cases of this phenomenon of personation, or systematic mimicry, either in one child alone, or in any small group of children, who, playing together, do not merely repeat some of the old traditional games of childhood, but invent their own drama. In case of each child concerned I shall be glad of as full an account as possible of the whole story of its imitative game, and of all the details of its life and character that seem to be relevant to the matter in hand. For a detailed comparison of such instances must throw light on the psychological mechanism of the processes involved. Cases of fixed family games of mimicry, confined to one family group of children, and apparently invented by them, will also be very welcome if accompanied by pretty full accounts of the children concerned.

In some cases those adults who are good at recalling their own childhood will have personal remembrance of experiences of this sort, and will be able to tell of such mimic and unreal child-lives lived for months or years alongside of their real lives — fancied lives that have left traces behind in memory such as often prove

[1] Answers to any of these inquiries may be sent either to the editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, or to Josiah Royce, 103 Irving Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

[2] The highly important paper on imitation in "Mind" for January, 1894, and the recent volume on "Mental Evolution in the Child and the Race," both by Professor Baldwin, have appeared since the text of the present paper was written. They should be consulted by all students of this topic.

of no small import for the feelings and character of the mature person. Any one who can tell pretty fully of experiences of this sort may be sure that the story will have a very real psychological interest.

3. *Imitative naughtiness.* It is often said by observers of children that if you tell a child one story of a good boy, and of his ways and rewards, and another story, no more vivid in detail, of a bad boy, and of his deeds and downfall, you will pretty certainly find the effect, other things being equal, to be that the child will manifest far more interest in imitating the naughty boy of the latter story, and in taking his risks, than in imitating the good boy, and in winning the praises showered upon him. The case is here the well-known one of the "lilies and languors of virtue." Unquestionably, childhood contains great numbers of cases where what may be called unintended counter-suggestion, the process of setting a child to imitate an undesirable fashion of life by means of your very efforts to keep him from such imitation, takes effect, and does mischief. Now of course I do not hope, by any collection of incidents, to solve so complex a psychological question as that of this frequent and primary attractiveness of evil in the heart of the natural man, when first such a heart contrasts ill with good. Into that frequent result far too many mental factors enter for us to hope to deal with it in any simple way. But still I have a reason for wishing to collect instances of such "counter-suggestions"; *i. e.*, cases where a child has been apparently tempted to do the wrong merely by hearing that it *is* the wrong, as well as instances where children have seemed from the start disposed to imitate evil examples rather than good, to admire bad big boys rather than good ones, to be forced to build fires in dangerous places just because they have learned of the danger, in a word, to be fascinated by mischief merely because it *is* mischief. That this may, and often does, happen we all know. Why it happens, no particular instances can in general make clear. But what I now want is no theory on *this* topic, but as concrete and precise a story as possible of individual instances, reported from the life, which may seem to fall under this general head, and to illustrate this well-known and frequent tendency. It is needless to explain why such stories may serve the purpose of throwing light on the imitative functions. It is enough that, if told freshly and circumstantially, and, as I say, from the life, they will help me, although those who tell them cannot well foresee how they can do so, and will therefore be all the more able to tell them without any presuppositions or prejudices.

4. *Imitative emotions* aroused in the minds of inexperienced persons. Observers of children and of youth, as well as self-observant persons of all ages, may have cases coming under their notice, either in their own inner lives, or in the lives of people under their charge, where the sympathetic or imitative contagion of emotion appears to give to a sensitive person emotional states that far transcend anything in his own previous experience. Of such cases I have spoken earlier in this essay. The emotions of the theater, the precocious emotions of young children on noteworthy occasions,— *e. g.*, at funerals,— the reactions of sensitive people at the sight of disease and of accidents, are all cases in point. For the sake of guiding possible future inquiries into matters of this kind, I want, as a general basis, a collection of individual instances, reported just as they appear to the observers to have taken place, the person who had the experience, and the circumstances, being described as precisely as possible. The study of a branch of natural history has to begin with just such collections of individual experiences, which may be valuable even when the circumstances seem to the persons concerned relatively insignificant or even trivial.

5. The study of the imitative functions is useless without a consideration of their opposites, the functions which appear to be the reverse of imitative. There are some eccentric or wilful children whose life seems to their parents or teachers a life of almost persistent refusal to imitate models. They will not play with the other children, they live much alone, they do not love what the family is most accustomed to show interest in, they seem to be determined from the outset to choose their own way, and to walk in it. In later youth such characters become especially noteworthy and perplexing. I want a collection of descriptions of such persons — children or youth, portrayed just as they seem to their often very much-concerned parents, teachers, or other friends. These eccentric types are of the utmost interest for the study of the imitative functions. How they will prove so, I can best show when the accounts are before me.

SUCH are some of the matters of natural history concerning which I just now ask for assistance from kindly disposed persons. Of the precise value of a collection of such reports it is impossible to give any fuller account without going into technical details beyond my present limits. Suffice it to say that all serious efforts to answer any of the foregoing questions will be valuable. Where, in writing to me personally, correspondents have occasion to mention persons or incidents that they wish to keep private, they may be sure of my discretion. In using my returns I shall never make in any way pub-

lic any names or personal details without express permission, and shall keep confidential statements in a safe place, where they will surely be destroyed without further examination in case of my death.

As for the further importance of a study of the psychology of imitation, I hope before long, as I have said, to have an opportunity to present considerations bearing on the numerous points which have been touched, but not developed, in the present paper. Especially do the close relations between imitation and originality need clarifying before teachers and critics of art, and of other imitative human activities, can learn to avoid certain extremely prevalent errors, which, as I believe, only psychological analysis can duly expose. As a fact, originality and imitation are not in the least opposed, but are, in healthy cases, absolutely correlative and inseparable processes, so that you cannot be truly original in any direction unless you imitate, and cannot imitate effectively, worthily, admirably unless you imitate in original fashions. The greatest thinker, artist, or prophet is merely a man who imitates inimitably something in the highest degree worthy of his imitation. The current confusion of imitativeness with slavishness, the frequent assertion that children and idiots imitate more frequently than do sound and intelligent and reflective adults, the frequent exhortations to teachers that they shall make their young charges *not* imitative *but* spontaneous in thought (as if one could become rationally spontaneous except through imitation), all such errors rest on a false separation of imitativeness and spontaneity, a separation which can be avoided only through a careful psychological study of these fascinating processes.

Josiah Royce.

FLASH-LIGHTS.

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. METCALF.



MRS. DEEPWATER.

I.

To Joshua R. Deepwater, Esq.,
The Bangor House, Portland, Maine.
Sunday, January 8th, 1893.

DEAREST JOSHUA: How tiresome to have you write that you are doubtful about getting back Saturday next, when I have been counting upon seeing you then. I am actually beginning to hate that odious lumber business which takes you away from me so often. Surely we must be rich enough, when even I, with the best will in the world, cannot manage to spend your entire income. Do you know there are moments when I can scarcely resist urging you to retire altogether from affairs next year, so that I can have you more to myself? And then I hesitate, fearing that the forced inaction and lack of interest might bore you, and you would end by blaming me for having advised such a radical step; so I shrink from the responsibility.

The instant you get this, dear, telegraph me the earliest possible date you can come home; for if not by Saturday, I will arrange to run down to Lakewood with the children over Sunday, returning in time to meet you in town. Gladys has been looking rather pale and languid for the past week, and the poor little thing seems to have lost her lovely color and usual good spirits; the doctor says it is nothing serious, but advises a couple of days in the country and a complete change of air. By the by, since we shall all be out of town the end of the week, if at the last moment you manage to get away sooner than you expect, instead of coming back here to a deserted house, *do* spend Sunday at Salem, and see old Aunt Angelica. She wrote me such a sad little letter the other day, bewailing

her loneliness and depression now that she no longer feels able to travel about the world, and amuse herself according to her time-honored



JOSHUA R. DEEPWATER, ESQ.

custom. I reproach myself exceedingly for not having made a more determined effort to see her during the past three years; but you know I could not bear to leave the children for that length of time, or yet expose them to the danger and fatigue of such a long tedious journey. Aunty will be far more cheered by seeing you, and pouring her woes into your sympathetic ears, and you might perhaps make my peace with her by expatiating upon my devotion to the children, and how badly I feel at being unable to come to her, as I long to do.

The usual stream of dinner invitations pours in, but I am declining everything until I know more definitely about your plans, as I hate the idea of dining out without you.

Nevertheless, I was obliged to fill a place last night at the eleventh hour, and after dinner the Patroon-Knickerbockers suggested that we should let them take half our box in the New Opera House. Ours being the second best box in the house, I was not unduly elated by their marked preference for our society, since it would cost them no more than a poorer and much less desirable box. I was inclined to say yes on the spot, as they belong to the "smart set," and she is closely connected with the leaders of it; besides, when people loathe music as you and I do, her being pretty and popular and having the box full of men all the time would be really no objection, would it? I said it would be charming to have them, but, as I never did anything without consulting you, would write to you at once about it, and now am only waiting for your answer to send them a line in the affirmative. There is no objection to keeping them in uncertainty for a short time, however; sometimes diplomatic delays work wonders, and *il faut se faire valoir.*

Wrexham has just turned up here; I suppose we must do something for him, but it will be quite time enough when you get home, and, being too short of funds to move on, he is sure to idle along indefinitely in town. When you straightened out the affairs of his father, the duke, by all those lucky mining ventures, you did not expect to be called upon to look after a second edition in his son, did you?

Don't forget, dear, to telegraph fully and immediately your exact plans, as otherwise I shall not venture out of town for fear of missing you, and shall be, besides, in a constant fidget of expectation and uncertainty. Ever your loving wife, FAITH DEEPWATER.

II.

To the Right Honorable Lord Viscount Wrexham,
The Brevoort House, Fifth Avenue.
January 8th.

DEAR LORD WREXHAM: So glad to get your note yesterday saying you had returned from your shooting-expedition. In the mean time, I have actually succeeded in finding your heiress — the genuine article, too, money safe as the Bank of England, and all of it carefully invested in the best real estate in this city, the Chemical Bank, and Pennsylvania coal-lands. Considering that she is a great heiress, Miss Temple's beauty and cleverness are quite remarkable; but what will appeal to you more, perhaps, is the fact of her being a thorough sportswoman, and such good form that she would make an ideal future Duchess of Lacklands. Above all, the money has been left to her absolutely in her own right by her father, a most worthy old gentleman, who, after making a fortune in some patent medicine, followed up his rapid success in this world by an equally speedy exit into the next through taking an overdose of his own invention, while fondly sharing the belief of the general public that it cured every known ill. There are no relatives but a mother, who seems presentable and inoffensive, like so many of the mothers here, and, having herself an independent fortune, would be no encumbrance. She adores titles, and worships those of the English aristocracy in particular with the same touching faith that the African savage does his fetish, and would, therefore, make no trouble about settlements.

The duchess has lately written me two long, pathetic letters imploring me to keep you from wasting your time, and to warn you against all attractive but impecunious girls labeled dangerous. Evidently your mother is becoming restive at your long and unprofitable stay in this country, and we shall both of us fall from her good graces if you don't bestir yourself a little more. Your heiress has promised to dine here quietly on Friday next, at eight o'clock, and I strongly urge the importance of your dropping in and joining us then, even if you have to throw over some other dinner. You *must* manage it, as Miss T. starts for St. Augustine on Saturday, and this will be your one opportunity of seeing whether she will do well enough for you to make the effort of going down to Florida to destroy alligators — to catch tarpon and her affections. I can then write diplomatically, and pacify the duchess with full particulars about the fortune, taking care to touch skilfully upon your keen interest in this affair, thereby preventing her from recalling you suddenly, or allowing the duke to carry out his recent threat of cutting off your allowance unless you marry, settle down, and cease being such a *mauvais sujet.* Your friend and mentor, FAITH DEEPWATER.

P. S. I have asked Meadowbrooke, M. F. H. of the Syosset, because you may want him to give you an occasional mount later in the season, and he is one of the few men in this country whose hunters are up to your weight. He may put you down at his clubs, but in any case old Dudley Hunter will be only too delighted to do that. *Try*, therefore, to be civil to him; I assure you it is for your good.

III.

To Miss Daisy Lawless,
The Brunswick, Fifth Avenue.

Monday, January 9th.

DEAR DAISY: I count upon you for Friday next at eight, to help me make success of a little dinner that I am at this moment getting up for Viscount Wrexham, the old Duke of Lacklands's only son, whom I am supposed to "bear-lead" in a way, and who has just dropped in from the Rockies in his usual inconsequent English fashion. Don't fail me, even if you get into hot water by sliding out of a previous engagement at the last moment, for you must razzle-dazzle Wrexham, who is quite wide enough awake to take notice and meet you half-way, so that he is worth your while. I am sending off a line to Jack Meadowbrooke, asking him to dine here, also; do insist upon his coming, and then I can place you between your best young man and his lordship, giving you no cause to feel that you have wasted an evening or sacrificed yourself in vain to help a friend. It is all right about your spree to the Country Club next week; you can count upon my chaperoning it if Mr. Deepwater does not return home, and I think his business is almost certain to detain him in New England for some time yet.

Did you ever see a more stupid theater-party than that at Mrs. Leader's last night — such a mixed crowd? After being a social power all these years, surely at her age the old autocrat might have learned the first principles of getting together the right people and of making her things have more "go." Yours ever,

FAITH.



VISCOUNT WREXHAM.

IV.

To J. Meadowbrooke, Esq.,
The Knickerbocker Club.

Monday, January 9th.

DEAR MR. MEADOWBROOKE: Will you dine with me very quietly next Friday at eight o'clock? I have asked only one or two people, because I wanted to have an opportunity of arranging with you and Daisy about the final details for her party to the Country Club next week.

Trusting that I may have the pleasure of seeing you, believe me sincerely yours,

FAITH DEEPWATER.

V.

To Miss Temple,
No. 113 Gramercy Park.

Monday, January 9th.

DEAR MISS TEMPLE: I find that on Friday my old friend Giboyer of the Comédie-Française has an off night, when he promises to dine with me very quietly at eight, and recite some of his monologues afterward, if I will ask only a few people. Will you be of the party? I am so



DAISY LAWLESS.

anxious to have you, for, having spent much of your life in Paris, it will interest Giboyer greatly to meet you, and I know you will inspire him to do his best.

I am delighted to hear that dear Mrs. Temple is so much better that you have abandoned all idea of going South this season, and can spend the winter here. Pray give her my best love, and with hopes that I may have the good fortune to find you disengaged, I am most cordially yours, FAITH DEEPWATER.

VI.

To Mrs. Manhattan Leader,
No. 302 Fifth Avenue.

January 10th.

DEAR MRS. LEADER: If, by any fortunate chance, you and Mr. Leader are disengaged next Friday, will you dine with us most informally at eight o'clock, to meet Viscount Wrexham, who is spending only a few days in town, on his way South, and has expressed a great desire to meet you? He tells me that the Duchess of Lacklands has often spoken to him about you, and of how much she enjoyed your society a few years ago, when you all stopped together in Scotland at Ballymichen.

Of course you have heard of the terrible scandal that is coming out this week; if you should happen to learn any of the particulars on Friday night, as perhaps you may, I know I can count upon your discretion not to mention them. With kindest regards, believe me very sincerely yours, FAITH DEEPWATER.

VII.

To Mrs. Patroon-Knickerbocker,
No. 3 Washington Square.

January 10th.

MY DEAR MRS. PATROON-KNICKERBOCKER: My husband has just wired me that he will be glad to let Mr. Patroon-Knickerbocker have half his box in the New Opera House, and will call and arrange it all with him immediately on his return to town.

You happened to mention the other day that you were anxious to meet Giboyer, and as he has just promised to dine here with me very quietly on Friday next, at eight o'clock, I should be delighted if you and Mr. Patroon-Knickerbocker would join us then, and pardon the informality of this hasty invitation. Sincerely yours,

FAITH DEEPWATER.

VIII.

January 11th.

M. MAXIME BLANC, HOTEL LOGEROT.

DEAR MONSIEUR BLANC: I was extremely pleased to renew our old acquaintance at Mrs. Masham's tea the other day, and to discover that as Monsieur Giboyer's private secretary, you had at last found a congenial occupation for a man of your *savoir faire* and literary tastes.

Immediately on my return home, I acted upon your clever suggestion of asking Monsieur Giboyer to dine with me next Friday, his off night, and he has accepted my invitation, as you predicted he would. This accomplished, I shall consider it a genuine act of friendship on your part never again to mention repaying the trifling sum you owe me. I assure you that in those old London days, I was most happy

to have an opportunity of being useful to a man of your brilliant attainments, too much occupied to attend to the sordid practical de-



JACK MEADOWBROOKE.

tails of daily life; and you have just placed me so deeply in your debt, that I shall be exceedingly gratified if you will dismiss it forever from your mind as completely as I shall.

Do you suppose Monsieur Giboyer would feel surprised or annoyed if, after dinner, I should ask him to recite one of his inimitable monologues? With a view to such a possible piece of good fortune, I have made a point of inviting a few of our best-known *dilettanti* and society people, to secure that atmosphere of sympathy and appreciation so grateful to true artists. Now you, who understand him so thoroughly, can, I know, merely by the exercise of your faultless tact, so influence him beforehand, that he will come to my house quite unconsciously inclined to grant my request. Rest assured, I shall ask him in such a natural and unpremeditated manner that he will attribute it entirely to an unguarded impulse of the moment; and thanking you in advance for those friendly efforts in my behalf, which *must* be crowned with success, I am yours truly,

F. DEEPWATER.

IX.

To Dudley Hunter, Esq.,
Union Club.

January 11th.

DEAR MR. DUDLEY HUNTER: Will a man of your innumerable social engagements pardon the informality of an invitation at the eleventh hour? Young Wrexham, Lacklands's only son, who has arrived in town unexpectedly, and dines with me next Friday at eight, has expressed himself so anxious to meet you, that I trust his wish may be gratified; for he has read your book, is delighted with it, and insists that it is positively unique. He proposes spending enough time here to get a thorough glimpse of New York society, and I assured him you could put him in the way of seeing and knowing everybody and everything better than any one else. Do, therefore, take him in hand, keep him out of mischief, and present him only to the most eligible girls. His parents will be more than grateful, for I fancy he has been a little wild, as they appear to be very anxious that he should *ranger* himself.

Those canvasbacks at your house the other night were so delicious that I have been dreaming of them ever since. Why cannot my chef acquire the art of cooking them as yours does? He is a perfect marvel in every way. For this important occasion, I wonder if you would consider it an indiscretion on my part to ask you the exact number of minutes and seconds ducks should be kept in the oven. Sincerely yours,

FAITH DEEPWATER.

X.

Extract from a letter of Mrs. Manhattan Leader to her daughter the Princess Roccabruna, Palazzo Roccabruna, Rome.

Saturday, January 14th.

. . . . . .

"I think I have now told you about everybody with the exception of a certain Mrs. Joshua R. Deepwater, quite a new woman, who has practi-



DOROTHY TEMPLE.

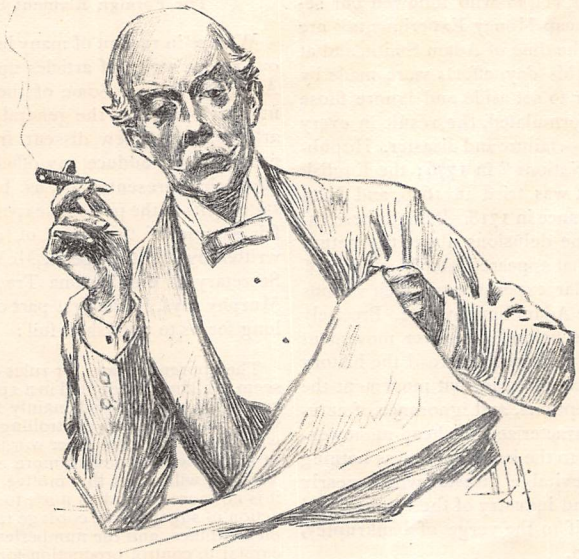


MRS. MANHATTAN LEADER.

cally succeeded in working her way up into society during the past year. None of us have been able to hunt up other particulars about her past than that she came originally from some little provincial town in the interior of the State, and married an utterly unknown, but rather worthy, elderly Western man, who laid the beginnings of his fortunes by successfully floating the schemes of some English capitalists in this country. They lived some years in England, where they appear to have met a number of nice people, from whom they probably acquired the manners of society and a certain knowledge of how to live. All of us here have felt in a measure obliged to take this person up, much against our will, of course, because the best men would flock to her house, saying they were never bored there. Somehow she contrives to give such clever impromptu dinners, composed of the smartest and most amusing people, that in this way she has made it rather the thing to go there. How she does it, none of us have been able to find out, for she seems a quiet little woman, apparently without powers of conversation, good looks, or intelligence. That she is rich, dresses well, has a good chef, and excellent wines, would hardly account for it all, when quantities of women in our set fail utterly, though possessed of all those social qualifications in a far greater degree, besides being backed up by powerful family connections. Handicapped tremendously by a dull husband, many years older than herself, it puzzles me how she always gets him off the scenes whenever she entertains, without his apparently minding in the least, for he proves his absolute devotion by giving her carte blanche in everything, and her maid told my maid, who of course told me, that there was really nothing in the world that he would not do for her. It is all very mysterious, and I wish I knew the secret of her success, for she is certainly not the least clever, and she produces the impression of being so commonplace that one might almost term her stupid. By the by, you will be amazed to hear that *we* actually dined at her house last night, quite on the spur of the moment, of course. The husband was absent, and it proved really such an amusing and brilliant affair that I was immensely entertained, though occasionally I experienced a sensation of surprise at finding myself dining with such an utter parvenu. Lord Wrexham was there, for whom the dinner was given, and who dines with me to-night. He was sent out to marry Dorothy Temple, but has apparently fallen deeply in love with Daisy Lawless instead. From the moment he was presented to her he was so cleverly played by that astute young person that he at once embarked upon a marked flirtation with her, and before dinner was half over it really looked like a serious case. Of course Meadowbrooke was so simply furious that he started in to make violent running with Dorothy, who has been madly in love with him for the past three years, as everybody knows. Poor girl! lately she has gone off so much in her looks that I am afraid she is not long for this world. I suppose she liked him because he was the one man in town not after her fortune; but if he had not been having such a desperate affair with Daisy all that time he might have proved like the rest. As usual Daisy has been playing the same old game, and only amusing herself with him; she has far too level a head to think seriously of such a detrimental, and will throw him away like an old glove, once she sees the slightest chance of landing Wrexham. If she does, what a life he will lead her, for I hear he is a very bad lot. You might find out and write me what they said about him in Rome, when he was attaché of the Embassy there, just after he left the Guards so suddenly; he cannot go back to England now until some one pays his debts. Besides all these, there was Giboyer, this season's greatest lion, who was most entertaining, and amused us so much by his monologues that none of us left until after

one o'clock. It appears he is an old friend of Mrs. Deepwater's, so I think I must cultivate her a little, and see if she cannot induce him to come to my house in that capacity, to amuse us. If she is intimate with all the leading professional celebrities, she might prove rather useful at times, and being such a humdrum little woman, she would expect nothing more in return than an occasional invitation to one of my big entertainments. The Patroon-Knickerbockers and old Dudley Hunter made up the rest of the party. On the whole, I am rather pleased that we went, though, to do so, I had at the last moment to throw over a state dinner given by your aunt Spuyten Duyvel to the Bishop, which I had accepted more than five weeks ago, and indeed I rather fancy that some of my *convives* did the same, for I know that the Patroon-Knickerbockers and Dudley Hunter were expected at your aunt's as well, while Meadowbrooke was due at a big débutante dinner. What do you think is the secret of this woman's success? Do explain it to me if you can."

Lester Raynor.



DUDLEY HUNTER.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

What is Political Economy?

WE doubt if the great mass of the American people realize to what extent their experience with financial problems during the last year or more has been a forced education in political economy. Most persons, when they hear the term political economy, think of an abstract and intricate science, abounding in laws and technical phrases about money, finance, trade, exchange, etc., all more or less beyond the comprehension of every one save those who because of their profession, or business, or lines of study, or mental inclination, have acquired a special knowledge on the subject. Now, while it is true that there are in every country comparatively few minds that are capable of so grasping the science of political economy as to become expert financiers, competent to direct the financial policy of a nation, or even to administer wisely the affairs of a bank or of a great corporation with large financial transactions, it nevertheless remains equally true that so far as political economy in its broadest sense is concerned, a comprehension of it lies easily within the grasp of every intelligent person.

Defined in the simplest and most accurate way, political economy is merely the result of the experience of the human race since the dawn of civilization in seeking to improve its material condition. The laws of political economy, like all natural laws, have been discovered by observation and experience. There was no invention of political economy as a science. The first men to make a written science of it did not invent it; they merely set down in scientific form the results of human experience down to their day. Newton discovered the law of gravitation, but he did not invent it. Quesnay, Turgot, and Adam Smith discovered the great laws of political economy, but they did not invent them. All that Adam Smith did was to create out of the results of human experience down to his time the written science which is known as political economy. He studied philosophically the various attempts which had been made by different nations in different times to better the material condition of their people, and observ-

ing, running through all these experiences, evidence that certain causes always produced certain results, he deduced and formulated the principles which lie at the foundation of the modern science of political economy. New principles have been added in precisely the same way since his time, and modern developments have supplanted some of his principles with other principles, made laws by the progress and growth of the human race; but the science to-day remains as he formulated it — the summary of the results of human experience.

What we have been doing in this country during the last year, or, more accurately, during the last fifteen years, has been to defy the results of this experience. We were not the first people to make this experiment. The readers of THE CENTURY who followed our series of articles on "Cheap-Money Experiments" are aware that long before the time of Adam Smith, and at repeated periods since his day, efforts were made by one nation after another to set aside and ignore those natural laws which he formulated, the result in every instance being the same — failure and disaster. He published his "Wealth of Nations" in 1776; the English Land Bank experiment was tried in 1696, and John Law's experiment in France in 1718. Behind these experiments were the same delusions about the nature and function of money that appeared later in support of the long series of similar experiments which various nations have made since Adam Smith wrote. Precisely the same delusions were behind the silver movement in this country. Every man who has read the history of political economy recognized in that movement the same fallacies, misconceptions, and ignorance of natural laws which have characterized all cheap-money experiments from the first to the last. There was nothing new in it; even the inevitable disaster which nearly wrecked the business and industry of the country, and brought the nation itself to the verge of bankruptcy, was as old as civilization.

There were in our silver experiment, as in all the other attempts to make money more plentiful by depreciating it and destroying its usefulness as a standard of value, many earnest and sincere men who believed that they had discovered something new in the domains of economic truth, that we as a nation were so situated and circumstanced that we could shut our eyes to the lessons of experience in other countries, and could go ahead safely on new principles of our own, evolved expressly for our special needs. The result showed that natural laws do not change with time, and that the nation which violates them must suffer the consequences just as surely in the nineteenth century as in the seventeenth.

It cannot be that this lesson in what political economy actually is can be lost upon the American people. We believe that it will be many years before so disastrous an attempt will be made to ignore the results of human experience in the one field in which the welfare of all the people has most at stake. The natural well-being of man must be maintained in order that his moral well-being may exist and develop. In this sense the wise management of a nation's finances is the most important part of its government. There can be no such management if the teaching of the human race is ignored, and the natural laws deduced from that teaching are set at defiance. Hereafter, when any apostle of new doctrines of political economy comes before the people, let him be judged on this basis. If he shall deny the value of experience, the teaching of history, the "garnered wisdom of the ages," the people can surely set him down as a pestiferous quack, who is either too ignorant or too dishonest to be a safe guide.

Let us hope also that the lesson has been learned that, in the financial management of the Government, expert knowledge which is based upon long, intelligent, and thoughtful study of the science evolved from human experience is the only kind which the country can afford to employ. Other nations seek out this knowledge, and bring it into their service at any and all cost. Why should we be less wise than they?

The Foreign Element in Trade-Unions.

WE are in receipt of many letters commenting upon our recent series of articles upon American boys and American labor. Some of these — by far the larger number — confirm the general position taken in those articles, and a few dissent from it. The latter do not, however, adduce any official or other evidence to offset that presented by us, but uniformly stop with statements of the personal experience of the writers. A fair sample of this class of communications is one written by Mr. George L. McMurphy, Corresponding Secretary of the Tacoma Trades Council. Mr. McMurphy says, in the first part of his letter, which is too long for us to publish in full:

> The apprentice laws, or rules of the unions, which you seem to claim are adopted in a spirit of hostility to American labor, are adopted mainly for two reasons. First: with the purpose of controlling the number of men at work in the trade (in other words, controlling the supply of labor), with a view of more easily controlling wages. While I will admit this motive may be morally wrong, it is no more so, and no more to be condemned, than the action of sugar trusts, cordage trusts, whisky trusts, coal-oil combines, and the numberless other combinations of capital to control production for the purpose of controlling prices. But I think the main reason for restriction of the number of apprentices is that it is found to be absolutely necessary to prevent employers filling their shops with boys, called "apprentices," but who are given no chance to master the trade they are supposed to be learning, but are taught how to do one thing only, and kept at it, to the displacement of competent mechanics, because they can be hired cheaper.

This is clearly an admission that the trade-union rules, no matter what the motives behind them, do operate to keep boys from learning the trades. Mr. McMurphy goes on to say:

> In point of fact, there is no chance to-day for American youth to learn any trade, except when the trade is controlled by trade-unions. I am a carpenter by trade, and have worked at that trade, mostly as journeyman, for the past twenty-two years, and in Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Iowa, California, and this State, and during all that time, and over all that territory, have not worked where the number of apprentices was in any way restricted or controlled by any union, and yet, through all that time, I have found only *one* apprentice regularly indentured, and learning the trade.

Mr. McMurphy's point seems to be that the boys are not kept out of the trades by the hostility of the foreign element in the unions, but by their own disinclination to become apprentices. If he has read our articles carefully, he is aware that we have not charged upon the trade-unions the full responsibility for the passing away of the apprentice system. On the contrary, we

said in our second article in the series: "These [the unions] have been charged with far greater responsibility in the premises than belongs to them; they have helped to abolish the apprentice system; but it would have disappeared without their opposition, though not so soon." Mr. McMurphy says that he is an American, born of American parentage, and strongly American in sentiment, and that in all his experience he has not found among trade-union membership that hostility to American labor and to American institutions which we have declared to exist. Our readers are familiar with the official evidence which we cited in support of our contentions on these points, and it is not necessary to reproduce it now. A later bit in the same direction comes to us from a correspondent in St. Paul, Minnesota, who wrote some months ago:

> In regard to the antagonism of labor-unions to American institutions, witness the action of the brewers in session recently, in which they unanimously determined and promulgated an order that no member of the brewers' union should become a member of the militia of any State, and that those now enlisted in the military service should leave it forthwith. This decision was followed by the coopers' union shortly afterward.
>
> If this policy is pursued by the other-labor unions, I presume it will be but a short time before a demand will be made for the abolition of all State military forces.

Of course this action amounts to rebellion, and if it were to be followed in practice the question of whether the State or the trade-union was the supreme power would have to be met and answered. In closing his letter, Mr. McMurphy makes a point which is worthy of thoughtful consideration:

> The fact that so large a percentage of the trade-unions' membership is of foreign birth is to be attributed to the blind selfishness of the American employer, who prefers the partly skilled workman of foreign birth, at a cheap price, to the skilled American, at a fair price, and will rather get along with the poor foreign article than offer any inducement, or chance even, for the American youth to perfect himself in his trade.

Popular Education in Citizenship.

ONE of the most healthful effects of the first national conference of municipal reform organizations, at Philadelphia in January last, has been the increased attention which has been given since to various plans and suggestions for arousing a more active interest in municipal politics. It is clear that many more persons are considering such matters now than ever before, and this fact of itself is ample justification of the wisdom of holding such conferences. We shall be very much surprised if next year's conference is not in attendance, weight of suggestion, and practical directness of discussion, a distinct advance over the first gathering. The first has sowed the seed of discussion in various quarters of the land, and unless all signs are misleading, there will be an encouraging crop of political results to be garnered when the second shall have come together.

Several notable aids to this discussion have been brought to our attention during the past few months in the form of books and pamphlets. Most of these relate to the problem of municipal government in the larger cities, for it is in these, of course, that aid is most needed. They are aimed very wisely at the dissemination of knowledge as to the exact working of the present political machinery, with a view to improvement after a thorough study shall have revealed the defects which are the main causes of existing evils. The first object is to awake interest, the second to encourage investigation, and the third to institute and carry out necessary reforms. In passing, we wish to commend the example of the "Wharton School of Finance and Economy," in setting its class of 1893 to the task of collecting material for, and inditing, essays on the various departments of the government of Philadelphia. The result of the work of these young men is given in a volume just issued, with a preface by Professor E. J. James, explaining the circumstances of its preparation. Similar work might be done by every college in the country, in relation to various phases of government.

Two very useful books are "Primary Elections," by Mr. Daniel S. Remsen of New York, published in Putnam's "Questions of the Day" series, and a "Handbook for Philadelphia Voters," compiled by Mr. Charles A. Brinley, and published by the Wharton School. The first of these gives clear and concise summaries of the rules and methods which are at present observed by political parties in their primaries, county organizations, State and National conventions, in all parts of the country. The working of these is explained clearly, and the evils attendant upon them are pointed out. Mr. Remsen follows this exposition with a discussion of various plans for improvement, including plural and quota elections, direct nominations, proportional representation, secret voting by blanket-ballot in the primaries, and the nomination of candidates by politicians in the primaries. His point of view is that the primary is the pivot of reform, that the control of the primary carries with it the control of the party, the convention, and the nominations, and hence the primary determines both the character of the party, and the quality of popular government.

Mr. Brinley's handbook gives the Philadelphia voter full information as to the laws of citizenship and naturalization, qualifications of electors, boundaries of election, congressional and legislative districts and wards, lists of elective and appointive officers, dates of party meetings and primaries, rules of both political parties, principles and by-laws of the Municipal League, the ballot law, the anti-bribery and fraud laws, digest of the city charter, and of laws passed by the last legislature—in short, information of every kind which a voter may need to enable him to cast his vote intelligently. The book is a model of its kind, and every city in the land should have one similar to it for wide distribution among its voters.

A pamphlet by the same author, entitled "Citizenship," is deserving of equally warm commendation. It consists mainly of the results of a novel expedition which Mr. Brinley put on foot. He sent out a young man, recently out of college, with directions to obtain exact information about the places in the public service concerning which as a voter he was entitled to express his will at the polls. He put the results of his inquiries in writing as quickly as possible after each day's search, and these Mr. Brinley has given in his pamphlet under the title, "Report of a Voter in Search of his Rights." It took this voter several hours a day for six weeks to gather this information. He was delegated next to look into the question of primary elections in

the same way, and the results of this inquiry are included in the pamphlet. The reading of the reports on these two expeditions is most instructive, showing as it does how dense is the ignorance of the average intelligent voter in a large city on all matters pertaining to an election in which he takes part—ignorance as to candidates, to offices, to methods, to district boundaries—in fact, everything.

Mr. Brinley says in his comments upon the contents of his pamphlet:

> A great deal of thought has been expended upon methods of reform, and upon some way of getting from the people a better expression of their preferences in caucus or at primary elections. How would it do for reformers to turn their attention to putting voters in possession of exact knowledge as to their elementary privileges and duties; and to posting them as to the exact means by which they may use the former and fulfil the latter?
>
> . . . The individual voter must be held up to his work, and a way found to get it into his head what his work really is, and how to do it like an honest man and a civilized being, who has some conception of his relations to society. . . . Cannot the idea of good government—honest government—participated in by all, from the careful voter at the primaries to the chief of his representatives, be made a new watchword? Is not Citizenship to-day a greater word for us than Liberty? If it cannot become so, the time is near when we will have to use liberty with new meanings to invoke salvation from new and strange tyrannies.

This, it seems to us, sounds the true watchword for the campaign of education which is before all municipal reformers—a campaign of education in citizenship. Until the respectable and intelligent portions of the population of our large cities can be brought to take an active interest in city politics and city government, it is of small use to talk about improved methods for conducting primaries. The first thing to do is to get the people who are in favor of reform into the primaries. They do not go there now, and they will not be attracted there by improvement in primary methods. Nothing will take them there but interest in public affairs, and that can be awakened only by educating them in civic pride, or to a proper sense of what their citizenship implies. There can be no surer way of doing this than by disseminating widely books and pamphlets of the kind we have mentioned. Every voter who has one of these in his possession is certain to be influenced by it to take a more active part in the city government under which he lives.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Common Sense of Civil Service Reform.

A LETTER FROM COMMISSIONER ROOSEVELT.

IT is always a surprise to me that the Congressmen from the outlying districts fail to understand the immense advantage their constituents receive from the civil-service law. Under the old spoils system the people who are nearest the centers of influence are sure to have the best chance to get appointments. The man who can get to Washington readily and badger his Congressman, or badger the head of a department, has opportunities which are not open to the man who lives in northern Michigan or in Louisiana or on the Pacific coast. Under the civil-service law, on the contrary, each State gets its proper quota of appointments. Thus, during the four years of President Harrison's administration, the Commission succeeded, for the first time, in getting the quotas of the Southern States level with the quotas of the Northern. Four or five hundred appointments in the departmental service at Washington during Harrison's administration were made from the Southern States, and at least two thirds of the men thus appointed were white Democrats. The majority of the remainder were colored Republicans. The law thus worked well in two ways. In the first place, the young white Democrats who thus got in were appointed purely because of their merit, without the exercise of any political influence. They were given the chance to earn their livelihood and serve the Government solely by the civil-service law; and not one of them would have been appointed save for this law; and but for its existence the appointments would not have been evenly distributed among the States. No section of the country has benefited more by this law than the South.

In the next place, the colored people appointed were not men of the ordinary colored politician stamp, with which we are unhappily familiar. They were bright, educated young fellows, often graduates of the colored colleges, of the class whose members have very few avenues of employment open to them, and who most need to have these avenues made more numerous. The civil-service law has thrown open one more walk of honorable employment to colored people who are striving to win their way upward.

I wish that the plain, sensible people of the country, those who are interested in decent politics, and not in office-mongering and office-jobbing, would make some of the Congressmen who declaim against the civil-service law understand that it is not safe always to pander to stupid or dishonest voters. The civil-service reform law is, in its essentials, a law to provide for entrance to and retention in office upon grounds of merit alone, and to do away with bribery by means of offices. In the last analysis, it is as immoral to bribe with an office as it is to bribe with money; and those Congressmen and politicians who want to repeal the civil-service law occupy a position quite as indefensible as if they wished to repeal the laws forbidding bribery at elections. They stand as the apostles of the dishonest in our public life.

The enactment of the civil-service law has brought a better class of clerks into the public service, and has enabled these employees to live more as reputable American citizens should live. They are enabled to provide for their wives and families, and to look to the future in a way that they could not possibly do so long as they were dependent for their livelihood upon doing the bidding of some local boss. Often clerks come to Washington not with the intention of staying permanently in the government service, but with the intention of putting

in their evening hours in studying some profession, which they would be unable to study in their country homes. Thoroughly capable men, while in the lower grades, can often do this without in any way interfering with their government work. I recall, for instance, a young fellow from Maine, wholly without political influence, who got an appointment under us in Washington. He stayed three years, rendering entirely satisfactory service to the Government, but during that time he also pursued his studies as a medical student, so that he was able to leave the government service, and complete his medical course abroad, and is now a practising physician. Another young man, whose case was brought to my notice, was from a country district in Texas. He was poor, the only son of a widow; he had educated himself at the local district school, and by studying at home during the evenings; he was ambitious, and wished to study law, but had no chance to study law where he was, and no chance to go anywhere else, because he had no money. He had no political or social influence whereby to secure an appointment on the grounds of patronage; but he entered one of our civil-service examinations, and, merely on his merits, won a position of a thousand dollars. On the lonely farm where he had been he could never have earned a third of this amount; neither could he have studied his profession at the little cross-roads village which was his post-office. Coming to Washington, he took night-courses in law, being also a faithful and efficient government clerk. He succeeded in being admitted to the bar, and after a few years he left the service, was taken into partnership, and is now a prosperous young lawyer in a thriving county-seat town. I am taking these instances almost at random; they could be paralleled in hundreds of cases.

Contrast the above with the experience of the man who gets his appointment under the spoils or patronage system. In the first place, he must sacrifice his self-respect by asking as a favor what under the civil-service law he gets as a right. He has to go through that most disagreeable experience of kicking his heels in the antechambers of the temporarily great. He has to sue for his appointment, intrigue for it, and usually has to do some kind of political work for local ward politicians as a price of their backing. Once in, he may or may not do his duty to the Government, but he is obliged all the time to be uneasily aware that he owes his retention to political influence, and that he must at all hazards retain this influence or be turned out.

The civil-service law does good service in raising the character of our government work; but the best service it renders is to our public life, for it wars against the foul system which treats government offices as forming a vast bribery chest with which to corrupt voters. It wars against a system to which more than to any other one thing we owe what is evil and undesirable in American political life.

Theodore Roosevelt.

General Hill's Article on Stonewall Jackson.

IN the February number of THE CENTURY there is an article by General D. H. Hill, entitled "The Real Stonewall Jackson," and purporting to be confined mainly to the personal recollections of the writer, and to the "relation of incidents and anecdotes which he knew of his own knowledge to be true." After referring to the way in which General Taylor came to be called "Old Rough and Ready," he proceeds to state:

> In like manner a letter written from the field of the first Manassas gave Jackson the cognomen of "Stonewall," and told a very pretty story about General Bee pointing to him, and saying, "There stands Jackson like a stone wall." Not only was the tale a sheer fabrication, but the name was the least suited to Jackson, who was ever in motion, "swooping like an eagle on his prey."

This assertion of General Hill is as unfortunate as unfounded. There may be a "cloud of witnesses" yet alive who heard General Bernard E. Bee so speak of General Jackson and his Virginians. Of this number I am one, and perhaps was nearer to him than any other person at the time when, in the excitement of the moment, he pronounced a sentence which stamped upon a hero and his brigade a cognomen which is as enduring as the history of their deeds, and with which that of General Bee will always be associated. The "pretty story" was not told by "a letter written from the field," but was told at General Joseph E. Johnston's headquarters by myself, one of his staff-officers, the day after the battle, and no doubt was also told by the Carolinians whom Bee rallied, and in this way was caught up by the soldiers, and its truth established in the minds and hearts of the entire army.

At the request of General Johnston I wrote an account of this first battle of Manassas a few days after it occurred. I mentioned this incident, which he himself witnessed. In 1879 the same facts were stated in a sketch of General Jackson, written at the request of the trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Institute of Abingdon, Va. Lest any material error might be made, I sent a copy of that portion of the address which embraced an account of the battle to General Johnston for his criticism and correction. His reply is dated White Sulphur Springs (Va.), September 3, 1879, and contains these extracts:

> Your letter of August 20 came in due time. . . . I will not undertake to criticize your account of the battle of Manassas, for your impressions are perhaps as correct as mine. Now, Cousin Tom [we were kinsmen, and friends from childhood], remember that you saw as much of this battle as any one, and therefore there is no earthly reason why you should not prefer and adhere to your own opinions in the two points in which we differ [viz., as to the position of some of the troops].

The incidents connected with and preceding this designation of General Jackson and his brigade, as told at the time, are simply these:

When General Johnston and General Beauregard with their staffs and escorts reached the vicinity and rear of the conflict, in an open field a dispirited-looking body of men were seen standing along an old fence. General Johnston, accompanied by one of his staff (the writer), turned his horse toward the center of the line, and, approaching the color-bearer, asked, "What regiment is this, and what are you doing here?" He was answered: "It is the 4th Alabama. Our officers have been disabled or killed, and there is no one to command us." General Johnston put his hand upon the flagstaff, and said: "Give me your flag, and I will lead you. Follow me." The standard-bearer retained his hold upon the staff,

and, looking up to the general, as he walked quickly by the side of his horse, said, "General, don't take my colors from me. Tell me where to carry them, and I will plant them there." The general saw that the regiment advanced with spirit, and, relinquishing his hold upon the flagstaff, soon put Colonel R. S. Gist, one of General Bee's staff, in command. In confirmation of this fact, see General Johnston's "Narrative," page 48. His modesty and self-abnegation did not permit any allusion to the conspicuous part he had just performed. The regiment had hardly passed beyond General Johnston and me when General Bee rode up, and, as he faced General Johnston, dropped the reins of his bridle, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, the tears rolling down his cheeks, said, "General, my command is defeated and scattered, and I am alone." General Johnston in the kindest and gentlest tones replied, "I know it is not your fault, General Bee; but don't despair, the day is not lost yet." A few moments of conversation followed, and then General Johnston, pointing to some men lying along a fence, asked, "What men are these?" General Bee turned to look, and replied, "They are South Carolinians." General Johnston said, "Rally them, and lead them back into the fight." I was assigned to the same duty, and was near General Bee when he appealed to them as South Carolinians to sustain the reputation of their State, and, pointing to General Jackson's brigade (a part of which could be distinctly seen) exclaimed, "Look, there is Jackson with his Virginians standing like a stone wall against the enemy."* The men were aroused by these appeals, and, falling into line, were led toward the front, where General Bee, gathering other portions of his command, led the charge in which he fell mortally wounded.

I must, in conclusion, be pardoned for saying that General D. H. Hill does not present the "Real Stonewall Jackson" in all the fullness of his striking characteristics as he is known to his friends, and appears to those who have studied his private life and military career. What I have written is only to vindicate and establish the truth of history. I leave it with you to decide whether or not the correction shall follow the same channel as the mistakes of a brave soldier, scholar, and gentleman, who was often a careless writer and collator of facts.

Thomas L. Preston.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, February 24, 1894.

Stonewall Jackson at Port Republic.

IN the February number of THE CENTURY, General D. H. Hill says that the incident of the Yankee gunner and Stonewall Jackson at Port Republic is romantic, but false.

I was a member of Company F, Ninth Louisiana Volunteers, and was at Port Republic on the day of the battle. I was ill, and with a small number of other sick soldiers was ordered to cross from the north side of the river to the side on which Port Republic is situated, and to go in the direction of the baggage trains. We crossed the river a little above the bridge in a skiff, after which most of the men went directly toward the baggage train, while I and a comrade by the name of Jones, a member of the same company, went to the pike, and proceeded down toward the bridge. When about seventy-five or a hundred yards from the bridge we saw three or four Federal soldiers with a cannon at the south entrance of the bridge pointing through it, and on the same side of the bridge with us. We were starting to run when we saw General Jackson, alone, coming down the road at a gallop. He had on his old cap, but wore a United States Army overcoat, and rode by, passing within ten feet of us, in the direction of the gun. I heard him say: "Why did you put that gun there? Why don't you remove it down there? Don't you see the enemy over yonder?" pointing to our troops on the north side of the river, and also to a level place a little below the bridge, and a short distance from the mouth of it. The Yankees at once moved the gun to the place indicated by General Jackson, who immediately rode through the bridge as fast as he could go, and waved his cap to his men, who began firing, and soon drove the gun away. There were other Federal troops to be seen down the river at the time. I knew General Jackson by sight, perfectly, and cannot be mistaken. My comrade Jones, I think, is dead. I have often mentioned the scene to my fellow-soldiers during and since the war.

R. S. Fortson.

SAN MARCOS, TEXAS.

* This incident was also witnessed by Mr. Barna McKinne, at that time a private in the Fourth Alabama, and subsequently chief quartermaster on General G. W. Smith's staff.— EDITOR.

The Depletion of American Forests.

A WRITER in the January number of THE CENTURY, under the title of "The Vanishing Moose," makes a statement which I think may be very misleading, if not erroneous. On page 345 he says: "Of the great forests that absolutely *covered* the Eastern and Northwestern States, and served as the home of vast numbers of animals, *scarcely anything is left.*" The italics are mine.

As to the Eastern States, the above is undoubtedly correct; but as a sweeping characteristic of the Northwestern States, I am sure the author of "The Vanishing Moose" is much in error.

Take, for instance, the State of Washington, the most northwestern State in the Union. Within its limits only the fringe of the lumber forests has as yet been cut away. The most carefully prepared statistics, gathered down to as late a date as January 1, 1894, show the number of standing feet of timber in the State of Washington to be 410,000,000,000, of which not quite 1,000,000,000 feet are cut and marketed each year. From these data it is easy to see that the forests of the State will be exhausted only about four hundred years hence.

To be sure, some little destruction goes on in the way of clearing and burning away timber to fit the land for agricultural pursuits, but this is chiefly on tracts that have already been exhausted by the machinery of logging. Instead of attacking land that is wholly new, the farmer selects those districts from which all wood valuable for lumber has been removed. Thus the heaviest is out of the way.

Forest fires are unknown in the State of Washington, so that destruction of her forests in this manner is not yet a source of anxiety.

The data I have given above apply with almost equal force to Oregon, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. It may

therefore be safely inferred that much of the forests of the Northwestern States yet remains.

SNOHOMISH, WASHINGTON. *W. T. Elwell.*

REJOINDER BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VANISHING MOOSE."

THE term "Eastern and Northwestern States" in my article was meant to refer to the two original forest areas in this country, and the State of Washington is in some respects the least injured of the whole district; but even in Washington the area of virgin forest has been very seriously diminished.

The figures Mr. Elwell quotes are of no value as showing decrease of forest area, because his ratio between the number of feet of standing timber and the number of feet annually marketed does not show the ratio between what is annually cut, cleared, or burned (or, in other words, destroyed) and what is left untouched. The timber marketed is only a fraction of what is cut, and in a new country rapidly being settled the amount cut by lumbermen is only a fraction of what is cleared. To this must be added the timber burned, which in the Northwest is very great. Within the last two years the Olympic peninsula has been badly burned, and in 1880 alone, the last year for which figures are attainable, 37,910 acres, valued at $713,200, were destroyed by fire in the State of Washington. This effectually disposes of Mr. Elwell's statement that "forest fires are unknown in the State of Washington."

The only way to judge of the destruction of forests in the United States is to consider the number of square miles of timber-lands annually cleared in any manner, whether by settlement, fire, or lumbering. Judged by this standard, not only Washington, but the other Northwestern States, would make a sorry showing.

The destruction of forests in this country is, indeed, so very far advanced that it is, or ought to be, a source of anxiety to patriotic men not wholly absorbed in realizing on the heritage of the centuries for their own financial advancement and the impoverishment of coming generations. In evidence of this, let me quote from a letter just received from Dr. John D. Jones, assistant chief in the Division of Forestry at Washington, D. C., who is widely known as an authority on the subject:

"At the present rate of destruction, together with the enormous increasing demands, the timber-lands of the United States, unless some radical action is taken *at once*, will, *in a very short time*, be a thing of the past."

Madison Grant.

The English Language in America.

THERE has been from time to time serious talk, even in England, of the reform of English orthography. The word is a misnomer in relation to the English language, for there is nothing orthographic in it. No language, except perhaps the Etruscan, was ever reduced to such phonetic decay. The simplest and most easily acquired, as speech, of all European languages, its spelling brings the foreigner to despair. It is impossible for any man who has learned the sounds given to the letters of it, and acquired them in the highest possible exactitude as elements, to go on from that and learn to talk it so as to be generally understood. This is a disgraceful fact, explain it how we may.

The business world is meanwhile persistently clamoring and searching for a universal language, and Volapük has even been acquired by thousands of malcontents, in the whimsical faith that a language without literature and without roots in the habits of mankind can be coaxed into vitality by the more or less philosophic considerations that it favors no existing language, impartially borrows from all, lends to none, and therefore can excite the jealousy of nobody. The only apology for this unfathomable absurdity is that the owners of the existing languages refuse to adapt them to the uses of humanity at large. To say that our language is the simplest of the European tongues in its grammar, in its construction of phrase, and especially in its inflections, is to claim what nobody contests; and that it is the easiest to learn is a common remark by those who have studied it, but coupled always with the qualifying criticism that the written word gives but a poor indication of the pronunciation. Make it phonetically correct, and it becomes the easiest language to acquire in the world, and supersedes Volapük and all its substitutes. This is for the foreigner; but for ourselves there is a kindlier service in the elementary education of our children. As this is now carried on, it requires in many cases two or three years for a child to learn to read, and, in not a few, many years to master the spelling of the language. By a phonetic system this time is reduced, for any language, to six weeks, on an average. This I observed during the troubles in the Herzegovina in 1876, when thousands of refugee children in Dalmatia, almost entirely the descendants of illiterate ancestors from time immemorial, were gathered into schools instituted for them in the cities which gave them refuge. These children, of ages from two or three up to ten and twelve, using the Cyrillic alphabet, which is strictly phonetic, required, on an average, as I found by many inquiries from the priests in charge of the schools, only six weeks to learn to read.

In the primary education of my own children I have to a satisfactory extent proved the same advantages in a phonetic system of teaching. A friend of our family who was an enthusiast in all reforms of education — Mrs. Margaret Merington, the daughter of the Mr. Hamilton who was known sixty years ago as the inventor of improved methods of instruction — had as long ago as 1828 elaborated an alphabet which proposed a distinct character for every sound in the language, preceding Pitman by some time in the publication of it. The scheme failed to receive support, being far too radical and too early for the English public. Some years after, Mrs. Merington, always turning the subject in her mind, and spending the most of the time she could spare from her family in teaching foreign languages to poor governesses or English to poor foreigners, contrived a modification of the actual alphabet for this purpose, and at her own expense had a font of type cast, and text-books printed, in which the English letters of common use were distinguished by accents and other modifications, so as to give a definite value to every letter. I had had so much experience of crowding the minds of little children, and its disastrous effects on the brain, that I had made a rule that none of my children should be set to learn their letters before the age of seven; and at this age Mrs. Merington took two of them in succession to teach them to read by the improved

alphabet. Though one of the children was slow to learn, and neither very precocious, both learned to read in the same time,— six weeks,— and one of them, on being transferred to books in the common character, found no difficulty in spelling or pronouncing, but read with fluency books in the usual type suited to her age, and followed the customary routine afterward. The other had for some time a tendency to "incorrect" spelling, but not more than some people retain all their lives in spite of all education.

The system of Mrs. Merington not only provided the distinct character for every sound in the language, but that the sound should be taught in such a way that it combined naturally with the adjoining ones; *i. e.*, instead of giving the letters names as in the Alpha-Beta-Gamma system, each letter was given the articulation it had in all cases, B for instance being neither *bee* nor *eb*, but simply *b* isolated from any vowel or other consonant sound. This being thoroughly accepted, the coupling of the consonant with each vowel at need was the natural consequence of articulation, and the letters ran into words without giving rise to any perplexity. In default of such a system, children set to learn the English language have many months of painful perplexity over their spelling-books, and in general do not succeed in learning to read fluently till they have come to distinguish the words by their individual physiognomy, which is a late acquisition to all, and impossible to many, while it often happens that the conventional spelling of many words is never acquired even by people devoted to literature. The proof-readers of any of our principal periodicals can attest to this fact.

The suggestion of the Americanization of the English language carries with it as the logical consequence a radical reform which the insular mind is too conservative to accept, but which will, when accepted by the expanding branch of the race, so facilitate the acquisition of the language that no excuse will remain for the construction of a new universal speech; and it will at once establish the position of our tongue as not only the simplest in construction and the widest in extent and therefore the most useful, but as the most easily acquired of all human languages. But to this end the reform must be radical. It is trifling with the subject to throw out a useless *gh* here and a superfluous *m* or *l* there; not only must the useless be eliminated, but the incorrect and inexact must be made correct and exact; there must be no two characters for the same sound, or two sounds for the same character. But we are mostly too conservative to adopt the form of the Artemus Ward literature — mainly, I imagine, because we consider that we might be confounded with the illiterate, and because we do not like to forfeit the credit of having learned our language in the difficult way; and also, to a large extent, because we are attached to the old forms, and do not trouble ourselves for those who are to come after. Language is a tool, but from time unknown the human mind has resisted the change of forms of tools to which the human hand has become accustomed. The change must therefore be radical in character, but conservative in form, and the means of combining these conditions is furnished by the Merington alphabet. For the silent letters it employs italics; for the sounded vowels, accents; and for sounded consonants, modifications of the forms so slight as not to offend the accustomed sense, while they convey to the beginner all that is requisite in the indication of modification of sound. The printed page, therefore, corresponds so nearly to the present form that the eye is not offended, the history of the language is kept intact, and the books already printed will have only a slightly archaic character to those who follow us, while the words once learned in the new character will be perfectly well known in the old. That afterward the progressive reform shall proceed little by little to throw out the useless letters, and insist more forcibly on the differentiation of the modified, we cannot foresee or provide for or against. What is certain is, that a reform will come when the desire for it has reached the requisite strength; and the longer that reform is delayed, the more reckless of conservative conditions it will be, and the more our immediate successors will have lost. And, after all, the changes will be only the putting of what we now get in our dictionaries into our text-books. But with this change an intelligent foreigner can learn English in six months, not only, as now, to read it, but to be able to speak it intelligibly and correctly — an accomplishment which is usually the result of years of study.

W. J. Stillman.

"The Century's" American Artist Series.

FREDERICK W. FREER. (See page 57.)

FREDERICK W. FREER became first known to American art-lovers early in the eighties by his water-colors, which, although narrow in their range of subjects, were attractive and taking, delightful in their color-sense, and always pictorial. It was some years later that he gained the place he now occupies as an expert and facile worker in oil.

In the eighties Freer's pictures, as was natural, showed much of the influence of Munich, for he had been a student at the Royal Academy in that city since 1867. Later he threw off the Munich yoke, and seemed for a year or two to lean toward Paris. His mature work does not savor of any special school or method.

Freer was born in Chicago in 1849. He studied both in Munich and Paris for nearly fourteen years, and returned to America and settled in New York in 1880. During the last few years he has lived in his native city. He is a member of the Society of American Artists, and of the American Water Color Society, and an associate of the National Academy of Design. He gained a medal at the Columbian Exposition.

I doubt not that Mr. Freer has as much difficulty with his medium as most artists have, but his "facture" is so well hidden, his brush-work is so facile and pleasant, that his pictures are grateful alike to the professional and the unprofessional eye, because they possess the rare quality of *seeming* to have been easily done.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Sleepy Man.

WHEN the Sleepy Man comes with the dust on his eyes,
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
He shuts up the earth, and he opens the skies.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

He smiles through his fingers, and shuts up the sun;
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
The stars that he loves he lets out one by one.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

He comes from the castles of Drowsy-boy Town;
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
At the touch of his hand the tired eyelids fall down.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

He comes with a murmur of dream in his wings,
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
And whispers of mermaids and wonderful things.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

Then the top is a burden, the bugle a bane,
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
When one would be faring down Dream-a-way Lane,
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

When one would be wending in Lullaby Wherry
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
To Sleepy Man's Castle by Comforting Ferry.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

Charles G. D. Roberts.

Outlines.

A MAN owned a slave. But coming to believe it to be wrong to hold men in slavery, he said, "I will set this one free." At this his neighbors protested, saying it would be bad policy, since it would cause other slaves to desire their freedom, and so make trouble. But the man holding firm, they threatened him with ostracism. Now, for himself the man cared for this not one whit; but because of his wife and children, who would suffer, he yielded.

But he said, "I am myself a slave."

A BOY went to school. He was very little. All that he knew he had drawn in with his mother's milk. His teacher (who was God) placed him in the lowest class, and gave him these lessons to learn: Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt do no hurt to any living thing. Thou shalt not steal. So the man did not kill; but he was cruel, and he stole. At the end of the day (when his beard was gray, when the night was come), his teacher (who was God) said: "Thou hast learned not to kill; but the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back to-morrow."

On the morrow he came back, a little boy. And his teacher (who was God) put him in a class a little higher, and gave him these lessons to learn: Thou shalt do no hurt to any living thing. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not cheat. So the man did no hurt to any living thing; but he stole, and he cheated. And at the end of the day (when his beard was gray, when the night was come), his teacher (who was God) said: "Thou hast learned to be merciful; but the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back to-morrow."

Again, on the morrow, he came back, a little boy. And his teacher (who was God) put him in a class yet a little higher, and gave him these lessons to learn: Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not cheat. Thou shalt not covet. So the man did not steal; but he cheated, and he coveted. And at the end of the day (when his beard was gray, when the night was come), his teacher (who was God) said: "Thou hast learned not to steal; but the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back my child, to-morrow."

This is what I have read in the faces of men and women, in the book of the world, and in the scroll of the heavens, which is writ with stars.

A CHILD said to me, "A wonderful thing will happen to-morrow."

I said, "What?"

He said, "To-morrow."

A CHILD brought me a pebble, white and smooth and round. "What a wonderful thing!" he said.

"Wonderful?" said I. "There are millions and millions of things like that."

"Then," said he, "there are millions and millions of wonderful things."

A MAN went to the court. When he came back, his neighbors asked: "Did you see the king? Did you see the queen? Did you see the prince and the princess? Did you see the duke and the duchess?"

But he said, "I saw only men and women."

IN a certain country there was a law which forbade a man to kiss his wife on the Sabbath. For violation of this law (and others of equal wisdom) a potter had suffered both fine and imprisonment. It happened after that, when the potter was at work at his wheel, that there came to him one of the law-makers, who complained that some of the potter's ware which he had bought had too easily broken. "If I were a potter," said the law-maker, "I would make ware which could not be so easily broken." "And if I were a law-maker," said the potter, "I would make laws which could not be so easily broken."

A MAN loved a woman, but she laughed at him. Then, through grief, he became ill, and was like to die, in very despair of her love. Whereat pity touched her heart, and pity grew to love. When he came to know this, having now the love he had so yearned to possess, he rejoiced greatly, and arose from his bed.

And straightway he began to love another woman.

Berry Benson.

Men and Women.

MOST women are inclined to be very lenient to any offense on the part of a man which he can make them believe springs from their attractiveness.

Every woman has an ideal husband before marriage, and a very real one after it.

Many a woman who has made a man unhappy for a time by declining his offer of marriage has, afterward, earned his eternal gratitude for her discernment.

To know some women is to know the whole sex. They seem to combine in dazzling bewilderment the virtues and vices, the charms and counter-charms, of all womankind.

A married woman is always wiser than an unmarried woman; but it is often the wisdom that comes from disappointment, sorrow, and discontent.

Men, as a rule, long to be loved only during youth. In mature age they long for power, and their longing is increased in proportion to its acquirement. Their love of women is readily appeased; their love of power is insatiable.

No woman is capable of inspiring so intense and lasting a love as one who feels that she is unlovable.

The man who weds a woman solely because he believes she loves him commits the greatest wrong toward her. She will certainly discover the fact, and will hate him and herself for all future time: him for having deceived her; herself for incapacity to keep her own secret.

The more love we give, the more we have, may be true of women; but man seems to be possessed only of a fixed amount. He can hardly form a new attachment without drawing heavily on his limited capital of affection invested in an earlier sweetheart.

Some shallow, sentimental women occupy most of their time in doing what they should not do, in repenting of it with superabundant tears, and in continuing their offenses.

When a man feels irritated toward a woman from insufficient cause, her patience and amiableness increase his irritability, and aggravate injustice into cruelty.

Many a woman is as remarkable for greatness of heart as for littleness of mind. She can feel deeply when she cannot see clearly, which may be the main reason for her tenderness.

Certain passionate, high-tempered women can never love without a mixture of shrewishness. This is naturally more endurable to lovers than to husbands, who would prefer, for peace's sake, a little less love and a little more amiability.

Junius Henri Browne.

The Evolution of a "Name."

WHEN Hill, the poet, first essayed
To push the goose's quill,
Scarce any name at all he made.
('T was simply "A. H. Hill.")

But as success his efforts crowned,
Rewarding greater skill,
His name expanded at a bound.
(It was "A. Hiller Hill.")

Now that his work, be what it may,
Is sure "to fill the bill,"
He has a name as wide as day.
("Aquilla Hiller Hill.")

Charles Battell Loomis.

The Tests.

OF a fine man: not the harm that he does not do, but the good that he does do.

Of happiness: the art of forgetting actual unhappiness.

Of unhappiness: the habit of forgetting actual happiness.

Of a millionaire: not what he spends, but what he earns.

Of a student: not how much he knows, but how much he wants to know.

Of a clerk: not what he earns, but what he spends.

Of unselfishness: never to remember yourself.

Of dignity: never to forget yourself.

Of a woman's power: not how exclusively you think of her when she is there, but how often you think of her when she is not there.

Of beauty: not that it is perfect, but that it always attracts.

Of purity: not what it has not seen, but what it has not touched.

Of tact: not how often you please, but how seldom you offend.

Of friendship: 1. How much you can say to each other. 2. How little you need say to each other. 3. How much you enjoy differing with each other.

Of charm: not how deeply you feel it, but how keenly you remember it.

Of fascination: not how keenly you remember it, but how much else you forget.

Of a good comrade: how much you enjoy talking to him.

Of sympathy: how much he enjoys talking with you.

Of the worst pessimism: leading a poor life, and then preaching what you practise.

Of a realist: not that he never depicts ideally, but that he never depicts falsely.

Of virtue: not what it does not do, but what it does not want to do.

Alice Wellington Rollins.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE IN THE COLLECTION OF PETER GILSEY.

LOUIS KOSSUTH IN 1851.

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A CUMBERLAND VENDETTA.

A TALE OF THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS.

By the author of "A Mountain Europa," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

I.

THE cave had been their hiding-place as children; it was a secret refuge now against hunger or darkness when they were hunting in the woods. The primitive meal was finished; ashes were raked over the red coals; the slice of bacon and the little bag of meal were hung high against the rock: and the two stepped from the cavern into a thicket of rhododendrons.

Parting the bushes toward the dim light, they stood on a massive shoulder of the mountain, the river girding it far below, and the afternoon shadows at their feet. Both carried guns: the tall mountaineer, a Winchester; the boy, a squirrel rifle longer than himself. Climbing about the rocky spur, they kept the same level over log and boulder and through bushy ravine to the north. In half an hour they ran into a path that led up home from the river, and they stopped to rest on a cliff that sank in a solid black wall straight under them. The sharp edge of a steep corn-field ran near, and, stripped of blade and tassel, the stalks and hooded ears looked in the coming dusk a little like monks at prayer. In the sunlight across the river the corn stood thin and frail. Over there a drouth was on it; and when drifting thistle-plumes marked the noontide of the year, each yellow stalk had withered blades and an empty sheath. Everywhere a look of vague trouble lay upon the face of the mountains. The autumn was at hand; and when the wind blew, the silver of the leaves showed ashen.

There was no physical sign of kinship between the two, half-brothers though they were. The tall one was dark; the boy, a foundling, had flaxen hair, and was stunted and slender. He was a dreamy-looking little fellow, and one may easily find his like throughout the Cumberland — paler than his fellows, from staying much indoors, with half-haunted face, and eyes that are deeply pathetic when not cunning; ignorantly credited with idiocy and uncanny powers: treated with much forbearance, some awe, and a little contempt; and suffered to do his pleasure — nothing, or much that is strange — without comment.

"I tell ye, Rome," he said, taking up the thread of talk that was broken at the cave, "when Uncle Gabe says *he 's* afeard thar 's goin' to be trouble, hit 's a-comin'; 'n' I want you to git me a Winchester. I 'm a-gittin' big enough now. I kin shoot mighty nigh as good as you, 'n' whut am I fit fer with this hyar ole papaw pop-gun?"

"I don't want ye fightin', boy, I 've told ye.

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ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

"SHE WAS WAVING HER BONNET AT HIM."

Ye air too little 'n' puny, 'n' I want ye to stay home 'n' take keer o' mam 'n' the cattle—ef fightin' does come. I reckon thar won't be much."

"Don't ye?" cried the boy, with sharp contempt—"with ole Jas Lewallen a-devilin' Uncle Rufe, 'n' that black-headed young Jas a-climbin' on stumps over thar across the river, 'n' crowin' 'n' sayin' out open in Hazlan thet ye air afeard o' him? Yes; 'n' he called me a idgit." The boy's voice broke into a whimper of rage.

"Shet up, Isom! Don't you go gittin' mad now. You 'll be sick ag'in. I 'll tend to him when the time comes." Rome spoke with rough kindness, but ugly lines had gathered at his mouth and forehead. The boy's tears came and went easily. He drew his sleeve across his eyes, and looked up the river. Beyond the bend three huge birds rose into the sunlight, and floated toward them. Close at hand, they swerved sidewise.

"They hain't buzzards," he said, standing up, his anger gone; "look at them straight wings!"

Again the eagles swerved, and two shot across the river. The third dropped with shut wings to the bare crest of a gaunt old poplar under them.

"Hit 's a young un, Rome!" said the boy, excitedly. "He 's goin' to wait thar tell the old uns come back. Gimme thet gun!"

Catching up the Winchester, he slipped over the ledge; and Rome leaned suddenly forward, looking down at the river.

A group of horsemen had ridden around the bend, and were coming at a walk down the other shore. Every man carried something across his saddle-bow. There was a gray horse among them,—young Jasper's,—and an evil shadow came into Rome's face, and quickly passed. Near a strip of woods the gray turned up the mountain from the party, and on its back he saw the red glint of a woman's dress. With a half smile he watched the scarlet figure ride from the woods, and climb slowly up through the sunny corn. On the spur above, and full in the rich yellow light she halted, half turning in her saddle. He rose to his feet, to his full height, his head bare, and thrown far back between his big shoulders, and, still as statues, the man and the woman looked at each other across the gulf of darkening air. A full minute the woman sat motionless, then rode on. At the edge of the woods she stopped and turned again.

The eagle under Rome leaped one stroke in the air, and dropped like a clod into the sea of leaves. The report of the gun and a faint cry of triumph rose from below. It was good marksmanship, but on the cliff Rome did not heed it. Something had fluttered in the air above the girl's head, and he laughed aloud. She was waving her bonnet at him.

II.

JUST where young Stetson stood, the mountains racing along each shore of the Cumberland had sent out against each other, by mutual impulse, two great spurs. At the river's brink they stopped sheer, with crests uplifted, as though some hand at the last moment had hurled them apart, and had led the water through the breach to keep them at peace. To-day the crags look seamed by thwarted passion; and, sullen with firs, they made symbols of the human hate about the base of each.

When the feud began no one knew. Even the original cause was forgotten. Both families had come as friends from Virginia long ago, and had lived as enemies nearly half a century. There was hostility before the war, but until then little bloodshed. Through the hatred of change characteristic of the mountaineer the world over, the Lewallens were for the Union. The Stetsons owned a few slaves, and they fought for them. Peace found both still neighbors and worse foes. The war armed them, and brought back an ancestral contempt for human life; it left them a heritage of lawlessness that for mutual protection made necessary the very means used by their feudal forefathers; personal hatred supplanted its dead issues, and with them the war went on. The Stetsons had a good strain of Anglo-Saxon blood, and owned valley-lands; the Lewallens kept store, and made "moonshine": so kindred and debtors and kindred and tenants were arrayed with one or the other leader, and gradually the retainers of both settled on one or the other side of the river. In time of hostility the Cumberland came to be the boundary between life and death for the dwellers on each shore. It was feudalism born again.

Above one of the spurs each family had its home, the Stetsons, under the seared face of Thunderstruck Knob, the Lewallens just beneath the wooded rim of Wolf's Head. The eaves and chimney of each cabin were faintly visible from the porch of the other. The first light touched the house of the Stetsons; the last, the Lewallen cabin. So there were times when the one could not turn to the sunrise nor the other to the sunset but with a curse in his heart; for his eye must fall on the home of his enemy.

For years there had been peace. The death of Rome Stetson's father from ambush, and the fight in the court-house square, had forced it. After that fight only four were left—old Jasper Lewallen, and young Jasper, the boy Rome, and his uncle Rufe Stetson. Then Rufe fled to the West, and the Stetsons were helpless. For three years no word was heard of him, but the



"MARTHY."

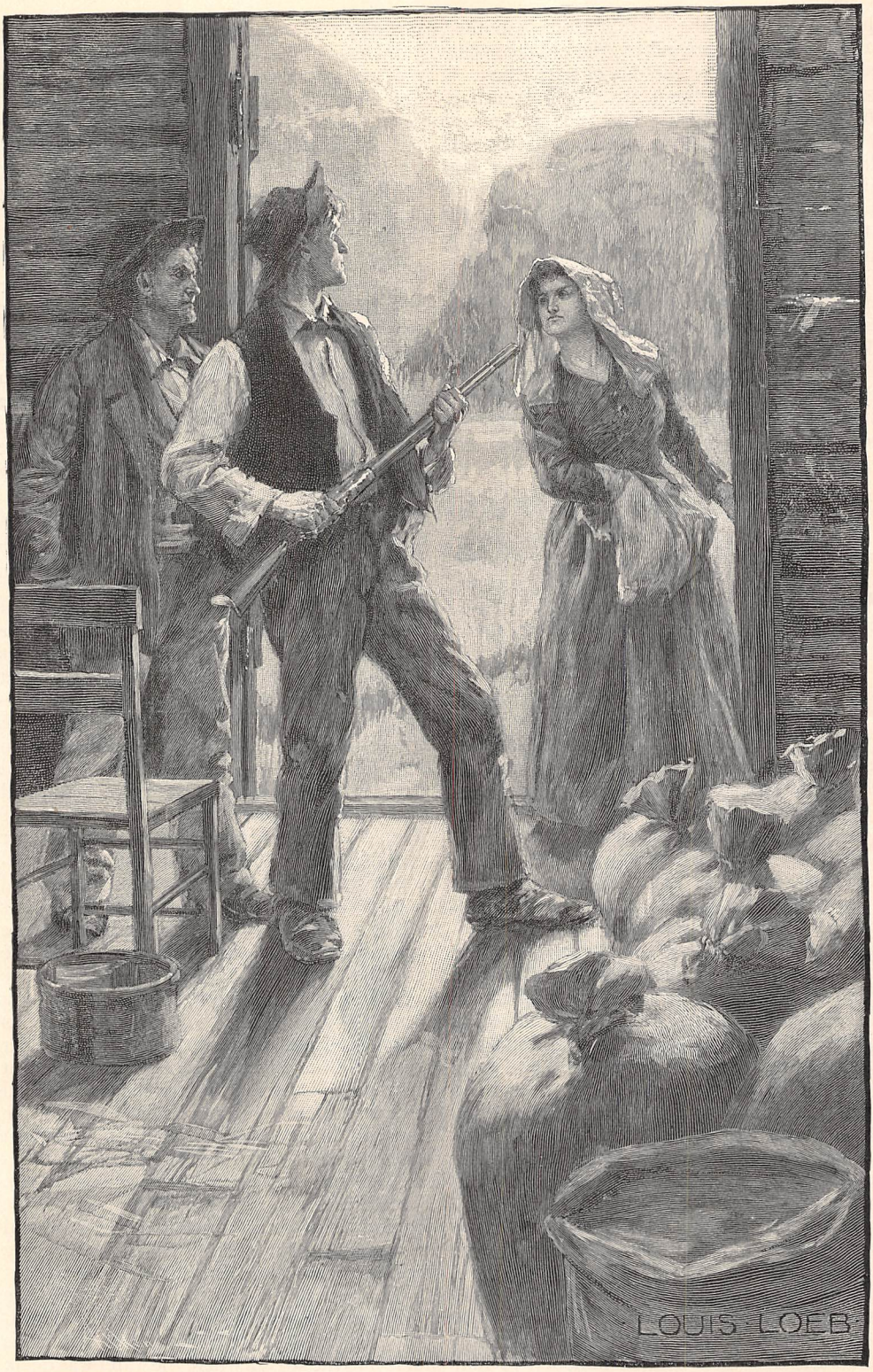
hatred burned in the heart of Rome's mother, and was traced deep in her grim old face while she patiently waited the day of retribution. It smoldered, too, in the hearts of the women of both clans who had lost husbands, or sons, or lovers; and the friends and kin of each had little to do with one another, and met and passed with watchful eyes. Indeed, it would take so little to turn peace to war that the wonder was that peace had lived so long. Now trouble was at hand. Rufe Stetson had come back at last, a few months since, and had quietly opened store at the county-seat, Hazlan,—a little town five miles up the river, where Troubled Fork runs seething into the Cumberland,—a point of neutrality for the factions, and consequently a battle-ground. Old Jasper's store was at the other end of the town, and the old man had never been known to brook competition. He had driven three men from Hazlan during the last term of peace for this offense, and everybody knew that the fourth must leave or fight. Already Rufe Stetson had been warned not to appear outside his door after dusk. Once or twice his wife had seen skulking shadows under the trees across the road, and a tremor of anticipation ran along both shores of the Cumberland.

III.

A FORTNIGHT later court came. Rome was going to Hazlan, and the feeble old Stetson mother limped across the porch from the kitchen, trailing a Winchester behind her. Usually he went unarmed, but he took the gun now, as she gave it, in silence.

The boy Isom was not well, and Rome had told him to ride the horse. But the lad had gone on afoot to his duties at old Gabe Bunch's mill, and Rome himself rode down Thunderstruck Knob through the mist and dew of the early morning. The sun was coming up over Virginia, and through a dip in Black Mountain the foot-hills beyond washed in blue waves against its white disk. A little way down the mountain the rays shot through the gap upon him, and, lancing the mist into tatters, and lighting the dewdrops, set the birds singing. Rome rode, heedless of it all, under primeval oak and poplar, and along rain-clear brooks and happy waterfalls, shut in by laurel and rhododendron, and singing past mossy stones and lacelike ferns that brushed his stirrup. On the brow of every cliff he would stop to look over the trees and the river to the other shore, where the gray line of a path ran aslant Wolf's Head, and was lost in woods above and below.

At the river he rode up-stream, looking still across it. Old Gabe Bunch hallooed to him from the doorway of the mill, as he splashed through the creek, and Isom's thin face peered through a breach in the logs. At the ford beyond he checked his horse with a short oath of pleased surprise. Across the water a scarlet dress was moving slowly past a brown field of corn. The figure was bonneted, but he knew the girl's walk and the poise of her head that far away. Just who she was, however, he did not know, and he sat irresolute. He had seen her first a month since, paddling along the other shore, erect, and with bonnet off and hair down; she had taken the Lewallen path up the mountain. Afterward he saw her going at a gallop on young Jasper's gray horse, bare-headed again, and with her hair loose to the wind, and he knew she was one of his enemies. He thought her the girl people said young Jasper was going to marry, and he had watched her the more closely. From the canoe she seemed never to notice him; but he guessed, from the quickened sweep of her paddle, that she knew he was looking at her, and once, when he halted on his way home up the mountain, she half turned in her saddle and looked across at him. This happened again, and then she waved her bonnet at him. It was bad enough, any Stetson seeking any Lewallen for a wife, and for him to court young Jasper's sweetheart—it was a thought to laugh at. But the mischief was done. The gesture thrilled him, whether it meant good-will or defiance, and the mere deviltry of such a courtship made him long for it at every sight of her with the river between them. He then began to plan how he could get near her, but through some freak she had paid no further heed to him. He saw her less often,—for a week indeed he had not seen her at all till this day,—and the forces that hindrance generates in an imperious nature had been at work within him. The chance now was one of gold, and with his life in his hand he turned into the stream. Across, he could see something white on her shoulder—an empty bag. It was grinding-day, and she was going to mill—the Lewallen mill. She stopped as he galloped up, and turned, pushing back her bonnet with one hand, and he drew rein. But the friendly, expectant light in her face kindled to such a blaze of anger in her eyes that he struck his horse violently, as though the beast had stopped of its own accord, and, cursing himself, kept on. A little farther, he halted again. Three horsemen, armed with Winchesters, were jogging along toward town ahead of him, and he wheeled about sharply. The girl, climbing rapidly toward Steve Brayton's cabin, was out of the way, but he was too late to reach the ford again. Down the road two more Lewallens with guns were in sight, and he lashed his horse into the stream where the water was deep. Old Gabe, looking from the door of his mill, quit laughing to himself; and under cover of



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

"WHY DON'T YE SHOOT?"

the woods the girl watched man and horse fighting the tide. Twice young Stetson turned his head. But his enemies apparently had not seen him, and horse and rider scrambled up the steep bank and under shelter of the trees. The girl had evidently learned who he was. Her sudden anger was significant, as was the sight of Lewallens going armed to court, and Rome rode on, uneasy.

When he reached Troubled Fork, in sight of Hazlan, he threw a cartridge into place, and shifted the slide to see that it was ready for use. Passing old Jasper's store on the edge of town, he saw the old man's bushy head through the open door, and Lewallens and Braytons crowded out on the steps and looked after him. All were armed. Twenty paces farther he met young Jasper on his gray, and the look on his enemy's face made him grip his rifle. With a flashing cross-fire from eye to eye, the two passed, each with his thumb on the hammer of his Winchester. The groups on the court-house steps stopped talking as he rode by, and turned to look at him. He saw none of his own friends, and he went on at a gallop to Rufe Stetson's store. His uncle was not in sight. Steve Marcum and old Sam Day stood in the porch, and inside a woman was crying. Several Stetsons were near, and all with grave faces gathered about him.

He knew what the matter was before Steve spoke. His uncle had been driven from town. A last warning had come to him on the day before. The hand of a friend was in the caution, and Rufe rode away at dusk; and that night his house was searched by men masked and armed. The Lewallens were in town, and were ready to fight. The crisis had come.

IV.

BACK at the mill old Gabe was troubled. Usually he sat in a cane-bottomed chair near the hopper, whittling, while the lad tended the mill, and took pay in an oaken toll-dish smooth with the use of half a century. But the incident across the river that morning had made the old man uneasy, and he moved restlessly from his chair to the door, and back again, while the boy watched him, wondering what the matter was, but asking no questions. At noon an old mountaineer rode by, and the miller hailed him.

"Any news in town?" he asked.

"Hain't been to town. Reckon fightin' 's goin' on thar from whut I heerd." The careless, high-pitched answer brought the boy with wide eyes to the door.

"Whut d' ye hear?" asked Gabe.

"Jes heerd fightin' 's goin' on!"

Then every man who came for his meal brought a wild rumor from town, and the old miller moved his chair to the door, and sat there whittling fast, and looking anxiously toward Hazlan. The boy was in a fever of unrest, and old Gabe could hardly keep him in the mill. In the middle of the afternoon the report of a rifle came down the river, breaking into echoes against the cliffs below, and Isom ran out the door, and stood listening for another, with an odd contradiction of fear and delight on his eager face. In a few moments Rome Stetson galloped into sight, and, with a shrill cry of relief, the boy ran down the road to meet him, and ran back, holding by a stirrup. Young Stetson's face was black with passion, and his eyes were heavy with drink. At the door of the mill he swung from his horse, and for a moment was hardly able to speak from rage. There had been no fight. The Stetsons were few and unprepared. They had neither the guns nor, without Rufe, the means to open the war, and they believed Rufe had gone for arms. So they had chafed in the store all day, and all day Lewallens on horseback and on foot were in sight; and each was a taunt to every Stetson, and, few as they were, the young and hot-headed wanted to go out and fight. In the afternoon a talebearer had brought some of Jasper's boasts to Rome, and, made reckless by moonshine and much brooding, he sprang up to lead them. Steve too caught up his gun, but old Sam's counsel checked him, and the two by force held Rome back. A little later the Lewallens left town. The Stetsons too disbanded, and on their way home a last drop of gall ran Rome's cup of bitterness over. Opposite Steve Brayton's cabin a jet of smoke puffed from the bushes across the river, and a bullet furrowed the road in front of him. That was the shot they had heard at the mill. Somebody was drawing a "dead line," and, by instinct, Rome wheeled his horse at the brink of it. A mocking yell came over the river, and a gray horse flashed past an open space in the bushes. Rome knew the horse and knew the yell; young Jasper was "bantering" him. Nothing maddens the mountaineer like this childish method of insult; and telling of it, Rome sat in a corner, and loosed a torrent of curses against young Lewallen and his clan.

Old Gabe had listened without a word, and the strain in his face was eased. Always the old man had stood for peace. He believed it had come after the court-house fight, and he had hoped against hope, even when Rufe came back to trade against old Jasper; for Rufe was big and good-natured, and unsuspected of resolute purpose, and the Lewallens's power had weakened. So, now that Rufe was gone again, the old miller half believed he was gone for good. Nobody was hurt; there was a chance yet for peace, and with a rebuke on his tongue, and relief in his face, the old man sat back in his

chair, and went on whittling. The boy turned eagerly to a crevice in the logs, and, trembling with excitement, searched the other shore for Jasper's gray horse, going home.

"He called me a idgit," he said to himself, with a threatening shake of his head. "Jes would n't I like to hev a chance at him! Rome ull git him! Rome ull git him!"

There was no moving point of white on the broad face of the mountains or along the river road. Jasper was yet to come, and, with ears alert to every word behind him, the lad fixed his eyes where he should see him first.

"Oh, he did n't mean to hit me. Not thet he ain't mean enough to shoot from the bresh," Rome broke out savagely. "Thet 's jes whut I 'm afeard he will do. Thar was too much daylight fer him. Ef he jes don't come a-sneakin' over hyar, 'n' waitin' in the lorrel atter dark fer me, it 's all I ax."

"Waitin' in the lorrel!" Old Gabe could hold back no longer. "Hit 's a shame, a burnin' shame! I don' know whut things air comin' to! 'Pears like all you young folks think about is killin' somebody. Folks usen to talk about how fer they could kill a deer; now it 's how fer they kin kill a man. I hev knowed the time when a man would 'a' been druv out o' the county fer drawin' a knife ur a pistol; 'n' ef a feller was ever killed, it was kinder accidental by a Barlow. I reckon folks got usen to weepons 'n' killin' 'n' bushwhackin' in the war. Looks like it 's been gittin' wuss ever sence, 'n' now it 's dirk, 'n' Winchester, 'n' shootin' from the bushes all the time. Hit 's wuss 'n stealin' money to take a feller-creetur's life thet way!"

The old miller's indignation sprang from memories of a better youth. For the courtesies of the code went on to the Blue Grass, and before the war the mountaineer fought with English fairness and his fists. It was a disgrace to use a deadly weapon in those days; it was a disgrace now not to use it.

"Oh, I know all the excuses folks make," he went on: "hit 's fa'r fer one as 't is fer t' other; ye can't fight a man fa'r 'n' squar' who 'll shoot ye in the back; a poh man can't fight money in the couhts; 'n' thar hain't no witnesses in the lorrel but leaves; 'n' dead men don't hev much to say. I know it all. Hit 's cur'us, but it act'ally looks like lots o' decent young folks hev got usen to the idee — thar 's so much of it goin' on, 'n' thar 's so much talk 'bout killin' 'n' layin' out in the lorrel. Reckon folks ull git to pesterin' women 'n' strangers bimeby, 'n' robbin' 'n' thievin'. Hit 's bad enough thar 's so leetle law thet folks hev to take it in their own hands oncet in a while, but this shootin' from the bresh hit 's p'int'ly a sin 'n' shame! Why," he concluded, pointing his remonstrance as he always did, "I seed your grandad and young Jas's fight up thar in Hazlan full two hours 'fore the war,—fist and skull,—'n' your grandad was whooped. *They* got up and shuk hands. I don't see why folks can't fight thet way now. I wish Rufe 'n' old Jas 'n' you 'n' young Jas could have it out fist and skull, 'n' stop this killin' o' people like hogs. Thar 's nobody left but you four. But thar 's no chance o' that, I reckon."

"I 'll fight him anyway, 'n' I reckon ef *he* don't die till *I* lay out in the lorrel fer *him*, he 'll live a long time. Ef a Stetson ever done sech meanness as that I never heerd it."

"Nuther hev I," said the old man, with quick justice. "Ye air a overbearin' race, all o' ye, but I never knowed ye to be that mean. Hit 's all ther wuss fer ye thet ye air in sech doin's. I tell ye, Rome —"

A faint cry rose above the drone of the millstones, and old Gabe stopped with open lips to listen. The boy's face was pressed close to the logs. A wet paddle had flashed into the sunlight from out the bushes across the river. He could just see a canoe in the shadows under them, and with quick suspicion his brain pictured Jasper's horse hitched in the bushes, and Jasper stealing across the river to waylay Rome. But the canoe moved slowly out of sight down-stream and toward the deep water, the paddler unseen, and the boy looked around with a weak smile. Neither seemed to have heard him. Rome was brooding, with his sullen face in his hands; the old miller was busy with his own thoughts; and the boy turned again to his watch.

But Jasper did not come. Isom's eyes began to ache from the steady gaze, and now and then he would drop them to the water swirling beneath. A slow wind swayed the overhanging branches at the mouth of the stream, and under them was an eddy. Escaping this, the froth and bubbles raced out to the gleams beating the air from the sunlit river. He saw one tiny fleet caught; a mass of yellow scum bore down, and, sweeping through bubbles and eddy, was itself struck into fragments by something afloat. A tremulous shadow shot through a space of sunlight into the gloom cast by a thicket of rhododendrons, and the boy caught his breath sharply. A moment more, and the shape of a boat and a human figure quivered on the water running under him. The stern of a Lewallen canoe swung into the basin, and he sprang to his feet.

"Rome!" The cry cut sharply through the drowsy air. "Thar he is! Hit 's Jas!"

The old miller rose to his feet. The boy threw himself behind the sacks of grain. Rome wheeled for his rifle, and stood rigid before the door. There was a light step without, and the click of a gun-lock within; a shadow fell across the doorway, and a girl stood at the threshold with an empty bag in her hand.

V.

WITH a little cry she shrank back a step. Her face paled, and her lips trembled, and for a moment she could not speak. But her eyes swept the group, and were fixed in two points of fire on Rome.

"Why don't ye shoot?" she asked scornfully. "I hev heerd thet the Stetsons hev got to makin' war on women-folks, but I never believed it afore." Then she turned to the miller.

"Kin I git some more meal hyar?" she asked. "Or hev ye stopped sellin' to folks on t' other side?" she added in a tone that sought no favor.

"You kin hev all ye want," said old Gabe, quietly.

"The mill on Dead Crick is broke ag'in," she continued, "'n' co'n is skase on our side. We 'll hev to begin buyin' purty soon, so I thought I 'd save totin' the co'n down hyar." She handed old Gabe the empty bag.

"Well," said he, "as it air gittin' late, 'n' ye hev to climb the mountain ag'in, I 'll let ye hev that comin' out o' the hopper now. Take a cheer."

The girl sat down in the low chair, and, loosening the strings of her bonnet, pushed it back from her head. An old-fashioned horn comb dropped to the floor, and when she stooped to pick it up, she let her hair fall in a heap about her shoulders. Thrusting one hand under it, she calmly tossed the whole mass of chestnut and gold over the back of the chair, where it fell rippling like water through a bar of sunlight. With head thrown back and throat bared, she shook it from side to side, and, slowly coiling it, pierced it with the coarse comb. Then passing her hands across her forehead and temples, as women do, she folded them in her lap, and sat motionless. The boy, crouched near, held upon her the mesmeric look of a serpent. Old Gabe was peering covertly from under the brim of his hat, with a chuckle at his lips. Rome had fallen back to a corner of the mill, sobered, speechless, his rifle in a nerveless hand. The passion that fired him at the boy's warning had as swiftly gone down at sight of the girl, and her cutting rebuke made him hot again with shame. He was angry, too,—more than angry,—because he felt so helpless, a sensation that was new and stifling. The scorn of her face, as he remembered it that morning, hurt him again while he looked at her. A spirit of contempt was still in her eyes, and quivered about her thin lips and nostrils. She had put him beneath further notice, and yet every toss of her head, every movement of her hands, seemed meant for him, to irritate him. And once, while she combed her hair, his brain whirled with an impulse to catch the shining stuff in one hand and to pinion both her wrists with the other, just to show her that he was master, and still would harm her not at all. But he shut his teeth, and watched her. Among mountain women the girl was more than pretty; elsewhere only her hair, perhaps, would have caught the casual eye. She wore red homespun and coarse shoes; her hands were brown and hardened. Her arms and shoulders looked muscular, her waist was rather large,—being as nature meant it,—and her face in repose had a heavy look. But the poise of her head suggested native pride and dignity; her eyes were deep, and full of changing lights; the scarlet dress, loose as it was, showed rich curves in her figure, and her movements had a certain childlike grace. Her brow was low, and her mouth had character; the chin was firm, the upper lip short, and the teeth were even and white.

"I reckon thar 's enough to fill the sack, Isom," said the old miller, breaking the strained silence of the group. The girl rose, and handed him a few small pieces of silver.

"I reckon I 'd better pay fer it all," she said. "I s'pose I won't be over hyar again."

Old Gabe gave some of the coins back.

"Ye know whut my price allers is," he said.

"I 'm obleeged," answered the girl, flushing. "Co'n hev riz on our side. I thought mebbe you charged folks over thar more, anyways."

"I sells fer the same, ef co'n is high ur low," was the answer. "This side or t' other makes no diff'unce to me. I hev frien's on both sides, 'n' I take no part in sech doin's as air a shame to the mountains."

There was a quick light of protest in the girl's dark eyes; but the old miller was honored by both factions, and without a word she turned to the boy, who was tying the sack.

"The boat 's loose!" he called out, with the string between his teeth; and she turned again and ran out. Rome stood still.

"Kerry the sack out, boy, 'n' he'p the gal." Old Gabe's voice was stern, and the young mountaineer doggedly swung the bag to his shoulders. The girl had caught the rope, and drawn the rude dugout along the shore.

"Who axed ye to do thet?" she asked angrily.

Rome dropped the bag into the boat, and merely looked her in the face.

"Look hyar, Rome Stetson,"—the sound of his name from her lips almost startled him,—"I 'll hev ye understan' thet I don't want to be bounden to you, nor none o' yer kin."

Turning, she gave an impatient sweep with her paddle. The prow of the canoe dipped and was motionless. Rome had caught the stern, and the girl wheeled in hot anger. Her impulse to strike may have been for the moment, and no longer, or she may have read swiftly no unkindness in the mountaineer's steady look; for the

uplifted oar was stayed in the air, as though at least she would hear him.

"I 've got nothin' ag'in' *you*," he said slowly. "Jas Lewallen hev been threatenin' me, 'n' I thought it was him, 'n' I was ready fer *him*, when you come into the mill. I would n't hurt you nur no other woman. Ye ought to know it, 'n' ye do know it."

The words were masterful, but said in a way that vaguely soothed the girl's pride, and the oar was let slowly into the water.

"I reckon ye air a friend o' his," he added, still quietly. "I 've seed ye goin' up thar, but I 've got nothin' ag'in' ye, whoever ye be."

She turned on him a sharp look of suspicion. "I reckon I do be a friend o' his," she said deliberately; and then she saw that he was in earnest. A queer little smile went like a ray of light from her eyes to her lips, and she gave a quick stroke with her paddle. The boat shot into the current, and was carried swiftly toward the Cumberland. The girl stood erect, swaying through light and shadow like a great scarlet flower blowing in the wind; and Rome watched her till she touched the other bank. Swinging the sack out, she stepped lightly after it, and, without looking behind her, disappeared in the bushes.

The boy Isom was riding away when Rome turned, and old Gabe was watching from the door of the mill.

"Who is thet gal?" he asked slowly. It seemed somehow that he had known her a long while ago. A puzzled frown overlay his face, and the old miller laughed.

"You a-axin' who she be, 'n' she a-axin' who you be, 'n' both o' ye a-knowin' one 'nother sence ye was knee-high. Why, boy, hit 's old Jasper's gal — Marthy!"

VI.

In a flash of memory Rome saw the girl as vividly as when he last saw her years ago. They had met at the mill, he with his father, she with hers. There was a quarrel, and the two men were held apart. But the old sore as usual was opened, and a week later Rome's father was killed from the brush. He remembered his mother's rage and grief, her calls for vengeance, the uprisings, the fights, the plots, and the ambushes. He remembered the look the girl had given him that long ago, and her look that day was little changed.

When fighting began she had been sent for safety to the sister of her dead mother, in another county. When peace came old Jasper married again, and the girl refused to come home. Lately the stepmother too had passed away, and then she came back to live. All this the old miller told in answer to Rome's questions as the two walked away in the twilight. This was why he had not recognized her, and why her face yet seemed familiar even when he crossed the river that morning.

"Uncle Gabe, how do you reckon the gal knowed who I was?"

"She axed me."

"She axed *you!* Whar?"

"Over thar in the mill." The old miller was watching the young mountaineer closely. The manner of the girl was significant when she asked who Rome was, and the miller knew but one reason possible for his foolhardiness that morning.

"Do you mean to say she hev been over hyar afore?"

"Why, yes, come to think about it, three or four times while Isom was sick; and whut she come fer I can't make out. The mill over thar was n't broke long, 'n' why she did n't go thar or bring more co'n at a time, to save her the trouble o' so many trips, I can't see to save me."

Young Stetson was listening eagerly. Again the miller cast his bait.

"Mebbe she 's spyin'."

Rome faced him, alert with suspicion; but old Gabe was laughing silently.

"Don't you be a fool, Rome. The gal comes and goes in thet boat, 'n' she could n't see a soul without my knowin' it. She seed ye ridin' by one day, 'n' she looked mighty cur'us when I tol' her who ye was."

Old Gabe stopped his teasing, Rome's face was so troubled, and himself grew serious.

"Rome," he said earnestly, "I wish to the good Lord ye was n't in sech doin's. Ef thet hed been young Jas 'stid o' Marthy, I reckon ye would 'a' killed him right thar."

"Well, I was n't going to let him kill me," was the sullen answer.

The two had stopped at a rickety gate swinging open on the road. The young mountaineer was pushing a stone about with the toe of his boot. He had never before listened to remonstrance with such patience, and old Gabe grew bold.

"You 've been drinkin' ag'in, Rome," he said suddenly, "'n' I know it. Hit 's been moonshine that 's whooped you Stetsons, not the Lewallens, long as I kin rickollect, 'n' it ull be moonshine ag'in ef ye don't let it alone."

Rome made no denial, no defense. "Uncle Gabe," he said slowly, still busied with the stone, "hev thet gal been over hyar sence ye tol' her who I was?"

The old man was waiting for the pledge that seemed on his lips, but he did not lose his temper.

"Not till to-day," he said quietly.

Rome turned abruptly, and the two separated with no word of parting. For a moment the miller watched the young fellow striding away under his rifle.

"I hev been atter peace a good while," he said to himself, "but I reckon thar 's a bigger hand a-workin' now than mine." Then he lifted his voice. "Ef Isom 's too sick to come down to the mill to-morrer, I wish you 'd come 'n' he'p me."

Rome nodded back over his shoulder, and went on, with head bent, along the river road. Passing a clump of pines at the next curve, he pulled a bottle from his pocket.

"Uncle Gabe 's about right, I reckon," he said half aloud; and he raised it above his head to hurl it away, but checked it in mid-air. For a moment he looked at the colorless liquid, then, with quick nervousness, pulled the cork of sassafras leaves, gulped down the pale moonshine, and dashed the bottle against the trunk of a beech. The fiery stuff does its work in a hurry. He was thirsty when he reached the mouth of a brook that tumbled down the mountain along the pathway that would lead him home, and he stooped to drink where the water sparkled in a rift of dim light from overhead. Then he sat upright on a stone, with his wide hat-brim curved in a crescent over his forehead, his hands caught about his knees, and his eyes on the empty air.

He was scarcely over his surprise that the girl was young Lewallen's sister, and the discovery had wrought a curious change. The piquant impulse of rivalry was gone, and something deeper was taking its place. He was confused and a good deal troubled, thinking it all over. He tried to make out what the girl meant by looking at him from the mountain-side, by waving her bonnet at him, and by coming to old Gabe's mill when she could have gone to her own. To be sure, she did not know then who he was, and she had stopped coming when she learned; but why had she crossed again that day? Perhaps she too was bantering him, and he was at once angry and drawn to her; for her mettlesome spirit touched his own love of daring, even when his humiliation was most bitter — when she told him he warred upon women, when he held out to her the branch of peace and she swept it aside with a stroke of her oar. But Rome was little conscious of the weight of subtle facts like these. His unseeing eyes went back to her as she combed her hair. He saw the color in her cheeks, the quick light in her eyes, the bare, full throat, once more, and the wavering forces of his unsteady brain centered in a stubborn resolution — to see it all again. He would make Isom stay at home, if need be, and he would take the boy's place at the mill. If she came there no more, he would cross the river again. Come peace or war, be she friend or enemy, he would see her. His thirst was fierce again, and, with this half-drunken determination in his heart, he stooped once more to drink from the cheerful little stream. As he rose, a loud curse smote the air. The river, pressed between two projecting cliffs, was narrow at that point, and the oath came across the water. An instant later a man led a lamed horse from behind a boulder, and stooped to examine its leg. The dusk was thickening, but Rome knew the huge frame and gray beard of old Jasper Lewallen. The blood beat in a sudden tide at his temples, and, half by instinct, he knelt behind a rock, and, thrusting his rifle through a crevice, cocked it softly.

Again the curse of impatience came over the still water, and old Jasper rose and turned toward him. The glistening sight caught in the center of his beard. That would take him in the throat; it might miss, and he let the sight fall till the bullet would cut the fringe of gray hair into the heart. Old Jasper, so people said, had killed his father in just this way; he had driven his uncle from the mountains; he was trying now to revive the feud. He was the father of young Jasper, who had threatened his life, and the father of the girl whose contempt had cut him to the quick twice that day. Again her taunt leaped through his heated brain, and his boast to the old miller followed it. His finger trembled at the trigger.

"No; by—, no!" he breathed between his teeth; and old Jasper passed on unharmed.

VII.

NEXT day the news of Rufe Stetson's flight went down the river on the wind, and before nightfall the spirit of murder was loosed on both shores of the Cumberland. The more cautious warned old Jasper. The Stetsons were gaining strength again, they said; so were their feudsmen, the Marcums, enemies of the Braytons, old Jasper's kinspeople. Keeping store, Rufe had made money in the West, and money and friends right and left through the mountains. With all his good nature, he was a persistent hater, and he was shrewd. He had waited the chance to put himself on the side of the law, and now the law was with him. But old Jasper laughed contemptuously. Rufe Stetson was gone again, he said, as he had gone before, and this time for good. Rufe had tried to do what nobody had done, or could do, while he was alive. Anyway, he was reckless of consequences, and he cared little if war did come again. Still, the old man prepared for a fight, and Steve Marcum on the other shore made ready for Rufe's return.

It was like the breaking of peace in feudal days. The close kin of each leader were already about him, and now the close friends of each took sides. Each leader trading in Hazlan had debtors scattered through the mountains, and these rallied to aid the man who had be-

friended them. There was no grudge but served a pretext for partizanship in the coming war. Political rivalry had wedged apart two strong families, the Marcums and Braytons; a boundary line in dispute was a chain of bitterness; a suit in a county court had sown seeds of hatred. Sometimes it was a horse-trade, a fence left down, or a gate left open, and the trespassing of cattle; in one instance, through spite, a neighbor had docked the tail of a neighbor's horse — had "muled his critter," as the owner phrased the outrage. There was no old sore that was not opened by the crafty leaders, no slumbering bitterness that they did not wake to life. "Help us to revenge, and we will help you," was the whispered promise. So, had one man a grudge against another, he could set his foot on one or the other shore, sure that his enemy would be fighting for the other.

Others there were, friends of neither leader, who, under stress of poverty or hatred of work, would fight with either for food and clothes; and others still, the ne'er-do-wells and outlaws, who fought by the day or month for hire. Even these were secured by one or the other faction, for Steve and old Jasper left no resource untried, knowing well that the fight, if there was one, would be fought to a quick and decisive end. The day for the leisurely feud, for patient planning, and the slow picking off of men from one side or the other, was gone. The people in the Blue Grass, who had no feuds in their own country, were trying to stop them in the mountains. Over in Breathitt, as everybody knew, soldiers had come from the "settlements," had arrested the leaders, and had taken them to the Blue Grass for the feared and hated ordeal of trial by a jury of "bigoted furriners." On the heels of the soldiers came a young preacher up from the Jellico hills, half "citizen," half "furriner," with long black hair and a scar across his forehead, who was stirring up the people, it was said, "as though Satan was atter them." Over there the spirit of the feud was broken, and a good effect was already perceptible around Hazlan. In past days every pair of lips was sealed with fear, and the non-combatants left crops and homes, and moved down the river, when trouble began. Now only the timid considered this way of escape. Steve and old Jasper found a few men who refused to enter the fight. Several, indeed, talked openly against the renewal of the feud, and somebody, it was said, had dared to hint that he would send to the governor for aid, if it should break out again. But these were rumors touching few people.

For once again, as time and time again before, one bank of the Cumberland was arrayed with mortal enmity against the other, and old Gabe sat, with shaken faith, in the door of his mill. For years he had worked and prayed for peace, and for a little while the Almighty seemed lending aid. Now the friendly grasp was loosening, and yet the miller did all he could. He begged Steve Marcum to urge Rufe to seek aid from the law when the latter came back; and Steve laughed, and asked what justice was possible for a Stetson, with a Lewallen for a judge and Braytons for a jury. Then the miller pleaded with old Jasper, and old Jasper pointed to the successes of his own life.

"I hev triumphed ag'in' my enemies time 'n' ag'in," he said. "The Lord air on my side, 'n' I gits a better Christian ever' year." The old man spoke with the sincerity of a barbarism that has survived the dark ages, and, holding the same faith, the miller had no answer. It was old Gabe indeed who had threatened to send to the governor for soldiers, and this he would have done, perhaps, had there not been one hope left, and only one. A week had gone, and there was no word from Rufe Stetson. Up on Thunderstruck Knob the old Stetson mother was growing pitiably eager and restless. Every day she slipped like a ghost through the leafless woods, and in and out the cabin, kindling hatred; and at every dawn or dusk she was on her porch peering through the dim light for Rufe Stetson. Steve Marcum was ill at ease. Rome Stetson alone seemed unconcerned, and his name was on every gossiping tongue.

He took little interest and no hand in getting ready for the war. He forbade the firing of a gun till Rufe came back, else Steve should fight his fight alone. He grew sullen and morose. His old mother's look was a thorn in his soul, and he stayed little at home. He hung about the mill, and when Isom became bedfast, the big mountaineer, who had never handled anything but a horse, a plow, or a rifle, to the bewilderment of the Stetsons, settled himself into the boy's duties, and nobody dared question him. Even old Gabe jested no longer. The matter was too serious.

Meanwhile the winter threw off the last slumbrous mood of autumn, as a sleeper starts from a dream. A fortnight was gone, and still no message came from the absent leader. One shore was restive, uneasy; the other confident, mocking. Between the two, Rome Stetson waited his chance at the mill.

VIII.

DAY was whitening on the Stetson shore. Across the river the air was still sharp with the chill of dawn, and the mists lay like flocks of sheep under shelter of rock and crag. A peculiar cry radiated from the Lewallen cabin with singular resonance on the crisp air — the mountain cry for straying cattle. A soft low came from a distant patch of laurel, and old

Jasper's girl, Martha, folded her hands like a conch at her mouth, and the shrill cry again startled the air.

"Ye better come, ye pied muley critter." Picking up a cedar piggin, she stepped from the porch toward the meek voice that had answered her. Temper and exertion had brought the quick blood to her face. Her head was bare, her thick hair was loosely coiled, and her brown arms were naked almost to the shoulder. At the stable a young mountaineer was overhauling his riding-gear.

"Air you goin' to ride the hoss to-day, Jas?" she asked querulously.

"Thet 's jes whut I was aimin' to do. I 'm a-goin' to town."

"Well, I 'lowed I was goin' to mill to-day. The co'n is 'mos' gone."

"Well, ye 'lowed wrong," he answered imperturbably.

"Yu 're mean, Jas Lewallen," she cried hotly; "thet 's whut ye air, mean — dog-mean!"

The young mountaineer looked up, whistled softly, and laughed. But when he brought his horse to the door an hour later there was a bag of corn across the saddle.

"As ye air so powerful sot on goin' to mill, whether or no, I 'll leave this hyar sack at the bend o' the road, 'n' ye kin git it thar. I 'll bring the meal back ef ye puts it in the same place. I hates to see women-folks ridin' this hoss. Hit spiles him."

The horse was a dapple-gray of unusual beauty, and as the girl reached out her hand to stroke his throat, he turned to nibble at her arm.

"I reckon he 'd jes as lieve hev me ride him as you, Jas," she said. "Me 'n' him hev got to be great friends. Ye orter n't to be so stingy."

"Well, he ain't no hoss to be left out 'n the bresh now, 'n' I hain't goin' to 'low it."

Old Jasper had lounged out of the kitchen door, and stood with his huge bulk against a shrinking pillar of the porch. The two men were much alike. Both had the same black, threatening brows meeting over the bridge of the nose. A kind of grim humor lurked about the old man's mouth, which time might trace about young Jasper's. The girl's face had no humor; the same square brows, apart and clearly marked, gave it a strong, serious cast, and while she had the Lewallen fire, she favored her mother enough, so the neighbors said, "to hev a mighty mild, takin' way about her ef she wanted."

"You 're right, Jas," the old mountaineer said; "the hoss air a sin 'n' temptation. Hit do me good ever' time I look at him. Thar air no sech hoss, I tell ye, this side o' the settlements."

The boy started away, and the old man followed, and halted him out of the girl's hearing.

"Tell Eli Crump 'n' Jim Stover to watch the Breathitt road closet now," he said in a low voice. "See all them citizens I tol' ye, 'n' tell them to be ready when I says the word. Thar 's no tellin' whut 's goin' to happen."

Young Jasper nodded his head, and struck his horse into a gallop. The old man lighted his pipe, and turned back to the house. The girl, bonnet in hand, was starting for the valley.

"Thar ain't no use goin' to Gabe Bunch's fer yer grist," he said. "The mill on Dead Crick is a-runnin' ag'in, 'n' I don't want ye over thar axin' favors, specially jes now."

"I lef' somethin' fer ye to eat, dad," she replied, "ef ye gits hongry before I git back."

"You heerd me?" he called after her, knitting his brows.

"Yes, dad; I heerd ye." Then she added to herself, "But I don't heed ye." In truth, the girl heeded nobody. She was not accustomed to ask consent, even her own, nor to follow advice. At the bend of the road she found the bag, and for an instant she stood wavering. An impulse turned her to the river, and she loosed the boat, and headed it across the swift, shallow water from the ford and straight toward the mill. At every stroke of her paddle the water rose above the prow of the boat, and, blown into spray, flew back and drenched her; the wind loosed her hair, and, tugging at her skirts, draped her like a statue: and she fought them, wind and water, with mouth set and a smile in her eyes. One sharp struggle still, where the creek leaped into freedom; the mouth grew a little firmer, the eyes laughed more, the keel grated on pebbles, and the boat ran its nose into the withered sedge on the Stetson shore.

A tall gray figure was pouring grain into the hopper when she reached the door of the mill. She stopped abruptly, Rome Stetson turned, and again the two were face to face. No greeting passed. The girl lifted her head with a little toss that deepened the set look about the mountaineer's mouth; her lax figure grew tense as though strung suddenly against some coming harm, and her eyes searched the shadows without once resting on him.

"Whar 's Uncle Gabe?" She spoke shortly, and as to a stranger.

"Gone to town," said Rome, composedly. He had schooled himself for this meeting.

"When 's he comin' back?"

"Not 'fore night, I reckon."

"Whar 's Isom?"

"Isom 's sick."

"Who 's tendin' the mill?"

For answer he tossed the empty bag into the corner, and, without looking at her, picked up another bag.

"I reckon ye see me, don't ye?" he asked coolly. "Hev a cheer, and rest a spell. Hit 's a purty long climb whar you come from."

The girl was confused. She stayed in the

doorway, a little helpless and suspicious. What was Rome Stetson doing here? His mastery of the situation, his easy confidence, puzzled and irritated her. Should she leave? The mountaineer was a Stetson, a worm to tread on, if it crawled across her path. It would be like backing down before an enemy. He might laugh at her after she was gone, and, at that thought, she sat down in the chair with composed face, looking through the door at the tumbling water, which broke with a thousand tints under the sun. She was able to see Rome, sidewise, as he moved about the hopper, whistling softly.

Once she looked around, fancying she saw a smile on his sober face. Their eyes came near meeting, and she turned quite away.

"Ever seed a body out 'n his head?"

The girl's eyes rounded with a start of surprise.

"Well, it 's plumb cur'us. Isom 's been thet way lately. Isom 's sick, ye know. Uncle Gabe 's got the rheumatiz, 'n' Isom 's mighty fond o' Uncle Gabe, 'n' the boy pestered me till I come down to he'p him. Hit p'int'ly air strange to hear him talkin'. He 's jes a-ravin' 'bout hell 'n' heaven, 'n' the sin o' killin' folks. Ye would ha' thought he hed been convicted, though none o' our fambly hev been much atter religion. He says as how the wrath uv a livin' God is a-goin' to sweep these mount'ins, ef some mighty tall repentin' hain't done. Of co'se he got all them notions from Gabe. But Isom allus was quar, 'n' seed things hisself. He ain't no fool!"

The girl was listening. Morbidly sensitive to the supernatural, she had turned toward him, and her face was relaxed with fear and awe.

"He 's hevin' dreams 'n' sich-like now, 'n' I reckon thar 's nothin' he hev seed or heerd that he don' talk about. He 's been a-ravin' about you," he added abruptly. The girl's hands gave a nervous twitch. "Oh, he don't say nothin' ag'in' ye. I reckon he tuk a fancy ter you. Mam was plumb distracted, not knowin' whar he had seed ye. She thought it was like his other talk, 'n' I never let on — a-knowin' how mam was." A flush rose like a flame from the girl's throat to her hair. "But hit 's the feud," Rome went on in an unsteady tone, "thet he talks most about, 'n' I 'm sorry myself thet trouble 's a-comin'." He dropped all pretense now. "I 've been a-watchin' fer ye over thar on t' other shore a good deal lately. I did n't know ye at fust, Marthy,"— he spoke her name for the first time,— "'n' Gabe says ye did n't know me. I remembered ye, though, 'n' I want to tell ye now what I tol' ye then; I 've got nothin' ag'in' you. I was hopin' ye mought come over ag'in — hit was sorter cur'us thet ye was the gal — the same gal —"

His self-control left him; he was halting in speech, and blundering he did not know where. Fumbling an empty bag at the hopper, he had not dared to look at the girl till he heard her move. She had risen, and was picking up her bag; the hard antagonism of her face calmed him instantly.

"Hain't ye goin' to hev yer grist ground?"

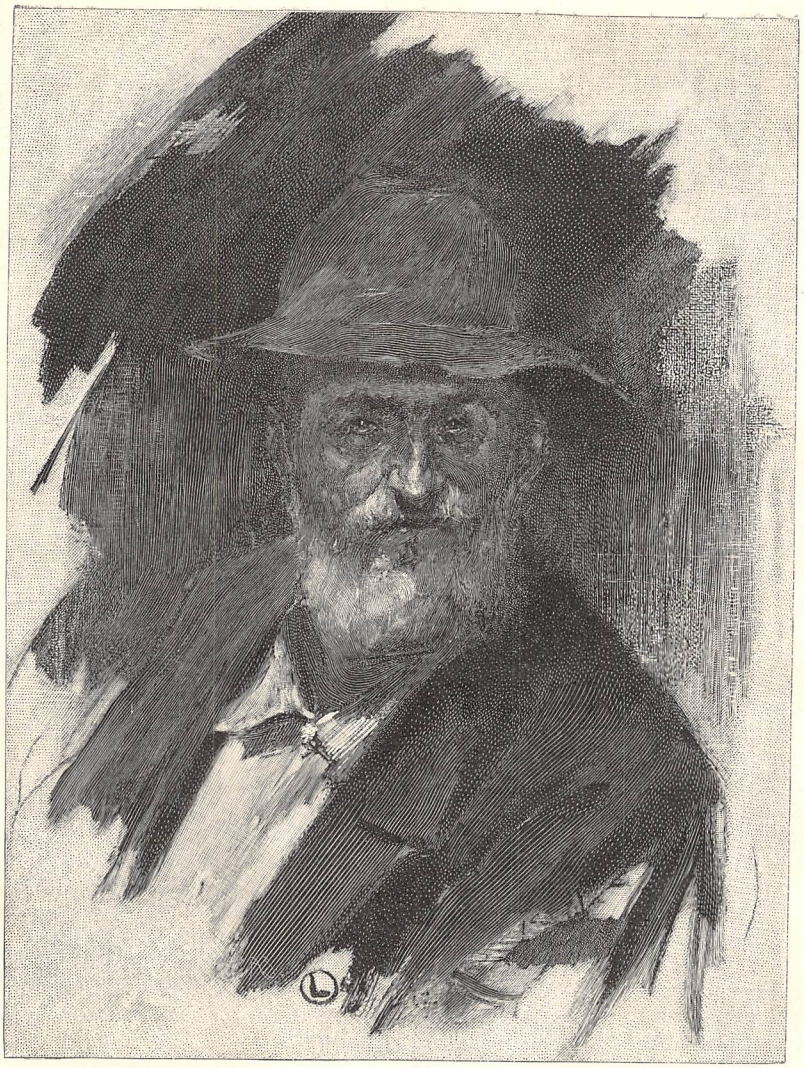
"Not hyar," she answered quickly.

"Why, gal?" He got no further. Martha was gone, and he followed her to the bank, bewildered.

The girl's suspicion, lulled by his plausible explanation, had grown sharp again. The mountaineer knew that she had been coming there. He was at the mill for another reason than to take the boy's place; and with swift intuition she saw the truth.

He grew angry as she rowed away — angry with himself that he had let her go; and the same half-tender, half-brutal impulse seized him as when he saw her first. This time he yielded. His horse was at hand, and the river not far below was narrow. The bridle-path that led to the Lewallen cabin swerved at one place to a cliff overlooking the river, and by hard riding and a climb of a few hundred feet on foot he could overtake her half-way up the mountain steep.

The plan was no more than shaped before he was in the saddle and galloping down the river. The set of his face changed hardly a line while he swam the stream, and, drenched to the waist, scaled the cliff. When he reached the spot, he found the prints of a woman's shoe in the dust of the path, going down. There were none returning, and he had not long to wait. A scarlet bit of color soon flashed through the gray bushes below him. The girl was without her bag of corn. She was climbing slowly, and was looking at the ground as though in deep thought. Careless and reckless as she was, she had come to realize at last just what she had done. She had been pleased at first, as would have been any woman, when she saw the big mountaineer watching her, for her life was lonely. She had waved her bonnet at him from mere mischief. She hardly knew it herself, but she had gone across the river to find out who he was. She had shrunk from him as from a snake thereafter, and had gone no more until old Jasper had sent her because the Lewallen mill was broken, and because she was a woman, and would be safe from harm. She had met him then when she could not help herself. But now she had gone of her own accord. She had given this Stetson, a bitter enemy, a chance to see her, to talk with her. She had listened to him; she had been on the point of allowing him to grind her corn. And he knew how often she had gone to the mill, and he could not know that she had ever been sent. Perhaps he thought that she had come to make overtures of peace, friendship, even



"OLD JAS." ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

more. The suspicion reddened her face with shame, and her anger at him was turned upon herself. Why she had gone again that day she hardly knew. But if there was another reason than simple perversity, it was the memory of Rome Stetson's face when he caught her boat and spoke to her in a way she could not answer. The anger of the moment came with every thought of the incident afterward, and with it came too this memory of his look, which made her at once defiant and uneasy. She saw him now only when she was quite close, and, startled, she stood still; his stern look brought her the same disquiet, but she gave no sign of fear.

"Whut 's the matter with ye?"

The question was too abrupt, too savage, and the girl looked straight at him, and her lips tightened with a resolution not to speak. The movement put him beyond control.

"Ye puts hell into me, Marthy Lewallen; ye puts downright hell into me." The words came between gritted teeth. "I want to take ye up 'n' throw ye off this cliff clean into the river, 'n' I reckon the next minute I 'd jump off atter ye. Ye 've conjured me, gal! I forgits who ye air 'n' who I be, 'n' sometimes I want to come over hyar 'n' kerry ye out 'n these mount'ins, 'n' never come back. You know whut I 've been watchin' the river fer sence the fust time I seed ye. You know whut I 've been a-stayin' at the mill fer, 'n' Steve mad 'n' mam a-jawin' — 'n' a-lookin' over hyar fer ye night 'n' day! Ye know whut I 've swum over hyar fer! Whut 's the matter with ye?"

Martha was not looking for a confession like

this. It took away her shame at once, and the passion of it thrilled her, and left her trembling. While he spoke her lashes drooped quickly, and her face softened, and the color came back to it. She began intertwining her fingers, and would not look up at him.

"Ef ye hates me like the rest uv ye, why don't ye say it right out? 'N' ef ye do hate me, whut hev *you* been lookin' 'cross the river fer, 'n' shakin' yer bonnet at me, 'n' paddlin' to Gabe's fer yer grist, when the mill on Dead Crick 's been a-runnin', 'n' I know it? Ye 've been banterin' me, hev ye!"—the blood rose to his eyes again—"Ye must n't fool with me, gal,—ye must n't. Whut *hev* you been goin' over thar fer?" He even took a threatening step toward her, and, with a helpless gesture, stopped. The girl was little frightened. Indeed, she smiled, seeing her power over him; she seemed even about to laugh outright: but the smile turned to a quick look of alarm, and she bent her head suddenly to listen to something below. At last she did speak. "Somebody 's comin'!" she said. "You 'd better git out o' the way," she went on hurriedly. "Somebody 's comin', I tell ye! Don't ye hear?"

It was no ruse to get rid of him. The girl's eyes were dilating. Something was coming far below. Rome could catch the faint beats of a horse's hoofs. He was unarmed, and he knew it was death for him to be seen on that forbidden mountain; but he was beyond caution, and ready to welcome any vent to his passion, and he merely shook his head.

"Ef it 's Satan hisself, I won't run." The hoof-beats came nearer. The rider must soon see them from the coil below.

"Rome, hit 's Jas! He 's got his rifle, and he 'll kill ye, 'n' me too!" The girl was white with distress. She had called him by his name, and the tone was of appeal, not anger. The black look passed from his face, and he caught her by the shoulders with rough tenderness; but she pushed him away, and without a word he sprang from the road, and let himself noiselessly down the cliff. The hoof-beats thundered above his head, and young Jasper's voice hailed Martha.

"This hyar 's the bigges' meal I ever straddled. Why d' n't ye git ther grist ground?"

For a moment the girl did not answer, and Rome waited breathless. "Was n't the mill runnin'? Why n't ye go on 'cross ther river?"

"Thet 's whut I did," said the girl quietly. "Uncle Gabe was n't thar, 'n' Rome Stetson was. I would n't 'low him to grin' ther co'n, 'n' I toted hit back."

"Rome Stetson!" The voice was lost in a volley of oaths.

The two passed out of hearing, and Rome went plunging down the mountain, swinging recklessly from one little tree to another, and wrenching limbs from their sockets out of pure physical ecstasy. When he reached his horse he sat down, breathing heavily, on a bed of moss, with a strange new yearning in his heart. If peace should come! Why not peace, if Rufe should not come back? He would be the leader then, and without him there could be no war. Old Jasper had killed his father. He was too young at the time to feel the poignant sorrow now, and somehow he could look even at that death in a fairer way. His father had killed old Jasper's brother. So it went back; a Lewallen killed a Stetson; that Stetson had killed a Lewallen, until one end of the chain of deaths was lost, and the first fault could not be placed, though each clan put it on the other. In every generation there had been compromises—periods of peace; why not now? Old Gabe would gladly help him. He might make friends with young Jasper; he might even end the feud. And then—he and Martha—why not? He closed his eyes, and for one radiant moment it all seemed possible. And then a gaunt image rose in the dream, and only the image was left. It was the figure of his mother, stern and silent through the years, opening her grim lips rarely without some curse against the Lewallen race. He remembered she had smiled for the first time when she heard of the new trouble—the flight of his uncle and the hope of conflict. She had turned to him with her eyes on fire and her old hands clenched. She had said nothing, but he understood her look. And now—now what would she think and say if she knew what he had done? His whole frame twitched at the thought, and, with a nervous spring to escape it, he was on his feet, and starting down the mountain.

Close to the river he heard voices below him, and again he turned his horse quickly aside into the bushes. Two women who had been washing clothes passed, carrying white bundles home. They were talking of the coming feud.

"That ar young Stetson ain't much like his dad," said one. "Young Jas has been a-darin' 'n' a-banterin' him, 'n' he *won't* take it up. They say he air turnin' out a plumb coward."

When he reached the Stetson cabin three horses with drooping heads were hitched to the fence. All had traveled a long way. One wore a man's saddle; on the others were thick blankets tied together with leathern thongs.

In the dark porch sat several men. Through the kitchen door he could see his mother getting supper. Inside a dozen rifles leaned against the wall in the firelight, and about their butts was a pile of ammunition. In the doorway stood Rufe Stetson.

(To be continued.)

John Fox, Jr.



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY W. MILLER.

ONE SUMMER EVENING. PAINTED BY CHARLES H. DAVIS.

A ROSE RHYME TO JULIET.

[CUM REGNAT ROSA.]

HEEDLESS how it may fare with Time,
I send you here a rose of rhyme:
Its fragrance, love; its color, one
Caught from Hope's ever-constant sun;
Upon each leaf a lyric writ —
Your eyes alone may witness it;
And in its heart for you to see
Another heart — the heart of me.

All roses are as fitly worn
By you as by your sister Morn,
Since you, like Morn, fail not to give
New beauty to them while they live.
If this against your bosom rest
One brief, sweet hour, its life were blest;
Then, should you chance to cast it by,
It would not find it hard to die.

So take this bloom of love and song,
And, be its life or brief or long,
Know that for you the petals part,
Disclosing all its lyric heart;
For you its fragrant breaths are drawn;
For you its color — love's glad dawn;
And for you, too, the heart that goes
Song-prisoned in this rhyme of rose!

Frank Dempster Sherman.



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT, FROM AUTHORS' PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

WHERE THE "ZAPTIEHS" WERE NOT A NUISANCE.

ACROSS ASIA ON A BICYCLE.

A PAUSE AT THE MOUNTAIN OF THE ARK.

II.— THE ASCENT OF MOUNT ARARAT.

ACCORDING to tradition, Mount Ararat is the scene of two of the most important events in the history of the human race. In the sacred land of Eden, which Armenian legend places at its base, the first of human life was born; and on its solitary peak the last of human life was saved from an all-destroying flood. The remarkable geographical position of this mountain seems to justify the Armenian view that it is the center of the world. It is on the longest line drawn through the Old World from the Cape of Good Hope to Bering Strait; it is also on the line of the great deserts and inland seas stretching from Gibraltar to Lake Baikal in Siberia — a line of continuous depressions; it is equidistant from the Black and Caspian seas and the Mesopotamian plain, which three depressions are now watered by three distinct river-systems emanating from Ararat's immediate vicinity. No other region has seen or heard so much of the story of mankind. In its grim presence empires have come and gone; cities have risen and fallen; human life has soared up on the wings of hope, and dashed against the rocks of despair.

To the eye Ararat presents a gently inclined slope of sand and ashes rising into a belt of green, another zone of black volcanic rocks streaked with snow-beds, and then a glittering crest of silver. From the burning desert at its base to the icy pinnacle above, it rises through a vertical distance of 13,000 feet. There are but few peaks in the world that rise so high (17,250 feet above sea-level) from so low a plain (2000 feet on the Russian, and 4000 feet on the Turkish, side), and which, therefore, present so grand a spectacle. Unlike many of the world's mountains, it stands alone. Little

Ararat (12,840 feet above sea-level), and the other still smaller heights that dot the plain, only serve as a standard by which to measure Ararat's immensity and grandeur.

Little Ararat is the meeting-point, or corner-stone, of three great empires. On its conical peak converge the dominions of the Czar, the Sultan, and the Shah. The Russian border-line runs from Little Ararat along the high ridge which separates it from Great Ararat, through the peak of the latter, and onward a short distance to the northwest, then turns sharply to the west. On the Sardarbulakh pass, between Great and Little Ararat, is stationed a handful of Russian Cossacks to remind lawless tribes of the guardianship of the "White Sultan."

The two Ararats together form an elliptical mass, about twenty-five miles in length, running northwest and southeast, and about half that in width. Out of this massive base rise the two Ararat peaks, their bases being contiguous up to 8800 feet and their tops about seven miles apart. Little Ararat is an almost perfect truncated cone, while Great Ararat is more of a broad-shouldered dome supported by strong, rough-ribbed buttresses. The isolated position of Ararat, its structure of igneous rocks, the presence of small craters and immense volcanic fissures on its slopes, and the scoriæ and ashes on the surrounding plain, establish beyond a doubt its volcanic origin. But according to the upheaval theory of the eminent geologist, Hermann Abich, who was among the few to make the ascent of the mountain, there never was a great central crater in either Great or Little Ararat. Certain it is that no craters or signs of craters now exist on the summit of either mountain. But Mr. James Bryce, who made the last ascent, in 1876, seems to think that there is no sufficient reason why craters could not have previously existed, and been filled up by their own irruptions. There is no record of any irruption in historical times. The only thing approaching it was the earthquake which shook the mountain in 1840, accompanied by subterranean rumblings, and destructive blasts of wind. The Tatar village of Arghuri and a Kurdish encampment on the northeast slope were entirely destroyed by the precipitated rocks. Not a man was left to tell the story. Mr. Bryce and others have spoken of the astonishing height of the snow-line on Mount Ararat, which is placed at 14,000 feet; while in the Alps it is only about 9000 feet, and in the Caucasus on an average 11,000 feet, although they lie in a very little higher latitude. They assign, as a reason for this, the exceptionally dry region in which Ararat is situated. Mr. Bryce ascended the mountain on September 12, when the snow-line was at its very highest, the first large snow-bed he encountered being at 12,000 feet. Our own ascent being made as early as July 4,—in



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES, FROM AUTHORS' PHOTOGRAPH.

READY FOR THE START.



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES, FROM AUTHORS' PHOTOGRAPH.

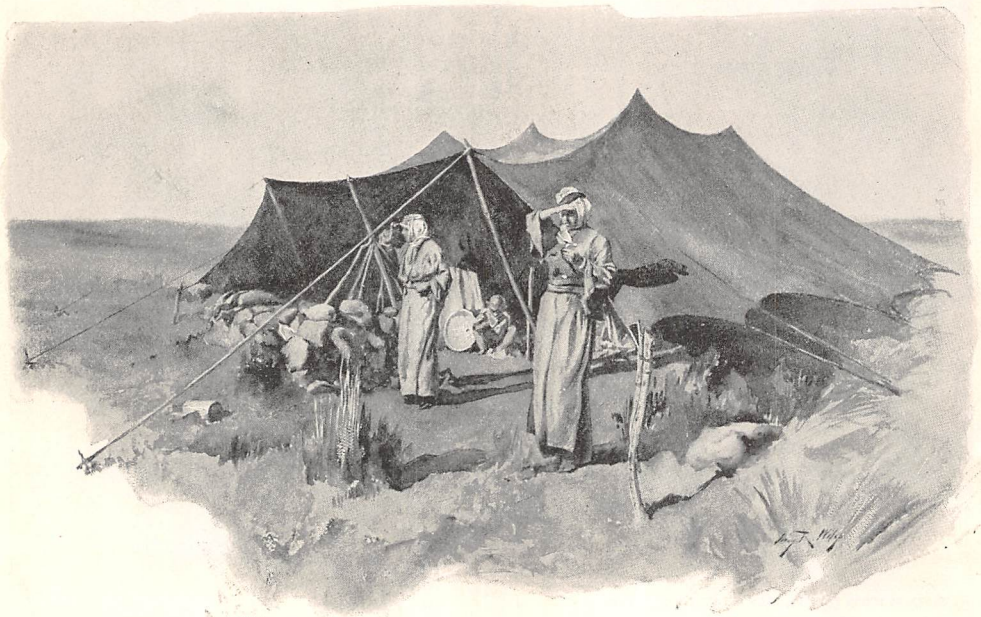
PARLEYING WITH THE KURDISH PARTY AT THE SPRING.

fact, the earliest ever recorded,— we found some snow as low as 8000 feet, and large beds at 10,500 feet. The top of Little Ararat was still at that time streaked with snow, but not covered. With so many extensive snow-beds, one would naturally expect to find copious brooks and streams flowing down the mountain into the plain; but owing to the porous and dry nature of the soil, the water is entirely lost before reaching the base of the mountain. Even as early as July we saw no stream below 6000 feet, and even above this height the mountain freshets frequently flowed far beneath the surface under the loosely packed rocks, bidding defiance to our efforts to reach them. Notwithstanding the scarcity of snow-freshets, there is a middle zone on Mount Ararat, extending from about 5000 feet to 9000 feet elevation, which is covered with good pasturage, kept green by heavy dews and frequent showers. The hot air begins to rise from the desert plain as the morning sun peeps over the horizon, and continues through the day; this warm current, striking against the snow-covered summit, is condensed into clouds and moisture. In consequence, the top of Ararat is usually — during the summer months, at least — obscured by clouds from some time after dawn until sunset. On the last day of our ascent, however, we were particularly fortunate in having a clear summit until 1:15 in the afternoon.

Among the crags of the upper slope are found only a few specimens of the wild goat and sheep, and, lower down, the fox, wolf, and lynx. The bird and insect life is very scanty, but lizards and scorpions, especially on the lowest slopes, are abundant. The rich pasturage of Ararat's middle zone attracts pastoral Kurdish tribes. These nomadic shepherds, a few Tatars at New Arghuri, and a camp of Russian Cossacks at the well of Sardarbulakh, are the only human beings to disturb the quiet solitude of this grandest of nature's sanctuaries.

The first recorded ascent of Mount Ararat was in 1829, by Dr. Frederick Parrot, a Russo-German professor in the University of Dorpat. He reached the summit with a party of three Armenians and two Russian soldiers, after two unsuccessful attempts. His ascent, however, was doubted, not only by the people in the neighborhood, but by many men of science and position in the Russian empire, notwithstanding his clear account, which has been confirmed by subsequent observers, and in spite of the testimony of the two Russian soldiers who had

gone with him.[1] Two of the Armenians who reached the summit with him declared that they had gone to a great height, but at the point where they had left off had seen much higher tops rising around them. This, thereupon, became the opinion of the whole country. After Antonomoff, in 1834, Herr Abich, the geologist, made his valuable ascent in 1845. He reached the eastern summit, which is only a few feet lower than the western, and only a few minutes' walk from it, but was obliged to return at once on account of the threatening weather. When he produced his companions as witnesses before the authorities at Erivan, they turned against him, and solemnly swore that at the point which they had reached a higher peak stood between them and the western horizon. This strengthened the Armenian belief in the inaccessibility of Ararat, which was not dissipated when the Russian military engineer, General Chodzko, and an English party made the ascent in 1856. Nor were their prejudiced minds convinced by the ascent of Mr. Bryce twenty years later, in 1876. Two days after his ascent, that gentleman paid a visit to the Armenian monastery at Echmiadzin, and was presented to the archimandrite as the Englishman who had just ascended to the top of "Masis." "No," said the ecclesiastical dignitary; "that cannot be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible." Mr. Bryce himself says: "I am persuaded that there is not a person living within sight of Ararat, unless it be some exceptionally educated Russian official at Erivan, who believes that any human foot, since Father Noah's, has trodden that sacred summit. So much stronger is faith than sight; or rather so much stronger is prejudice than evidence."



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES, FROM AUTHORS' PHOTOGRAPH.

THE KURDISH ENCAMPMENT.

We had expected, on our arrival in Bayazid, to find in waiting for us a Mr. Richardson, an American missionary from Erzerum. Two years later, on our arrival home, we received a letter explaining that on his way from Van he had been captured by Kurdish brigands, and held a prisoner until released through the intervention of the British consul at Erzerum. It was some such fate as this that was predicted for us, should we ever attempt the ascent of Mount Ararat through the lawless Kurdish tribes upon its slopes. Our first duty, therefore, was to see the mutessarif of Bayazid, to whom we bore a letter from the Grand Vizir of Turkey, in order to ascertain what protection and as-

[1] Eight years before the first recorded ascent of Ararat by Dr. Parrot (1829), there appeared the following from "Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, and Ancient Babylonia," by Sir Robert Ker Porter, who, in his time, was an authority on southwestern Asia: "These inaccessible heights [of Mount Ararat] have never been trod by the foot of man since the days of Noah, if even then; for my idea is that the Ark rested in the space between the two heads (Great and Little Ararat), and not on the top of either. Various attempts have been made in different ages to ascend these tremendous mountain pyramids, but in vain. Their forms, snows, and glaciers are insurmountable obstacles: the distance being so great from the commencement of the icy region to the highest points, cold alone would be the destruction of any one who had the hardihood to persevere."



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM AUTHORS' PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

"OUR GUARDS, AS USUAL, SIT DOWN TO DISCUSS THE SITUATION."

sistance he would be willing to give us. We found with him a Circassian who belonged to the Russian camp at Sardarbulakh, on the Ararat pass, and who had accompanied General Chodzko on his ascent of the mountain in 1856. Both he and the mutessarif thought an ascent so early in the year was impossible; that we ought not to think of such a thing until two months later. It was now six weeks earlier than the time of General Chodzko's ascent (August 11th to 18th), then the earliest on record. They both strongly recommended the northwestern slope as being more gradual. This is the one that Parrot ascended in 1829, and where Abich was repulsed on his third attempt. Though entirely inexperienced in mountain-climbing, we ourselves thought that the southeast slope, the one taken by General Chodzko, the English party, and Mr. Bryce, was far more feasible for a small party. One thing, however, the mutessarif was determined upon; we must not approach the mountain without an escort of Turkish *zaptiehs*, as an emblem of government protection. Besides, he would send for the chief of the Ararat Kurds, and endeavor to arrange with him for our safety and guidance up the mountain. As we emerged into the streets an Armenian professor gravely shook his head. "Ah," said he, "you will never do it." Then dropping his voice, he told us that those other ascents were all fictitious; that the summit of "Masis" had never yet been reached except by Noah; and that we were about to attempt what was an utter impossibility.

In Bayazid we could not procure even proper wood for alpenstocks. Willow branches, two inches thick, very dry and brittle, were the best we could obtain. Light as this wood is, the alpenstocks weighed at least seven pounds apiece when the iron hooks and points were riveted on at the ends by the native blacksmith, for whom we cut paper patterns, of the exact size, for everything we wanted. We next had large nails driven into the soles of our shoes by a local shoemaker, who made them for us by hand out of an old English file, and who wanted to pull them all out again because we would not pay him the exorbitant price he demanded. In buying provisions for the expedition, we spent three hours among the half dilapidated bazaars of the town, which have never been repaired since the disastrous Russian bombardment. The most difficult task, perhaps, in our work of preparation was to strike a bargain with an Ar-



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, FROM AUTHORS' PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

HELPING THE DONKEYS OVER A SNOW-FIELD.

menian muleteer to carry our food and baggage up the mountain on his two little donkeys.

Evening came, and no word from either the mutessarif or the Kurdish chief. Although we were extremely anxious to set off on the expedition before bad weather set in, we must not be in a hurry, for the military governor of Karakillissa was now the guest of the mutessarif, and it would be an interference with his social duties to try to see him until after his guest had departed. On the morrow we were sitting in our small dingy room after dinner, when a cavalcade hastened up to our inn, and a few minutes later we were surprised to hear ourselves addressed in our native tongue. Before us stood a dark-complexioned young man, and at his side a small wiry old gentleman, who proved to be a native Austrian Tyrolese, who followed the profession of an artist in Paris. He was now making his way to Erivan, in Russia, on a sight-seeing tour from Trebizond. His companion was a Greek from Salonica, who had lived for several years in London, whence he had departed not many weeks before, for Teheran, Persia. These two travelers had met in Constantinople, and the young Greek, who could speak English, Greek, and Turkish, had been acting as interpreter for the artist. They had heard of the "devil's carts" when in Van, and had made straight for our quarters on their arrival in Bayazid. At this point they were to separate. When we learned that the old gentleman (Ignaz Raffl by name) was a member of an Alpine club and an experienced mountain-climber, we urged him to join in the ascent. Though his shoulders were bent by the cares and troubles of sixty-three years, we finally induced him to accompany our party. Kantsa, the Greek, reluctantly agreed to do likewise, and proved to be an excellent interpreter, but a poor climber.

The following morning we paid the mutessarif a second visit, with Kantsa as interpreter. In as much as the Kurdish chief had not arrived, the mutessarif said he would make us bearers of a letter to him. Two zaptiehs were to accompany us in the morning, while others were to go ahead and announce our approach.

At ten minutes of eleven, on the morning of the second of July, our small cavalcade, with the two exasperating donkeys at the head laden with mats, bags of provisions, extra clothing, alpenstocks, spiked shoes, and coils of stout rope, filed down the streets of Bayazid, followed by a curious rabble. As Bayazid lies hidden behind a projecting spur of the mountains we could obtain no view of the peak itself until we had tramped some distance out on the plain. Its huge giant mass broke upon us all at once. We stopped and looked — and looked again. No mountain-peak we have seen, though several have been higher, has ever inspired the feeling which filled us when we looked for the first time upon towering Ararat. We had not proceeded far before we descried a party of Kurdish horsemen approaching from

the mountain. Our zaptiehs advanced rather cautiously to meet them, with rifles thrown across the pommels of their saddles. After a rather mysterious parley, our zaptiehs signaled that all was well. On coming up, they reported that these horsemen belonged to the party that was friendly to the Turkish government. The Kurds, they said, were at this time divided among themselves, a portion of them having adopted conciliatory measures with the government, and the rest holding aloof. But we rather considered their little performance as a scheme to extort a little more bakshish for their necessary presence.

The plain we were now on was drained by a tributary of the Aras River, a small stream reached after two hours' steady tramping. From the bordering hillocks we emerged in a short time upon another vast plateau, which stretched far away in a gentle rise to the base of the mountain itself. Near by we discovered a lone willow-tree, the only one in the whole sweep of our vision, under the gracious foliage of which sat a band of Kurds, retired from the heat of the afternoon sun, their horses feeding on some swamp grass near at hand. Attracted by this sign of water, we drew near, and found a copious spring. A few words from the zaptiehs, who had advanced among them, seemed to put the Kurds at their ease, though they did not by any means appease their curiosity. They invited us to partake of their frugal lunch of *ekmek* and goat's-milk cheese. Our clothes and baggage were discussed piece by piece, with loud expressions of merriment, until one of us arose, and, stealing behind the group, snapped the camera. "What was that?" said a burly member of the group, as he looked round with scowling face at his companions. "Yes; what was that?" they echoed, and then made a rush for the manipulator of the black box, which they evidently took for some instrument of the black art. The photographer stood serenely innocent, and winked at the zaptieh to give the proper explanation. He was equal to the occasion. "That," said he, "is an instrument for taking time by the sun." At this the box went the round, each one gazing intently into the lens, then scratching his head, and casting a bewildered look at his nearest neighbor. We noticed that every one about us was armed with knife, revolver, and Martini rifle, a belt of cartridges surrounding his waist. It occurred to us that Turkey was adopting a rather poor method of clipping the wings of these mountain birds, by selling them the very best equipments for war. Legally, none but government guards are permitted to carry arms, and yet both guns and ammunition are sold in the bazaars of almost every city of the Turkish dominions. The existence of these people, in their wild, semi-independent state, shows not so much the power of the Kurds as the weakness of the Turkish government, which desires to use a people of so fierce a reputation for the suppression of its other subjects. After half an hour's rest, we prepared to decamp, and so did our Kurdish companions. They were soon in their saddles, and galloping away in front of us, with their arms clanking, and glittering in the afternoon sunlight.

At the spring we had turned off the trail that led over the Sardarbulakh pass into Russia, and were now following a horse-path which winds up to the Kurdish encampments on the southern slope of the mountain. The plain was strewn with sand and rocks, with here and there a bunch



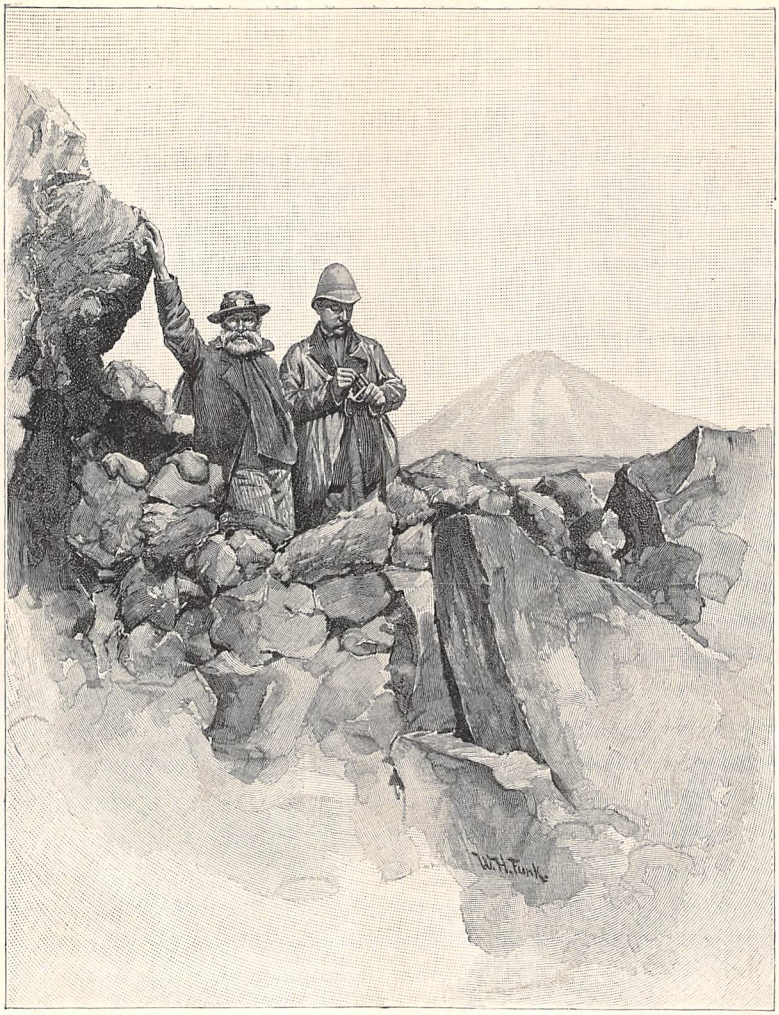
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

FROM AUTHORS' PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

LITTLE ARARAT COMES INTO VIEW.

of tough, wiry grass about a foot and a half high, which, though early in the year, was partly dry. It would have been hot work except for the rain of the day before and a strong south-east wind. As it was, our feet were blistered and bruised, the thin leather sandals worn at the outset offering very poor protection. The atmosphere being dry, though not excessively hot, we soon began to suffer from thirst. Although we searched diligently for water, we did not find it till after two hours more of constant marching, when at a height of about 6000 feet, fifty yards from the path, we discerned a picturesque cascade of sparkling, cold mountain water. Even the old gentleman, Raffi, joined heartily in the gaiety induced by this clear, cold water from Ararat's melting snows.

Our ascent for two and a half hours longer was through a luxuriant vegetation of flowers, grasses, and weeds, which grew more and more scanty as we advanced. Prominent among the specimens were the wild pink, poppy, and rose. One small fragrant herb, that was the most



DRAWN BY W. H. FUNK, FROM AUTHORS' PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE WALL INCLOSURE FOR OUR BIVOUAC AT ELEVEN THOUSAND FEET.

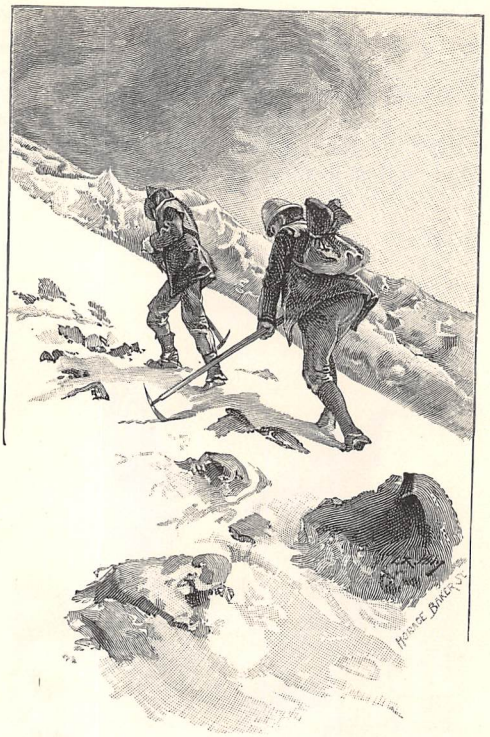
abundant of all, we were told was used by the Kurds for making tea. All these filled the evening air with perfume as we trudged along, passing now and then a Kurdish lad, with his flock of sheep and goats feeding on the mountain-grass, which was here much more luxuriant than below. Looking backward, we saw that we were higher than the precipitous cliffs which overtower the town of Bayazid, and which are perhaps from 1500 to 2000 feet above the lowest part of the plain. The view over the plateau was now grand. Though we were all fatigued by the day's work, the cool, moisture-laden air of evening revived our flagging spirits. We forged ahead with nimble step, joking, and singing a variety of national airs. The French "Marseillaise," in which the old gentleman heartily joined, echoed and reëchoed among the rocks, and caused the shepherd lads and their flocks to crane their heads in wonderment. Even the Armenian muleteer so far overcame his fear of the Kurdish robbers as to indulge in one of his accustomed funeral dirges; but it stopped short, never to go again, when we came in sight of the Kurdish encampment. The poor fellow instinctively grabbed his donkeys about their necks, as though they were about to plunge over a precipice. The zaptiehs dashed ahead with the mutessarif's letter to the Kurdish chief. We followed slowly on foot, while the Armenian and his two pets kept at a respectful distance in the rear.

The disk of the sun had already touched the western horizon when we came to the black tents of the Kurdish encampment, which at this time of the day presented a rather busy scene. The women seemed to be doing all the work, while their lords sat round on their haunches. Some of the women were engaged in milking the sheep and goats in an inclosure. Others were busy making butter in a churn which was

nothing more than a skin vessel three feet long, of the shape of a Brazil-nut, suspended from a rude tripod; this they swung to and fro to the tune of a weird Kurdish song. Behind one of the tents, on a primitive weaving-machine, some of them were making tent-roofing and matting. Others still were walking about with a ball of wool in one hand and a distaff in the other, spinning yarn. The flocks stood round about, bleating and lowing, or chewing their cud in quiet contentment. All seemed very domestic and peaceful except the Kurdish dogs, which set upon us with loud, fierce growls and gnashing teeth.

Not so was it with the Kurdish chief, who by this time had finished reading the mutessarif's message, and who now advanced from his tent with salaams of welcome. As he stood before us in the glowing sunset, he was a rather tall, but well-proportioned man, with black eyes and dark mustache, contrasting well with his brown-tanned complexion. Upon his face was the stamp of a rather wild and retiring character, although treachery and deceit were by no means wanting. He wore a head-gear that was something between a hat and a turban, and over his baggy Turkish trousers hung a long Persian coat of bright-colored, large-figured cloth, bound at the waist by a belt of cartridges. Across the shoulders was slung a breech-loading Martini rifle, and from his neck dangled a heavy gold chain, which was probably the spoil of some predatory expedition. A quiet dignity sat on Ismail Deverish's stalwart form.

It was with no little pleasure that we accepted his invitation to a cup of tea. After our walk of nineteen miles, in which we had ascended from 3000 to 7000 feet, we were in fit condition to appreciate a rest. That Kurdish tent, as far as we were concerned, was a veritable palace, although we were almost blinded by the smoke from the green pine-branches on the smoldering fire. We said that the chief invited us to a cup of tea: so he did — but we provided the tea; and that, too, not only for our own party, but for half a dozen of the chief's personal friends. There being only two glasses in the camp, we of course had to wait until our Kurdish acquaintances had quenched their burning thirst. In thoughtful mood we gazed around through the evening twilight. Far away on the western slope we could see some Kurdish women plodding along under heavy burdens of pine-branches like those that were now fumigating our eyes and nostrils. Across the hills the Kurdish shepherds were driving home their herds and flocks to the tinkling of bells. All this, to us, was deeply impressive. Such peaceful scenes, we thought, could never be the haunt of warlike robbers. The flocks at last came home; the shouts of the shepherds ceased; darkness fell; and all was quiet.



DRAWN BY I. R. WILES, FROM AUTHORS' PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY HORACE BAKER.

NEARING THE HEAD OF THE GREAT CHASM.

One by one the lights in the tents broke out, like the stars above. As the darkness deepened, they shone more and more brightly across the amphitheater of the encampment. The tent in which we were now sitting was oblong in shape, covered with a mixture of goats' and sheep's wool, carded, spun, and woven by the Kurdish women. This tenting was all of a dark brown or black color. The various strips were badly joined together, allowing the snow and rain, during the stormy night that followed, to penetrate plentifully. A wickerwork fencing, about three feet high, made from the reeds gathered in the swamps of the Aras River, was stretched around the bottom of the tent to keep out the cattle as well as to afford some little protection from the elements. This same material, of the same width or height, was used to partition off the apartments of the women. Far from being veiled and shut up in harems, like their Turkish and Persian sisters, the Kurdish women come and go among the men, and talk and laugh as they please. The thinness and lowness of the partition walls did not disturb their astonishing equanimity. In their relations with the men the women are extremely free. During the evening we frequently found ourselves surrounded by a concourse of these mountain beauties, who would sit and stare at us with their black eyes, call attention to our personal

oddities, and laugh among themselves. Now and then their jokes at our expense would produce hilarious laughter among the men. The dress of these women consisted of baggy trousers, better described in this country as "divided skirts," a bright-colored overskirt and tunic, and a little round cloth cap encircled



DRAWN BY F. C. MARTIN, FROM AUTHORS' PHOTOGRAPH.

ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT ARARAT — FIRING THE FOURTH OF JULY SALUTE.

with a band of red and black. Through the right lobe of the nose was hung a peculiar button-shaped ornament studded with precious stones. This picturesque costume well set off their rich olive complexions, and black eyes beneath dark-brown lashes.

There were no signs of an approaching evening meal until we opened our provision-bag, and handed over certain articles of raw food to be cooked for us. No sooner were the viands intrusted to the care of our hosts, than two sets of pots and kettles made their appearance in the other compartments. In half an hour our host and friends proceeded to indulge their voracious appetites. When our own meal was brought to us some time after, we noticed that the fourteen eggs we had doled out had been reduced to six; and the other materials suffered a similar reduction, the whole thing being so patent as to make their attempt at innocence absurdly ludicrous. We thought, however, if Kurdish highway robbery took no worse form than this, we could well afford to be content. Supper over, we squatted round a slow-burning fire, on the thick felt mats which served as carpets, drank tea, and smoked the usual cigarettes. By the light of the glowing embers we could watch the faces about us, and catch their horrified glances when reference was made to our intended ascent of Ak-Dagh, the mysterious abode of the jinn. Before turning in for the night, we reconnoitered our situation. The lights in all the tents, save our own, were now extinguished. Not a sound was heard, except the heavy breathing of some of the slumbering animals about us, or the bark of a dog at some distant encampment. The huge dome of Ararat, though six to eight miles farther up the slope, seemed to be towering over us like some giant monster of another world. We could not see the summit, so far was it above the enveloping clouds. We returned to the tent to find that the zaptiehs had been given the best places and best covers to sleep in, and that we were expected to accommodate ourselves near the door, wrapped up in an old Kurdish carpet. Policy was evidently a better developed trait of Kurdish character than hospitality.

Although we arose at four, seven o'clock saw us still at the encampment. Two hours vanished before our gentlemen zaptiehs condescended to rise from their peaceful slumbers; then a great deal of time was unnecessarily consumed in eating their special breakfast. We ourselves had to be content with *ekmek* and *yaourt* (blotting-paper bread and curdled milk). This over, they concluded not to go on without sandals to take the place of their heavy military boots, as at this point their horses would have to be discarded. After we had employed a Kurd to make these for them, they declared they were afraid to proceed without the company of ten Kurds armed to the teeth. We knew that this was only a scheme on the part of the Kurds, with whom the zaptiehs were in league, to extort money from us. We still kept cool, and only casually insinuated that we did not have enough money to pay for so large a party. This announcement worked like a charm. The interest the Kurds had up to this time taken in our venture died away at once. Even the three Kurds who, as requested in the message of the mutessarif, were to accompany us up the mountain to the snow-line, refused absolutely to go. The mention of the mutessarif's name awakened only a sneer. We had also relied upon the Kurds for blankets, as we had been advised to do by our friends in Bayazid. Those we had already hired they now snatched from the donkeys standing before the tent. All this time our tall, gaunt, meek-looking muleteer had stood silent. Now his turn had come. How far was he to go with his donkeys? — he did n't think it possible for him to go much beyond this point. Patience now ceased to be a

virtue. We cut off discussion at once; told the muleteer he would either go on, or lose what he had already earned; and informed the zaptiehs that whatever they did would be reported to the mutessarif on our return. Under this rather forcible persuasion, they stood not on the order of their going, but sullenly followed our little procession out of camp before the crestfallen Kurds.

In the absence of guides we were thrown upon our own resources. Far from being an assistance, our zaptiehs proved a nuisance. They would carry nothing, not even the food they were to eat, and were absolutely ignorant of the country we were to traverse. From our observations on the previous days, we had decided to strike out on a northeast course, over the gentle slope, until we struck the rocky ridges on the southeast buttress of the dome. On its projecting rocks, which extended nearer to the summit than those of any other part of the mountain, we could avoid the slippery, precipitous snow-beds that stretched far down the mountain at this time of the year.

Immediately after leaving the encampment, the ascent became steeper and more difficult; the small volcanic stones of yesterday now increased to huge obstructing boulders, among which the donkeys with difficulty made their way. They frequently tipped their loads, or got wedged in between two unyielding walls. In the midst of our efforts to extricate them, we often wondered how Noah ever managed with the animals from the ark. Had these donkeys not been of a philosophical turn of mind, they might have offered forcible objections to the way we extricated them from their straightened circumstances. A remonstrance on our part for carelessness in driving brought from the muleteer a burst of Turkish profanity that made the rocks of Ararat resound with indignant echoes. The spirit of insubordination seemed to be increasing in direct ratio with the height of our ascent.

We came now to a comparatively smooth, green slope, which led up to the highest Kurdish encampment met on the line of our ascent, about 7500 feet. When in sight of the black tents, the subject of Kurdish guides was again broached by the zaptiehs, and immediately they sat down to discuss the question. We ourselves were through with discussion, and fully determined to have nothing to do with a people who could do absolutely nothing for us. We stopped at the tents, and asked for milk. "Yes," they said; "we have some": but after waiting for ten minutes, we learned that the milk was still in the goats' possession, several hundred yards away among the rocks. It dawned upon us that this was only another trick of the zaptiehs to get a rest.

We pushed on the next 500 feet of the ascent without much trouble or controversy, the silence broken only by the muleteer, who took the *raki* bottle off the donkey's pack, and asked if he could take a drink. As we had only a limited supply, to be used to dilute the snow-water, we were obliged to refuse him.

At 8000 feet we struck our first snowdrift, into which the donkeys sank up to their bodies. It required our united efforts to lift them out, and half carry them across. Then on we climbed till ten o'clock, to a point about 9000 feet, where we stopped for lunch in a quiet mountain glen, by the side of a rippling mountain rill. This snow-water we drank with raki. The view in the mean time had been growing more and more extensive. The plain before us had lost nearly all its detail and color, and was merged into one vast whole. Though less picturesque, it was incomparably grander. Now we could see how, in ages past, the lava had burst out of the lateral fissures in the mountain, and flowed in huge streams for miles down the slope, and out on the plain below. These beds of lava were gradually broken up by the action of the elements, and now presented the appearance of ridges of broken volcanic rocks of the most varied and fantastic shapes.

It was here that the muleteer showed evident signs of weakening, which later on developed into a total collapse. We had come to a broad snow-field where the donkeys stuck fast and rolled over helpless in the snow. Even after we had unstrapped their baggage and carried it over on our shoulders, they could make no headway. The muleteer gave up in despair, and refused even to help us carry our loads to the top of an adjoining hill, whither the zaptiehs had proceeded to wait for us. In consequence, Raffi and we were compelled to carry two donkey-loads of baggage for half a mile over the snow-beds and boulders, followed by the sulking muleteer, who had deserted his donkeys, rather than be left alone himself. On reaching the zaptiehs, we sat down to hold a council on the situation; but the clouds, which, during the day, had occasionally obscured the top of the mountain, now began to thicken, and it was not long before a shower compelled us to beat a hasty retreat to a neighboring ledge of rocks. The clouds that were rolling between us and the mountain summit seemed but a token of the storm of circumstances. One thing was certain, the muleteer could go no farther up the mountain, and yet he was mortally afraid to return alone to the Kurdish robbers. He sat down, and began to cry like a child. This predicament of their accomplice furnished the zaptiehs with a plausible excuse. They now absolutely refused to go any farther without him. Our interpreter, the Greek, again joined

the majority; he was not going to risk the ascent without the Turkish guards, and besides, he had now come to the conclusion that we had not sufficient blankets to spend a night at so high an altitude. Disappointed, but not discouraged, we gazed at the silent old gentleman at our side. In his determined countenance we read his answer. Long shall we remember Ignaz Raffl as one of the pluckiest, most persevering of old men.

There was now only one plan that could be pursued. Selecting from our supplies one small blanket, a felt mat, two long, stout ropes, enough food to last us two days, a bottle of cold tea, and a can of Turkish raki, we packed them into two bundles to strap on our backs. We then instructed the rest of the party to return to the Kurdish encampment and await our return. The sky was again clear at 2:30 P. M., when we bade good-by to our worthless comrades and resumed the ascent. We were now at a height of nine thousand feet, and it was our plan to camp at a point far enough up the mountain to enable us to complete the ascent on the following day, and to return to the Kurdish encampment by nightfall. Beyond us was a region of snow and barren rocks, among which we still saw a small purple flower and bunches of lichens, which grew more rare as we advanced. Our course continued in a northeast direction, toward the main southeast ridge of the mountain. Sometimes we were floundering with our heavy loads in the deep snow-beds, or scrambling on hands and knees over the huge boulders of the rocky seams. Two hours and a half of climbing brought us to the crest of the main southeast ridge, about one thousand feet below the base of the precipitous dome. At this point our course changed from northeast to northwest, and continued so during the rest of the ascent. Little Ararat was now in full view. We could even distinguish upon its northwest side a deep-cut gorge, which was not visible before. Upon its smooth and perfect slopes remained only the tatters of its last winter's garments. We could also look far out over the Sardarbulakh ridge, which connects the two Ararats, and on which the Cossacks are encamped. It was to them that the mutessarif had desired us to go, but we had subsequently determined to make the ascent directly from the Turkish side.

Following up this southeast ridge we came at 5:45 P. M. to a point about eleven thousand feet. Here the thermometer registered 39° Fahrenheit, and was constantly falling. If we should continue on, the cold during the night, especially with our scanty clothing, would become intolerable; and then, too, we could scarcely find a spot level enough to sleep on. We therefore determined to stop here for the night, and to continue the ascent at dawn. Some



A HARVEST SCENE IN ASIATIC TURKEY. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

high, rugged crags on the ridge above us attracted our attention as affording a comparatively protected lodging. Among these we spread our carpet, and piled stones in the intervening spaces to form a complete inclosure. Thus busily engaged, we failed for a time to realize the grandeur of the situation. Over the vast and misty panorama that spread out before us, the lingering rays of the setting sun shed a tinge of gold, which was communicated to the snowy beds around us. Behind the peak of Little Ararat a brilliant rainbow stretched in one grand archway above the weeping clouds. But this was only one turn of nature's kaleidoscope. The arch soon faded away, and the shadows lengthened and deepened across the plain, and mingled, till all was lost to view behind the falling curtains of the night. The Kurdish tents far down the slope, and the white curling smoke from their evening camp-fires, we could see no more; only the occasional bark of a dog was borne upward through the impenetrable darkness.

Colder and colder grew the atmosphere. From 39° the thermometer gradually fell to 36°, to 33°, and during the night dropped below freezing-point. The snow, which fell from the clouds just over our heads, covered our frugal supper-table, on which was placed a few hard-boiled eggs, some tough Turkish bread, cheese, and a bottle of tea mixed with raki. Ice-tea was no doubt a luxury at this time of the year, but not on Mount Ararat, at the height of eleven thousand feet, with the temperature at freezing-point. M. Raffl was as cheerful as could be expected under the circumstances. He expressed his delight at our progress thus far; and now that we were free from our "gentlemen" attendants, he considered our chances for success much brighter. We turned in together under our single blanket, with the old gentleman between us. He had put on every article of clothing, including gloves, hat, hood, cloak, and heavy shoes. For pillows we used the provision-bags and camera. The bottle of cold tea we buttoned up in our coats to prevent it from freezing. On both sides, and above us, lay the pure white snow; below us a huge abyss, into which the rocky ridge descended like a darkened stairway to the lower regions. The awful stillness was unbroken, save by the whistling of the wind among the rocks. Dark masses of clouds seemed to bear down upon us every now and then, opening up their trap-doors, and letting down a heavy fall of snow. The heat of our bodies melted the ice beneath us, and our clothes became saturated with ice-water. Although we were surrounded by snow and ice, we were suffering with a burning thirst. Since separating from our companions we had found no water whatever, while the single bottle of cold tea we had must be preserved for the morrow. Sleep, under such circumstances, and in our cramped position, was utterly impossible. At one o'clock the morning star peeped above the eastern horizon. This we watched hour after hour, as it rose in unrivaled beauty toward the zenith, until at last it began to fade away in the first gray streaks of the morning.

By the light of a flickering candle we ate a hurried breakfast, fastened on our spiked shoes, and strapped to our backs a few indispensable articles, leaving the rest of our baggage at the camp until our return. Just at daybreak, 3:55 A. M., on the 4th of July, we started off on what proved to be the hardest day's work we had ever accomplished. We struck out at once across the broad snow-field to the second rock rib on the right, which seemed to lead up to the only line of rocks above. The surface of these large snow-beds had frozen during the night, so that we had to cut steps with our ice-picks to keep from slipping down their glassy surface. Up this ridge we slowly climbed for three weary hours, leaping from boulder to boulder, or dragging ourselves up their precipitous sides. The old gentleman halted frequently to rest, and showed evident signs of weariness. "It is hard; we must take it slowly," he would say (in German) whenever our impatience would get the better of our prudence. At seven o'clock we reached a point about 13,500 feet, beyond which there seemed to be nothing but the snow-covered slope, with only a few projecting rocks along the edge of a tremendous gorge which now broke upon our astonished gaze. Toward this we directed our course, and, an hour later, stood upon its very verge. Our venerable companion now looked up at the precipitous slope above us, where only some stray, projecting rocks were left to guide us through the wilderness of snow. "Boys," said he, despondently, "I cannot reach the top; I have not rested during the night, and I am now falling asleep on my feet; besides, I am very much fatigued." This came almost like a sob from a breaking heart. Although the old gentleman was opposed to the ascent in the first instance, his old Alpine spirit arose within him with all its former vigor when once he had started up the mountain slope; and now, when almost in sight of the very goal, his strength began to fail him. After much persuasion and encouragement, he finally said that if he could get half an hour's rest and sleep, he thought he would be able to continue. We then wrapped him up in his greatcoat, and dug out a comfortable bed in the snow, while one of us sat down, with back against him, to keep him from rolling down the mountain-side.

We were now on the chasm's brink, looking

down into its unfathomable depths. This gigantic rent, hundreds of feet in width and thousands in depth, indicates that northwest-southeast line along which the volcanic forces of Ararat have acted most powerfully. This fissure is perhaps the greatest with which the mountain is seamed, and out of which has undoubtedly been discharged a great portion of its lava. Starting from the base of the dome, it seemed to pierce the shifting clouds to a point about 500 feet from the summit. This line is continued out into the plain in a series of small volcanoes the craters of which appear to be as perfect as though they had been in activity only yesterday. The solid red and yellow rocks which lined the sides of the great chasm projected above the opposite brink in jagged and appalling cliffs. The whole was incased in a mass of huge fantastic icicles, which, glittering in the sunlight, gave it the appearance of a natural crystal palace. No more fitting place than this could the fancy of the Kurds depict for the home of the terrible jinn; no better symbol of nature for the awful jaws of death.

Our companion now awoke considerably refreshed, and the ascent was continued close to the chasm's brink. Here were the only rocks to be seen in the vast snow-bed around us. Cautiously we proceed, with cat-like tread, following directly in one another's footsteps, and holding on to our alpenstocks like grim death. A loosened rock would start at first slowly, gain momentum, and fairly fly. Striking against some projecting ledge, it would bound a hundred feet or more into the air, and then drop out of sight among the clouds below. Every few moments we would stop to rest; our knees were like lead, and the high altitude made breathing difficult. Now the trail of rocks led us within two feet of the chasm's edge; we approached it cautiously, probing well for a rock foundation, and gazing with dizzy heads into the abyss.

The slope became steeper and steeper, until it abutted in an almost precipitous cliff coated with snow and glistening ice. There was no escape from it, for all around the snow-beds were too steep and slippery to venture an ascent upon them. Cutting steps with our ice-picks, and half-crawling, half-dragging ourselves, with the alpenstocks hooked into the rocks above, we scaled its height, and advanced to the next abutment. Now a cloud, as warm as exhausted steam, enveloped us in the midst of this ice and snow. When it cleared away, the sun was reflected with intenser brightness. Our faces were already smarting with blisters, and our dark glasses afforded but little protection to our aching eyes.

At 11 A. M. we sat down on the snow to eat our last morsel of food. The cold chicken and bread tasted like sawdust, for we had no saliva with which to masticate them. Our single bottle of tea had given out, and we suffered with thirst for several hours. Again the word to start was given. We rose at once, but our stiffened legs quivered beneath us, and we leaned on our alpenstocks for support. Still we plodded on for two more weary hours, cutting our steps in the icy cliffs, or sinking to our thighs in the treacherous snow-beds. We could see that we were nearing the top of the great chasm, for the clouds, now entirely cleared away, left our view unobstructed. We could even descry the black Kurdish tents upon the northeast slope, and, far below, the Aras River, like a streak of silver, threading its way into the purple distance. The atmosphere about us grew colder, and we buttoned up our now too scanty garments. We must be nearing the top, we thought, and yet we were not certain, for a huge, precipitous cliff, just in front of us, cut off the view.

"Slowly, slowly," feebly shouted the old gentleman, as we began the attack on its precipitous sides, now stopping to brush away the treacherous snow, or to cut some steps in the solid ice. We pushed and pulled one another almost to the top, and then, with one more desperate effort, we stood upon a vast and gradually sloping snow-bed. Down we plunged above our knees through the yielding surface, and staggered and fell with failing strength; then rose once more and plodded on, until at last we sank exhausted upon the top of Ararat.

For a moment only we lay gasping for breath; then a full realization of our situation dawned upon us, and fanned the few faint sparks of enthusiasm that remained in our exhausted bodies. We unfurled upon an alpenstock the small silk American flag that we had brought from home, and for the first time the "stars and stripes" was given to the breeze on the Mountain of the Ark. Four shots fired from our revolvers in commemoration of Independence Day broke the stillness of the gorges. Far above the clouds, which were rolling below us over three of the most absolute monarchies in the world, was celebrated in our simple way a great event of republicanism.

Mount Ararat, it will be observed from the accompanying sketch, has two tops, a few hundred yards apart, sloping, on the eastern and western extremities, into rather prominent abutments, and separated by a snow valley, or depression, from 50 to 100 feet in depth. The eastern top, on which we were standing, was quite extensive, and 30 to 40 feet lower than its western neighbor. Both tops are hummocks on the huge dome of Ararat, like the humps on the back of a camel, on neither one of which is there a vestige of anything but snow.

There remained just as little trace of the

crosses left by Parrot and Chodzko, as of the ark itself. We remembered the pictures we had seen in our nursery-books, which represented this mountain-top covered with green grass, and Noah stepping out of the ark, in the bright, warm sunshine, before the receding waves; and now we looked around and saw this very spot covered with perpetual snow. Nor did we see any evidence whatever of a former existing crater, except perhaps the snow-filled depression we have just mentioned. There was nothing about this perpetual snow-field, and the freezing atmosphere that was chilling us to the bone, to remind us that we were on the top of an extinct volcano that once trembled with the convulsions of subterranean heat.

The view from this towering height was immeasurably extensive, and almost too grand. All detail was lost — all color, all outline; even the surrounding mountains seemed to be but excrescent ridges of the plain. Then, too, we could catch only occasional glimpses, as the clouds shifted to and fro. At one time they opened up beneath us, and revealed the Aras valley with its glittering ribbon of silver at an abysmal depth below. Now and then we could descry the black volcanic peaks of Ali Ghez forty miles away to the northwest, and on the southwest the low mountains that obscured the town of Bayazid. Of the Caucasus, the mountains about Erzerum on the west, and Lake Van on the south, and even of the Caspian Sea, all of which are said to be in Ararat's horizon, we could see absolutely nothing.

Had it been a clear day we could have seen not only the rival peaks of the Caucasus, which for so many years formed the northern wall of the civilized world, but, far to the south, we might have descried the mountains of Quardu land, where Chaldean legend has placed the landing of the ark. We might have gazed, in philosophic mood, over the whole of the Aras valley, which for 3000 years or more has been the scene of so much misery and conflict. As monuments of two extreme events in this historic period, two spots might have attracted our attention — one right below us, the ruins of Artaxata, which, according to tradition, was built, as the story goes, after the plans of the roving conqueror Hannibal, and stormed by the Roman legions, A. D. 58; and farther away to the north, the modern fortress of Kars, which so recently reverberated with the thunders of the Turkish war.

We were suddenly aroused by the rumbling of thunder below us. A storm was rolling rapidly up the southeast slope of the mountain. The atmosphere seemed to be boiling over the heated plain below. Higher and higher came the clouds, rolling and seething among the grim crags along the chasm; and soon we were caught in its embrace. The thermometer dropped at once below freezing-point, and the dense mists, driven against us by the hurricane, formed icicles on our blistered faces, and froze the ink in our fountain-pens. Our summer clothing was wholly inadequate for such an unexpected experience; we were chilled to the bone. To have remained where we were would have been jeopardizing our health, if not our lives. Although we could scarcely see far enough ahead to follow back on the track by which we had ascended, yet we were obliged to attempt it at once, for the storm around us was increasing every moment; we could even feel the charges of electricity whenever we touched the iron points of our alpenstocks.

Carefully peering through the clouds, we managed to follow the trail we had made along the gradually sloping summit, to the head of the great chasm, which now appeared more terrible than ever. We here saw that it would be extremely perilous, if not actually impossible, to attempt a descent on the rocks along its treacherous edge in such a hurricane. The only alternative was to take the precipitous snow-covered slope. Planting our ice-hooks deep in the snow behind us, we started. At first the strong head wind, which on the top almost took us off our feet, somewhat checked our downward career, but it was not long before we attained a velocity that made our hair stand on end. It was a thrilling experience; we seemed to be sailing through the air itself, for the clouds obscured the slope even twenty feet below. Finally we emerged beneath them into the glare of the afternoon sunlight; but on we dashed for 6000 feet, leaning heavily on the trailing-stocks, which threw up an icy spray in our wake. We never once stopped until we reached the bottom of the dome, at our last night's camp among the rocks.

In less than an hour we had dashed down through a distance which it had taken us nine and a half hours to ascend. The camp was reached at 4 P. M., just twelve hours from the time we left it. Gathering up the remaining baggage, we hurried away to continue the descent. We must make desperate efforts to reach the Kurdish encampment by nightfall; for during the last twenty-seven hours we had had nothing to drink but half a pint of tea, and our thirst by this time became almost intolerable.

The large snow-bed down which we had been sliding now began to show signs of treachery. The snow, at this low altitude, had melted out from below, to supply the subterranean streams, leaving only a thin crust at the surface. It was not long before one of our party fell into one of these pitfalls up to his shoulders, and floundered about for some time before he could extricate himself from his unexpected snow-bath.

Over the rocks and boulders the descent was much slower and more tedious. For two hours we were thus busily engaged, when all at once a shout rang out in the clear evening air. Looking up we saw, sure enough, our two zaptiehs and muleteer on the very spot where we had left them the evening before. Even the two donkeys were on hand to give us a welcoming bray. They had come up from the encampment early in the morning, and had been scanning the mountain all day long to get some clue to our whereabouts. They reported that they had seen us at one time during the morning, and had then lost sight of us among the clouds. This solicitude on their part was no doubt prompted by the fact that they were to be held by the mutessarif of Bayazid as personally responsible for our safe return, and perhaps, too, by the hope that they might thus retrieve the good graces they had lost the day before, and thereby increase the amount of the forthcoming bakshish. Nothing, now, was too heavy for the donkeys, and even the zaptiehs themselves condescended to relieve us of our alpenstocks.

That night we sat again around the Kurdish camp-fire, surrounded by the same group of curious faces. It was interesting and even amusing to watch the bewildered astonishment that overspread their countenances as we related our experiences along the slope, and then upon the very top, of Ak-Dagh. They listened throughout with profound attention, then looked at one another in silence, and gravely shook their heads. They could not believe it. It was impossible. Old Ararat stood above us grim and terrible beneath the twinkling stars. To them it was, as it always will be, the same mysterious, untrodden height — the palace of the jinn.

Thomas Gaskell Allen, Jr.
William Lewis Sachtleben.

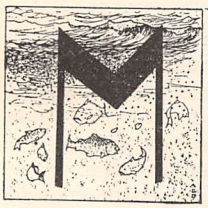
APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

UNDER the morning skies,
Across the meadow see the maiden pass.
She flies, she flies;
O Daphne, be thou fleet!
The little rosy feet
Wet with the cold dews glistening on the grass.
Apollo, gleaming, follows on her track
With head thrown forward, and bright curls blown back.
His singing voice rings forth, "Alas! alas!
Stay, sweet! stay, sweet!
I am no hawk, fair dove;
I love, I love!"
The amorous words go whistling on the wind.
She hears, and with a frightened glance behind,
Forcing her strength, starts onward with a bound;
Her pressed foot spurns a violet from the ground:
He does not touch the earth; the grass is stirred
As by the near approach of some swift bird.
Now but a step his outstretched hand debars.
She seeks the river sparkling in the sun,
Drives up the splashing spray, a shower of stars.
The god springs forward. Ah, she 's won!
His kisses fall upon her tangled hair;
For down she bends her head upon his breast,
And cries, "Oh, help me, Father!" in despair.
He feels her stiffen in his hold;
The silky locks on which his cheek doth rest,
To light leaves turning, flutter thin and cold;
The quivering limbs are pliant stems of bay;
His soft lips press rough bark, which shrinks away.
"Still shalt thou be my love," Apollo cries,
"My favored wreath!" and plucks the slender leaves.
A soft wind stirs the branches, and low sighs
The tree, as though the loveless Daphne grieves.

Sara King Wiley.

FIELD-NOTES.

I. A WEASEL AND HIS DEN.



MY most interesting note of last season relates to a weasel. One day in early November my boy and I were sitting on a rock at the edge of a tamarack swamp in the woods hoping to get a glimpse of some grouse which we knew were in the habit of feeding in the swamp. We had not sat there very long before we heard a slight rustling in the leaves below us which we at once fancied was made by the cautious tread of a grouse. (We had no gun.) Presently through the thick brushy growth we caught sight of a small animal running along that we at first took for a red squirrel. A moment more, and it came into full view only a few yards from us, and we saw that it was a weasel. A second glance showed that it carried something in its mouth, which, as it drew near, we saw was a mouse, or a mole of some sort. The weasel ran nimbly along, now the length of a decayed log, then over stones and branches, pausing a moment every three or four yards, and passed within twenty feet of us, and disappeared behind some rocks on the bank at the edge of the swamp. "He is carrying food into his den," I said; "let us watch him." In four or five minutes he reappeared, coming back over the course along which he had just passed, running over and under the same stones and down the same decayed log, and was soon out of sight in the swamp. We had not moved, and evidently he had not noticed us. After about six minutes we heard the same rustle as at first, and in a moment saw the weasel coming back with another mouse in his mouth. He kept to his former route as if chained to it, making the same pauses and gestures, and repeating exactly his former movements. He disappeared on our left as before, and, after a few moments' delay, reëmerged, and took his course down into the swamp again. We waited about the same length of time as before, when back he came with another mouse. He evidently had a big crop of mice down there amid the bogs and bushes, and he was gathering his harvest very industriously. We became curious to see exactly where his den was, and so walked around where he had seemed to disappear each time, and waited. He was as punctual as usual, and was back with his game exactly on time. It happened that we had stopped within two paces of his hole, so that, as he approached it, he evidently discovered us. He paused, looked steadily at us, and then without any sign of fear entered his den. The entrance was not under the rocks, as we had expected, but was in the bank a few feet beyond them. We remained motionless for some time, but he did not reappear. Our presence had made him suspicious, and he was going to wait awhile. Then I removed some dry leaves, and exposed his doorway, a small, round hole hardly as large as the chipmunk makes, going straight down into the ground. We had a lively curiosity to get a peep into his larder. If he had been carrying in mice at this rate very long, his cellars must be packed with them. With a sharp stick I began digging into the red clayey soil, but soon encountered so many roots from near trees that I gave it up, deciding to return next day with a mattock. So I repaired the damages I had done as well as I could, replaced the leaves, and we moved off.

The next day, which was mild and still as usual, I came back armed as I thought to unearth the weasel and his treasures. I sat down where we had sat the day before, and awaited developments. I was curious to know if the weasel was still carrying in his harvest. I had sat but a few minutes when I heard again the rustle in the dry leaves, and saw the weasel coming home with another mouse. I observed him till he had made three trips; about every six or seven minutes I calculated he brought in a mouse. Then I went and stood near his hole. This time he had a fat meadow-mouse. He laid it down near the entrance, went in and turned around, and reached out and drew the mouse in after him. "That store of mice I am bound to see," I thought, and then fell to with the heavy mattock. I followed the hole down about two feet, when it turned to the north. I kept the clue by thrusting into the passage slender twigs; these it was easy to follow. Two or three feet more and the hole branched, one part going west, the other northeast. I followed the west one a few feet till it branched. Then I turned to the easterly tunnel, and pursued it till it branched. I followed one of these ways till it divided. I began to be embarrassed and hindered by the accumulations of loose soil. Evidently this weasel had foreseen just such an assault upon his castle as I was making, and had planned it accordingly. He was not to be caught napping. I found several enlargements

in the various tunnels,—breathing-spaces, or spaces to turn around in, or to meet and chat with a companion,—but nothing that looked like a terminus, a permanent living-room. I tried removing the soil a couple of paces away with the mattock, but found it slow work. I was getting warm and tired, and my task was apparently only just begun. The farther I dug the more numerous and intricate became the passages. I concluded to stop, and come again the next day, armed with a shovel in addition to the mattock.

Accordingly, I came back on the morrow, and fell to work vigorously. I soon had quite a large excavation; I found the bank a labyrinth of passages, with here and there a large chamber. One of the latter I struck only six inches under the surface, by making a fresh breach a few feet away.

While I was leaning upon my shovel-handle and recovering my breath, I heard some light-footed creature tripping over the leaves above me just out of view, which I fancied might be a squirrel. Presently I heard the bay of a hound and the yelp of a cur, and then knew that a rabbit had passed near me. The dogs came slowly after, with a great rumpus, and then presently the hunters followed. The dogs remained barking not many rods south of me on the edge of the swamp, and I knew the rabbit had run to hole. For half an hour or more I heard the hunters at work there, digging their game out; then they came along and discovered me at my work. (An old trapper and woodsman and his son.) I told them what I was in quest of.

"A mountain weasel," said the old man. "Seven or eight years ago I used to set deadfalls for rabbits just over there, and the game was always partly eaten up. It must have been this weasel that visited my traps." So my game was evidently an old resident of the place. This swamp, maybe, had been his hunting-ground for many years, and he had added another hall to his dwelling each year. After further digging, I struck at least one of his banqueting-halls, a cavity about the size of one's hat, arched over by a network of fine tree-roots. The occupant evidently lodged or rested here also. There was a warm, dry nest made of leaves and the fur of mice and moles. I took out two or three handfuls. In finding this chamber, I had followed one of the tunnels around till it brought me within a foot of the original entrance. A few inches to one side of this cavity there was what I took to be a back alley where the weasel threw his waste; there were large masses of wet decaying fur here, and fur pellets such as are regurgitated by hawks and owls. In the nest there was the tail of a flying-squirrel, showing that the weasel sometimes had a flying-squirrel for supper or dinner.

I continued my digging with renewed energy; I should yet find the grand depot where all these passages centered: but the farther I excavated, the more complex and baffling the problem became; the ground was honeycombed with passages. "What enemy has this weasel," I said to myself, "that he should provide so many ways of escape, that he should have a back door at every turn?" To corner him would be impossible; to be lost in his fortress were like being lost in Mammoth Cave. How he could bewilder his pursuer by appearing now at this door, now at that; now mocking him from the attic, now defying him from the cellar! So far, I had discovered only one entrance; but some of the chambers were so near the surface that it looked as if the planner had calculated upon an emergency when he might want to reach daylight quickly in a new place.

Finally I paused, rested upon my shovel awhile, eased my aching back upon the ground, and then gave it up, feeling as I never had before the force of the old saying, that you cannot catch a weasel asleep. I had made an ugly hole in the bank, had handled over two or three times a ton or more of earth, and was apparently no nearer the weasel and his store of mice than when I began.

Then I regretted that I had broken into his castle at all; that I had not contented myself with coming day after day, and counted his mice as he carried them in, and continued my observation upon him each succeeding year. Now the rent in his fortress could not be repaired, and he would doubtless move away, as he most certainly did, for his doors, which I had closed with soil, remained unopened after winter had set in.

But little seems known about the intimate private lives of any of our lesser wild creatures. It was news to me that any of the weasels lived in dens in this way, and that they stored up provision against a day of need. This species was probably the little ermine, eight or nine inches long, with tail about five inches. It was still in its summer dress of dark chestnut-brown above and whitish below.

It was a mystery where the creature had put the earth, which it must have removed in digging its den; not a grain was to be seen anywhere, and yet a bushel or more must have been taken out. Externally, there was not the slightest sign of that curious habitation under the ground. The entrance was hidden beneath dry leaves, and was surrounded by little passages and flourishes between the leaves and the ground. If any of my readers find a weasel's den, I hope they will be wiser than I was, and observe his goings and comings without disturbing his habitation.

II. KEEN PERCEPTIONS.

SUCCESS in observing nature, as in so many other things, depends upon alertness of mind and quickness to take a hint. One's perceptive faculties must be like a trap lightly and delicately set; a touch must suffice to spring it. But how many people have I walked with whose perceptions were rusty and unpractised — nothing less than a bear would spring their trap. All the finer play of nature, all the small deer, they miss. The little dramas and tragedies that are being enacted by the wild creatures in the fields and woods are more or less veiled and withdrawn; and the actors all stop when a spectator appears upon the scene. One must be able to interpret the signs, to penetrate the scenes, to put this and that together.

Then, nature speaks a different language from our own; the successful observer translates this language into human speech. He knows the meaning of every sound, movement, gesture, and gives the human equivalent. Careless or hasty observers, on the other hand, make the mistake of reading their own thoughts or mental and emotional processes into nature; plans and purposes are attributed to the wild creatures which are quite beyond them. Some people in town saw an English sparrow tangled up in a horsehair, and suspended from a tree, with other sparrows fluttering and chattering about it. They concluded at once that the sparrows had executed one of their number, doubtless for some crime. I have several times seen sparrows suspended in this way about their nesting and roosting places. Accidents happen to birds as well as to other folks; but they do not yet imitate us in the matter of capital punishment.

One day I saw a little bush sparrow fluttering along in the grass, disabled in some way, and a large number of its mates flitting and calling about it. I captured the bird, and in doing so, its struggles in my hand broke the bond that held it — some kind of web or silken insect thread that tied together the quills of one wing. When I let it fly away all its mates followed it as if wondering at the miracle that had been wrought. They no doubt experienced some sort of emotion. Birds sympathize with one another in their distress, and will make common cause against an enemy. Crows will pursue and fight a tame crow. They seem to look upon him as an alien and an enemy. He is never so shapely and bright and polished as his wild brother. He is more or less demoralized, and has lost caste. Probably a pack of wolves would in the same way destroy a tame wolf should such a one appear among them.

The wild creatures are human — with a difference, a wide difference. They have the keenest powers of perception; what observers they are! how quickly they take a hint! But they have little or no powers of reflection. The crows do not meet in parliaments and caucuses as has been fancied, and try offenders, and discuss the tariff, or consider ways and means. They are gregarious and social, and probably in the fall have something like a reunion of the tribe. At least their vast assemblages upon the hills at this season have a decidedly festive appearance.

The crow has fine manners. He always has the walk and air of a lord of the soil. One morning I put out some fresh meat upon the snow near my study window. Presently a crow came and carried it off, and alighted with it upon the ground in the vineyard. While he was eating of it, another crow came, and, alighting a few yards away, slowly walked up to within a few feet of his fellow, and stopped. I expected to see a struggle over the food, as would have been the case with domestic fowls or animals. Nothing of the kind. The feeding crow stopped eating, regarded the other for a moment, made a gesture or two, and flew away. Then the second crow went up to the food, and proceeded to take his share. Presently the first crow came back, when each seized a portion of the food, and flew away with it. Their mutual respect and good-will seemed perfect. Whether it really was so in our human sense, or whether it was simply an illustration of the instinct of mutual support which seems to prevail among gregarious birds, I know not. Birds that are solitary in their habits, like hawks or woodpeckers, behave quite differently toward one another in the presence of their food.

The lives of wild creatures revolve about two facts or emotions, appetite and fear. Their keenness in discovering food and in discovering danger are alike remarkable. But man can nearly always outwit them, because while his perceptions are not so sharp, his power of reflection is much greater. His cunning carries a great deal further. The crow will quickly discover anything that looks like a trap or snare set to catch him, but it takes him a long time to see through the simplest contrivance. As I have above stated, I sometimes place meat on the snow in front of my study window to attract him. On one occasion, after a couple of crows had come to expect something there daily, I suspended a piece of meat by a string from a branch of the tree just over the spot where I usually placed the food. A crow soon discovered it, and came into the tree to see what it meant. His suspicions were aroused. There was some design in that suspended meat, evidently. It was a trap to catch him. He surveyed it from every near branch. He peeked and pried, and was bent on penetrating the mystery. He flew to the ground, and walked about and surveyed it from all sides. Then he took a long walk

down about the vineyard as if in hope of hitting upon some clue. Then he came to the tree again, and tried first one eye, then the other, upon it; then to the ground beneath; then he went away and came back; then his fellow came, and they both squinted and investigated and then disappeared. Chickadees and woodpeckers would alight upon the meat and peck it swinging in the wind, but the crows were fearful. Does this show reflection? Perhaps it does, but I look upon it rather as that instinct of fear and cunning so characteristic of the crow. Two days passed thus; every morning the crows came and surveyed the suspended meat from all points in the tree, and then went away. The third day I placed a large bone on the snow beneath the suspended morsel. Presently one of the crows appeared in the tree, and bent his eye upon the tempting bone. "The mystery deepens," he seemed to say to himself. But after half an hour's investigation, and after approaching several times within a few feet of the food upon the ground, he seemed to conclude there was no connection between it and the piece hanging by the string. So he finally walked up to it and fell to pecking it, flipping his wings all the time, as a sign of his watchfulness. He also turned up his eye, momentarily, to the piece in the air above, as if it might be a sword of Damocles, ready to fall upon him. Soon his mate came and alighted on a low branch of the tree. The feeding crow regarded him a moment, and then flew up to his side, as if to give him a turn at the meat. But he refused to run the risk. He evidently looked upon the whole thing as a delusion and a snare, and presently went away, and his mate followed him. Then I placed the bone in one of the main forks of the tree, but the crows kept at a safe distance from it. Then I put it back to the ground, but they grew more and more suspicious; some evil intent in it all, they thought. Finally, a dog carried off the bone, and the crows ceased to visit the tree.

III. A SPARROW'S MISTAKE.

If one has always built one's nest upon the ground, and if one comes of a race of ground-builders, it is a risky experiment to build in a tree. The conditions are vastly different. One of my near neighbors, a little song-sparrow, learned this lesson the past season. She grew ambitious; she departed from the traditions of her race, and placed her nest in a tree. Such a pretty spot she chose, too — the pendent cradle formed by the interlaced sprays of two parallel branches of a Norway spruce. These branches shoot out almost horizontally; indeed, the lower ones become quite so in spring, and the side shoots with which they are clothed droop down, forming the slopes of miniature ridges; where the slopes of two branches join, a little valley is formed, which often looks more stable than it really is. My sparrow selected one of these little valleys about six feet from the ground and quite near the walls of the house. "Here," she thought, "I will build my nest, and pass the heat of June in a miniature Norway. This tree is the fir-clad mountain, and this little vale on its side I select for my own." She carried up a great quantity of coarse grass and straws for the foundation, just as she would have done upon the ground. On the top of this mass there gradually came into shape the delicate structure of her nest, compacting and refining till its delicate carpet of hairs and threads was reached. So sly as the little bird was about it, too — every moment on her guard lest you discover her secret! Five eggs were laid, and incubation was far advanced, when the storms and winds came. The cradle indeed did rock. The boughs did not break, but they swayed and separated as you would part your two interlocked hands. The ground of the little valley fairly gave way, the nest tilted over till its contents fell into the chasm. It was like an earthquake that destroys a hamlet.

No born builder in trees would have placed its nest in such a situation. Birds that build at the end of the branch, like the oriole, tie the nest fast; others, like the robin, build against the main trunk; still others build securely in the fork. The sparrow, in her ignorance, rested her house upon the spray of two branches, and when the tempest came the branches parted company, and the nest was engulfed.

Another sparrow friend of mine met with a curious mishap the past season. It was the little social sparrow, or chippy. She built her nest on the arm of a grape-vine in the vineyard, a favorite place with chippy. It had a fine canopy of leaves, and was firmly and securely placed. Just above it hung a bunch of young grapes, which in the warm July days grew very rapidly. The little bird had not foreseen the calamity that threatened her. The grapes grew down into her nest, and completely filled it, so that when I put my hand in, there were the eggs sat upon by the grapes. The bird was crowded out, and had perforce abandoned her nest, ejected by a bunch of grapes. How long she held her ground I do not know; probably till the fruit began to press heavily upon her.

IV. A POOR FOUNDATION.

It is a curious habit the wood-thrush has of starting its nest with a fragment of newspaper or other paper. Except in remote woods I think it nearly always puts a piece of paper in the foundation of its nest. Last spring I chanced to be sitting near a tree in which a

wood-thrush had concluded to build. She came with a piece of paper nearly as large as my hand, placed it upon the branch, stood upon it a moment, and then flew down to the ground. A little puff of wind caused the paper to leave the branch a moment afterward. The thrush watched it eddy slowly down to the ground, when she seized it, and carried it back. She placed it in position as before, stood upon it again for a moment, and then flew away. Again the paper left the branch, and sailed away slowly to the ground. The bird seized it again, jerking it about rather spitefully, I thought; she turned it around two or three times, then labored back to the branch with it, upon which she shifted it about as if to hit upon some position in which it would lie more securely. This time she sat down upon it for a moment, and then went away, doubtless with the thought in her head that she would bring something to hold it down. The perverse paper followed her in a few seconds. She seized it again, and hustled it about more than before. As she rose with it toward the nest, it in some way impeded her flight, and she was compelled to return to the ground with it. But she kept her temper remarkably well. She turned the paper over, and took it up in her beak several times before she was satisfied with her hold, and then carried it back to the branch, where, however, it would not stay. I saw her make six trials of it when I was called away. I think she finally abandoned the restless fragment,— probably a scrap that held some "breezy" piece of writing,— for later in the season I examined the nest, and found no paper in it.

V. A FRIGHTENED MINK.

In walking through the woods one day in early winter, we read upon the newly fallen snow the record of a mink's fright the night before. The mink had been traveling through the woods post-haste, not by the watercourses, where one sees them by day, but over ridges and across valleys. We followed his track some distance to see with what adventures he had met. We tracked him through a bushy swamp, saw where he had left it to explore a pile of rocks, then where he had taken to the swamp again, then to the more open woods. Presently the track turned sharply about, and doubled upon itself in long hurried strides. What had caused the mink to change its mind so suddenly? We explored a few paces ahead, and came upon a fox-track. The mink had seen the fox stalking stealthily through the woods, and the sight had probably brought his heart into his mouth. I think he climbed a tree, and waited till the fox passed. His track disappeared amid a clump of hemlocks, and then reappeared again a little beyond them. It described a big loop around, and then crossed the fox-track only a few yards from the point where its course was interrupted. Then it followed a little watercourse, went under a rude bridge in a wood-road, then mingled with squirrel-tracks in a denser part of the thicket. If the mink met a muskrat or a rabbit in his travels, or came upon a grouse, or quail, or a farmer's hen-roost, he had the supper he was in quest of.

VI. A LEGLESS CLIMBER.

The eye always sees what it wants to see, and the ear hears what it wants to hear. If I am intent upon birds' nests in my walk, I find birds' nests everywhere. Some people see four-leaved clovers wherever they look in the grass. A friend of mine picks up Indian relics all about the fields; he has Indian relics in his eye. I have seen him turn out of the path at right angles, as a dog will when he scents something, and walk straight away several rods, and pick up an Indian pounding-stone. He saw it out of the corner of his eye. I find that without conscious effort I see and hear birds with like ease. Eye and ear are always on the alert.

One day in early June I was walking with some friends along a secluded wood-road. Above the hum of the conversation I caught the distressed cry of a pair of blue-jays. My companions heard it also, but did not heed it.

But to my ear the cry was peculiar. It was uttered in a tone of anguish and alarm. I said, "Let us see what is the trouble with these jays." I presently saw a nest twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground in a small hemlock, which I at once concluded belonged to the jays. The birds were only a few yards away, hopping about amid the neighboring branches, uttering now and then their despairing note. Looking more intently at the nest, I became aware in the dim light of the tree of something looped about it, or else there was a dark, very crooked limb that partly held it. Suspecting the true nature of the case, I threw a stone up through the branches, and then another and another, when the dark loops and folds upon one side of the nest began to disappear, and the head and neck of a black-snake to slide slowly out on a horizontal branch on the other; in a moment the snake had cleared the nest, and stretched himself along the branch.

Another rock-fragment jarred his perch, when he slid cautiously along toward the branch of a large pine-tree which came out and mingled its spray with that of the hemlock. It was soon apparent that the snake was going to take refuge in the pine. As he made the passage from one tree to the other we sought to dislodge him by a shower of sticks and stones, but without success; he was soon upon a large branch of

the pine, and, stretched out on top of the limb, thought himself quite hidden. And so he was; but we knew his hiding-place, and the stones and clubs we hurled soon made him uneasy. Presently a club struck the branch with such force that he was fairly dislodged, but saved himself by quickly wrapping his tail about the limb. In this position he hung for some moments, but the intervening branches shielded him pretty well from our missiles, and he soon recovered himself, and gained a still higher branch that reached out over the road, and nearly made a bridge to the trees on the other side.

Seeing the monster was likely to escape us unless we assailed him at closer quarters, I determined to climb the tree. A smaller tree growing near helped me up to the first branches, where the ascent was not very difficult. I finally reached the branch upon which the snake was carefully poised, and began shaking it. But he did not come down; he wrapped his tail about it, and defied me. My own position was precarious, and I was obliged to move with great circumspection.

After much manœuvering I succeeded in arming myself with a dry branch eight or ten feet long, where I had the serpent at a disadvantage. He kept his hold well. I clubbed him about from branch to branch while my friends, with cautions and directions looked on from beneath. Neither man nor snake will trust himself to very lively antics in a tree-top thirty or forty feet from the ground. But at last I dislodged him, and, swinging and looping like a piece of rubber hose, he went to the ground, where my friends pounced upon him savagely, and quickly made an end of him.

I worked my way carefully down the tree, and was about to drop upon the ground from the lower branches, when I saw another black-snake coiled up at the foot of the tree, as if lying in wait for me. Had he started to his mate's rescue, and, seeing the battle over, was he now waiting to avenge himself upon the victor? But the odds were against him; my friends soon had him stretched beside his comrade.

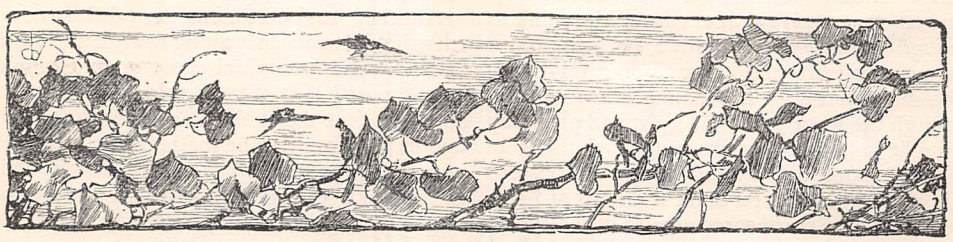
The first snake killed had swallowed two young jays just beginning to feather out.

How the serpent discovered the nest would be very interesting to know. What led him to search in this particular tree amid all these hundreds of trees that surrounded it? It is probable that the snake watches like a cat, or, having seen the parent birds about this tree, explored it. Nests upon the ground and on low boughs are frequently rifled by black-snakes, but I have never before known one to climb to such a height in a forest-tree.

It would also be interesting to know if the other snake was in the secret of this nest, and was waiting near to share in its contents. One rarely has the patience to let these little dramas or tragedies be played to the end; one cannot look quietly on, and see a snake devour anything. Not even when it is snake eating snake. Only a few days later my little boy called me to the garden to see a black-snake in the act of swallowing a garter-snake. The little snake was holding back with all his might and main, hooking his tail about the blackberry-bushes, and pulling desperately; still his black enemy was slowly engulfing him, and had accomplished about eight or ten inches of him, when he suddenly grew alarmed at some motion of ours, and ejected the little snake from him with unexpected ease and quickness, and tried to escape. The little snake's head was bleeding, but he did not seem otherwise to have suffered from the adventure.

Still, a few days later, the man who was mowing the lawn called to me to come and witness a similar tragedy, but on a smaller scale — a garter-snake swallowing a little green snake. Half the length of the green snake had disappeared from sight, and it was quite dead. The process had been a slow one, as the garter-snake was only two or three inches longer than his victim. There seems to be a sort of poetic justice in snake swallowing snake, shark eating shark; and one can look on with more composure than when a bird or frog is the victim. It is said that in the deep sea there is a fish that will swallow another fish eight or ten times its own size. It seizes its victim by the tail, and slowly sucks it in, stretching and expanding itself at the same time, and probably digesting the big fish by inches, till after many days it is completely engulfed. Would it be hard to find something analagous to this in life, especially in American politics?

John Burroughs.





THE LOOSENED CORD.

A MIDNIGHT STORY.

THE host was noted for his charming dinners. He had never been known to give them twice alike, and whoever was fortunate enough to be invited to one of his entertainments always had a delightful memory of it — something unusual, some wonder of the table, some setting original and peculiar. His combinations were carefully considered, and many were the stories told of them.

Once it was a delightful dinner in midsummer, where small vessels floated about among miniature icebergs over a sea of cobalt blue, a cool, refreshing, and unique centerpiece.

At another time the centerpiece was a large, circular, shallow vessel of brightly burnished copper, filled with water, and surrounded with small pots of growing verbenas — pink, crimson, purple, white, and variegated, fringing the miniature lake like a beautiful meadow of flowers. On the surface of the water floated delicate, blown-glass balls of various sizes, like bubbles, kept in motion by gold and silver fish swimming about among them; they caught reflections of color from the flowers, and high lights gleamed here and there, thrown from the softly glowing candles above. Now and then a gold or a silver fish would be magnified through a glass ball until it became a golden or silver bubble drifting slowly over the water. Old Russian hammered copper receptacles at the four corners of the table held towering rosebushes in full bloom, so that the lovely guest of the evening sat in a bower of green and roses.

I.

TO-NIGHT every one was wondering what new device, what new treatment of the table, the host had evolved. The dinner was held in a lofty studio at the top of the house, in early spring. Rare low-toned tapestries adorned the side walls. Here and there gleamed brass and copper plaques of the fifteenth century. Venetian glass glittered in antique carved cabinets. There were old musical instruments, crucifixes, paintings, arms, and bric-à-brac from every quarter of the globe. The night being warm, the great skylight had been thrown open, and above the beautiful studio there could be seen a velvety patch of sky, through which the stars twinkled softly, making a marked contrast to the rich surroundings of the interior.

The host had provided a table marked by the simplicity of its decoration — a few flowers here and there, bits of old repoussé silver of the times of the Georges, dainty glass and china, and that was all. When the company entered the room there was an exclamation, and all eyes were turned toward the chair assigned to the honored guest, for, attached to it by a most delicate silken cord, floated a miniature balloon, swayed by every current of air which passed through the great studio. It was a balloon perfect in all its details, a complete miniature of a real and possible one, not the red ball of the toy-shops. All its ropes and stays were of threads of silk, golden and delicate apple-green, crossing and recrossing one another. Beneath it, instead of the usual car or basket, hung a circular cage of gossamer-like workmanship. In it was a swinging perch on which sat a little bird that sang with the greatest delight as the balloon rocked to and fro, held in place by its single cord of silk.

It was a charming company. There was a wit, a naval officer, a contralto singer, a story-teller — but why enumerate all of that delight-

ful group? The studio and table looked lovely in the soft glow of candle-light, for neither gas nor electric light had any part in the host's entertainment. Later on, when the merriment was at its height, the voices were almost drowned by the notes of the little songster in his gilded cage. Just as the contralto had arisen to sing, the silken cord which held the balloon became loosened in some accidental manner. Hands were eagerly but vainly extended to catch it, and all eyes were turned upward as the balloon rose rapidly higher and higher out of reach. The joyous notes of the bird grew fainter and fainter until balloon and songster disappeared through the open skylight, into the patch of velvety sky studded with stars. The merriment was hushed, and it was minutes before any one spoke, and then the bronzed naval officer suggested that they should go to the roof, and see which way the wind was blowing. They ascended the winding stairs, and the officer held up his handkerchief to catch the breeze.

"The wind is due north," he said, "and by morning the little bird will be well on its way toward the Gulf."

They returned to the studio, but do what they would, the conversation flagged, and it was impossible to revive the merriment. Even the contralto's beautiful song failed to interest them, and nothing seemed to restore the spirits of the guests. Each one was thinking of the little bird; each one seemed to hear its ecstatic notes as it sailed away out of sight under the stars, and a feeling of sympathy and pity for the little prisoner came over them all.

Coffee and cigars were brought, and the ladies disappeared. The party broke up at midnight. Carriages were called, and the host bade his guests good night. He whose dinners had always been a success was forced to acknowledge that to-night's was a dismal failure, and he sat gloomy and silent, thinking of the little balloon sailing away through the blackness of the night, carrying the imprisoned songster he knew not whither.

II.

THE sun is just setting behind a beautiful old French town on the west bank of the southern Mississippi. The streets are filled — flooded with sunlight. The gardens are blooming with oleander-trees. There is the humming of bees, singing of birds, and a fragrance indescribable. The Mississippi stretches away like a great silver serpent between golden meadows and headlands on either side, until it becomes a mere glint of light in the distance. Children are playing in the streets, and dark-eyed French girls in their pure white dresses are sitting in the balconies among the flowers. Many of the villagers are wending their way to the post-office for the evening mail, and here and there in a doorway is a gossiping group. Suddenly there is an exclamation. The children stop their play, and point to the sky. At the extreme end of the village street is a mere speck floating and swaying in the air as it comes nearer and nearer. Heads are peering out of windows. The villagers have forgotten their mail and their gossip. All is hushed. There in the yellow light something floats in the sky, coming steadily nearer. Music is heard — bird-music. Among those watching are a few brothers of the church, who cross themselves and look wonderingly at the rapidly growing speck. On it comes, larger and larger it grows, and now a miniature balloon is seen sailing slowly, swaying gracefully to and fro, but keeping almost a steady course down the quiet street. The villagers are filled with awe, as floating overhead almost within reach the little balloon passes on and on in the golden light of the dying day, with its feathered passenger sending forth its liquid, almost heavenly song.

At the other end of the village street is a group of people standing about a noble-looking house with a double piazza where flowers are blooming — cactus, crimson roses, and yellow jasmine. The group includes old and young, men, women, and little children, a cripple on crutches, and colored servants; for they are standing about the house of Rose Danian — she who has done sweet deeds of charity throughout the short life which is now slowly ebbing away. All wait in reverent mood; even the children forget their play: for all love her, and remember some kindness, — some unexpected, generous deed, — and the whole town is in mourning. In the room above, which is flooded with soft warm sunlight, stand parents and friends, and the village priest administering the last sacrament to the dying girl. Her luxuriant auburn hair surrounds her head like the aureole of a saint. Her eyes gaze into the distance with a look of rapture.

And now down the village street, through a cloud of golden dust raised by a passing vehicle, there floats gently, gently, before the house of Rose Danian, the little balloon with its half-famished singing prisoner that has made so long and perilous a journey. Caught by a sudden current of air, it drifts lower and lower until it pauses underneath the upper balcony, trembling with a slight quivering motion before the open window, in the tender, soft light of departing day. The last look of the dying girl rests on the little songster as it pours forth again and again its ecstatic song with delight indescribable, then drops from its perch. What curious coincidence causes the balloon suddenly to collapse, and to sink slowly and softly until

it lies on the balcony among the flowers, it, too, like the little bird, with life extinct?

The priest crosses himself. The weeping friends drop on their knees as the last ray of sunlight disappears, gilding here and there a roof, here and there a bit of projecting ornament. The golden light changes to a delicate apple-green; the great river gleams and glows, assuming prismatic hues reflected from the sky above. All is hushed and solemn in the twilight, as the priest says reverently, "A miracle, my children! a miracle!"

In the chapel of the church of Saint Mary, just in front of the altar, to the left of the picture of Mary and the Child, hangs suspended from a curiously wrought brass scroll, or arm, the little balloon. It was the clock-maker of the village, who, with loving care, arranged the ribs of wire which hold it out until it assumes its natural, inflated form. Underneath is the delicate cage, and, done with the tenderest love of the village taxidermist, there sits the little feathered songster on its swinging perch, its head turned upward, its throat expanded, its mouth open, apparently singing its last rapturous song. It is placed there as a token of love to mark the miracle of the dying day of sweet Rose Danian.

Children peer between the wrought-iron bars of the great gates, with their noble family escutcheon, which protect the chapel. Mothers pause, looking lovingly at the balloon with its lifeless songster. The cripple, leaning on his crutch, gazes long and wonderingly, with almost superstitious awe, at this singular token of loving remembrance. Many are the stories told of beautiful Rose Danian on this, the anniversary day of the miracle, and in the church mass has been celebrated for the repose of her soul. But now vespers are being held; great shafts of colored light are thrown through the stained-glass windows, penetrating the gloom of the darkest recesses, flooding the picture of Mary and the Child, lighting and gilding the little balloon until it looks like a floating glory, or halo. There is an odor of burning incense, the grand chant of the brothers, and the solemn swell of the organ.

Penitents young and old are kneeling in the church, but who, think you, is standing before the altar in the chapel, examining with intense interest the little balloon, while the distant voices of the brothers and the last strains from the organ die away? On whom, think you, does the sweet, pensive smile of Mary rest, and to whom does the Infant Saviour hold out his little hands?

It is the host, whose imagination has been kindled, whose heart has been touched, by the curious story of the miracle which he has heard to-day for the first time. He has found his long-lost device.

As he passes out of the church and down the village street, again the great river gleams and glows, the sunset sky flames and burns with crimson light. And as he leaves the little town behind him, now almost lost in the purple mist of twilight, he murmurs to himself, "How strange a transformation — a thought of beauty has become a miracle of God!"

Alexander W. Drake.



EDISON'S INVENTION OF THE KINETO-PHONOGRAPH.

In the year 1887, the idea occurred to me that it was possible to devise an instrument which should do for the eye what the phonograph does for the ear, and that by a combination of the two, all motion and sound could be recorded and reproduced simultaneously. This idea, the germ of which came from the little toy called the Zoetrope, and the work of Muybridge, Marié, and others has now been accomplished, so that every change of facial expression can be recorded and reproduced life size. The Kinetoscope is only a small model illustrating the present stage of progress but with each succeeding month new possibilities are brought into view. I believe that in coming years by my own work and that of Dickson, Muybridge Marié and others who will doubtless enter the field, that grand opera can be given at the Metropolitan Opera House at New York without any material change from the original, and with artists and musicians long since dead.

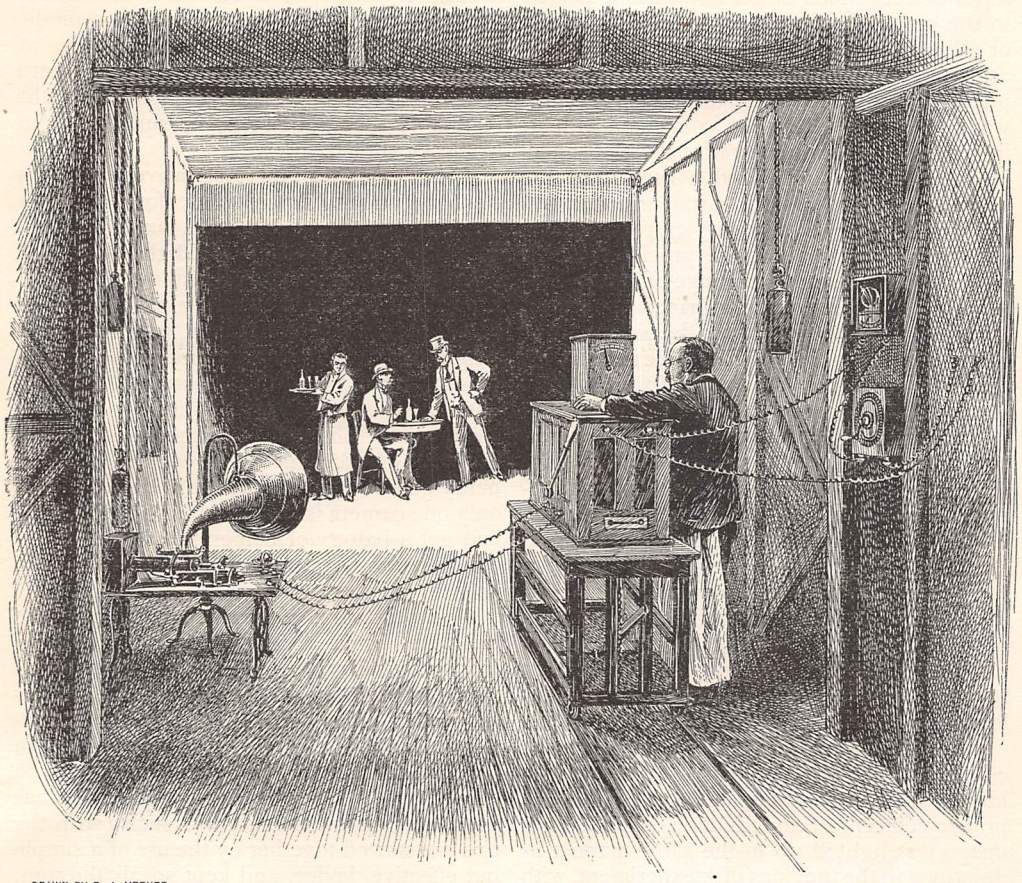
The following article which gives an able and reliable account of the invention has my entire endorsation. The authors are peculiarly well qualified for their task from a literary standpoint and the exceptional opportunities which Mr Dickson has had in the fruition of the work.

Thomas A Edison

ACCOUNT OF THE INVENTION.[1]

THE synchronous attachment of photography with the phonograph was early contemplated by Mr. Edison, in order to record and give back the impressions to the eye as well as to the ear.

The comprehensive term for this invention is the kineto-phonograph. The dual "taking-machine" is the phono-kinetograph, and the reproducing-machine the phono-kinetoscope, in contradistinction to the kinetograph and the kinetoscope, which relate respectively to the taking and reproduction of movable but *soundless* objects.



DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER.

INTERIOR OF THE KINETOGRAPHIC THEATER, EDISON'S LABORATORY, ORANGE, N. J., SHOWING PHONOGRAPH AND KINETOGRAPH.

The initial experiments took the form of microscopic pin-point photographs, placed on a cylindrical shell, corresponding in size to the ordinary phonograph cylinder. These two cylinders were then placed side by side on a shaft, and the sound record was taken as near as possible synchronously with the photographic image impressed on the sensitive surface of the shell. The photographic portion of the undertaking was seriously hampered by the defects of the materials at hand, which, however excellent in themselves, offered no substance sufficiently sensitive. How to secure clear-cut outlines, or indeed any outlines at all, together with phenomenal speed, was the problem which puzzled the experimenters. The Daguerre, albumen, and kindred processes met the first requirements, but failed when subjected to the test of speed. These methods were therefore regretfully abandoned, a certain precipitate of knowledge being retained, and a bold leap was made to the Maddox gelatine bromide of silver emulsion, with which the cylinders were coated. This process gave rise to a new and serious difficulty. The bromide of silver haloids, held in suspension with the emulsion, showed themselves in an exaggerated coarse-

[1] The text and pictures of this article copyright, 1894, by ANTONIA & W. K. L. DICKSON. The photographs are by Mr. Dickson.

ness when it became a question of enlarging the pin-point photographs to the dignity of one eighth of an inch, projecting them upon a screen, or viewing them through a binocular microscope. Each accession of size augmented the difficulty, and it was resolved to abandon that line of experiment, and to revolutionize the whole nature of the proceedings by discarding these small photographs, and substituting a series of very much larger impressions affixed to the outer edge of a swiftly-rotating wheel, or disk, and supplied with a number of pins, so arranged as to project under the center of each picture. On the rear of the disk, upon a stand, was placed a Geissler tube, connected with an induction coil, the primary wire of which, operated by the pins, produced a rupture of the primary current, which, in its turn, through the medium of the secondary current, lighted up the Geissler tube at the precise moment when a picture crossed its range of view. This electrical discharge was performed in such an inappreciable fraction of time, the succession of pictures was so rapid, and the whole mechanism so nearly perfect, that the goal of the inventor seemed almost reached.

Then followed some experiments with drums, over which sheets of sensitized celluloid film were drawn, the edges being pressed into a narrow slot in the surface, similar in construction to the old tin-foil phonograph. A starting- and stopping-device very similar to the one now in use was also applied. The pictures were then taken spirally to the number of two hundred or so, but were limited in size, owing to the rotundity of surface, which brought only the center of the picture into focus. The sheet of celluloid was then developed, fixed, etc., and placed upon a transparent drum, bristling at its outer edge with brass pins. When the drum was rapidly turned, these came in contact with the primary current of an induction coil, and each image was lighted up in the same manner as described in the previous disk experiment, with this difference only, that the inside of the drum was illuminated.

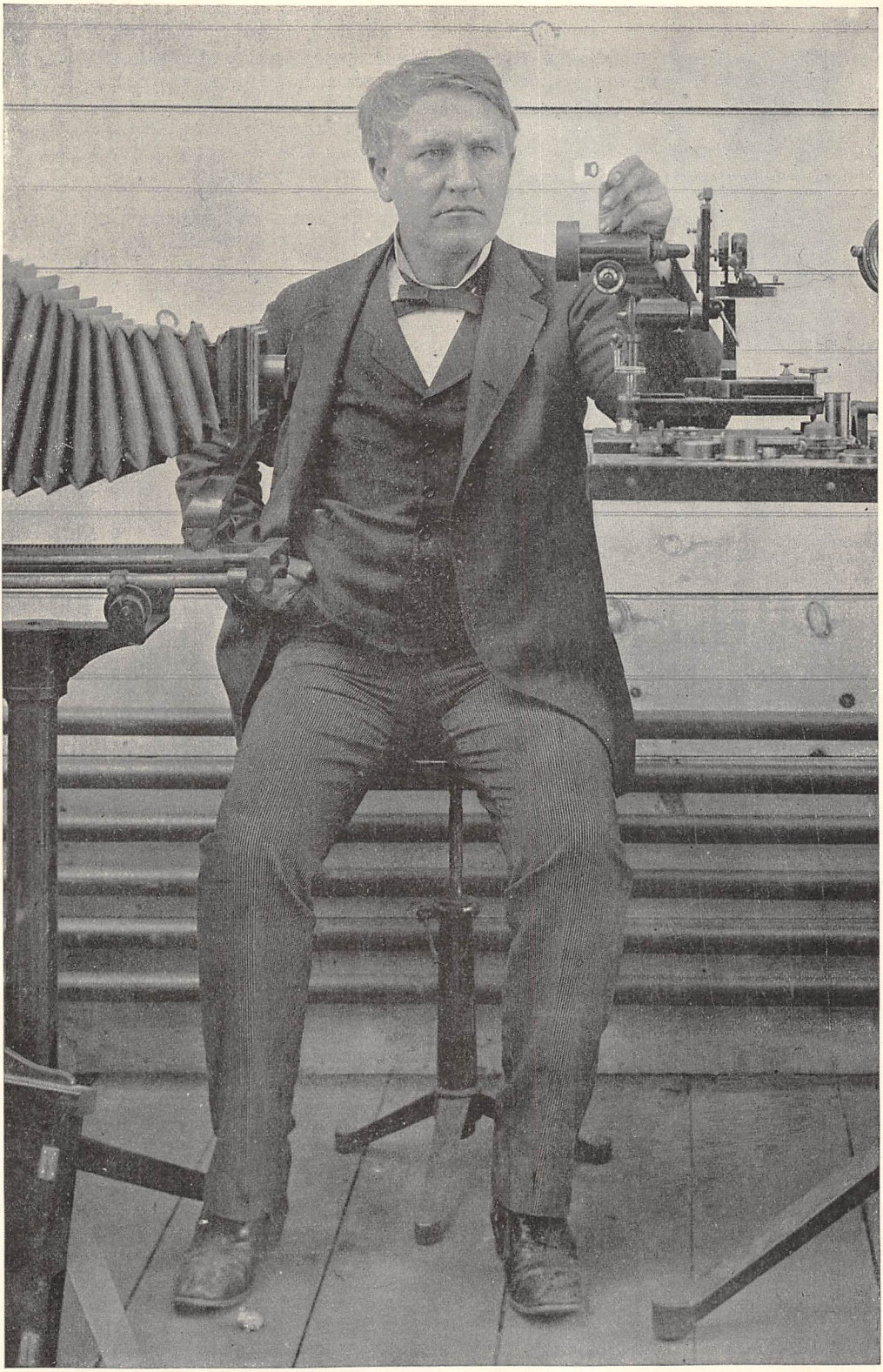
The next step was the adoption of a highly sensitized strip of celluloid half an inch wide; but this proving unsatisfactory, owing to inadequate size, one-inch pictures were substituted on a band one and a half inches wide, the additional width being required for the perforations on the outer edge. These perforations occur at close and regular intervals, in order to enable the teeth of a locking-device to hold the film steady for nine tenths of the one forty-sixth part of a second, when a shutter opens rapidly and admits a beam of light, causing an image or phase in the movement of the subject. The film is then jerked forward in the remaining one tenth of the one forty-sixth part of a second, and held at rest while the shutter has again made its round, admitting another circle of light, and so on until forty-six impressions are taken a second, or 2760 a minute. This speed yields 165,600 pictures in an hour, an amount amply sufficient for an evening's entertainment, when unreeled before the eye. By connecting the two ends of the strip, and thus forming a continuous band, the pictures can be indefinitely multiplied. In this connection it is interesting to note that were the spasmodic motions added up by themselves, exclusive of arrests, on the same principle that a train record is computed independent of stoppages, the incredible speed of twenty-six miles an hour would be shown.

The advantage of this system over a continuous band, and of a slotted shutter forging widely ahead of the film, would be this, that in that case only the fractional degree of light comprised in the $\frac{1}{2720}$ part of a second is allowed to penetrate to the film at a complete sacrifice of all detail, whereas, in the present system of stopping and starting, each picture gets one hundredth part of a second's exposure, with a lens but slightly stopped down — time amply sufficient, as any photographer knows, for the attainment of excellent detail even in an ordinarily good light. It must be understood that only one camera is used for taking these strips, and not a battery of cameras, as in Mr. Muybridge's photographs of "The Horse in Motion."[1]

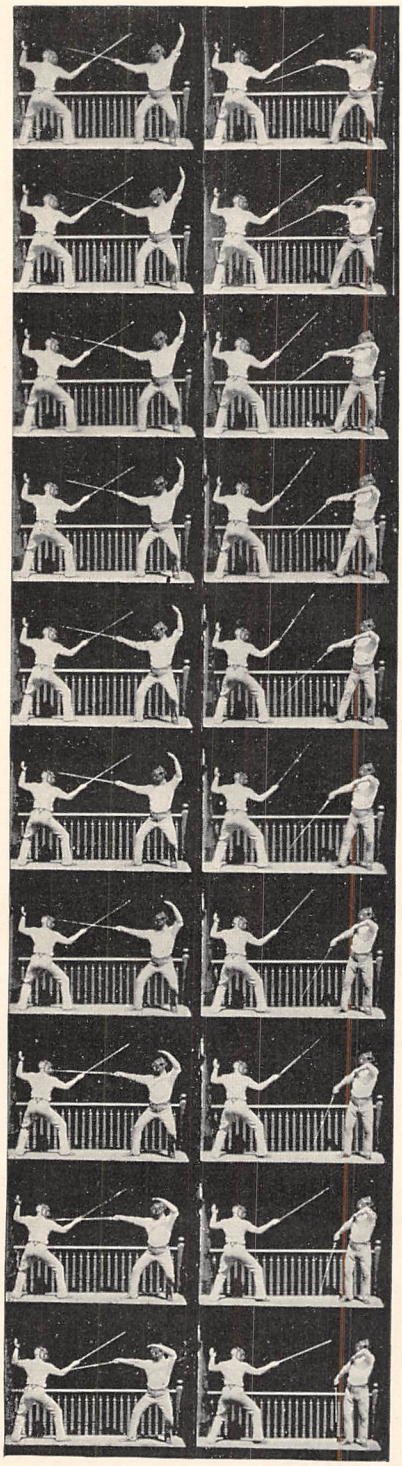
The next step, after making the negative band, is to form a positive or finished series of reproductions from the negative, which is passed through a machine for the purpose, in conjunction with a blank strip of film, which, after development and general treatment, is replaced in the kinetoscope or phono-kinetoscope, as the case may be. When a phonograph record has been taken simultaneously with such a strip, the two are started together by the use of a simple but effective device, and kept so all through, the phonographic record being in perfect accord with the strip. In this conjunction, the tiny holes with which the edge of the celluloid film is perforated, correspond exactly with the phonographic records, and the several devices of the camera, such as the shifting of the film and the operations of the shutter, are so regulated as to keep pace with the indentation made by the stylus upon the phonographic wax cylinder, one motor serving as a source of common energy to camera and phonograph, when they are electrically and mechanically linked together.

The establishment of harmonious relations between kinetoscope and phonograph was a harrowing task, and would have broken the spirit of inventors less inured to hardship and discour-

[1] See THE CENTURY for July, 1882.



THOMAS A. EDISON, 1893.



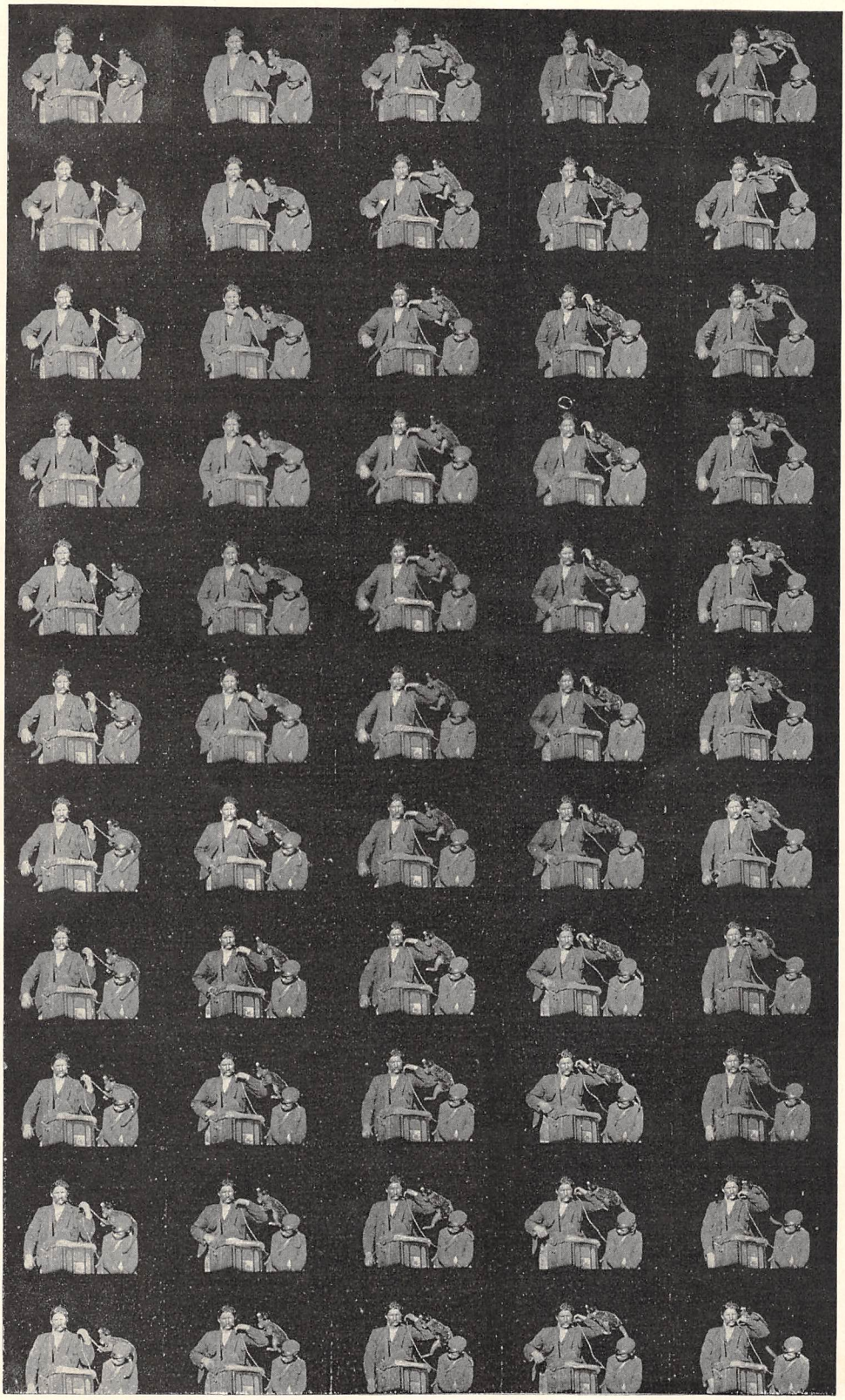
THE FENCERS. TWO SECTIONS OF THE KINETOSCOPIC BAND, SHOWING MINUTE GRADATIONS IN POSE.

agement than Edison's veterans. The experiments have borne their legitimate fruit, and the most scrupulous nicety of adjustment has been achieved, with the resultant effects of realistic life, audibly and visually expressed.

The process of "taking" is variously performed: by artificial light in the photographic department, or by daylight under the improved conditions of the new theater, of which we shall speak. The actors, when more than one in number, are kept as close together as possible, and exposed either to the glare of the sun, to the blinding light of four parabolic magnesium lamps, or to the light of twenty arc-lamps, provided with highly actinic carbons, supplied with powerful reflectors equal to about 50,000 candle-power. This radiance is concentrated upon the performers while the kinetograph and phonograph are hard at work storing up records and impressions for future reproduction.

A popular and inexpensive adaptation of kinetoscopic methods is in the form of the well-known nickel-in-the-slot, a machine consisting of a cabinet containing an electrical motor and batteries for operating the mechanism which acts as the impelling power to the film. The film is in the shape of an endless band fifty feet in length, which is passed through the field of a magnifying-glass perpendicularly placed. The photographic impressions pass before the eye at the rate of forty-six per second, through the medium of a rotating, slotted disk, the slot exposing a picture at each revolution, and separating the fractional gradations of pose. Projected against a screen, or viewed through a magnifying-glass, the pictures are eminently lifelike, for the reason that the enlargement need not be more than ten times the original size. On exhibition evenings the projecting-room, which is situated in the upper story of the photographic department, is hung with black, in order to prevent any reflection from the circle of light emanating from the screen at the other end, the projector being placed behind a curtain, also of black, and provided with a single peep-hole for the accommodation of the lens. The effect of these somber draperies, and the weird accompanying monotone of the electric motor attached to the projector, are horribly impressive, and one's sense of the supernatural is heightened when a figure suddenly springs into his path, acting and talking with a vigor which leaves him totally unprepared for its mysterious vanishing. Projected stereoscopically, the results are even more realistic, as those acquainted with that class of phenomena may imagine, and a pleasing rotundity is apparent, which, in ordinary photographic displays, is conspicuous by its absence.

Nothing more vivid or more natural could be imagined than these breathing, audible forms, with their tricks of familiar gesture and speech. The inconceivable swiftness of the photographic



"HEAR ME, NORMA." KINETOSCOPIC VIEWS, SHOWING FIVE SECTIONS OF THE STRIP.

successions, and the exquisite synchronism of the phonographic attachment, have removed the last trace of automatic action, and the illusion is complete. The organ-grinder's monkey jumps upon his shoulder to the accompaniment of a strain from "Norma." The rich strains of a tenor or soprano are heard, set in their appropriate dramatic action; the blacksmith is seen swinging his ponderous hammer, exactly as in life, and the clang of the anvil keeps pace with his symmetrical movements; along with the rhythmical measures of the dancer go her soft-sounding footfalls; the wrestlers and fencers ply their intricate game, guarding, parrying, attacking, thrusting, and throwing, while the quick flash of the eye, the tension of the mouth, the dilated nostrils, and the strong, deep breathing give evidence of the potentialities within.

The photographic rooms, with their singular completeness of appointment, have been the birthplace and nursery of this invention; and the more important processes connected with the preparation and development of the film, together with other mechanical and scientific devices, are still carried on in this department. The exigencies of natural lighting incident to the better "taking" of the subjects, and the lack of a suitable theatrical stage, however, necessitated the construction of a special building, which stands in the center of that cluster of auxiliary houses which forms the suburbs of the laboratory, and which is of so peculiar an appearance as to challenge the attention of the most superficial observer. It obeys no architectural rules, embraces no conventional materials, and follows no accepted scheme of color. Its shape is an irregular oblong, rising abruptly in the center, at which point a movable roof is attached, which is easily raised or lowered at the will of a single manipulator. Its color is a grim and forbidding black, enlivened by the dull luster of many hundred metallic points; its material is paper, covered with pitch and profusely studded with tin nails. With its flapping sail-like roof and ebon hue, it has a weird and semi-nautical appearance, and the uncanny effect is not lessened when, at an imperceptible signal, the great building swings slowly around upon a graphited center, presenting any given angle to the rays of the sun, and rendering the operators independent of diurnal variations. The movable principle of this building is identical with that of our river swinging-bridges, the ends being suspended by iron rods from raised center-posts. This building is known as the Kinetographic Theater, otherwise the "Black Maria." Entering, we are confronted by a system of lights and shades so sharply differentiated as to pain the eye, accustomed to the uniform radiance of the outer air. Later we find that the contrasts are effected by the total exclusion of light from the lower end of the hall, heightened by draperies of impenetrable black, against which stands out in sharp relief the central stage, on which are placed the kinetographic subjects, bathed in the full power of the solar rays pouring down from the movable roof. This distribution of light and shade is productive of the happiest effects in the films, as the different figures are thrown into the broadest relief against the black background, and a distinctness of outline is achieved that would be impossible under ordinary conditions.

At the other end of the hall is a cell, indicated by an ordinary door and an extraordinary window, glazed in panes of a lurid hue, which gives the finishing touch to the Rembrandtesque character of the picture. The compartment is devoted to the purpose of changing the film from the dark box to the kinetographic camera, being provided with a special track, running from the mysterious recesses at the back of the stage to its own special precincts, where fresh films are substituted for the ones already employed. The processes of development, etc., are performed in the main photographic building.

The *dramatis personæ* of this stage are recruited from every characteristic section of social, artistic, and industrial life, and from many a phase of animal existence. One day chronicled the engagement of a troupe of trained bears and their Hungarian leaders. The bears were divided between surly discontent and a comfortable desire to follow the bent of their own inclinations. It was only after much persuasion that they could be induced to subserve the interests of science. One furry monster waddled up a telegraph-pole, to the soliloquy of his own indignant growls; another settled himself comfortably in a deep arm-chair, with the air of a postgraduate in social science; a third rose solemnly on his hind legs and described the measures of some dance, to the weird strains of his keeper's music. Another licked his master's swarthy face, another accepted his keeper's challenge, and engaged with him in a wrestling-match, struggling, hugging, and rolling on the ground.

Of human subjects we have a superfluity, although the utmost discrimination is essential in the selection of themes. The records embrace pugilistic encounters, trapeze and cane exercises, dancing, wrestling, fencing, singing, the playing of instruments, speech-making, the motions involved in the different crafts, horse-shoeing, equestrianism, gardening, and many others.

We have yet to speak of the microscopic subjects, a class of especial interest, as lying outside of the unaided vision of man. In the treatment of these infinitesimal types, much



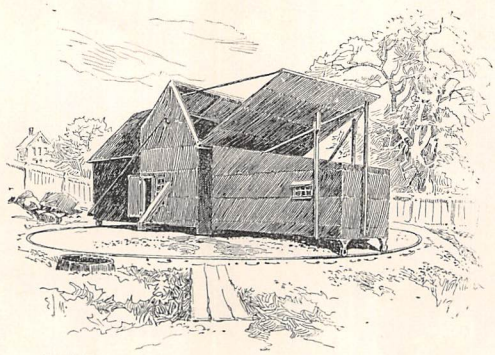
"THE BARBER SHOP."

difficulty was experienced in obtaining a perfect adjustment so as to reproduce the breathing of insects, the circulation of blood in a frog's leg, and other similar processes of nature. The enlargement of animalculæ in a drop of stagnant water proved a most exacting task, but by the aid of a powerful lime-light, concentrated on the water, by the interposition of alum cells for the interception of most of the heat rays, and by the use of a quick shutter and kindred contrivances, the obstacles were overcome, and the final results were such as fully to compensate for the expenditure of time and trouble. We will suppose that the operator has at last been successful in imprisoning the tricksy water-goblins on the sensitive film, in developing the positive strip, and placing it in the projector. A series of inch-large shapes then springs into view, magnified stereoptically to nearly three feet each, gruesome beyond power of expression, and exhibiting an indescribable celerity and rage. Monsters close upon one another in a blind and indiscriminate attack, limbs are dismembered, gory globules are tapped, whole battalions disappear from view. Before the ruthless completeness of these martial tactics the Kilkenny cats fade into insignificance. A curious feature of the performance is the passing of these creatures in and out of focus, appearing sometimes as huge and distorted shadows, then springing into the reality of their own size and proportions.

Hitherto we have limited ourselves to the delineation of detached subjects, but we shall now touch very briefly upon one of our most ambitious schemes, of which these scattered impersonations are but the heralds. Preparations have long been on foot to extend the number of the actors and to increase the stage facilities, with a view to the presentation of an entire play, set in its appropriate frame.

This line of thought may be indefinitely pursued, with application to any given phase of outdoor or indoor life which it is desired to reproduce. Our methods point to ultimate success, and every day adds to the security and the celerity of the undertaking. No scene, however animated and extensive, but will eventually be within reproductive power. Martial evolutions, naval exercises, processions, and countless kindred exhibitions will be recorded for the leisurely gratification of those who are debarred from attendance, or who desire to recall them. The invalid, the isolated country recluse, and the harassed business man can indulge in needed recreation, without undue expenditure, without fear of weather, and without the sacrifice of health or important engagements. Not only our own resources but those of the entire world will be at our command. The advantages to students and historians will be immeasurable. Instead of dry and misleading accounts, tinged with the exaggerations of the chroniclers' minds, our archives will be enriched by the vitalized pictures of great national scenes, instinct with all the glowing personalities which characterized them.

Antonia and W. K. L. Dickson.



DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER.

EXTERIOR OF EDISON'S KINETOGRAPHIC THEATER, ORANGE, N. J.

OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

ADRIAAN VAN OSTADE (1610–1685).

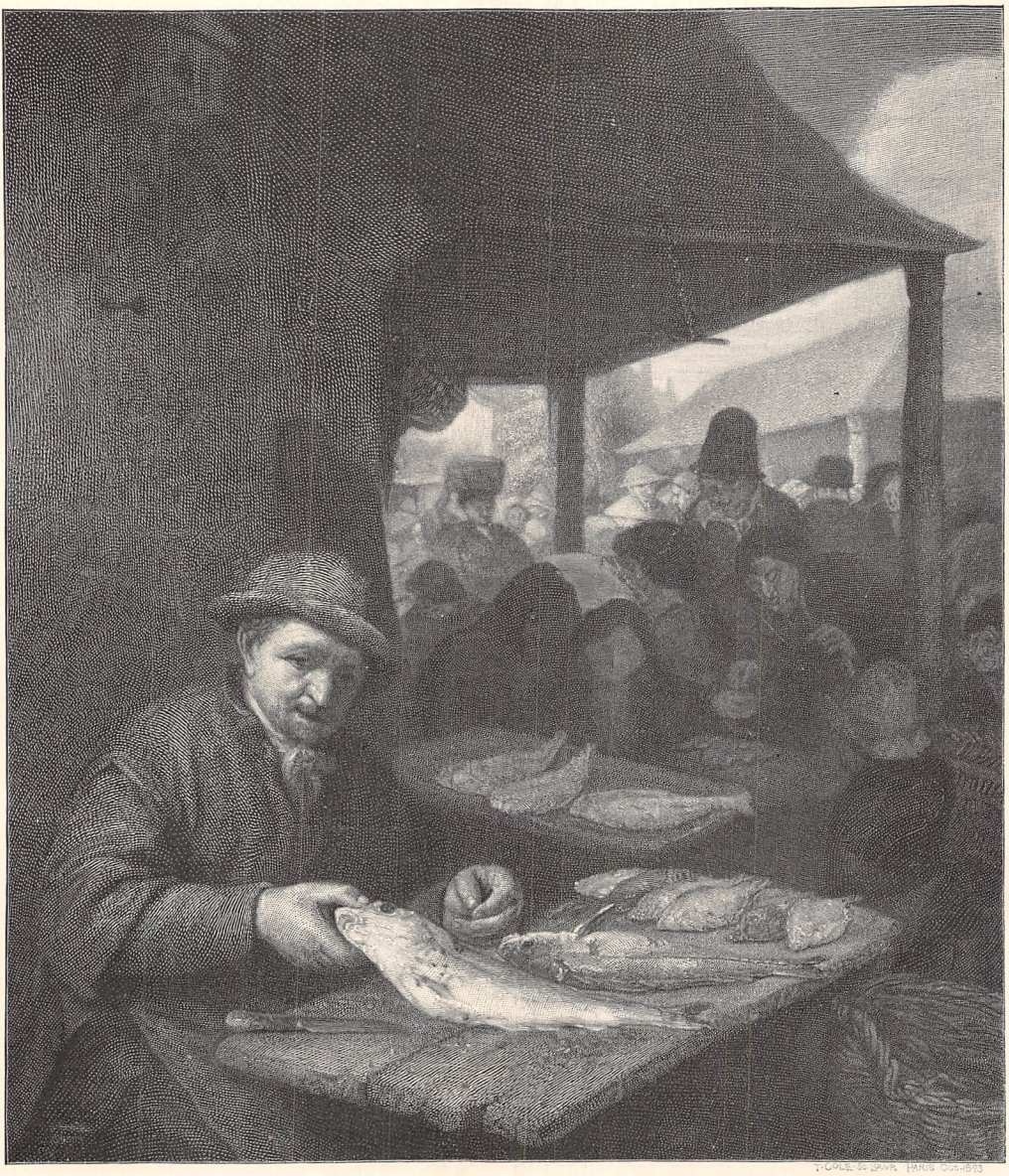
IT is said that Millet's admiration of the Dutch masters amounted to veneration. A friend who knew intimately the great peasant painter showed me an etching by Van Ostade from which it is plain to see that Millet borrowed somewhat for his famous picture of "The Angelus"; for Van Ostade, like Millet, painted scenes taken from the ordinary peasant life of his neighborhood. The etching represents a poor peasant family gathered about a frugal meal, and in the act of giving thanks; from the simple treatment, the touching sentiment, and the genuine and unaffected feeling, truly nothing could be more calculated to move one with inward meltings of humanity and compassion. Millet held this work in particular esteem, and those who know his "Angelus" will recognize in this etching the original of the young man standing in a devout attitude, holding his hat in both his hands, as well as the charming attitude of the woman, with bent head and clasped hands.

Adriaan Jansz Van Ostade was born at Haarlem in 1610, and continued to live there until his death in 1685. He was formerly supposed to be a native of Lübeck, to have painted much at Amsterdam, and to have died there; but this is now found to be erroneous. His father, who is said to have been a weaver, was of no inconsiderable standing in his community, and had a family of eight children, whom he brought up in good circumstances. Adriaan was the third, and his brother Isack — who also became a painter of repute — was the youngest. The name Ostade was derived from a small hamlet of that name (now called Ostedt), near Eyndhoven.

Adriaan entered the school of Frans Hals when that master was in the full vigor and practice of his art. Adriaan Brouwer was then also studying under the same master. On the completion of his apprenticeship he established himself in a shop of his own in his native town, where he labored with industry and lived in good circumstances. He had several pupils, prominent among whom were his brother Isack, and, as is supposed, the more famous Jan Steen. In more than one picture Van Ostade has given us a view of an artist's workshop of the time. In the Amsterdam museum there is one before which I have often stood; the painter is seated at his easel, while his man is grinding colors in the background. One can feel the atmosphere of meditation and perfect composure that reigns there. The broad, high window, latticed with small panes ornamentally disposed, admits a soft and quiet light, giving a sense of seclusion, and the feeling of a calm and cool retreat from the bustle and glare of the outside world. Above the painter is a sheet distended against the ceiling, to prevent any particles of dust falling therefrom and settling upon his work, for the Dutch painters generally were very particular in this respect. About him are a few objects of use, such as a lay figure, a cast from an antique head, etc. His was essentially a *workshop*, and had not yet assumed the more dignified appellation of studio, nor, like the majority of such, was it arranged for display. This picture shows Van Ostade at work in his own shop.

In the Louvre may be seen the portrait of the painter himself, with his wife and family of six children, and his brother Isack and his wife — ten very remarkable likenesses, all full-length figures, and charmingly composed, forming a beautiful picture upon a panel 32 inches wide by 28 inches high. It is one of his largest works. I have heard artists of distinction speak of this painting as one of the rarest pieces of the Louvre. The black draperies in it are admired as being among the best instances of the rendering of this most difficult of colors. M. Charles Blanc, in his "Lives of the Dutch Painters," observes that although Van Ostade — owing probably to the taste of his patrons more than to his own inclination — painted many scenes of tavern life, his own way of life was essentially a gentle and a decent one; in which conclusion one must certainly agree on beholding this charming portrait-piece of himself and family, and especially the kind and honest face of the master, tender and refined, reverent, and more grave than gay.

"The Village Schoolmaster" of the Salon Carré is one of his most remarkable interiors. It is a little picture 13 by nearly 16 inches, and is valued at $33,000. The affinity between some of Van Ostade's interiors and those of Rembrandt have not unnaturally led some writers on Dutch art to suppose that Adriaan worked among the great master's pupils; but this was not the case. He often produces in his pictures those deep golden tones which



THE FISH MARKET. BY ADRIAAN VAN OSTADE.

characterize the works of Rembrandt, while in many of his interiors the lights and shadows are as subtly managed. He is an independent figure, however, and one of the exemplifiers of the most flourishing period of Dutch art.

"The Fish Market," which I have engraved, is also an admirable example, and hangs, as does the portrait group, in the long gallery of the Louvre. It measures 16¼ inches high by 13¾ inches wide. It would be impossible to describe its wondrous color — the warm, humid atmosphere and mellow golden light in which it is steeped. It is an admirable instance, also, of how well the master could bind together a mass of shadow and a mass of light, and must have been the fruit of much observation and reflection. In respect to its light and shade, everything is subservient to the man and fish, which receive the strongest lights and shadows, though they are not, like the background, in the sunlight. This is contrary to natural laws, especially out of doors; but this was the law of that lighting which was peculiar to the school, and which may be traced from the early Italians down; that is, a central point of light and of dominant interest around which are disposed minor points and planes of light, all in perfect relation of color and value to the plane or focus occupied by the object of main interest. The Dutchmen were not so very realistic in adhering to the facts of nature as many are in the habit of supposing; they studied nature, but chose to light her out of their own heads. The law of values and of chiaroscuro they made use of as an artifice; understanding its principle, they made their own application of it, and valued it as a means by which to give a touch of mystery and romance to their forms.

I once heard an art-critic object to "The Fish Market" on the score of the subject. He doubted whether any lady would care to have it in her parlor, fish being at best an unpleasant thing to have about. But to object to such a picture on the ground of its subject is by no means to show overflowing good sense, but rather a false and vitiated taste; certainly an affectation of refinement, and a want of sympathy, which is the most unpardonable of sins in the critic. The sentiment in Dutch painting is always charming and never repulsive, because it deals with light and shade and color. This is in truth its never-varying theme. In Dutch art the subject is generally its least important consideration. There is no well-determined subject, because anything would serve to illustrate what the Dutchman sought to tell. What he should paint did not concern him so much as how he should paint. He is enamored of the world in its exterior aspect, and chooses things at random, as it were, as instances in proof that we are immersed in beauty could our eyes behold it. To judge the faces of Van Ostade's men and women ugly, however, is to regard their features merely, and to fail to perceive their air, which is their essence. Often the good nature of a countenance gives it a certain air which is more amiable than beauty. The beauty of a Van Ostade face is that it is warm with expression. It is a beauty that speaks to the imagination, and conducts us from the surface to regard the soul within. Van Ostade's power of seizing character is certainly equal to Rembrandt's in its subtlety and depth of insight.

None of the Dutchmen was more skilful in composition than Van Ostade, and none of better taste in arrangement; and the action of his figures is appropriate and never overstrained. He has great deftness of touch and breadth of handling, together with a large and serious manner, qualities which, combined with his refined sense of color and his feeling for values, place him in the foremost rank of the Dutchmen.

T. Cole.

VISIBLE SOUND.

IF human voice may on the plastic disk
Breathe into being forms of beauty rare,
And we may see the voices that we love
Take shape and color, infinitely fair,

May not the lofty mountains and the hills
Be voice of God; his song, the gentle flowers;
His chant, the stars' procession, and alas!
His only sigh, these human hearts of ours?

Ellen Knight Bradford.

A LOAN OF HALF-ORPHANS.

A Narrative in Two Parts. Part II.

By Thomas A. Janvier, author of "Color Studies," "An Embassy to Provence," etc., etc.

I.

TREATING OF MRS. LATIMER'S GLOOMY FOREBODINGS, AND OF MR. LATIMER'S HIGH RESOLVE.

PHILOSOPHERS and others have observed with interest that even the gentlest of women will rise to valorous heights of combative endeavor rather than submit tamely to being placed in the wrong. Mrs. Latimer was no exception to this rule; indeed, it is not going too far to say that her disposition to maintain the doctrine of feminine infallibility, with especial reference to the incarnation of that dogma in herself, was rather unusually strong.

Naturally, therefore, when Mr. Latimer had the temerity to assert that the nocturnal noises which occasioned her so much uneasiness had no existence outside of her own fancy, all her latent fighting spirit was aroused. In order to prove that she was in the right, she would have braved a whole arena-full of assorted wild beasts with Early Christian equanimity, and her strongest wish was that something convincingly desperate — even, if necessary, the sacrifice of her own life — would happen in a hurry: to the end that Mr. Latimer, simultaneously losing her and getting the worst of the argument, might be confounded and utterly cast down.

Her desire for haste in the production of this decisive catastrophe was due to the fact that Mrs. Haverwood's home-coming — the time for which had almost arrived — would be the signal for them to vacate that lady's home; with which departure, of course, every possibility of proving that the noises were not the creation of her own fancy would be gone. And she knew (although so young a bride, she already had learned a few of the eternal truths of matrimony) that Mr. Latimer then would be in a position to say things at her to the end of their married days.

Therefore did it seem to Mrs. Latimer as though the stars in their courses were fighting against her when what she believed would be her last night in Mrs. Haverwood's mansion came to a tranquil ending, and the mystery still remained unsolved. This was the night of Saturday, October 2; and Mrs. Haverwood, if her steamer came in on time, was due to arrive on Sunday, October 3. Postal cards already had come from the remaining parents of several of the half-orphans, announcing their intention to keep the appointment which Mrs. Haverwood had made with them, by letter, for Monday, October 4; and one parent actually had arrived in person. This was Mrs. Poundweight, who proved to be a most spirited young widow, of not a day over five-and-thirty, clad with a vehement gaiety which threw the historically brilliant costume of the Queen of Sheba — especially in view of the facts that that royal personage was not a widow and the mother of a nearly grown up daughter — completely into the shade. Oddly enough, Mrs. Poundweight had come in ahead of schedule time, not because she was at all in a hurry to clasp again her daughter to her heart, but because she wanted to make arrangements for transferring Susan directly to another half-orphan home. This was a matter, of course, in which Mrs. Latimer could not take any action; she could only advise the Widow Poundweight to call, in company with the other parents, on Monday morning at eleven o'clock; the day and hour which Mrs. Haverwood had named. Finally, Mr. Latimer had reëngaged their old apartment in Irving Place, and had sent thither all their luggage save a hand-bag in which were necessaries for the night. If for any reason Mrs. Haverwood failed to arrive on time, they would continue in charge of her eccentric household for the brief period that her coming might be delayed. If she did arrive on time, they had only to pick up the hand-bag, and — leaving their palace and also their load of half-orphans and cats forever behind them — come down-town to their own modest quarters on a Madison Avenue car.

In point of fact, Mrs. Haverwood did not arrive on time. On Saturday morning an easterly gale of unusual severity set in, and through Saturday night and Sunday and Sunday night this gale continued with a constantly increasing violence. Mr. Latimer — who had designed a silver-plated table-service for one of the big transatlantic liners — knew a good deal about ships and storms and that sort of thing, and he said on Saturday evening that if the gale held, the *Cantabria*, the steamer on which Mrs. Haverwood was returning, would

have to stand out to sea, and certainly could not come into port before Monday. As the gale did hold, this presumably was what the *Cantabria* did; at any rate, she did not come across the bar on Sunday, nor could any news of her having been signaled be obtained at her dock.

In the sober facts of this situation there was no cause for serious alarm. But Mrs. Latimer, by touching up the facts with her imagination, succeeded by noon on Sunday in wrecking the *Cantabria* on the Jersey coast; and by dinner-time she had Mrs. Haverwood washed ashore with seaweed in her hair, and with exanimate accessories of the most heartrending character. Having thus created a situation that entirely justified worrying, Mrs. Latimer proceeded to worry over it in a gyratory fashion—that is to say, working around in a circle and so coming again and again to the same dismal possibilities—that nearly drove Mr. Latimer wild. The most dismal of these possibilities—and the one, of course, to which she came back most frequently—was that as the result of Mrs. Haverwood's untoward decease they would be saddled with the care of the sixteen cats and the eight half-orphans for the remainder of their lives.

In combating this absurd position Mr. Latimer's rational statement and logical deduction alike were wasted. At the best of times cold facts and colder logic were little to Mrs. Latimer's liking; but when she fairly was under the domination of an imaginary woe her attitude toward these bases of reason in the human understanding was that of absolute disdain. It was a waste of words, therefore, for Mr. Latimer to assure her—on the impossible supposition that they would succeed to the administration of a private charity in which they had absolutely no inheritable right—that all the cats, even though they had nine lives apiece to start with, certainly would be dead in a few years' time; and that in a similarly short period all the half-orphans would be women grown. Mrs. Latimer did not attempt to deny these assertions, but when they were made she shifted her ground to lamentations over Mrs. Haverwood's damply tragic fate; and then—just as Mr. Latimer, shifting his sphere of cheery encouragement, had landed Mrs. Haverwood safely from a life-boat, or had brought her triumphantly through the breakers by means of a breeches-buoy—back she would come again to the incubus of cats and half-orphans which was destined to weigh upon them until it brought down their prematurely gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.

What with the somber weather without, and Mrs. Latimer's blood-curdling forebodings within, Mr. Latimer was driven almost to despair. He was naturally a cheerful young man, and to have horrors fired at him this way at point-blank range was calculated, he felt, if persisted in, to make him old before his time. Moreover, the intense unreasonableness of it all vexed him beyond words—at least, beyond words that he could use without being very impolite indeed. Therefore,—much as he usually enjoyed Mrs. Latimer's society, and fond as he usually was of the sound of her voice,—he was most sincerely thankful when at last the coming of bedtime brought a promise of temporary relief.

That the relief would be only temporary Mr. Latimer very well knew. Experience had taught him that when Mrs. Latimer got into one of these wrought-up moods he could count as certainly upon her smelling smoke, or hearing a burglar, or both, at various periods in the night as he could count upon the sunrise of the following day. However, he was a little wrought-up himself—and his very last conscious act of volition before he dropped off to sleep was most highly to resolve that Mrs. Latimer might smell smoke in every room in the house; and might hear burglars from the cellar to the roof, inclusive, without his budging one inch from his bed to investigate her alleged igneous and latrocinative phenomena. This smoke-smelling and burglar-hearing nonsense, he decided in his sleepy wrath, had gone far enough. The time had come for calling a halt.

II.

HOW MRS. LATIMER, EXPOSING HERSELF TO ASSASSINATION, CAUGHT A PAIR OF LOVERS KISSING THROUGH THE BARS.

HER head being full of grizzly phantasms, and her heart of dark forebodings of a dismal future crowded to repletion with recalcitrant half-orphans and unnecessary cats, Mrs. Latimer did not easily get to sleep; and when she did get to sleep it was only to continue in a still more startling fashion the same gloom-stricken train of thought in her dreams.

Out of this troubled and fitful slumber she wakened suddenly, and with the feeling of having heard a strange and affrighting sound; but whether the sound had been a reality or a part of a dream she could not tell. Outside, the easterly storm still continued with great violence, the rain falling heavily, and the wind surging in angry gusts which came with a roar and passed away with a moaning wail like the cry of a lost sinful soul. Instantly the thought occurred to her of the *Cantabria* crashing to fragments upon the Jersey sands; with the sequent thought of poor Mrs. Haverwood tossing about in the breakers with unbecoming seaweed tangled in her hair. She would have

got along to all the rest of the horrors in her cycle of dreary thoughts but that there came just then one of those curious lulls of a few seconds of absolute silence in the storm; and while this lull lasted she was convinced that she heard, through the partly opened front window, the sound of a man's voice speaking in a guardedly low tone. In an instant her memory flashed back to the precisely similar occurrence on the first night that they had dwelt in Mrs. Haverwood's marble halls; and in another instant she was shaking Mr. Latimer vigorously in order to get him awake.

Mr. Latimer did not waken easily, and his first sleepy words showed that the high resolve which he had taken as a sort of moral night-cap still held firm.

"No," he said, "I *don't* smell smoke, and I don't believe you do either. Let me alone!"

"Ridley! Ridley dear!" Mrs. Latimer cried in her low but intense tones. "It is n't smoke. Wake up!"

"I won't," replied Mr. Latimer, resolutely, and turned over on his other side.

"But you must; I tell you you *must* wake up, Ridley! There 's the same burglar down-stairs that we heard the very first night we came here — away back in last June."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Latimer, drowsily; and then slowly, and more and more drowsily, added: "He simply can't have been there all this time, you know. We could n't have boarded and lodged him all summer, without knowing that he was there."

The last word or two of this utterance scarcely was articulate, and as Mr. Latimer ceased speaking, his deep and regular breathing gave proof that he had surrendered himself again to sleep.

Times and seasons there were in Mrs. Latimer's life when dove-like gentleness and sweetness were her dominant characteristics; but the moment when Mr. Latimer, for the first time wholly revolting against her authority, rolled over and went to sleep that way — leaving behind him so bitter a legacy of derisive words — was not a time and season of this sort. So lively was her resentment that, had she not been in a recumbent position, she certainly would have danced with rage. What she actually did do, after a moment or so of reflection,— turning rather white, and her hands and feet going rather cold as she did it,— was to get right up out of bed, slip on a wrapper and her slippers, take the dark lantern from its accustomed place on the table by the bedside, and, thus accoutered, resolutely set off down-stairs to investigate the dangerous situation to its most perilous depths. At that moment there was not in her mind a trace of the Susan Poundweight hypothesis; what she confidently expected to encounter was a murderous burglar, or gang of burglars, who would assist her to round on the rebellious Mr. Latimer by slaying her on sight. Thrills of deliciously sorrowful joy shot through her as she thought how, in the morning, Jane Spicer — it would certainly be Jane, and she knew precisely how Jane would make the announcement — would knock at the door of his chamber, and would say respectfully: "If you please, sir, Mrs. Latimer is in the front kitchen, a-welterin' in her gore!"

Although in so fine a glow of righteous resentment, Mrs. Latimer did not dash recklessly upon the violent death which she fully believed was lurking in wait for her in the lower regions of the house. With the lantern tight-closed, that not a ray of light from the bull's-eye might betray her presence, she tiptoed down-stairs with as cautious a silence as though she herself was the burglar of whom she was in search. Even without regard to the deadly peril upon which she thus cautiously was precipitating herself, there was a strong element of the horrible to one of her highly imaginative temperament, in thus stealing down the dark stairways, and along the dark passages, in the depths of that wildly tempestuous night. All the more did the moanings and wailings of the wind sound to her like the cries of lost souls in agony; and she also found a painfully close resemblance to the hissings of serpents (which reptilian sibilation, by the way, she never actually had heard) in the seething downpour of the rain. On the last stairway, leading to the basement, she shifted the ground of her imaginative horrors to the region of Wagnerian grand opera, and so came to the kitchen-door in the key of the Walpurgis Night.

Even as she advanced along the passage, she was confident that she heard the sound of voices, and as she opened the kitchen-door this sound became unmistakably the murmur of a conversation carried on in low and very earnest tones. The kitchen was inky dark; but the sound obviously came from the farther side of the room — the side toward the street — and the sharp puff of cold air which blew in her face as she unlatched the door was evidence that one of the windows was open. The faint light from a distant street lamp made the windows slightly luminous, so that the tracery of the sashes and of the heavy outer grating of iron bars was distinguishable; and against one of them there was vaguely outlined a mass of blackness that was strongly suggestive of two human forms.

In the instant of these several discoveries, Mrs. Latimer felt that at last she had got hold of the mystery which had vexed and perplexed her all summer long; and, such is the contradictoriness of human nature, and so promptly does satisfaction merge itself in satiety, that her

strongest desire in that same instant was to let go of it with all possible speed. Somehow — now that she actually possessed the desired opportunity for self-immolation — there was a decided weakening of her resolve to cast herself, as it were, to the lions in order to confound Mr. Latimer's incredulity, and to establish her own creed. On the other hand, failing this simple and heroic method of dealing with the situation, the only other reasonable course open to her was the equally simple but not at all heroic one of running away.

It is unnecessary to speculate as to which of these courses Mrs. Latimer would have adopted, inasmuch as modifying conditions arose which resulted in her rejecting them both. In the critical moment that she stood hesitating, with her hand upon the door-knob, the murmur of conversation ceased, and she fancied that the heads of the figures, looming against the dim light, came closely together; and then, most unmistakably, above the sound of moaning wind and hissing rain, came in quick succession the sound of a series of those honest kisses, as hearty as they are innocent, which are described most accurately by the honest old word "buss."

Even had Mrs. Latimer been in the habit of arriving at conclusions by the slow process of ratiocination, she would not have lost much time in deciding that in the presence of so much frank love-making she was in no peril of her life. Being accustomed, however, to get at results by the far quicker process of intuition, she discharged all fear from her soul at the sound of the second kiss; and by the seventh — the volley was fired with great rapidity — she had brought her lantern to bear, and had shot back the slide. And then, revealed in the circle of light, she saw Susan Poundweight and the young plumber kissing each other as hard as ever they could kiss through the iron bars.

Of the three persons who simultaneously shared this curiously complete surprise, the person who showed to the least advantage was the plumber. Mrs. Latimer, who, being hidden behind the glare of the lantern, really did not show at all, stood her ground with a dignified firmness; and Susan Poundweight, though turning a flaming crimson, manifested a dogged disposition to fight for her love-making rights with a stolid energy that was in keeping with her stolid but by no means weak nature, and with her slow habit of mind. But the plumber very obviously was scared almost out of his seven senses, and but for Susan's firm restraining grip upon him through the bars most certainly would have run away.

"Don't you budge, John," said Susan, stoutly. "You ain't doin' any harm, an' he ain't goin' t' hurt you."

"You wicked girl!" cried Mrs. Latimer, hotly. "Now I know why you broke the plumbing all over the house."

"Oh, I did n't know it was you, ma'am!" Susan answered with a little gasp, and her vivid crimson changed to a pasty paleness. In her sudden rush of emotion her clutch upon the plumber relaxed, and that young man — to his shame be it spoken — twitched his arm away from her nerveless grasp, and disappeared instantly into the stormy darkness of the night.

To be deserted by a plumber under circumstances so delicately critical would have caused a young woman of less stable temperament to collapse immediately; but Susan Poundweight, — having a backbone that in the matter of toughness would compare favorably with the yew long-bow of her Saxon ancestors, — so far from collapsing because of the plumber's ignoble defection, rallied gallantly her forces for the fray.

"I ain't a wicked girl!" she said resolutely. "I did break them things, and I did it a-purpose — 'cause it was 'most the only way me an' John could get a chance to lay eyes on each other. But John he made th' bills jus' as little as he dared, for fear o' your ketchin' on t' what we was up to; an' he 's kep' a stric' account of every cent every one o' them breaks cost, an' as soon 's we 're married we 're goin' to pay it all back, fair an' square." Susan paused for a moment, and then, with much less confidence and in decidedly apologetic tones, she added: "John he ought n't to a-run off that way. He was n't doin' anythin' he had n't a perfec' right to, — we bein' promised, — but someways, I s'pose, he can't help it, for he ain't got th' spunk of a cat. Now that 's the whole story. And I ain't a wicked girl, and I ain't done nothin' I 'm ashamed of — or nothin', I guess, you would n't 'a' done too if you 'd been in my shoes. So, there!"

Had Susan presented this combined Declaration of Independence and Bill of Rights on the night when Mrs. Latimer first caught her vigilant (yet knew not that her vigil was for the sweet sake of Love) the chances are that the outcome of the situation would have been all that any brace of lovers reasonably could have asked. And even had the discovery come only one night earlier, — that is to say, ere Mr. Latimer had flung to the breeze his rebel flag, — Mrs. Latimer's disposition toward the young people, when she had recovered a little from the first shock of her surprise, probably would have been that of rather effusive friendliness. But if ever Love shamefully neglected his duty, it was in permitting the twist of ill-fortune by which Susan's passion for the plumber was discovered on this most ill-starred night of all the nights in the year: when Mrs. Latimer's honeymoon, which, for some little time past, had

been dropping rather rapidly toward the horizon, at last had set luridly in storm-clouds of wrath. Because of this conjunction of malignant astral principles, and with all the bitterness of her bitter mood upon her, Mrs. Latimer spoke; and her words, temporarily, at least, were the words of doom.

"Susan Poundweight," she said in tones of great severity, "it is useless for you to try to brazen this matter out by denying your wickedness. You have been wicked in every possible way. The injury that you have done to Mrs. Haverwood's property is almost the same thing as stealing. For months you have lived a life of deception that has been one long acted lie. Nothing could be worse than your conduct has been. And you have done all this wickedness"— Mrs. Latimer's tone here became very bitter— "for the sake of a man who deserts you at the very first sign of danger and trouble, and who certainly,"—here Mrs. Latimer's tone not only was bitter, but her utterance was broken by half-hysterical sobs,—"who certainly will not be half a year married to you—if ever you are so unfortunate as to marry him at all—before his love for you will have disappeared utterly, and only his cruel selfishness will remain. O Susan, Susan! believe me, no man is worthy of a woman's love! Take warning by—I mean, be warned in time by me!"

At the beginning of this address, during that portion of it which was charged with condemnation of herself, Susan listened in stolid silence; but as it shifted into vilification, and that vilification of her lover, she bristled, and was about to speak with a good deal of energy, when its sudden ending in what evidently was most earnest exhortation and warning so changed its whole complexion that she was brought completely to a stand. In the moment or two of silence which therefore ensued, Mrs. Latimer a little recovered her composure; and so was able to add to her judicial review of the crime a tentative sentence of the criminal at the bar.

"It is useless, Susan," she said coldly, "to discuss this matter now. If Mrs. Haverwood, whose kindness you have repaid with such horrid ingratitude, has not perished at sea in this dreadful storm, she probably will return to-morrow; in any event, your mother will certainly be here. To them I shall leave the painful duty of inflicting upon you a punishment severe enough to be in keeping with your crime. But it is my intention, Susan,"—here Mrs. Latimer paused as though putting on the black cap,—"that when Mrs. Haverwood comes she shall be made aware of my horror of your outrageous conduct by finding you—bagged.

"Now, close the window, and go immediately to your room, and to bed. I will not mock you by wishing you a good-night."

Consistency not being, perhaps, the most conspicuous jewel in Mrs. Latimer's crown of perfect womanhood, she did not adopt the Roman-matron policy of severity that might have been expected of her when she returned to her bedchamber, and there found the rebellious Mr. Latimer—whom, but a moment before, she had been lashing so savagely over the back of the evanescent plumber—still flying, in a passive fashion, his flag of successful rebellion by continuing to sleep the sleep of the unjust.

Having gone down-stairs resolved to welter in her own gore in Mrs. Haverwood's kitchen for the express purpose of making her husband uncomfortable, and then having come up-stairs again in such an anticlimax sort of way,—neither with her shield, nor upon it; and absolutely hale and goreless,—Mrs. Latimer certainly would have preserved the unities of the situation had she stuck a knife into Mr. Latimer, or set fire to the house. Failing to engage in consistent action of so radical a sort, the very least that was to be expected of her was absolute silence toward Mr. Latimer that night, and in the morning—in the event of her speaking to him at all—a cold and bare statement of the events which had taken place during his guilty sleep.

But what Mrs. Latimer actually did—so far from slaying Mr. Latimer, or making him the central feature of a conflagration, or ignoring him by going to sleep in dignified silence—was to nudge him gently into wakefulness, and to say with persuasive eagerness: "Ridley! Ridley dear! You really *must* rouse up and listen. I 've got the most delightful thing to tell you that you ever heard!" And then she went ahead under high pressure, and with energetic diffuseness told him the whole story from beginning to end.

By the time that Mrs. Latimer had finished her story-telling it was too late to go all the way back to Mr. Latimer's misconduct and make a regular quarrel out of it. Indeed, not being at all a malice-bearing sort of a person, by that time she had so far completed her moral change of front that she had forgiven him his crime, and even, in a feminine way, had forgotten it: that is to say, she had dropped it down into one of the remote chambers of her mind, where (stored like fixed ammunition) it would remain until his commission of some other crime should induce its sudden production and vigorous use as an instrument of castigation and reproof. To all intents and purposes, however, he was entirely restored to her good graces, and even to her affection: for what young woman of romantic and imaginative temperament could tell the story of such a tender, yet mettlesome, attachment as was this of Susan's and the plumber's,—of faucets broken and gas-brackets shattered to

gain a soulful glance; of wash-tubs wrecked to win a loving word; of trysts by night, and kisses 'twixt iron bars,— and not, in telling it, herself thrill all responsive to the soft phrase of love? Certainly not a young woman in the least like Mrs. Latimer; and by the time that she had talked the matter all out, and was ready to go to sleep (which was some little time after Mr. Latimer was quite ready to have her go), her disposition toward her husband was that of the most commendably tender affection; while her feeling toward Susan Poundweight had changed from bowls and bowstrings to an earnest desire to help put up the banns.

III.

EXHIBITING MRS. LATIMER'S CHANGE TO A KINDLIER MOOD, AND EXPLAINING SUSAN POUNDWEIGHT'S WILLINGNESS TO BE BAGGED.

THE morning following this tempestuous and generally thrilling night was such an outburst of brilliant sunshine as comes only in New York in October, and even then only on the heels of an easterly storm. To be melancholy in such an atmosphere simply was impossible. With a long swing of her mental pendulum, Mrs. Latimer swung all the way across from almost despairing despondency to an entirely exultant joy — and so came down to breakfast in the spirit of a very pretty and ladylike giantess refreshed with a dry atmospheric champagne.

Under these spirited conditions all her dark phantoms of the night were banished, and only agreeable concepts found place in her mind. She no longer pictured Mrs. Haverwood as tossing about in the breakers on a sandy coast with an agonized face and her hair tangled with seaweed, but as driving up to the front-door of her own house in a two-horse carriage with her face all over smiles, and on her head the very latest thing in the way of a Paris bonnet. As to Susan Poundweight, Mrs. Latimer's intention was to seize upon the very first favorable moment after Mrs. Haverwood's arrival to plead that young person's and the plumber's cause. Even toward the plumber — who, assuredly, had been as conspicuously ungallant as a plumber possibly could be — her feeling was so amiable that she made a dozen excuses in her own mind for the white-feathery fashion in which he had stopped kissing Susan and had run away into hiding in the depths of the darkness and storm.

Being Monday, all the half-orphans had put on, as usual, their Arabian Nights garments — with the usual result of giving to the whole house a sort of exotic Bagdadish flavor that was very curious indeed. Had Mrs. Latimer been consulted in advance in regard to this particular Arabian Nights day, she probably would have decided that it should pass unobserved. She had not received — indeed, she had not even asked — Mrs. Haverwood's permission thus to substitute during one day in each week, pseudo-Oriental garments for the regular half-orphan uniform; and to have her unauthorized innovation sprung upon the authoritative head of the institution by thus suddenly exhibiting to her all the half-orphans clad in the habiliments of the Far East would not be, she was disposed to believe, quite the best way of presenting this particular chapter in her account of her stewardship. On the other hand, Mrs. Latimer was a young woman with a good deal of character, and among the most commendable of her characteristics was that of having the courage of her convictions. Therefore she decided that since the children simply were acting in accordance with the rule which she herself had promulgated she would not weakly bend to mere expediency by traversing her own commands. Whatever might come of it, this Arabian Nights day should be dealt with in the customary fashion; and thereby would she, in her customary fashion, stand to her guns.

This same stern strain in Mrs. Latimer's nature disposed her to temper her really friendly disposition toward Susan Poundweight with what would have the appearance of being a just severity. In her wrathful haste she had decreed that Susan should pay for her stolen kisses — not stolen from the plumber, of course, for he gave them with the utmost freedom — by being bagged. Now, in her leisure, and without any wrath at all, she decided that this decree must be executed. But in adopting a course apparently so harsh, she was swayed by considerations slightly Machiavelian. The information that she had to impart to Susan's two guardians — the one natural, the other acquired — in regard to Susan's highly irregular conduct, was not of a sort to be instantly well received. To kiss a plumber under any circumstances would have been an act of questionable propriety; but to win opportunities for such kisses by deliberately wrecking Mrs. Haverwood's plumbing, and to create opportunities of a like nature by secretly meeting the plumber in the watches of the night, was to adopt a line of conduct to which the term propriety could not be applied in any way at all. Of course, from a mere worldly point of view, the redeeming feature of the case was the brilliant result which Susan seemed to be in a fair way to compass by these rather shady means. So far as material prosperity was concerned, it was evident that no more royal road to fortune than that of marrying a plumber could by any possibility be devised.

With a nice appreciation of the bearing upon each other of these several facts, Mrs. Latimer's

Machiavelian plan was to present Susan to Mrs. Haverwood and to the Widow Poundweight in the guise of a criminal who had committed a very serious crime; and then to outflank her own position by stating the details in apparent substantiation of this sweeping assertion in such a way as to show that Susan was guilty of only a few slight indiscretions — a little unconventionality in regard to receiving callers, a little carelessness in her handling of the gas- and water-fixtures — such as might have been committed by the most proper young woman in the world in love with a plumber and blinded by her love. Having got the matter on this favorable basis, Mrs. Latimer's intention was to dilate upon the position of easy affluence to which an alliance with a plumber necessarily would raise Susan in the course of but a very few years; and, finally, to clinch things by adding — this argument being intended to touch up Mrs. Haverwood on the side of her practical benevolence — that all the rest of the half-orphans might be provided for in the same magnificent manner as they arrived at maturity by marrying them off to Susan's husband's professional friends. To Mrs. Latimer's sanguine nature it seemed that such a presentation of the case as this would be could not fail to lead directly to the happiest results.

The very corner-stone of her plan, of course, was that Susan actually should be in the bag when Mrs. Haverwood and the Widow Poundweight arrived — and her plan almost went to pieces, therefore, because Susan vigorously protested against having anything to do with laying a corner-stone of this sort. As to making her understand the subtle spirit of the situation thus to be created, Mrs. Latimer knew that it was hopeless and did not attempt it. Instead, she made an appeal to her on personal grounds: representing that she, Mrs. Latimer, would be held to a strict account by Mrs. Haverwood for permitting one of the half-orphans to fall in love with a plumber, and for his and love's sake to smash the plumbing all over the house, and that only by exhibiting the culprit disgracefully bagged could her own skirts be cleared.

The concept thus presented for Susan's consideration was one which her rather dull mind could grasp easily, and it also was one which appealed forcibly to her natural sense of justice. Moreover, she too — like her mistress — had a strong character, and the courage of her convictions; of which convictions, just then, her devotion to her plumber was dominant over all. Therefore, without any farther argument, yielding to Mrs. Latimer's appeal, she poked one red-trousered leg after the other carefully into the bag which that lady held open for her; herself assisted in pulling it up snugly around her plump person, and then meekly drew her arms inside while Mrs. Latimer hauled the drawing-strings taut around her neck and tied them beneath her chin. The bag was so loosely large that even Susan's abundant person did not nearly fill it; and, being made of a dark material, it greatly emphasized the effect of her rather absurdly big turban, and rather absurdly long white veil. Indeed, when the bagging was completed, the effect produced by her remarkably pretty face thus exhibited surmounting a curiously bunched and bundled figure, and overcast by a veil and turban of excessive size, was such as to suggest to the casual observer (had any such there been) some extravagant variety of mushroom gone wrong in its lower parts.

In order to demonstrate to Mrs. Haverwood that the extreme penalty for evil-doing had been imposed, Mrs. Latimer had decreed that Susan's bagging should take place in the drawing-room; and that there, in her bagged condition, she should await the return of her benefactress, whose plumbing she had outraged, and whose confidence she had betrayed. But Susan — fearing keenly the arrival of some chance caller — begged so hard for a change of venue, that Mrs. Latimer finally relented and agreed that the bagging should take place among the black-and-tan old masters in the picture-gallery. In this dismal, and also doubtful, society, therefore, at half after ten o'clock in the morning, Susan's investiture was completed, and she was left standing beneath a most melancholy Niobe,— herself as melancholy, but from a different cause,— officially and formally bagged.

IV.

SETTING FORTH THE WIDOW POUNDWEIGHT'S PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE IN THE MATTER OF MATRIMONY.

ALMOST in the moment that it was urged, the reasonableness of Susan's protest against being bagged in the drawing-room was justified. Mrs. Latimer scarcely had left the picture-gallery when two rings came in quick succession at the front-door bell, and a minute later,— the door being opened by Martha Skeat, who had been detailed for the day to this service, with orders to wear her regular half-orphan uniform,— Susan's mother, the Widow Poundweight, and Susan's lover, the young plumber, came in together. As the event proved, their coming together was a pure accident, and neither of them had the least notion as to who the other was. On this occasion the widow looked even more like a tulip-bed gone adrift with a milliner's shop than on the occasion of her first visit; and her mood, evi-

dently, was as gay as her gown. The plumber, however, was somber in both his demeanor and his dress. He was clad in what evidently was his very best suit of black clothes,— the solemnity of which was a little relieved by a lilac-and-red necktie,— and he had the desperate, unflinching look of a plumber whose purpose it was either to do or to die.

Each of these persons asked Mrs. Latimer for a private interview; and as the simplest way of harmonizing their slightly conflicting requests she begged the plumber to wait in the drawing-room, while she gave the Widow Poundweight a hearing in the library up-stairs. The plumber politely acceded to this arrangement, but detained Mrs. Latimer alone for a moment while he whispered to her in hoarse, determined tones: "I want to speak to you about Miss Sue, ma'am. And — and "— here he had to give a gulp before he could continue — "and I ought n't to have run away last night. I want to say that, too." In delivering himself of this brave utterance he grew desperately red and perspired freely, but he obviously was very much more comfortable when he fairly had got it off his mind.

That a serious purpose underlay the Widow Poundweight's gay exterior was made manifest the moment that she was seated with Mrs. Latimer in the library — when she began to explain that she had presented herself in advance of the appointed time expressly that she might have a little talk about Susan before the other folks came; and by her then going on with an urgent request that Mrs. Latimer would use her good offices with Mrs. Haverwood to forward her, Mrs. Poundweight's, project for Susan's prompt translation to another half-orphan home.

"For as to Sue's livin' with me," said the Widow Poundweight in conclusion, and in most earnest tones, "that she sha'n't! I 've had enough of her an' her stubborn ways. I 'm more 'n willin' t' pay for her keep — it 's not my fault I 'm not payin' for 't now; I wanted to, but Mrs. Haverwood she had her own notions, an' would n't let me — and I 'll give security that if she gets sick or anything, I 'll see she 's looked after and all th' bills paid. But have her around at home I won't. She 's a dose. An' she 'd be more of a dose, I guess, to "— At this point in her discourse the widow checked herself abruptly, manifested an air of curious embarrassment, and then added slowly, and in quite a different tone, "She 'd bother some other folks more 'n she would me."

Until thus partly halted by what evidently was some sort of stumbling-block, the widow had gone along at such a hand-gallop of talk that Mrs. Latimer had not been able to slip in a word even edgewise. But she was quick to take advantage of the opportunity thus given her to speak, and quite in the guise of an advocate pleading a cause before a stern court did she present to Susan's mother the facts of Susan's and the plumber's romantic love.

But the court thus appealed to was anything but stern. Even Mrs. Latimer — anxious though she was to gain a verdict in Susan's favor — was quite shocked by its over-lenience. Actually, the Widow Poundweight scarcely had heard more than the barest outline of the facts before she not only gave her cordial approval to the love-affair, but manifested a disposition to hurry the lovers along to a marriage at absolutely lightning speed.

"This is Monday," said Susan's too-acquiescent parent, "and I 've got t' get back home by Friday night. Wednesday 's as late as we can make it — for me to get off Thursday, you know — and Sue and I 'll have t' everlastin'ly hustle t' get things fixed so 's she can be married then. There ain't a single minute t' be wasted, Mrs. Latimer; and I guess if you don't mind I 'd better see her right off so 's we can begin t' settle what we 've got t' do."

The exceeding abruptness of this program quite took Mrs. Latimer's breath away. "Oh!" she exclaimed anxiously, "you can't be in earnest, Mrs. Poundweight! Susan could n't possibly get married that way. It would n't — it would n't be respectable."

"Why not? I was married that way — and I 'm respectable, I guess!" and the Widow Poundweight put her hands on her hips and turned out her elbows and looked at Mrs. Latimer hard.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Mrs. Latimer answered in a good deal of confusion. "I did n't mean that, of course. But you must have been a good deal older than Susan, and — "

"I mus' n't 'a' been anything of th' kind!" cut in Mrs. Poundweight, peremptorily. "I was younger. I was n't seventeen, an' Sue 's past. I guess I don't look so awful old, do I?"

"No, no, of course not. You look very young indeed — quite young enough to be Susan's sister. But what I meant was that of course your father and mother knew all about your being engaged —"

"Not much they did n't! Do you think I was goin' t' be fool enough t' give myself away like that? How was I t' know that anything was comin' of it?"

"Well, at least," continued Mrs. Latimer, clinging desperately to her position of conventional propriety, which each moment was weakened by the very unconventional facts educed against it by the Widow Poundweight from the storehouse of her own eccentric life, "at least you were engaged for a good while, and knew

each other very well, and you 'd talked over your plans, and —"

"Now, stop right there! We had n't done nothin' o'th'sort. What happened was just this: I met Poundweight at the Amalgamated Glass Blowers' picnic, an' we had seven dances together. He ast me in th' second dance if I 'd marry him. That was too sudden, and I told him he 'd got more brass than brains, and I would n't. He kep' on askin' me at each dance, and I kep' on sayin' no. When we was dancin' th' last dance, he wanted t' know if I was th' kind that was n't satisfied unless they kep' a man danglin' all his life at their heels before they 'd give him yes; an' he went right on an' said he wa' n't th' kind that 'u'd dangle that way. You see, he always was a tony, overbearin' sort of a man.

"Well, when he said so sharp that he was n't th' danglin' kind, I begun t' think he had his good points, and I weakened. Says I: 'Well, this time, just for a change, I won't say no. But not sayin' no ain't th' same as sayin' yes,' says I, 'an' don't you forget it!'; an' just about that time th' dance was over, an' we all started off for home. He kep' along with me. I was with my sister an' her husband; an' he never let up about gettin' married all th' way. Talk about Sue's bein' stubborn an' set in her ways, you ought to 'a' seen her father — an' that 's where she gets it from! When that man's mind was made up a thing had got t' be done — why, got to be done it had! Sayin' no t' him was no more use than sayin' boo t' the moon. An' so, he bein' set on my givin' him yes, he was boun' t' get it — an' he did get it when he was standin' at th' door sayin' good night."

"O-o-o-h!" exclaimed Mrs. Latimer. "You don't really mean to say that you were engaged to be married that way — all in an hour?"

Mrs. Poundweight bridled a little. "Of course we was n't engaged in an hour. What d' you take me for? It was n't four in the afternoon when we had our first dance together, and 't was goin' on ten at night when I give him his yes. Of course it was n't an hour — it was a'most six."

Mrs. Latimer did not venture any answer. She maintained a horrified silence, while the Widow Poundweight continued: "An' then, when I 'd give him his inch, of course he wanted his ell straight off. Nothin' was goin' t' satisfy him but gettin' married right away th' next evenin'. But I was n't th' sort t' rush things like that, an' so I give him t' understand plain. I told him if he wanted me he 'd got to wait."

"And how long did you make him wait?" Mrs. Latimer asked.

"Better 'n a week," the widow answered complacently.

Mrs. Latimer, who was genuinely shocked, could only gasp.

"Now, them 's just th' cold facts about Sue's father and me; an' why she need want any more time 'n we did I don't see. Anyhow, from what you say, it seems she 's been keepin' company with this young man ever sence last June. If that ain't long enough, I 'd like t' know what is? It's longer, I know, than I could stand with any one man, unless I was married fast t' him an' could n't get away."

By this time Mrs. Latimer had recovered from her shock sufficiently to speak. "Did — did your marriage turn out well? Were you — were you happy?" she asked.

"Oh, I guess ours was about th' average," Mrs. Poundweight answered, in an off-hand way. "You 're married yourself, so you must know how that sort o' thing goes. We had our troubles same as folks in general. But it turned out well enough," she continued, with a self-conscious air, and even blushing a little, "for me t' be willin' t' give a second man a show."

"You mean that you are going to be married again, Mrs. Poundweight?"

"That 's just th' size of it," the widow answered. "An' that 's why I wanted t' get Sue fixed in some other home or asylum or somethin'. *He* never would get along with her. She 's got her father's mastersome ways an' she 's just as stubborn as a mule. But if she 's goin' t' be married herself that lets me out, an' I 've nothin' more t' say. It 's heaps th' best thing she can do.

"An' now, Mrs. Latimer, Sue an' me must settle with a rush what we 've got t' do — for between now an' day after to-morrow ain't no time at all. I must get a-hold of her right off. Whereabouts, ma'am, in this big house, is she likely to be?"

V.

NARRATING THE DEADLY PERIL OF POLLY CARROON AND TELLING OF MRS. HAVERWOOD'S STARTLING HOME-COMING.

WHILE this conversation went forward, Mrs. Latimer had been seated near one of the side windows, the outlook of which was upon the roof of the picture-gallery — and the sight which she beheld through that window at the precise moment when the Widow Poundweight made inquiry as to Susan's whereabouts was such that, instead of answering, she sprang from her seat with the horrified exclamation: "Oh! oh! oh! She certainly will fall and be killed!" And even the Widow Poundweight, who was not at all a nervous person, could not repress a small shriek on her own account when, having bounced out of her chair and across to the win-

dow, she perceived the cause of Mrs. Latimer's alarm.

The late Mr. Haverwood's equipment of eccentric opinions upon a working majority of conceivable subjects had been almost as complete as the similar equipment with which his widow continued to be endowed. One of his notions had been that the best light for a collection of very black and smoky old masters was that derived from a high skylight having a sharp pitch; and as his plans always were realized with a good deal of emphasis, the skylight at which Mrs. Latimer and the Widow Poundweight were looking at that potentially fatal moment was about as high and about as steep as a skylight well could be — indeed, had Mr. Haverwood's views been less extreme, or less emphatically realized, the horrifying situation then existing never could have come about.

Seated on the apex of this ill-conceived structure, at the end most remote from their point of view, was a gray cat in the act of bending down and comfortably washing her left shoulder-blade — in which placid spectacle there was no cause for emotion of a distressing kind. But a very keen note of tragedy was supplied by a small human figure — that is to say, by Polly Carroon, wearing her Arabian Nights costume — in a position of such extreme peril that a rescue seemed to be beyond the pale of hope.

Evidently having scrambled to the top of the skylight in pursuit of her beloved cat, and evidently having been overtaken by a sudden panic sense of the danger of her position, Polly was clinging to the ridge-pole in a huddled bunch of entirely abject fright. It was painfully clear that at any moment she might let go, and so slide down the steep slope of glass with such an impetus as to carry her across the roof of the picture-gallery and onward to the ground; and it also was an apparent possibility that in her unreasoning fear she might take to kicking, and so kick her way through the skylight and down into the picture-gallery below. In any event, her case appeared to be quite desperate — and all the more horrible, as it seemed to Mrs. Latimer, because of the comical figure that she cut, perched up there in her loose trousers of bright green and loose jacket of purple, and with her turban all cocked over on one side.

Fortunately, Mrs. Latimer had a good deal of presence of mind. Instead of opening the window and calling to Polly — with the probable result of startling the child into letting go her hold — she dashed to the door and thence, with the Widow Poundweight close at her heels, to the landing half-way down the stairs from which a window opened upon the picture-gallery roof. Yet quick though Mrs. Latimer was in executing this movement, another rescue-party got in ahead of her, and when she arrived at the scene of action she found the situation materially improved. The rescuers were Polly's fellow half-orphans, all of whom, excepting Susan Poundweight, were congregated upon the roof under the intelligent leadership of Jane Spicer; and as they all, excepting Martha Skeat, were clad in their Arabian Nights costumes, the spectacle which they presented to the crowd rapidly forming in the street below was very brilliant indeed.

With her customary readiness in resource, Jane Spicer had brought with her a long-handled window-mop, and her first concern had been to put the brush end of this serviceable utensil under Polly's dangling feet, while she herself held the handle firmly braced against the roof. With this substantial support beneath her, Polly, temporarily, was entirely safe. As a further measure of precaution, however, Jane had despatched the twins and Biddy O'Dowd to bring pillows to place upon the roof in case by any accident Polly should fetch away. The actual work of rescue had been intrusted by this small commander-in-chief to the biggest girls of the party, Martha Skeat and Sally Tribbles, the first of whom had just succeeded in boosting the second up the wooden end-supports of the skylight to its peak at the moment that Mrs. Latimer and the Widow Poundweight arrived upon the scene. As Sally got safely into position — with one red-trousered leg hanging down on each side of the ridge-pole in vivid relief against the pale-green glass, and with her yellow-jacketed body and white-turbaned head standing out against the sky — there came up from the crowd in the street an encouraging cheer; and a breathless minute later, during which she worked her way slowly along the ridge-pole, the cheering became quite frantic as she caught Polly beneath the shoulders and lifted her into absolute safety, astride of the ridge-pole in front of herself.

And then, somehow, her natural tendency toward ill-luck getting the better of her, in the act of recovering her balance after this exertion, Sally Tribbles managed to kick both legs almost simultaneously through the skylight; and then her loose Turkish trousers somehow got caught on the jagged points of glass: and there she was — anchored hard and fast! She was perfectly safe, of course, and so was Polly Carroon; but the net result of the rescue, up to that point, was that two people were stuck fast on the peak of the skylight instead of one. The cat, the original cause of the trouble, early in the proceedings had jumped down from her perch and had returned by the open window into the house.

The element of danger having been eliminated from the situation, the crowd was disposed to regard the whole performance — the bril-

liantly Oriental half-orphans together with Mrs. Latimer and the Widow Poundweight grouped upon the roof, with the color-note repeated at a still higher level by Sally Tribbles and Polly Carroon astride of the skylight — as nothing less than a broad farce; because of which view of the matter came guying cries of: "Put up a couple more of the monkeys on the trapeze," "Don't them she circus-riders know they ought n't to ride man-fashion?" "Let the red-legged bird in the tree-top give us a song!"— and so on, until Mrs. Latimer fairly grew dizzy and faint with vexation and shame. And then, above all this chatter and laughter, a strong voice called out: "I 'm comin' t' you, Sal. Don't you be afeard!" To which Sally replied stoutly: "I ain't afeard, father. Come right along!"

Two minutes later, the crowd broke into fresh cheering as Mr. Tribbles, who was a large man with an old-fashioned wooden leg, appeared upon the roof (Martha having run down to the front door and let him in), followed by Mrs. Spicer and Mrs. Wells and Bridget O'Dowd, who for some time had been ringing in vain, and by Mrs. Skeat and Mrs. Carroon, who at that very moment had arrived. Upon seeing her offspring in what seemed to her to be so dreadful a position, Mrs. Carroon shrieked aloud. Mr. Tribbles did not shriek. In a straightforward, sensible way, he stumped along the roof until he came directly beneath where his daughter was seated; then he leaned carefully against the skylight with his hands extended, and told Sally to begin the rescue by sliding Polly down into his arms.

But the cheer that was beginning to rise from the crowd in celebration of the success of this intelligent manœuver never came to anything. It died away in a murmur of pained surprise — as the section of glass against which Mr. Tribbles was leaning gave way suddenly and a portion of his large person disappeared into the cleft. That he was caught in the iron framework of the skylight was obvious instantly; and when, in the violence of his struggles, he kicked off his wooden leg — which crashed through the next section, and so went down into the picture-gallery — it became evident that he was likely to stay caught, and there went up from the crowd a sympathetic groan.

Fortunately for Mr. Tribbles — and fortunately also for his daughter and for Polly Carroon — an excitable person in the crowd had dashed away some minutes earlier searching for a policeman and crying fire. What was still more fortunate, and even miraculous, this person actually had found what he was looking for; and the policeman so discovered — greatly disconcerted by the unnaturalness of the encounter — had turned in a fire-call without stopping to assure himself that there really was a fire.

Therefore it came to pass that not more than a minute after Mr. Tribbles had done for himself, by kicking off his wooden leg and sending it crashing through the skylight, there was a clanging of gongs up the street and down the street; the sound of galloping hoofs; the sight of dense masses of black smoke approaching rapidly — and almost before these several phenomena could be discriminately apprehended, three fire-engines were smoking and puffing in front of the house; three lines of hose had been made fast to the engines and three hose-carriages were dashing away to the nearest hydrants; and then a hook-and-ladder truck came around the corner with a jangling roar. Two minutes later, twenty policemen were on the ground; the crowd was driven back; fire-lines were stretched, and every suitable preparation was made for extinguishing a conflagration quite as unreal as any of the series which Mr. Latimer had been called upon to investigate under stress of Mrs. Latimer's imaginative fears.

However, a part of this anti-pyrotechnic outfit could be, and instantly was, most usefully employed. In a trice the firemen had their ladders all over the picture-gallery, and in another trice they had extracted Mr. Tribbles — making a dreadful wreck of the skylight with their axes while doing it; and then they made still more of a wreck in order to get Sally's legs loose; and then they gallantly rescued from her perch on the ridge-pole that stout young person and Polly Carroon with her — while the crowd cheered, and the other firemen cheered, and even the twenty policemen cheered too!

It was precisely at this thrilling instant that a carriage, with a steamer-trunk and many bags and wraps upon it, drove past the fire-lines,— after pausing for a moment of parley,— and stopped at the front door. Out of the carriage stepped Mr. Latimer, who, checking his very natural impulse to dash into the house to find out what in the world was the matter, turned and politely assisted Mrs. Haverwood to alight, and then gave her a steadying arm.

His tender of support was timely. The unfortunate lady looked at the fire-engines, and at the wrecked skylight, and at the array of fire-ladders, with very earnest and woeful gaze; but still more earnestly and woefully did she look at the thronged roof of the picture-gallery, which presented to her agonized observation at that moment a spectacle as harrowing as it was unaccountably strange. Standing well forward, upheld by a fireman on each side of him, was a one-legged man. Beyond this, in his then position, inexplicable uniped, was a considerable group of women huddled together by the window opening from the stairs. Clustered about the broken skylight, holding or leaning upon the axes with which they had broken it,

were a dozen or more firemen — and all over everything were her own half-orphans, clad (with but a single exception) in such strange and such violently colored Oriental garments that each individual half-orphan seemed to her startled soul to be the very quintessence of a horrifying dream. Under these keenly perturbing circumstances scant cause is there for surprise that Mrs. Haverwood, overcome by the sudden and violent onrush of painful emotions, clung to Mr. Latimer's arm almost convulsively, and gave utterance to a dismal groan.

VI.

SHOWING HOW THE COMMOTION UPON THE HOUSETOP MADE PLAIN TO THE PLUMBER THE PATH OF LOVE.

IT is one thing for a young plumber to put on his best black clothes with the intention of doing or dying in them, and so going instantly and elately (as circumstances may determine) to his do or his death. But it is quite another thing when deterrent conditions intervene to check his advance along either of these heroic lines and to enforce upon him a season of dull inactivity during which his lofty purpose may weaken and insidiously waste away.

The case of Susan's plumber during his temporary stagnation in Mrs. Haverwood's drawing-room afforded a pointed comment upon the foregoing somber text. Being left to his own devices while Mrs. Latimer was closeted with the Widow Poundweight in the library, he was pulled up short on the very brink of the matrimonial precipice over which he had determined to cast himself, and so was given a fatal moment of time in which his courage might ooze away. He had come to the house with the full intention of asking for Susan as a necessity, and of demanding her as a right; of making a clean breast about the wilfully broken plumbing, and of stating (as Susan already had stated, though he did not know it) his honorable intention to pay back every cent that had been paid him for repairs — of protesting, in short, that he was all for love and the world well lost.

But avowals of so resolute a sort, culminating in a protest like that, must spring from a strongly throbbing heart; and the longer that the plumber was left alone in the drawing-room the less strongly did his heart throb and the more wretchedly nervous did he become. But for the effrontery which was a part of his professional equipment — the quality that later was to aid him in building up a princely fortune by enabling him to insist calmly upon the justice of the most outrageous of bills — he certainly would have made a break for the door and so fairly have run away. As it was, he walked hurriedly about the large room like some imprisoned wild animal; the while pushing and pulling the furniture from place to place with such reckless violence and haste that even an adept in permutation — which is the arithmetical rule of ascertaining how many ways any given number of numbers of things may be varied in their relative positions — would have been puzzled in attempting to reduce him and the chairs and the tables to any intelligible result.

Being thus deeply engrossed in the conflict waging in his own breast between his courage and his love, the plumber did not for some little time pay any attention to a growing volume of unusual sounds — of hurrying footsteps on the floor above and on the stairs, of buzzing voices, of trampling on the picture-gallery roof — which would have informed him, had he been less preoccupied, that some unusual commotion had broken forth. Not, indeed, until Sally Tribbles kicked her legs through the skylight, did he become aroused to the disturbed domestic conditions; and even then it was not the sound of the breaking glass which seriously startled him, but the sound of his own Susan's voice raised into a shrill scream of alarm. It was the instinct of love which enabled the plumber to recognize Susan's voice at such high pressure; and the like instinct — combined with knowledge of the locality gained while mending one of the gas-brackets which she had broken — enabled him to tell whence it came. Instantly, at that sound, his waning courage again waxed full and strong; and again the determination to do or die for his Susan's sake thrilled through every fiber of his being from his once more heroic soul. Therefore, with a rapidity that no one who ever has watched a plumber at work would have believed possible, he sprang toward the heavy folding-doors and dashed them open (with such force that they rebounded and closed again behind him) just as Sally's second leg came through the skylight, and just as Susan uttered a second piercing scream.

But on the threshold of the picture-gallery, looking in wonder at the figure before him, the plumber stopped short, and seemed to be in a fair way to turn into stone — as though there suddenly had been sprung upon him a modified version of the Gorgon's head; the modification consisting in the substitution of a turban and veil for serpents, and in producing the effect of disassociation from a body by the simple expedient of inclosing the body in a large loose bag. In the self-same pregnant moment, Susan — as she saw her lover and perceived her petrefactive effect upon him — forgot all about the fright into which she had been thrown by the showering down upon her of broken glass, and by the terrifying (because essentially abnormal) spectacle of a pair of Turkish-trousered legs unrelated to any visible body waving wildly above

her in the air, and burst into an agony of blushes and of tears.

Of course no young man of spirit — in the whole range of young manhood, from plumbers up to princes — could behold a spectacle of that tenderly moving sort without instantly endeavoring, bag or no bag, to administer consolation of a suitable sort in a suitable way. The bag did, indeed, seriously complicate matters — for Susan's sense of duty was so strong that she absolutely refused to permit the plumber even to loosen the strings, let alone to unbag her; but a bag, after all, is a trifling barrier to set up against that master passion which laughs at locksmiths, and defies lightly the stoutest bolts and bars. And so, although neither of them could have defined accurately the meaning of the word romance, Susan and her plumber came nearer that day than in any other day in all their lives to realizing a romantic climax: as they sat on a sofa at the remote end of the picture-gallery (in order to be as far as possible out of range of the skylight battery), and drew closer and closer together as the need for the exertion of manly strength for the protection of womanly weakness momentarily was increased by the increasing turmoil on the roof above them and in the street, and by the increasingly hot fire to which they were exposed.

The fact may be added that the manly protection thus demanded was given with extreme willingness, and with the cumulative intensity of geometrical progression. At the moment when Mr. Tribbles partly came through the skylight, the plumber moved along the sofa close to Susan, and sought to reassure her by holding her hand in his. When Mr. Tribbles kicked off his leg, and it came crashing through the glass and down to the floor close beside them with a bang, he took possession of her other hand. When the fire-engines arrived, making a tremendous and quite inexplicable disturbance of a very terrifying sort, he snuggled Susan well against his shoulder. When the firemen released Mr. Tribbles from his awkward position by smashing in the skylight all around him with their axes, and sending a perfect storm of broken glass down into the picture-gallery, the plumber — making a very accurate guess as to whereabouts in the bag he would find it — slid a sustaining arm around Susan's substantial waist. When there came that final series of crashes above them, with its consequent vitreous tempest around them, incident to the loosening and extraction of Sally Tribbles's legs, he fairly got both arms around her and squeezed hard!

And even when the commotion gradually subsided, the plausible possibility that at any moment it might begin again gave the happy plumber a reasonable excuse for continuing to hold his happy Susan close clasped within the gallant shelter of his arms. As for Susan, her love was too sincere to be veiled by idle coyness. Frankly — so far, at least, as she could manage it with her hands inside the bag — she clasped her arms about her plumber's neck, and in a sweet rapture of loving tenderness rested her turbaned head against his loyal heart.

VII.

PRESENTING A HAPPY CLIMAX IN WHICH THE PLUMBER COMES OUT STRONG.

It is not surprising that Mrs. Haverwood, getting her feet once more upon her native heath, and finding it in such a mess, should have been both shocked and pained. Any male house-owner would have been upset by finding on returning from Europe — or, for that matter, on returning from anywhere — the street in front of his house full of steam fire-engines, apparently hard at work, the house itself festooned with red ladders and decorated with blue-uniformed firemen, the fire-lines up and manned by policemen; by finding, in brief, every proof short of flame and smoke pouring out of the front windows, that his house was in course of burning down. And if, in addition to being a house-owner, the returning traveler had been the founder of a female half-orphanage, and had returned to find his female half-orphans not only arrayed in Far-Eastern garments of extraordinary shapes, and vivid hues, but actually congregated upon a portion of the roof which should have sheltered them, and there mingled with a mixed company of total strangers, of whom the most conspicuous figure was a one-legged man held steadily on his one leg by two obliging firemen — any male, and, therefore, still more any female, house-owner and philanthropist unquestionably would have been justified under conditions of such extreme irritation in deliberately and definitely going wild. Indeed, later, in thinking the whole matter over calmly, Mrs. Haverwood never was able to understand why she did not go wild on the spot; for her rapidly formulated theory in solution of the situation was that Mrs. Latimer and all the half-orphans had gone crazy together, and that among them they had set fire to the house.

In direct proportion, therefore, to the extreme depression of her spirits caused by her leap to the conception of this most untoward confirmation of mental and physical calamities, was the exaltation of her spirits caused by the entirely sane appearance of Mrs. Latimer, at the top of the front steps; and by that lady's reassuring announcement that there was n't any fire, and that, excepting the demolition of the skylight, no harm had been done at all.

In making this announcement, Mrs. Latimer

had displayed an admirable presence of mind. From her commanding position on the roof she had seen the carriage with the steamer-trunk on the box coming up the street; rightly had inferred that Mrs. Haverwood was inside the carriage, and would be greatly disturbed by finding a storm of such apparent severity central over her own home, and so had dashed down-stairs in order to impart on the very threshold her cheering news.

In Mrs. Latimer's wake, finding fresh cause for excitement in the return of their benefactress, the half-orphans came trooping down-stairs too: all of them, excepting Martha Skeat, very brilliant in their Arabian Nights costumes, and with their turbans every which way. Behind them, more sedately,— again with an exception, for the Widow Poundweight would not have been sedate even at her own funeral,— came Susan's blithe mother, in company with Mrs. Spicer and Mrs. Skeat and Mrs. Wells and Bridget O'Dowd and Mrs. Carroon. And finally, in the rear of the procession, came the two obliging firemen carrying Mr. Tribbles— who, of course, until his wooden leg should be in place again, could not walk.

Mrs. Haverwood, entering from the front door with Mr. and Mrs. Latimer, and encountering the leading files of half-orphans at the foot of the stairs, put herself at the head of the column; wheeled it into the drawing-room, and herself crossed that apartment — being desirous of finding out quickly what damage had been done to the old masters — directly to the picture-gallery door. Out in the street the fire-engines still were puffing and snorting loudly, and from the street came also the confused murmer of the voices of the crowd; which noises, penetrating freely through the broken skylight, were amply sufficient in the picture-gallery to drown all other sounds. There was a moment's delay before the doors could be opened — the lock having caught when they banged together — and this halt gave time for the rear-guard of parents to enter the drawing-room; and the firemen were glad enough to get a chance to rest themselves by standing Mr. Tribbles on his own one leg, and propping him against the wall. And then, Jane Spicer having overcome the difficulty about the lock, she and Martha Skeat, tugging together, shot the doors back suddenly, and the whole picture-gallery in an instant was disclosed to view: a foreground littered thickly with broken glass; in the middle distance Mr. Tribbles's wooden leg; and in the background, affectionately mingled upon the sofa, the plumber, in his seemly suit of black, and Susan Poundweight in her turban and her bag.

From the walls the black-and-tan old masters looked down in envious wonder upon this most tender and moving living picture — the crisp realism of which threw their faded and muzzy ideality hopelessly into the shade. As for the living spectators, their interjectional comments ranged across the whole social gamut of expressions of wonder — from the seemly "Good gracious!" of Mrs. Haverwood down to the unseemly, and also ungrammatical, asseveration of the two fireman that they "be dam!"

But Susan faltered not, nor did the plumber quail. Bravely they stood up together; and the plumber, putting his arm around that portion of the bag in which he had ascertained by experiment Susan's waist was to be found, resolutely, and none the less resolutely because a little irrelevantly, informed the several members of the company that he was ready for 'em, and that he dared 'em to come on.

And then it was that the Widow Poundweight, recognizing the sterling qualities of her daughter's lover, cried out admiringly: "He 'll do Sue. *That* young man has sand!"

VIII.

STATING BRIEFLY THE HAPPINESS WHICH ACCRUED TO HUMANITY FROM MRS. HAVERWOOD'S PHILANTHROPIC SCHEME.

WHILE Susan and her mother were soothing the plumber, and while Mr. Tribbles, with the assistance of the firemen, was putting on his leg, Mrs. Haverwood rapidly carried into execution her prearranged plan for the disruption of the composite benevolent institution which her impulsive generosity had created, and which her bounty so munificently had sustained.

Formally she took over from Mrs. Latimer the eight half-orphans and the sixteen cats (these latter being produced in their cages), and, so to speak, receipted for their return to her in good condition. She even went a step farther, in that—passing over the little matter of the Arabian Nights costume, and the start that seeing the half-orphans thus clad and on the roof had given her—she complimented Mrs. Latimer handsomely upon her discharge of her trust. Then, with a characteristic expedition, she handed over the several half-orphans to their respective parents—save Susan Poundweight, whose mother preferred that she should be turned over directly to the plumber; and, indeed, the plumber was in such a state that nothing else would have satisfied him. Finally, she gave orders for despatching fourteen of the sixteen cats — Polly Carroon being permitted to take her two cats home with her — to a benevolent maiden lady, living near Patchogue, Long Island, with whom arrangement had been made by letter to this end.

So well was this campaign of disorganization planned, and with such dashing energy was it executed, that within one hour and twenty min-

utes from the moment of Mrs. Haverwood's arrival at her front door every half-orphan and cat had been swept away from her premises; Mr. and Mrs. Latimer — the latter feeling as though she had escaped from under a crushing burden of thousands of tons — were on their way down-town in a Madison Avenue car; and every vestige of the John L. Haverwood Female Half-Orphanage and Destitute Cat Home was effaced absolutely and forever from the earth.

As an experiment in applied philanthropy, Mrs. Haverwood unwillingly admitted, though only to herself, that her scheme for the amelioration of the condition of half-orphaned children, and, at the same time, for making cats more comfortable, had been a failure. But even Mrs. Latimer — whose prejudices in the other direction, incident to her frequent strained personal relations with both classes of Mrs. Haverwood's beneficiaries, were very strong indeed — most willingly admitted, thinking of the joy that it had brought to Susan Poundweight and to the plumber, that as a contribution to the sum of human happiness Mrs. Haverwood's experiment had been a pronounced success.

THE END.

Thomas A. Janvier.

ICEBERGS.

THEY come again, those monsters of the sea,
The north wind's brood, the children of the cold,
Long lapped and cradled in white winter's fold,
As worlds are cradled in eternity;
Lulled by the storm, the Arctic's euphony,
Launched in hoarse thunder from a mountain mold
Upon the sea the viking sailed of old,
They come, the fleet of death, in spring set free.
Strange as the product of some other sphere,
The huge imaginings the frost has wrought,
Out of the land of the White Bear emerge;
Seeking the sunlight, from creation's verge
Southward they wander, silent as a thought,
And in the Gulf-stream drown and disappear.

W. P. Foster.

[*BEGUN IN DECEMBER, 1893.*]

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON.

A TALE BY MARK TWAIN.

EVEN the clearest and most perfect circumstantial evidence is likely to be at fault, after all, and therefore ought to be received with great caution. Take the case of any pencil, sharpened by any woman: if you have witnesses, you will find she did it with a knife; but if you take simply the aspect of the pencil, you will say she did it with her teeth. — *Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

CHAPTER XX.

THE weeks dragged along, no friend visiting the jailed twins but their counsel and Aunt Patsy Cooper, and the day of trial came at last — the heaviest day in Wilson's life; for with all his tireless diligence he had discovered no sign or trace of the missing confederate. "Confederate" was the term he had long ago privately accepted for that person — not as being unquestionably the right term, but as being at least possibly the right one, though he was never able to understand why the twins did not vanish and escape, as the confederate had done, instead of remaining by the murdered man and getting caught there.

The court-house was crowded, of course, and would remain so to the finish, for not only in the town itself, but in the country for miles around, the trial was the one topic of conversation among the people. Mrs. Pratt, in deep mourning, and Tom with a weed on his hat, had seats near Pembroke Howard, the public prosecutor, and back of them sat a great array of

friends of the family. The twins had but one friend present to keep their counsel in countenance, their poor old sorrowing landlady. She sat near Wilson, and looked her friendliest. In the "nigger corner" sat Chambers; also Roxy, with good clothes on, and her bill of sale in her pocket. It was her most precious possession, and she never parted with it, day or night. Tom had allowed her thirty-five dollars a month ever since he came into his property, and had said that he and she ought to be grateful to the twins for making them rich; but had roused such a temper in her by this speech that he did not repeat the argument afterward. She said the old Judge had treated her child a thousand times better than he deserved, and had never done her an unkindness in his life; so she hated these outlandish devils for killing him, and should n't ever sleep satisfied till she saw them hanged for it. She was here to watch the trial, now, and was going to lift up just one "hooraw" over it if the County Judge put her in jail a year for it. She gave her turbaned head a toss and said, "When dat verdic' comes, I 's gwine to lif' dat *roof*, now, I *tell* you."

Pembroke Howard briefly sketched the State's case. He said he would show by a chain of circumstantial evidence without break or fault in it anywhere, that the principal prisoner at the bar committed the murder; that the motive was partly revenge, and partly a desire to take his own life out of jeopardy, and that his brother, by his presence, was a consenting accessory to the crime; a crime which was the basest known to the calendar of human misdeeds — assassination; that it was conceived by the blackest of hearts and consummated by the cowardliest of hands; a crime which had broken a loving sister's heart, blighted the happiness of a young nephew who was as dear as a son, brought inconsolable grief to many friends, and sorrow and loss to the whole community. The utmost penalty of the outraged law would be exacted, and upon the accused, now present at the bar, that penalty would unquestionably be executed. He would reserve further remark until his closing speech.

He was strongly moved, and so also was the whole house; Mrs. Pratt and several other women were weeping when he sat down, and many an eye that was full of hate was riveted upon the unhappy prisoners.

Witness after witness was called by the State, and questioned at length; but the cross-questioning was brief. Wilson knew they could furnish nothing valuable for his side. People were sorry for Pudd'nhead; his budding career would get hurt by this trial.

Several witnesses swore they heard Judge Driscoll say in his public speech that the twins would be able to find their lost knife again when they needed it to assassinate somebody with. This was not news, but now it was seen to have been sorrowfully prophetic, and a profound sensation quivered through the hushed court-room when those dismal words were repeated.

The public prosecutor rose and said that it was within his knowledge, through a conversation held with Judge Driscoll on the last day of his life, that counsel for the defense had brought him a challenge from the person charged at this bar with murder; that he had refused to fight with a confessed assassin — "that is, on the field of honor," but had added significantly, that he would be ready for him elsewhere. Presumably the person here charged with murder was warned that he must kill or be killed the first time he should meet Judge Driscoll. If counsel for the defense chose to let the statement stand so, he would not call him to the witness stand. Mr. Wilson said he would offer no denial. [Murmurs in the house — "It is getting worse and worse for Wilson's case."]

Mrs. Pratt testified that she heard no outcry, and did not know what woke her up, unless it was the sound of rapid footsteps approaching the front door. She jumped up and ran out in the hall just as she was, and heard the footsteps flying up the front steps and then following behind her as she ran to the sitting-room. There she found the accused standing over her murdered brother. [Here she broke down and sobbed. Sensation in the court.] Resuming, she said the persons entering behind her were Mr. Rogers and Mr. Buckstone.

Cross-examined by Wilson, she said the twins proclaimed their innocence; declared that they had been taking a walk, and had hurried to the house in response to a cry for help which was so loud and strong that they had heard it at a considerable distance; that they begged her and the gentlemen just mentioned to examine their hands and clothes — which was done, and no blood stains found.

Confirmatory evidence followed from Rogers and Buckstone.

The finding of the knife was verified, the advertisement minutely describing it and offering a reward for it was put in evidence, and its exact correspondence with that description proved. Then followed a few minor details, and the case for the State was closed.

Wilson said that he had three witnesses, the Misses Clarkson, who would testify that they met a veiled young woman leaving Judge Driscoll's premises by the back gate a few minutes after the cries for help were heard, and that their evidence, taken with certain circumstantial evidence which he would call the court's attention to, would in his opinion convince the

court that there was still one person concerned in this crime who had not yet been found, and also that a stay of proceedings ought to be granted, in justice to his clients, until that person should be discovered. As it was late, he would ask leave to defer the examination of his three witnesses until the next morning.

The crowd poured out of the place and went flocking away in excited groups and couples, talking the events of the session over with vivacity and consuming interest, and everybody seemed to have had a satisfactory and enjoyable day except the accused, their counsel, and their old-lady friend. There was no cheer among these, and no substantial hope.

In parting with the twins Aunt Patsy did attempt a good-night with a gay pretense of hope and cheer in it, but broke down without finishing.

Absolutely secure as Tom considered himself to be, the opening solemnities of the trial had nevertheless oppressed him with a vague uneasiness, his being a nature sensitive to even the smallest alarms; but from the moment that the poverty and weakness of Wilson's case lay exposed to the court, he was comfortable once more, even jubilant. He left the court-room sarcastically sorry for Wilson. "The Clarksons met an unknown woman in the back lane," he said to himself—"*that* is his case! I'll give him a century to find her in—a couple of them if he likes. A woman who does n't exist any longer, and the clothes that gave her her sex burnt up and the ashes thrown away—oh, certainly, he 'll find *her* easy enough!" This reflection set him to admiring, for the hundredth time, the shrewd ingenuities by which he had insured himself against detection—more, against even suspicion.

"Nearly always in cases like this there is some little detail or other overlooked, some wee little track or trace left behind, and detection follows; but here there 's not even the faintest suggestion of a trace left. No more than a bird leaves when it flies through the air—yes, through the night, you may say. The man that can track a bird through the air in the dark and find that bird is the man to track me out and find the Judge's assassin—no other need apply. And that is the job that has been laid out for poor Pudd'nhead Wilson, of all people in the world! Lord, it will be pathetically funny to see him grubbing and groping after that woman that don't exist, and the right person sitting under his very nose all the time!" The more he thought the situation over, the more the humor of it struck him. Finally he said, "I 'll never let him hear the last of that woman. Every time I catch him in company, to his dying day, I 'll ask him in the guileless affectionate way that used to gravel him so when I inquired how his unborn law-business was coming along, 'Got on her track yet—hey, Pudd'nhead?'" He wanted to laugh, but that would not have answered; there were people about, and he was mourning for his uncle. He made up his mind that it would be good entertainment to look in on Wilson that night and watch him worry over his barren law-case and goad him with an exasperating word or two of sympathy and commiseration now and then.

Wilson wanted no supper, he had no appetite. He got out all the finger-prints of girls and women in his collection of records and pored gloomily over them an hour or more, trying to convince himself that that troublesome girl's marks were there somewhere and had been overlooked. But it was not so. He drew back his chair, clasped his hands over his head, and gave himself up to dull and arid musings.

Tom Driscoll dropped in, an hour after dark, and said with a pleasant laugh as he took a seat—

"Hello, we 've gone back to the amusements of our days of neglect and obscurity for consolation, have we?" and he took up one of the glass strips and held it against the light to inspect it. "Come, cheer up, old man; there 's no use in losing your grip and going back to this child's-play merely because this big sun-spot is drifting across your shiny new disk. It 'll pass, and you 'll be all right again"—and he laid the glass down. "Did you think you could win always?"

"Oh, no," said Wilson, with a sigh, "I did n't expect that, but I can't believe Luigi killed your uncle, and I feel very sorry for him. It makes me blue. And you would feel as I do, Tom, if you were not prejudiced against those young fellows."

"I don't know about that," and Tom's countenance darkened, for his memory reverted to his kicking; "I owe them no good will, considering the brunette one's treatment of me that night. Prejudice or no prejudice, Pudd'nhead, I don't like them, and when they get their deserts you 're not going to find me sitting on the mourner's bench."

He took up another strip of glass, and exclaimed—

"Why, here 's old Roxy's label! Are you going to ornament the royal palaces with nigger paw-marks, too? By the date here, I was seven months old when this was done, and she was nursing me and her little nigger cub. There 's a line straight across her thumb-print. How comes that?" and Tom held out the piece of glass to Wilson.

"That is common," said the bored man, wearily. "Scar of a cut or a scratch, usu-

ally"—and he took the strip of glass indifferently, and raised it toward the lamp.

All the blood sunk suddenly out of his face; his hand quaked, and he gazed at the polished surface before him with the glassy stare of a corpse.

"Great Heavens, what 's the matter with you, Wilson? Are you going to faint?"

Tom sprang for a glass of water and offered it, but Wilson shrank shuddering from him and said —

"No, no!—take it away!" His breast was rising and falling, and he moved his head about in a dull and wandering way, like a person who has been stunned. Presently he said, "I shall feel better when I get to bed; I have been overwrought to-day; yes, and overworked for many days."

"Then I 'll leave you and let you get to your rest. Good-night, old man." But as Tom went out he could n't deny himself a small parting gibe: "Don't take it so hard; a body can't win every time; you 'll hang somebody yet."

Wilson muttered to himself, "It is no lie to say I am sorry I have to begin with you, miserable dog though you are!"

He braced himself up with a glass of cold whisky, and went to work again. He did not compare the new finger-marks unintentionally left by Tom a few minutes before on Roxy's glass with the tracings of the marks left on the knife-handle, there being no need of that (for his trained eye), but busied himself with another matter, muttering from time to time, "Idiot that I was! — Nothing but a *girl* would do me — a man in girl's clothes never occurred to me." First, he hunted out the plate containing the finger-prints made by Tom when he was twelve years old, and laid it by itself; then he brought forth the marks made by Tom's baby fingers when he was a suckling of seven months, and placed these two plates with the one containing this subject's newly (and unconsciously) made record.

"Now the series is complete," he said with satisfaction, and sat down to inspect these things and enjoy them.

But his enjoyment was brief. He stared a considerable time at the three strips, and seemed stupefied with astonishment. At last he put them down and said, "I can't make it out at all — hang it, the baby's don't tally with the others!"

He walked the floor for half an hour puzzling over his enigma, then he hunted out two other glass plates.

He sat down and puzzled over these things a good while, but kept muttering, "It 's no use; I can't understand it. They don't tally right, and yet I 'll swear the names and dates are right, and so of course they *ought* to tally. I never labeled one of these things carelessly in my life. There is a most extraordinary mystery here."

He was tired out, now, and his brains were beginning to clog. He said he would sleep himself fresh, and then see what he could do with this riddle. He slept through a troubled and unrestful hour, then unconsciousness began to shred away, and presently he rose drowsily to a sitting posture. "Now what was that dream?" he said, trying to recall it; "what was that dream?—it seemed to unravel that puz—"

He landed in the middle of the floor at a bound, without finishing the sentence, and ran and turned up his light and seized his "records." He took a single swift glance at them and cried out —

"It 's so! Heavens, what a revelation! And for twenty-three years no man has ever suspected it!"

CHAPTER XXI.

He is useless on top of the ground; he ought to be under it, inspiring the cabbages.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

April 1. This is the day upon which we are reminded of what we are on the other three hundred and sixty-four.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

WILSON put on enough clothes for business purposes and went to work under a high pressure of steam. He was awake all over. All sense of weariness had been swept away by the invigorating refreshment of the great and hopeful discovery which he had made. He made fine and accurate reproductions of a number of his "records," and then enlarged them on a scale of ten to one with his pantograph. He did these pantograph enlargements on sheets of white cardboard, and made each individual line of the bewildering maze of whorls or curves or loops which constituted the "pattern" of a "record" stand out bold and black by reinforcing it with ink. To the untrained eye the collection of delicate originals made by the human finger on the glass plates looked about alike; but when enlarged ten times they resembled the markings of a block of wood that has been sawed across the grain, and the dullest eye could detect at a glance, and at a distance of many feet, that no two of the patterns were alike. When Wilson had at last finished his tedious and difficult work, he arranged its results according to a plan in which a progressive order and sequence was a principal feature; then he added to the batch several pantograph enlargements which he had made from time to time in bygone years.

The night was spent and the day well advanced, now. By the time he had snatched a trifle of breakfast it was nine o'clock, and the

court was ready to begin its sitting. He was in his place twelve minutes later with his "records."

Tom Driscoll caught a slight glimpse of the records, and nudged his nearest friend and said, with a wink, "Pudd'nhead 's got a rare eye to business — thinks that as long as he can't win his case it 's at least a noble good chance to advertise his palace-window decorations without any expense." Wilson was informed that his witnesses had been delayed, but would arrive presently; but he rose and said he should probably not have occasion to make use of their testimony. [An amused murmur ran through the room — "It 's a clean back-down! he gives up without hitting a lick!"] Wilson continued — "I have other testimony — and better. [This compelled interest, and evoked murmurs of surprise that had a detectible ingredient of disappointment in them.] If I seem to be springing this evidence upon the court, I offer as my justification for this, that I did not discover its existence until late last night, and have been engaged in examining and classifying it ever since, until half an hour ago. I shall offer it presently; but first I wish to say a few preliminary words.

"May it please the Court, the claim given the front place, the claim most persistently urged, the claim most strenuously and I may even say aggressively and defiantly insisted upon by the prosecution, is this — that the person whose hand left the blood-stained finger-prints upon the handle of the Indian knife is the person who committed the murder." Wilson paused, during several moments, to give impressiveness to what he was about to say, and then added tranquilly, "*We grant that claim.*"

It was an electrical surprise. No one was prepared for such an admission. A buzz of astonishment rose on all sides, and people were heard to intimate that the overworked lawyer had lost his mind. Even the veteran judge, accustomed as he was to legal ambushes and masked batteries in criminal procedure, was not sure that his ears were not deceiving him, and asked counsel what it was he had said. Howard's impassive face betrayed no sign, but his attitude and bearing lost something of their careless confidence for a moment. Wilson resumed:

"We not only grant that claim, but we welcome it and strongly endorse it. Leaving that matter for the present, we will now proceed to consider other points in the case which we propose to establish by evidence, and shall include that one in the chain in its proper place."

He had made up his mind to try a few hardy guesses, in mapping out his theory of the origin and motive of the murder — guesses designed to fill up gaps in it — guesses which could help if they hit, and would probably do no harm if they did n't.

"To my mind, certain circumstances of the case before the court seem to suggest a motive for the homicide quite different from the one insisted on by the State. It is my conviction that the motive was not revenge, but robbery. It has been urged that the presence of the accused brothers in that fatal room, just after notification that one of them must take the life of Judge Driscoll or lose his own the moment the parties should meet, clearly signifies that the natural instinct of self-preservation moved my clients to go there secretly and save Count Luigi by destroying his adversary.

"Then why did they stay there, after the deed was done? Mrs. Pratt had time, although she did not hear the cry for help, but woke up some moments later, to run to that room — and there she found these men standing, and making no effort to escape. If they were guilty, they ought to have been running out of the house at the same time that she was running to that room. If they had had such a strong instinct toward self-preservation as to move them to kill that unarmed man, what had become of it now, when it should have been more alert than ever? Would any of us have remained there? Let us not slander our intelligence to that degree.

"Much stress has been laid upon the fact that the accused offered a very large reward for the knife with which this murder was done; that no thief came forward to claim that extraordinary reward; that the latter fact was good circumstantial evidence that the claim that the knife had been stolen was a vanity and a fraud; that these details taken in connection with the memorable and apparently prophetic speech of the deceased concerning that knife, and the final discovery of that very knife in the fatal room where no living person was found present with the slaughtered man but the owner of the knife and his brother, form an indestructible chain of evidence which fixes the crime upon those unfortunate strangers.

"But I shall presently ask to be sworn, and shall testify that there was a large reward offered for the *thief*, also; that it was offered secretly and not advertised; that this fact was indiscreetly mentioned — or at least tacitly admitted — in what was supposed to be safe circumstances, but may *not* have been. The thief may have been present himself. [Tom Driscoll had been looking at the speaker, but dropped his eyes at this point.] In that case he would retain the knife in his possession, not daring to offer it for sale, or for pledge in a pawn-shop. [There was a nodding of heads among the audience by way of admission that this was not a bad stroke.] I shall prove to the

satisfaction of the jury that there *was* a person in Judge Driscoll's room several minutes before the accused entered it. [This produced a strong sensation; the last drowsy-head in the court-room roused up, now, and made preparation to listen.] If it shall seem necessary, I will prove by the Misses Clarkson that they met a veiled person — ostensibly a woman — coming out of the back gate a few minutes after the cry for help was heard. This person was not a woman, but a man dressed in woman's clothes." Another sensation. Wilson had his eye on Tom when he hazarded this guess, to see what effect it would produce. He was satisfied with the result, and said to himself, "It was a success — he 's hit!"

"The object of that person in that house was robbery, not murder. It is true that the safe was not open, but there was an ordinary tin cash-box on the table, with three thousand dollars in it. It is easily supposable that the thief was concealed in the house; that he knew of this box, and of its owner's habit of counting its contents and arranging his accounts at night — if he had that habit, which I do not assert, of course; — that he tried to take the box while its owner slept, but made a noise and was seized, and had to use the knife to save himself from capture; and that he fled without his booty because he heard help coming.

"I have now done with my theory, and will proceed to the evidences by which I propose to try to prove its soundness." Wilson took up several of his strips of glass. When the audience recognized these familiar mementos of Pudd'nhead's old-time childish "puttering" and folly, the tense and funereal interest vanished out of their faces, and the house burst into volleys of relieving and refreshing laughter, and Tom chirked up and joined in the fun himself; but Wilson was apparently not disturbed. He arranged his records on the table before him, and said —

"I beg the indulgence of the court while I make a few remarks in explanation of some evidence which I am about to introduce, and which I shall presently ask to be allowed to verify under oath on the witness stand. Every human being carries with him from his cradle to his grave certain physical marks which do not change their character, and by which he can always be identified — and that without shade of doubt or question. These marks are his signature, his physiological autograph, so to speak, and this autograph cannot be counterfeited, nor can he disguise it or hide it away, nor can it become illegible by the wear and the mutations of time. This signature is not his face — age can change that beyond recognition; it is not his hair, for that can fall out; it is not his height, for duplicates of that exist; it is not his form, for duplicates of that exist also, whereas this signature is each man's very own — there is no duplicate of it among the swarming populations of the globe! [The audience were interested once more.]

"This autograph consists of the delicate lines or corrugations with which Nature marks the insides of the hands and the soles of the feet. If you will look at the balls of your fingers, — you that have very sharp eyesight, — you will observe that these dainty curving lines lie close together, like those that indicate the borders of oceans in maps, and that they form various clearly defined patterns, such as arches, circles, long curves, whorls, etc., and that these patterns differ on the different fingers. [Every man in the room had his hand up to the light, now, and his head canted to one side, and was minutely scrutinizing the balls of his fingers; there were whispered ejaculations of "Why, it 's so — I never noticed that before!"] The patterns on the right hand are not the same as those on the left. [Ejaculations of "Why, that 's so, too!"] Taken finger for finger, your patterns differ from your neighbor's. [Comparisons were made all over the house — even the judge and jury were absorbed in this curious work.] The patterns of a twin's right hand are not the same as those on his left. One twin's patterns are never the same as his fellow-twin's patterns — the jury will find that the patterns upon the finger-balls of the accused follow this rule. [An examination of the twins' hands was begun at once.] You have often heard of twins who were so exactly alike that when dressed alike their own parents could not tell them apart. Yet there was never a twin born into this world that did not carry from birth to death a sure identifier in this mysterious and marvelous natal autograph. That once known to you, his fellow-twin could never personate him and deceive you."

Wilson stopped and stood silent. Inattention dies a quick and sure death when a speaker does that. The stillness gives warning that something is coming. All palms and finger-balls went down, now, all slouching forms straightened, all heads came up, all eyes were fastened upon Wilson's face. He waited yet one, two, three moments, to let his pause complete and perfect its spell upon the house; then, when through the profound hush he could hear the ticking of the clock on the wall, he put out his hand and took the Indian knife by the blade and held it aloft where all could see the sinister spots upon its ivory handle; then he said, in a level and passionless voice —

"Upon this haft stands the assassin's natal autograph, written in the blood of that help-

less and unoffending old man who loved you and whom you all loved. There is but one man in the whole earth whose hand can duplicate that crimson sign,"— he paused and raised his eyes to the pendulum swinging back and forth,— "and please God we will produce that man in this room before the clock strikes noon!"

Stunned, distraught, unconscious of its own movement, the house half rose, as if expecting to see the murderer appear at the door, and a breeze of muttered ejaculations swept the place. "Order in the court!—sit down!" This from the sheriff. He was obeyed, and quiet reigned again. Wilson stole a glance at Tom, and said to himself, "He is flying signals of distress, now; even people who despise him are pitying him; they think this is a hard ordeal for a young fellow who has lost his benefactor by so cruel a stroke—and they are right." He resumed his speech:

"For more than twenty years I have amused my compulsory leisure with collecting these curious physical signatures in this town. At my house I have hundreds upon hundreds of them. Each and every one is labeled with name and date; not labeled the next day or even the next hour, but in the very minute that the impression was taken. When I go upon the witness stand I will repeat under oath the things which I am now saying. I have the finger-prints of the court, the sheriff, and every member of the jury. There is hardly a person in this room, white or black, whose natal signature I cannot produce, and not one of them can so disguise himself that I cannot pick him out from a multitude of his fellow-creatures and unerringly identify him by his hands. And if he and I should live to be a hundred I could still do it! [The interest of the audience was steadily deepening, now.]

"I have studied some of these signatures so much that I know them as well as the bank cashier knows the autograph of his oldest customer. While I turn my back now, I beg that several persons will be so good as to pass their fingers through their hair, and then press them upon one of the panes of the window near the jury, and that among them the accused may set *their* finger-marks. Also, I beg that these experimenters, or others, will set their finger-marks upon another pane, and add again the marks of the accused, but not placing them in the same order or relation to the other signatures as before—for, by one chance in a million, a person might happen upon the right marks by pure guess-work *once*, therefore I wish to be tested twice."

He turned his back, and the two panes were quickly covered with delicately-lined oval spots, but visible only to such persons as could get a dark background for them—the foliage of a tree, outside, for instance. Then, upon call, Wilson went to the window, made his examination, and said—

"This is Count Luigi's right hand; this one, three signatures below, is his left. Here is Count Angelo's right; down here is his left. Now for the other pane: here and here are Count Luigi's, here and here are his brother's." He faced about. "Am I right?"

A deafening explosion of applause was the answer. The Bench said—

"This certainly approaches the miraculous!"

Wilson turned to the window again and remarked, pointing with his finger—

"This is the signature of Mr. Justice Robinson. [Applause.] This, of Constable Blake. [Applause.] This, of John Mason, juryman. [Applause.] This, of the sheriff. [Applause.] I cannot name the others, but I have them all at home, named and dated, and could identify them all by my finger-print records."

He moved to his place through a storm of applause—which the sheriff stopped, and also made the people sit down, for they were all standing and struggling to see, of course. Court, jury, sheriff, and everybody had been too absorbed in observing Wilson's performance to attend to the audience earlier.

"Now, then," said Wilson, "I have here the natal autographs of two children—thrown up to ten times the natural size by the pantograph, so that any one who can see at all can tell the markings apart at a glance. We will call the children *A* and *B*. Here are *A's* finger-marks, taken at the age of five months. Here they are again, taken at seven months. [Tom started.] They are alike, you see. Here are *B's* at five months, and also at seven months. They, too, exactly copy each other, but the patterns are quite different from *A's*, you observe. I shall refer to these again presently, but we will turn them face down, now.

"Here, thrown up ten sizes, are the natal autographs of the two persons who are here before you accused of murdering Judge Driscoll. I made these pantograph copies last night, and will so swear when I go upon the witness stand. I ask the jury to compare them with the finger-marks of the accused upon the window-panes, and tell the court if they are the same."

He passed a powerful magnifying-glass to the foreman.

One juryman after another took the cardboard and the glass and made the comparison. Then the foreman said to the judge—

"Your honor, we are all agreed that they are identical."

Wilson said to the foreman—

"Please turn that cardboard face down, and take this one, and compare it searchingly, by

the magnifier, with the fatal signature upon the knife-handle, and report your finding to the court."

Again the jury made minute examination, and again reported —

"We find them to be exactly identical, your honor."

Wilson turned toward the counsel for the prosecution, and there was a clearly recognizable note of warning in his voice when he said —

"May it please the court, the State has claimed, strenuously and persistently, that the blood-stained finger-prints upon that knife-handle were left there by the assassin of Judge Driscoll. You have heard us grant that claim, and welcome it." He turned to the jury: "Compare the finger-prints of the accused with the finger-prints left by the assassin — and report."

The comparison began. As it proceeded, all movement and all sound ceased, and the deep silence of an absorbed and waiting suspense settled upon the house; and when at last the words came —

"*They do not even resemble*," a thunder-crash of applause followed and the house sprang to its feet, but was quickly repressed by official force and brought to order again. Tom was altering his position every few minutes, now, but none of his changes brought repose nor any small trifle of comfort. When the house's attention was become fixed once more, Wilson said gravely, indicating the twins with a gesture —

"These men are innocent — I have no further concern with them. [Another outbreak of applause began, but was promptly checked.] We will now proceed to find the guilty. [Tom's eyes were starting from their sockets — yes, it was a cruel day for the bereaved youth, everybody thought.] We will return to the infant autographs of *A* and *B*. I will ask the jury to take these large pantograph facsimiles of *A's*, marked five months and seven months. Do they tally?

The foreman responded —

"Perfectly."

"Now examine this pantograph, taken at eight months, and also marked *A*. Does it tally with the other two?"

The surprised response was —

"*No — they differ widely!*"

"You are quite right. Now take these two pantographs of *B's* autograph, marked five months and seven months. Do they tally with each other?"

"Yes — perfectly."

"Take this third pantograph marked *B*, eight months. Does it tally with *B's* other two?"

"*By no means!*"

"Do you know how to account for those strange discrepancies? I will tell you. For a purpose unknown to us, but probably a selfish one, somebody changed those children in the cradle."

This produced a vast sensation, naturally; Roxana was astonished at this admirable guess, but not disturbed by it. To guess the exchange was one thing, to guess who did it quite another. Pudd'nhead Wilson could do wonderful things, no doubt, but he could n't do impossible ones. Safe? She was perfectly safe. She smiled privately.

"Between the ages of seven months and eight months those children were changed in the cradle" — he made one of his effect-collecting pauses, and added — "and the person who did it is in this house!"

Roxy's pulses stood still! The house was thrilled as with an electric shock, and the people half rose as if to seek a glimpse of the person who had made that exchange. Tom was growing limp; the life seemed oozing out of him. Wilson resumed:

"*A* was put into *B's* cradle in the nursery; *B* was transferred to the kitchen and became a negro and a slave [Sensation — confusion of angry ejaculations] — but within a quarter of an hour he will stand before you white and free! [Burst of applause, checked by the officers.] From seven months onward until now, *A* has still been a usurper, and in my finger-records he bears *B's* name. Here is his pantograph at the age of twelve. Compare it with the assassin's signature upon the knife-handle. Do they tally?"

The foreman answered —

"*To the minutest detail!*"

Wilson said, solemnly —

"The murderer of your friend and mine — York Driscoll of the generous hand and the kindly spirit — sits in among you. Valet de Chambre, negro and slave, — falsely called Thomas à Becket Driscoll, — make upon the window the finger-prints that will hang you!"

Tom turned his ashen face imploringly toward the speaker, made some impotent movements with his white lips, then slid limp and lifeless to the floor.

Wilson broke the awed silence with the words —

"There is no need. He has confessed."

Roxy flung herself upon her knees, covered her face with her hands, and out through her sobs the words struggled —

"De Lord have mercy on me, po' misable sinner dat I is!"

The clock struck twelve.

The court rose; the new prisoner, handcuffed, was removed.

CONCLUSION.

IT is often the case that the man who can't tell a lie thinks he is the best judge of one.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

October 12, *the Discovery.* It was wonderful to find America, but it would have been more wonderful to miss it.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

THE town sat up all night to discuss the amazing events of the day and swap guesses as to when Tom's trial would begin. Troop after troop of citizens came to serenade Wilson, and require a speech, and shout themselves hoarse over every sentence that fell from his lips — for all his sentences were golden, now, all were marvelous. His long fight against hard luck and prejudice was ended; he was a made man for good.

And as each of these roaring gangs of enthusiasts marched away, some remorseful member of it was quite sure to raise his voice and say —

"And this is the man the likes of us have called a pudd'nhead for more than twenty years. He has resigned from that position, friends."

"Yes, but it is n't vacant — we 're elected."

THE twins were heroes of romance, now, and with rehabilitated reputations. But they were weary of Western adventure, and straightway retired to Europe.

Roxy's heart was broken. The young fellow upon whom she had inflicted twenty-three years of slavery continued the false heir's pension of thirty-five dollars a month to her, but her hurts were too deep for money to heal; the spirit in her eye was quenched, her martial bearing departed with it, and the voice of her laughter ceased in the land. In her church and its affairs she found her only solace.

The real heir suddenly found himself rich and free, but in a most embarrassing situation. He could neither read nor write, and his speech was the basest dialect of the negro quarter. His gait, his attitudes, his gestures, his bearing, his laugh — all were vulgar and uncouth; his manners were the manners of a slave. Money and fine clothes could not mend these defects or cover them up; they only made them the more glaring and the more pathetic. The poor fellow could not endure the terrors of the white man's parlor, and felt at home and at peace nowhere but in the kitchen. The family pew was a misery to him, yet he could nevermore enter into the solacing refuge of the "nigger gallery" — that was closed to him for good and all. But we cannot follow his curious fate further — that would be a long story.

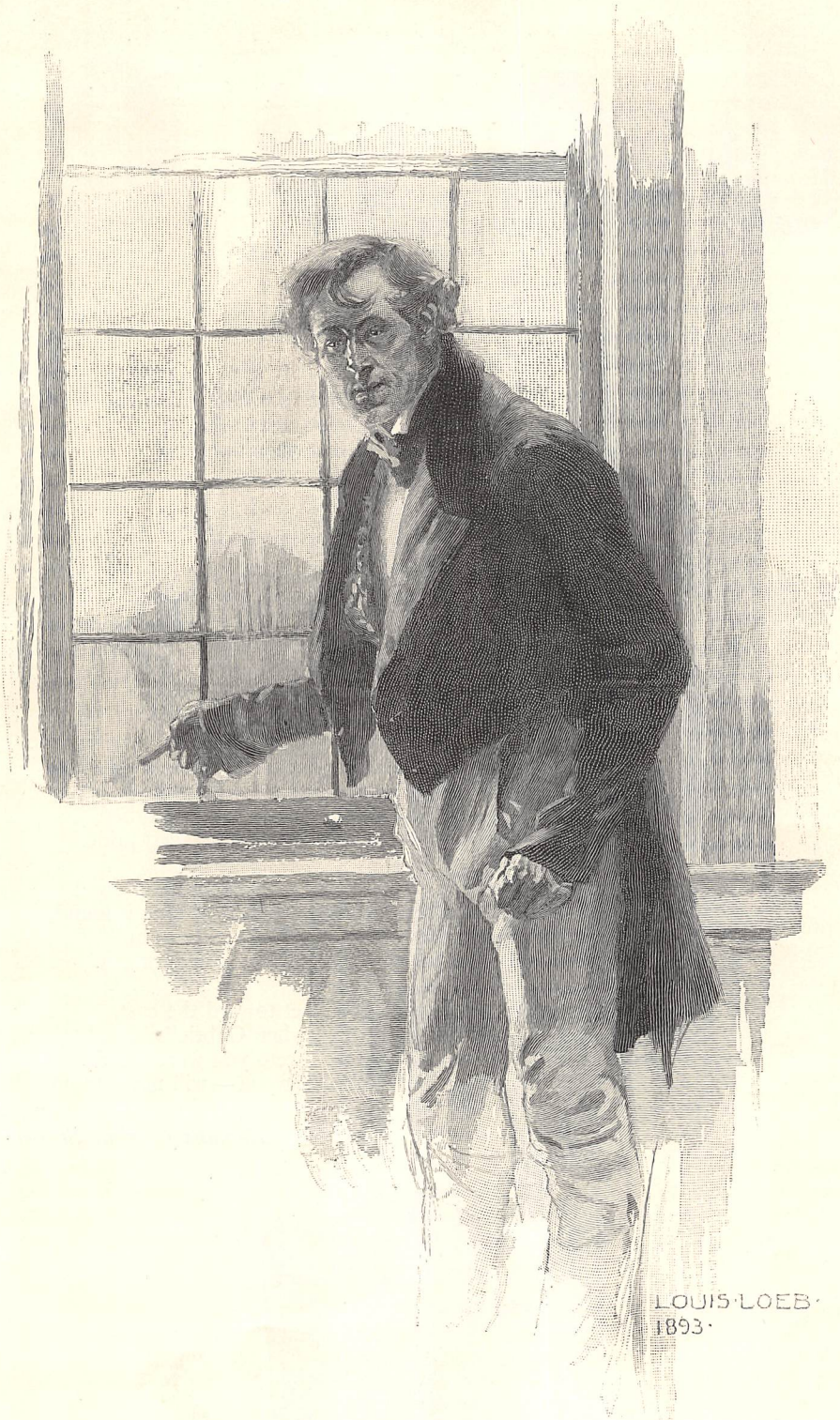
The false heir made a full confession and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. But now a complication came up. The Percy Driscoll estate was in such a crippled shape when its owner died that it could pay only sixty per cent. of its great indebtedness, and was settled at that rate. But the creditors came forward, now, and complained that inasmuch as through an error for which *they* were in no way to blame the false heir was not inventoried at that time with the rest of the property, great wrong and loss had thereby been inflicted upon them. They rightly claimed that "Tom" was lawfully their property and had been so for eight years; that they had already lost sufficiently in being deprived of his services during that long period, and ought not to be required to add anything to that loss; that if he had been delivered up to them in the first place, they would have sold him and he could not have murdered Judge Driscoll; therefore it was not he that had really committed the murder, the guilt lay with the erroneous inventory. Everybody saw that there was reason in this. Everybody granted that if "Tom" were white and free it would be unquestionably right to punish him — it would be no loss to anybody; but to shut up a valuable slave for life — that was quite another matter.

As soon as the Governor understood the case, he pardoned Tom at once, and the creditors sold him down the river.

THE END.

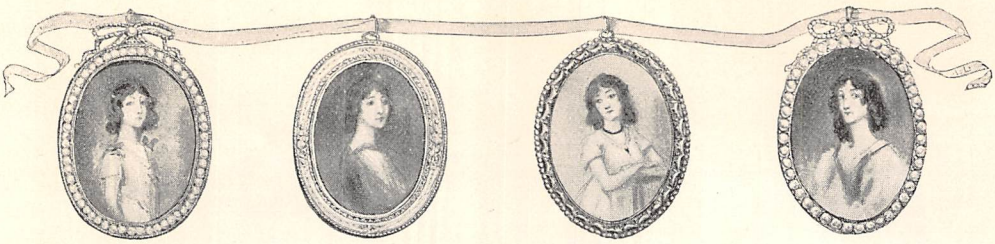
Mark Twain.





"AM I RIGHT?"

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.



HUNTINGTON HOUSE.

LADIES, Ladies Huntington, your father served, we know,
As aide-de-camp to Washington—you often told us so;
And when you sat you side by side in that ancestral pew,
We knew his ghost sat next the door, and very proud of you.

Ladies, Ladies Huntington, like you there are no more:
Nancy, Sarah, Emily, Louise—proud maidens four;
Nancy tall and angular, Louise a rosy dear,
And Emily as fine as lace but just a little sere.

What was it, pray, your life within the mansion grand and old,
Four dormers in its gambrel-roof, their shingles grim with mold?
How dwelt you in your spinsterhood, ye ancient virgins lone,
From infancy to bag-and-muff so resolutely grown?

Each Sunday morning out you drove to Parson Arms's church,
As straight as if Time had not left you somehow in the lurch;
And so lived where your grandfather and father lived and died,
Until you sought them one by one—and last of all stayed pride.

You knew that with them you would lie in that old burial ground
Wherethrough the name of Huntington on vault and stone is found,
Where Norwichtown's first infant male, in sixteen-sixty born,
Grave Christopher, still rests beneath his cherub carved forlorn.

There sleep your warlike ancestors, their feet toward the east,
And thus shall face the Judgment Throne when Gabriel's blast hath ceased.
The frost of years may heave the tomb whereto you were consigned,
And school-boys peer atween the cracks, but you—will never mind.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.





"EACH SUNDAY MORNING."

TISSOT'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE GOSPELS.

WITH PICTURES BY JAMES TISSOT.

ONE of the most interesting features of this year's Champ de Mars Salon is the special exhibition, which fills two tastefully decorated rooms on the ground floor, of M. James Tissot's pictures illustrating the life of Jesus. It consists of 280 water-colors, either entirely finished or in an advanced state, and 100 pen-and-ink drawings, which are to be used for a future illustrated edition of the four gospels; or rather, to be more exact, only those portions of the scriptures which explain the pictures, and, in fact, gave birth to them, will form the text of the volume, accompanied by notes by the artist.

Seven or eight years ago artistic Paris talked for a day of the departure of Tissot for the Holy Land, in order to seek new inspirations. Tissot was then fresh in the public mind as the author of a series of etchings depicting the passions, charms, and seductions of feminine life at the French capital, and many an artist smiled skeptically at this apparent contradiction. Yet Tissot had already shown more than once that his talent had a bent in the direction of religious subjects. For had not his début at the Salon, in 1859, been the portraits of four saints, destined for a provincial church where his father and mother lie buried, and was not his contribution to the great retrospective Salon of 1883 the "Prodigal Son,"—four pendants reëxhibited at Jackson Park last summer,—which, it must be admitted, however, are biblical in little else than name? Then, too, at the very moment when he was engaged in packing his trunk for Palestine he had in his studio a carefully hidden canvas, scarcely dry, which was so penetrated with a subtle spiritual and Christian spirit that its timid author dared not exhibit it in public. It now forms the center of the Tissot collection at the Champ de Mars, where it is exposed for the first time. I refer to a large oil-painting called "The Voices Within," wherein are represented a poor man and his wife, who, fallen into deep despair in the midst of poverty and ruin, finally take new heart and courage through the consolation of Jesus, who appears to them, comforts them, and shows them his pierced hands. "That was the starting-point of my new dispensation," said M. Tissot, pointing to this picture the first time I saw it; "but I had a long and hard struggle before I could bring myself to begin it. More than one night did I lie awake for hours, till my head was burning through the mental strain, struggling against the admission into my heart of the new light that was dawning upon me. But when I finally felt myself conquered, and was penetrated through and through by the grand mystery of a God turned man in order to save humanity, I could no longer escape from it. So, of course, this large painting must go to the Champ de Mars, for it is really the father of all this big brood of little ones."

With such thoughts in his mind and such awakenings in his heart, in the autumn of 1886 Tissot started for the holy sepulcher with all the enthusiasm of the crusaders of old. He saw, questioned, and meditated. He made scores of vivid sketches, and wrote reams of thoughtful notes. The first visit was repeated. During this second sojourn he utilized instantaneous photography, which was then first becoming known in France, and was thus able to bring back with him quantities of characteristic types, scenes, and landscapes. Almost all of the striking pen-and-ink drawings made during the first visit can be seen at the Champ de Mars, while the details furnished by the photographs have been reproduced in many of the water-colors.

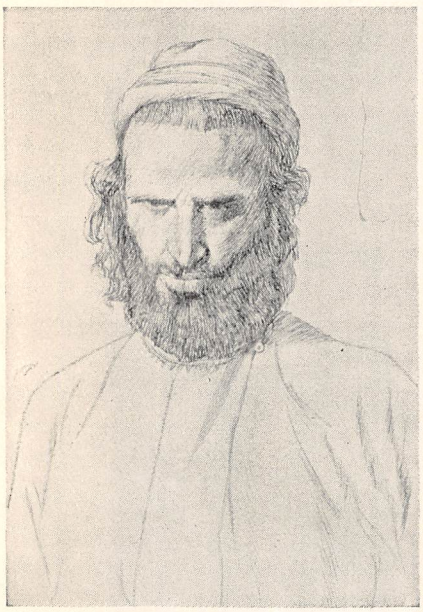
The farther he wandered in Palestine, the more he saw there, and the deeper he studied his object, the stronger grew Tissot's conviction that his precursors in the field of biblical illustration had not caught the true spirit of their theme, had not struck the right note. He returned to France determined to catch the true spirit and to strike the right note. Once within the walls of Paris again, he buried himself in his handsome, secluded home, situated at the head of a quiet lane within a stone's throw of the Bois de Boulogne, and gave himself up entirely to his thoughts, his books, his collections, and his art. He pored over musty old commentaries on the Bible, studied archæology, mastered the Talmud, devoured books of Eastern travel, read the history of the Jews and Arabs, and went over the scriptures again and again in the Vulgate and in the French and English translations. Nor did he neglect the Apocrypha. In a word, before taking up his brush, Tissot saturated his mind with his subject, and gave full rein to an imagination now thirsting for the occult and mysterious. Society lost its charms for him. He who had been a *mondain* now became almost a recluse. He even abandoned the picture exhibitions which follow one another in such rapid succession throughout the Parisian season. You look almost in vain



"MARY MAGDALEN (BEFORE HER CONVERSION)."

for Tissot's name in the catalogues of the last ten years. He has been wholly absorbed by his new work, to which he has devoted all his time and strength.

The thorough manner in which Tissot studied before beginning to paint is shown by his note-books, which I have run over, and from which I shall make a few typical extracts. On the fly-leaf of the first of these blank-books the artist has written the title of the proposed volume: "Life of our Lord Jesus Christ. By a Pilgrim of the Holy Land." This title, and especially the latter half, reveals the spirit in which this modern palmer entered upon his task; while this note at the bottom of the page, "Begun on October 15, 1886," tells exactly how many years he has so far devoted to it. But it does not tell when the task will be completed. M. Tissot informs me that he expects to finish



TYPE OF A JEW OF YEMEN.

the last illustration by the end of 1896, though he may need a few additional months in order to rewrite, and give the final form to, his notes and the texts. Thus will M. Tissot have devoted more than a whole decade to the accomplishment of a lofty idea, which in itself is no mean merit in this day and generation, the motto of which seems to be, What is worth doing at all is worth doing quickly.

The artist's notes are in the form of personal observations made in Palestine, references to learned works, etc. Let me give a few specimens of these notes. They reveal the working of the artist's mind, show the growth of the work, and explain the meaning and reason of this or that conception.

Here is Tissot's note on the "Stairway of Fifteen Steps" in the Temple: "These steps were very low. It took three of them to make the height of an ordinary step. The whole flight was a meter and twelve centimeters high. A tradition of the time says that when Mary, at the age of three, was first taken to the Temple, she ran up these fifteen steps at one bound. This is quite possible when we bear in mind these measures, but it would have been impossible if the steps had been of the usual height. The painters who have treated this tradition — among them Tintoretto — have all fallen into this error; they have made their steps too high."

In the note on "The Voice in the Desert" we find this souvenir of the artist's Palestine journeys: "In these rocky valleys the voice resounds in an astonishing manner, and to-day one still hears the melancholy shouts of the shepherds hailing one another. Their voices are echoed from hill to hill at a great distance."

Sometimes the artist indulges in a little philosophizing, as when he writes, in a note to "The Possessed in the Synagogue": "It is curious to compare the case of this possessed person with instances of that ecstasy which is seen in our day in Protestant mysticism, and which, taking possession of those present, forces them to preach and to prophetize in the churches and in the public squares. It is the same phenomenon which, since the scenes at Munster down to those of the present day, has become epidemic in northern Germany, Denmark, Sweden, the United States, and England."

This note on the prevalence of the number forty in Bible history is suggested by the picture — which is, by the way, powerfully rendered in a most original and independent manner — entitled "Jesus Tempted in the Desert": "Ostrich eggs are suspended in Eastern sanctuaries, and are often highly ornamented. They are a symbol, a synthesis, of many mysteries. They were chosen because it is said that the ostrich sits on her eggs for forty days, thereby recalling the forty days of the Saviour's fast, which was also the length of Moses's sojourn on Mount Sinai, and of Elijah's on Mount Horeb; the forty days of the flood, Goliath challenging the Israelites during forty days, the forty years' wandering of the Jews in the wilderness, the presentation of Jesus at the Temple forty days after his birth, his excommunication by the synagogue forty days before his passion, the ascension forty days after his death, etc."

"The Angels Ministering unto Jesus" is an excellent example of the new and realistic life which Tissot has introduced into religious painting. Christ is reposing at full length on his back, while in the misty air about him appear the faces of many angels, whose arms are stretched toward him, and whose finger-tips

touch his body. Here is the note: "The angels go to the Saviour, and mysteriously renew his strength, not in the form of eatables and drinkables, but by bestowing upon him that spiritual force which fortifies him for the mission he is about to undertake."

The collection of illustrations may be divided into four classes. Some of them are simply pictorial translations of the Bible texts. Others give form to old traditions, which, though closely allied to the text, are, nevertheless, pure traditions. A third category, the most original of the whole, is the product of the artist's imagination alone, stimulated by inspiration resulting from long study of, and meditation on, the career of Jesus. And lastly — and this class is found chiefly among the pen-and-ink drawings — we have reproductions of historic spots, landscapes, etc., of the Holy Land as it appears to-day. These were made on the spot, as has already been said, and so have a value aside from their artistic merits.



WOMAN OF THE ENVIRONS OF JERUSALEM.

Tissot's work possesses another interest of a general nature. It is, in a measure, a return, in spirit at least, to the methods and aspirations of the early masters in their treatment of religious subjects, and is in direct disaccord with the present tendency of French art, which is either to ignore sacred history and sacred themes altogether, or to treat them in an irreverent and sensational manner. Tissot, as we have seen, is a pious believer, and a faithful son of the Roman Catholic church. It would be impossible for him to present the Saviour as he has been presented several times in the Salons of recent years, as, for instance, to cite but one example, by M. Jean Béraud on two or three occasions.

"If I had not been supported by faith," says Tissot, "how could I have withstood the fatigues of such a task, and, above all, have found such profound consolation in my labors?"

Emphasis must be laid on the fact that Tissot, in the enthusiasm of a neophyte, has not simply gone back to the antiquated treatments of religious subjects. Herein lies, perhaps, the chief merit of his collection. His originality may often border on profanity, but never crosses the line. His innovations in the handling of old familiar themes frequently take the breath away when the beholder is of the cloth. An ecclesiastic who has carefully studied the collection declares that in his rendering of the Passion Tissot has introduced numerous details that had never before occurred to the clerical mind, and yet that none of these new departures is contrary to orthodoxy, and in no respect mars the emotion produced by the scene.

Tissot's series of "portraits" of the apostles is a mixture of archæological, ethnological, phrenological, and historical data welded together by reverence, art, and talent. They are sure to startle — that of St. Peter, for instance — a priest at the first glance, but the work will win respect and admiration at the second. For Tissot has a reason for all, even for the color of a garment, the form of a hood, or the style of the fastening of a sandal. One of the visitors has remarked concerning this remarkable gallery of saints, that the artist has not flattered his subjects. There is nothing wonderful about these poor fishermen, he says, nothing in their plain attire or every-day physiognomy to awaken awe. "But you feel that these are indeed the men whom Jesus inspired." In a word, Tissot's creations are pure realism tempered by sincere faith.

Perhaps the boldest of the pictures of pure imagination is that which he has named "What Jesus Saw from the Top of the Cross." In the first place, you see no cross. The spectator



"THE VOICE IN THE DESERT."

stands where the Christ should be, and this, in the words of the note, is what meets his eyes: "At the foot, weeping and burning with divine love and repentance, is Mary Magdalen; his mother, with her look of ineffable tenderness; Saint John, buried in profound devotion; and many holy women bathed in tears. A little farther back are the blasphemers, the haters, and the timid. Staring him in the face is the sepulcher which is to receive his body that very night. Farther back are timorous disciples, who approach that they may have a final glance at the Master before night hides all from view. The fainting Lord can just hear the murmur of the distant city, and the low blare of the trumpets at the Temple regulating the crowd according to the order of the sacrifices."

Theodore Stanton.

THE MOTHER OF IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF.



IT was Mr. Howells who, in 1871, called my attention to the writings of Tourguéneff. In 1872 we read "Smoke" together, and agreed that it was a great book. I then procured the whole series of Tourguéneff's novels in French and German translations, and the mingled strangeness and familiarity of the life they depicted attracted me with a potent fascination. Something marvelously new dawned upon me in these strong and simple tales, and I did not quite know what it was until it had, by some curious alchemy, entered into the substance of my mind, and changed my vision of the world. I had until then contemplated life through the medium of literature; now I learned to view literature through the medium of life—judge it according to the degree of its veracity. I do not mean by veracity a mere external conformity to fact, but a fundamental truth of conception and adherence to the logic of life. What impressed me so tremendously in Tourguéneff's novels was their accent of truth, their convincing authenticity. The incidents, though they be ever so fictitious, have the ring of things seen, heard, and experienced. The very subtlest flavor of personality which hitherto had eluded expression he triumphantly captured, and that often in nobly simple phrases. What writer is there who has not been visited with despair at the inexpressibility of the finest things which his inner sense apprehended? But here was one who had actually enlarged the territory of expression; who, with the comparatively coarse instrument of a semi-barbarous language, had surpassed the achievements of the most finished workman using the most exquisite tools. The fancies which, for others, broke through language and escaped he arrested in their flight, and held imprisoned within the meshes of his beautiful phrases.

This only to account for the enthusiasm which possessed me during the winter of 1873–74, when I met Tourguéneff in Paris. I have told elsewhere [1] of our intercourse during those delightful months. Suffice it to say that I found him a large and genial man, of quiet manners, naturally dignified, and full of gentleness and urbanity. His eyes were wonderfully kind, and kindness, I should say, was the key-note of his nature. His conversation was like his books, calm and natural, without a hint of the overstrained smartness of the boulevards, but opening vistas of reflection by its inspiring suggestions. There lay behind his remarks, in spite of their simplicity, a world of thought and observation—and as I sometimes fancied, of passionate, nay, even tragic, experience. It happened twice during our familiar talks in his library that he afforded me, inadvertently as it were, a glimpse of some somber and soul-stirring episode in his life of which he seemed in his next moment anxious to obliterate the impression. It was as if by the momentary opening of a door a murmur of turbulent music had reached me, and then, before I could catch its strain, it was gone.

He was subject at times to the most terrible fits of depression, when he would bewail his cowardice and the uselessness of his existence. When these attacks came upon him, he would sit and gaze before him with curiously veiled, unobservant eyes; but if, fancying that my presence was not desired, I rose to take my leave, he would rouse himself, and earnestly request me to remain. It was not until he was dead that I was able to assign a cause for these morbid moods of an otherwise sane and robust temperament. They were obviously the first symptoms of the spinal disease which ended his life in 1882. His reason was clouded during the year preceding his death; and a most pathetic portrait of him, exhibiting the signs of mental decay, was published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for November, 1883.

As to the tragic experience to which I have referred, some information is supplied (and much also withheld) by a book recently published by Michel Delines under the title "Tourguéneff Inconnu." The contributions of M. Delines himself are not remarkable; for nearly every one of Tourguéneff's friends could match the anecdotes which he relates of the great author's generosity in money matters, and his readiness to be victimized by Russian impostors who posed as patriotic martyrs. But the sketch of his mother, written by his adopted sister, accounts for much in Tourguéneff's character, and is of surpassing interest. When I read it the words of my friend recurred to my memory: "My mother was the typical noble lady of Russia"; and this was the only thing he ever said about her except this: "The utter irresponsibility of the master in his intercourse with the serf has the most detrimental effect upon character — as I saw exemplified in the case of my own mother."

I concluded from this that his mother had been a hard and tyrannical woman, and that he was unable to cherish her memory. But never did I dream, until his sister's narration fell into my hands, that she was the female counterpart of Ivan the Terrible. She delighted in the most arbitrary exercise of power, and

[1] "The Galaxy," April, 1874.

from sheer ennui tormented every one who came within the reach of her authority. She had herself been cruelly maltreated in her childhood — nay, she had been direfully insulted by her stepfather, and compelled in consequence to flee from home and seek refuge with a relative. By the death of her uncle, Ivan Loutovinoff, she inherited an immense fortune, on the receipt of which she characteristically remarked, "Now I can do anything I like" ("Maintenant, je peux tout"). Among the many suitors who competed for her favor, she chose for a husband Sergius Nicolaevitch Tourguéneff because of his extraordinary beauty. She established herself in princely opulence on her estate of Spasskoë, and as she was determined upon keeping the reins of authority in her own hands, her husband thought it wiser to indulge her caprices, and refrain, as far as possible, from interfering with her wishes. Probably he had by this time discovered with whom he had to deal. He was too prudent a man to provoke a quarrel with a woman of so formidable a temperament.

It was, in fact, not only he whom she governed, but she insisted upon regulating the affairs of every one who approached her, or entered into any sort of relation with her, however remote. Her autocratic will did not tolerate even a suspicion of criticism, far less opposition; and the devices she hit upon for humiliating those who manifested what she regarded as a spirit of insubordination were worthy of her imperial prototype Catherine, misnamed the Great. When her daughter was ill with typhoid fever, she gave the physician, who was a highly educated serf, the choice between a complete cure and Siberia. A favorite serf, whom it pleased her from sheer caprice to persecute, she degraded from the position of a waiter to that of a field-laborer, and made him exchange his fine livery for the coarse garb of a peasant. Her major-domo, Paliakoff, she assaulted, in a fit of uncontrollable fury, with a crutch, and would have killed him if her brother-in-law had not interfered. She separated him from his wife and children, to whom he was warmly devoted, and exercised a diabolical ingenuity in devising new tortures for the unhappy man. His offense was that he had, out of love for his young master, Nicholas Tourguéneff, deceived her regarding the latter's relation to a certain beautiful German governess with whom Nicholas was deeply in love, and whom he had secretly married.

Neither Church nor State was of the least consequence if it came into conflict with Madame Tourguéneff's domineering will. She took into her head once to go to confession, and ordered the priest to attend her at a certain hour in her private chapel. All her numerous household were called in to partake of the sacrament. When their mistress knelt to begin her confession, the priest made a signal to all present to depart. But Madame Tourguéneff promptly countermanded the order.

"Stay!" she cried.

A great confusion arose, some staying and others struggling to get out.

"It is contrary to the rules of the Church to hear confession in the presence of any one but the priest," her confessor observed mildly.

"But I — I wish to confess before all the world," replied the lady.

"But that is forbidden."

"But *I* — *I* say — that it is permitted," followed in a voice like a thunderclap; whereupon, snatching the prayer-book out of the hands of the priest, she began in a loud voice to recite the prescribed prayers.

When she had finished, the priest not daring to interfere, she turned toward her servants and said, "Pardon me"; and then in a tone of command to the priest, "Now administer the holy sacrament."

On another occasion she feigned illness, and gathered her household (consisting of forty house-servants, not counting the boy pages and an army of field-laborers) about her alleged death-bed, in order to test their sentiments toward her. All except two, who were a trifle tipsy, manifested the most exaggerated grief. In a dying voice she took an affecting leave of her children, all the time surreptitiously watching the countenance of each, in order to detect any hidden satisfaction or possible symptom of simulation. When she had finished her observation, she turned to her daughter and said, "Stop crying! God is merciful. Perhaps he will let me live. I feel better. Agatha! A cup of tea."

Then recovering with miraculous swiftness her wonted tone and manner, she commanded the major-domo to write down, according to her dictation, the punishment to be inflicted upon those abandoned wretches whose grief had not come up to her requirements.

When presently the church bells began to chime (it being the beginning of Holy Week), she sent word to the priest, forbidding the ringing, and the whole Easter festival, with its appropriate dishes and ceremonies, was for that year abolished, as far as Spasskoë with its dependencies was concerned.

One may well imagine what kind of boyhood Ivan Tourguéneff must have spent with such a mother. Without ever inquiring into his alleged misdemeanors, she did not disdain to whip him almost daily with her own hands. If, as frequently happened, he did not know why he was being punished, and took the liberty to ask, she responded only with more blows. And after having performed this pious labor, she would, as likely as not, order her daughter to

read aloud to her a chapter of Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ."

When the boy, humiliated, tormented, and harassed beyond endurance, made preparations for flight, which were only by accident discovered, she was frightened, and treated him henceforth with a greater approach to forbearance. As regards the father, he was too prudent by any kind of interference to expose himself to the wrath of his tempestuous spouse. He held aloof from all domestic scenes with the air of a well-bred stranger, who feigns not to observe what might be embarrassing to the family, if reported. His sole attention to his sons was to reach them his hand to kiss when they came to bid him good-night; and on the above recorded occasion, when Ivan's flight had been prevented, he managed to shake off his indifference so far as to remark in French:

"You are pretty, my little one. So young, and yet you can do such villainous things."

Who can wonder that these years of sorrow produced a sorrowful harvest? Ivan Tourguéneff was not by nature inclined to melancholy, but the continual unmerited sufferings of his boyhood gave a warp to his character from which it never could recover. His father's early death made but a slight impression upon him, while his mother's unimpaired vigor of health and temper was and remained the most formidable fact of his existence. He made repeated efforts to soothe and soften her, but only with momentary effect. The savage strain in her blood reasserted itself promptly, impelling her to acts of violence and treachery. The reflection which urges itself upon the reader of this tragic narrative is the appalling power of one cruel nature to spread misery and ruin — to blot out the very sun in the heavens, and to steep in darkness every life which comes within the sphere of its influence.

Having failed to break up the marriage of her elder son, and having cursed his three children, and ground their pictures under her heels (whereupon, strange to say, they all died), Madame Tourguéneff was the more resolved that the younger should make a fitting alliance and be a credit to her family. Imagine, then, her horror when she found that he wrote books — that his highest ambition was to be an author, like Pushkin!

"Is that a business for a nobleman?" she cried contemptuously. . . . "I can understand that you might write verses. But to be an author — an author! Do you know what it means to be an author? I 'll tell you. Author and quill-driver are one and the same thing. Both sling ink for money. A nobleman should serve the czar, make a career and a name for himself in the army, and not by slinging ink. And who reads a Russian book, anyway? Indeed, Ivan, believe me, in the army you would soon be promoted . . . and then you can marry . . . "

"Marry, mother!" replied her son, "Never! Pray, don't think of it. Sooner will the church of Spasskoë dance a jig on its two crosses than I will marry."

At this sally his sister began to laugh.

"How dare you laugh at such stupidities?" ejaculated the irate lady. "And you, Ivan, what nonsense you talk in the presence of this child!"

"But, mother," he remonstrated calmly, "why do *you* speak so contemptuously of authors? You were perfectly wild about Pushkin. And then Joukovsky — you both loved and respected him."

"Joukovsky! Well, that is quite another matter. You forget that he was received at court."

Her only criticism on Gogol, the author of "Dead Souls," whom her son passionately admired, was that he was improper and "bad form."

But when she heard that Ivan's books, which she herself professed to despise, had been publicly criticized in the press (a fact which to their author was very gratifying), she flew into one of her tremendous rages, which ended, as usual, with a physician and anodynes.

"How," she thundered, "do they dare criticize *you* — a nobleman and a Tourguéneff?"

"But, mother," he explained, with imperturbable good temper, "that only proves that I have attracted attention — that I am not a nonentity of whom nobody speaks."

"But how — how is it you attract attention? They find fault with you. They treat you as an imbecile, and you are satisfied. What is the good of my having kept teachers and professors for you? One of my sons leaves me for a woman, and the other, my Benjamin, in order to become an author."

Then tears, passionate reproaches, paroxysms of wrath, and hasty summons of the family doctor.

In spite of all threats and opposition, however, Tourguéneff continued to write, and rapidly gained a reputation, to the great chagrin of his mother. But in the mean while an incident occurred which reveals their relation in the most glaring light. Ivan had never neglected an opportunity to speak in behalf of his brother Nicholas, and to urge upon his mother her duty to make some provision for her eldest son, who was living in St. Petersburg in positive penury. He had himself shared his scanty earnings with Nicholas and his family; but being by his "disobedience" cut off from home supplies, he had but little to share. Madame Tourguéneff had conceived the plan of starving her sons into submission; and she seemed to herself a terribly abused

creature when this Spartan discipline proved unavailing. Though she was herself rolling in wealth, and maintaining a small court at Spasskoë, she permitted them to taste the bitterest dregs of poverty, because she could not endure their independence. She was so accustomed to having every one bend under her despotic sway that she could not help attributing a wanton desire to insult her to any one who had the courage to resist. This was the situation when Ivan, after many rebuffs, made a final effort in his brother's behalf to bring her to reason. This time she actually yielded to his importunities, and promised to make a proper provision for both. The next day she dictated to her secretary two curious documents, giving to her two sons her estates Titchévo and Kadnoë. But there was no approach to legal form, no signature of witnesses, or adherence to established usage. She summoned Nicholas and Ivan, and had these deeds of gift read to them.

"Are you not now satisfied with me?" she asked.

After an awkward silence Ivan replied: "Undoubtedly, mother, we should be very well satisfied, and very grateful, if you would have these papers legalized."

"Why legalize?"

"You ask me why. You know perfectly well, if you really desire to deed these estates to us, how it is to be done."

"I don't understand you, Ivan. What more is there to be done? I give to each of you an estate. . . . I do not understand you."

She always assumed this air of innocence when she was checkmated. But the brothers had just received a piece of information which proved that she not only understood, but with her usual imperious irresponsibility was playing a cruel game with them. They had learned from her secretary that she had that same morning written to the stewards of the two estates commanding them immediately to sell all the grain which they had on hand, no matter at what price, and also the unharvested crops, and to send her the money without delay. There would accordingly be no seed-corn for the following year, and no money wherewith to buy, or to support existence in the mean while. The sons, knowing remonstrance to be vain, took their leave ceremoniously, without uttering a word.

The next morning they were again sent for. Ignoring the scene of the previous day, Madame Tourguéneff, sitting in solemn state, presented the sealed packages containing the worthless deeds of gift to Nicholas and Ivan, whereupon she reached them her hands to kiss. Of course they made no attempt to take possession of Titchévo and Kadnoë; and their mother, who dimly perceived that they had lost the last remnant of respect which they had entertained for her, was bitterly disappointed. For in this extraordinary way she had perhaps intended to improve their circumstances; but then the reflection had occurred to her that if they were rich they would soon emancipate themselves from her control; and this idea seemed insupportable. She had, therefore, devised a clumsy method of keeping them in perpetual subjection by reserving to herself the right of depriving them of their property if they still persevered in displeasing her.

Terrible scenes followed, and the most strained relations existed between mother and sons. Neither she nor they relented, though they outwardly maintained toward her the most deferential attitude, and never by her blasts of passion were betrayed into uttering a discourteous word; they only avoided her, and never voluntarily crossed her path.

Her constant occupation in her declining years was playing at solitaire. Though she was suffering from dropsy, and consulted the most famous physicians, she blandly disregarded their dietetic rules, and followed her own sovereign whim. For a long time she ate nothing but grapes, and finally her diet consisted solely of ice-cream. For entertainment her daughter read aloud to her the latest French novels. Before her death, on November 16, 1850, she sent for her sons, who both hastened to her bedside. But only Nicholas found his mother alive. When Ivan arrived she had already expired. Before drawing her last breath, she scrawled these lines on a piece of paper:

"My mother, my children, forgive me! And thou, Lord, forgive me, too; for pride — that mortal sin — was always my cardinal sin."

Ivan Tourguéneff was thirty-two years old when his mother's sinister presence was removed from his life. He was now rich, famous, and universally courted. But from the somber shadow which her formidable Muscovite form threw over his youth he never fully emerged. All his relations (except to his brother and a few friends) were more or less abnormal. His childhood's experience had implanted in him a dread of marriage as the greatest of calamities which could befall a man. But of the two liaisons which he contracted neither brought him happiness. All the satisfaction which life yielded him he found in the companionship of artists and in the practice of his art. I once heard him quote with deep conviction Goethe's saying, "Fortunate is the man who learns in his youth what art is, for he can never be completely unhappy."

But how differently the course of this great man's life would have run if he had had a good mother and a joyous youth!

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.



FROM "NOS ENFANTS."

MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

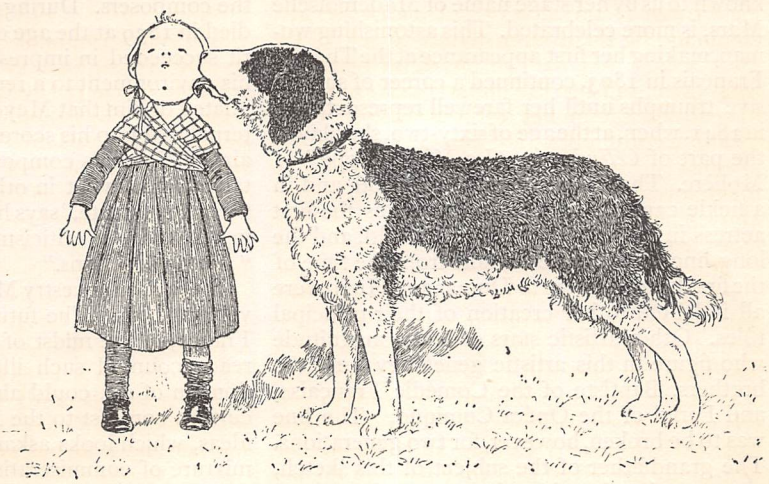
TO know thyself is held on the best of authority to be the summit of human attainment, but, difficult as is this self-knowledge in any walk in life, it is perhaps never more difficult than in the case of the artist.

Professing an art with ill-defined boundaries, eager, and questioning every murmur of the wind as though it were the voice of the god, now progressing boldly, cheered by the approval of the multitude, or again groping blindly amidst general denunciation, the still small voice of artistic conscience his only supporter, this protean creation of super-sensitive atoms that we name artist lives with the sphinx who smiles encouragement but is dumb. Happy indeed are the exceptions to this rule; fortunate he who from the first sees spread before him the way in which he may walk. He, it is true, will still find the path beset with pitfalls; the thorns of technical endeavor will still tear at his garment: but these are little ills; the temple, sun-illumined, is clear to his eyes, and, though far distant, every step seems to bring him nearer.

And, like the roads that lead to Rome, the ways are many; no two men need follow the same, and the by-path followed by Chardin leads one thither no less — nay more — surely than the Appian Way trod by David. The secret of this primrose path is kept, however, so securely that none may tell his fellow, "Follow me, and all will be well"; nor by following the elect can one hope to be of the chosen. Each must work out his own salvation, and against the temporary wave, whatever it may be, must be on his guard, lest it carry him beyond his depth and drown him in the futile and the commonplace. Every great artist has left resolutely behind him the apparently defined path to success. Giotto deserted the splendors of Byzantine mosaic, and, taking up duller pigments, found freedom of expression; Michelangelo, leaving the individualism of his contemporaries, invented a typical art all his own; and Millet, virile nature ill at ease in the classic precincts of the Hemicycle, betook himself to the fields, and molded his man of clay.

These are great names to conjure with, and the distance that separates them from that of Maurice Boutet de Monvel is undoubtedly vast; but as all roads lead to Rome, the by-path chosen by M. de Monvel is of his own discovery, and may lead him far. The infinitely great has many points of contact even with the infinitely small, and in the middle ground between them resemblances multiply and blend, so that it is the purpose of this paper to explain in a degree the place of its titular subject in the great family of art.

Maurice Boutet de Monvel was born at Orléans, France, in 1850, and if the proverb of *noblesse oblige* can be artistically adapted, it is difficult to see how he could have readily escaped following some one of the many branches of an artistic career. Heredity, which is held respon-



"JACQUELINE AND MIRAUT." FROM "NOS ENFANTS."



"THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THE DONKEY." FROM "LA FONTAINE'S

sible for so many things, had prepared since 1745 for the present exponent of the artistic temperament in the Monvel family, for it was in that year that his great-great-grandfather saw the light. Jacques Marie Boutet de Monvel was the son of an actor, and, following the profession of his father, made his début at the Théâtre Français in 1770. He was the great tragedian of his time, and, preceding Talma, brought tragedy from the bonds of stilted conventionalism into the realm of reality. French writers on the stage assign to him a most important place in theatrical history, and his literary talent was so esteemed by his contemporaries that he remains the only instance of an actor elected as a member of the Institute. The tragedian's daughter, known to us by her stage name of Mademoiselle Mars, is more celebrated. This astonishing woman, making her first appearance at the Théâtre Français in 1803, continued a career of successive triumphs until her farewell representation in 1841, when, at the age of sixty-two, she played the part of *Célimène* in "Le Misanthrope" of Molière. Throughout this long period, and in a fickle capital, she kept her place as the first actress in the first theater in the world, and the long line of dramatic authors from the time of the first Empire down to Dumas and Hugo were all indebted to her creation of their principal rôles. Other artistic stars of lesser magnitude who figure in this artistic genealogy were the brothers, Baptiste of the Comédie Française, and Feriol of the Opéra Comique. The line was to be broken, however, for two generations. The grandfather of the subject of this sketch, chose to abandon the mimic wars of the stage for an actual war, which enlisted him, as it did so many of his generous countrymen, and brought him to the whilom British colonies in North America. Arriving in this country during the War of Independence, and acquiring the rank of captain of engineers in its army, he remained until peace was restored, and then, returning to France, settled to a life of philosophic research at Orléans. Here his son, the father of Maurice, was born, and here the artistic line was resumed by this son's marriage with the daughter of Adolphe Nourrit, who was not only the creator of the chief tenor parts in "Guillaume Tell," "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," and other operas of Rossini and Meyerbeer, but the intimate friend and counselor of the composers. During a too short career — he died in 1839 at the age of thirty-seven — Nourrit succeeded in impressing his personality on his environment to a remarkable degree. It is related of him that Meyerbeer accepted and interpolated into his score of "Robert le Diable" airs of Nourrit's composition, and his versatile talent found vent in other directions, drawing "with great taste," says his biographer, and writing a series of criticisms on the Salon in the "Journal de Paris."

From such ancestry Maurice Boutet de Monvel was born. The future career of a child in France, in the midst of a family which had already counted such illustrious names in the domain of art, could almost be predicted. In curious contrast to the Anglo-Saxon order of ideas, which looks askance at the artist with a mixture of commiseration and distrust, is the Gallic idea, which not only counts this voca-



FABLES." BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. E. PLON, NOURRIT & CIE.

tion as preëminently respectable, but, perhaps even more than the pursuit of arms, glorious. Therefore, young Monvel found no opposition when at an early age his artistic instincts became manifest. Repeating an experience common in the history of painters, it was, above all, his mother's counsel and encouragement which profited him the most, and through his childhood and school-boy days it was her exhortation and her stories of her father's triumphs which fired the youth's ambition, until in the year 1870 (after a year in the private studio of an artist of talent, De Rudder by name) he entered the Atelier Cabanel, in the École des Beaux-Arts. It was on the eve of war, and after the defeat at Sedan our young artist doffed his blouse, dropped his brushes, donned a uniform, and with a chassepot on his shoulder joined the army of the Loire. The boy of twenty, in the few short months of war, became a man, although of the scenes which he witnessed, of the emotions which war brought to him, there is visible in his work only an occasional tragic note, such as we may see in the "Apotheosis." (See page 260.) The war over, Monvel resumed his studies, but this time — an early sign of revolt — in the more independent Atelier Julian. In 1874 came his first exhibition at the Salon. At this time Monvel's equipment, and apparently his aim, were those of hundreds of other young painters, who, benefiting by the wonderfully systematized methods of instruction prevalent in France, find themselves, at the outset of their professional career, with an ideal purely academic, and a docile intention to carry out this ideal in the official manner.

French art education has, for the moment, its most bitter opponents in its own birthplace. To our more distant view it would seem to be as good as any general system of education can be. It does not produce artists, say its enemies. True enough, but, given the necessary temperament, does it not put into the artist's hands the weapons which he must wield in battle? *Poeta nascitur non fit* is true though trite, but an unlettered Keats is tongue-tied from birth. The army of painters sallying forth from drill practice counts for the time few but privates in its ranks, but little by little the natural leader is promoted, and at last commands.

The ability to draw with correctness, to paint with due regard to "values," to compose a picture in an intelligent, though somewhat conventional, manner — all this the schools place at the disposition of the many. It may not make draftsmen with style; the values may not be sublimated to their last expression; the compositions may smack overmuch of traditions; and it never, we may say, makes a colorist: but abolish all this (and every year in Paris there is an effort on the part of certain men and certain journals to do so), and you get what the sad spectacle of English art gives us — irrelevant, desultory effort, evidences enough of talent, but one and all wallowing in the slough of insufficient technical knowledge.

It can be maintained that it is not possible to judge of the effects of the abolition of the parental academic direction of art study in France, for, despite the theories of those who are now willing to overthrow the system, they — the leaders of the revolt — have profited by it,

or if they have not, as in a few isolated instances, the academic influence has been so strong that they have absorbed its principles against their will. The standard of Paris today demands of the painter technical acquirements that, left to himself, no man could arrive at, and if the "dried fruit of official culture" is rife upon the market through this system, the blossoms and ripe fruits are also there, the result of its careful culture.

One of the many at the time of his début at the Salon, Monvel was nevertheless one of the few who think for themselves. The absence of color *per se*, as a defect in French training, has been noted. Feeling the lack of it, Monvel in 1875 went back to school, this time to the revolutionary Atelier Carolus Duran, while still working in his own studio and contributing to the Salon. Monvel's work at this time had a strong grasp of character, but in striving for strength of effect there was too great a tendency to over-blackness of shadow, against which Duran labored in vain, and from which Monvel was only to be emancipated years later through the forced use of light tones and simple, unaccented silhouettes in the color-reproductions in his books. In 1876, marriage and the attendant responsibilities of a household relegated Salon triumphs and ambitions to a second place. To meet these new demands there followed a weary search from illustrated journal to book-publisher and back again for illustrative work. For a long time it was without result, and, rebuffed on every hand, Monvel was losing heart when Delagrave, a publisher, offered him the illustration of a child's history of France. The work was poorly paid, but it was an entering wedge, and, so reasoning, Monvel did his best, and as a result was offered other work, notably on the French edition of "St. Nicholas." With illustration as a breadwinner, work of more serious intention was undertaken for the Salon. It was still academic in treatment, but with a vein of originality in subject which, though slightly trivial, served to show that back of the tradition there was a glimmering of individuality. In the Salon of 1878 a third-class medal, and in 1880 one of the second class, making its recipient *hors concours*, came to recompense these efforts. The medaled picture of 1880 represented a young sorceress receiving instruction in the occult arts from an old witch. The subject served as a pretext for painting the nude figure of the young sorceress, which was in parts beautifully painted; but the bituminous shadows still prevailed, and the picture enters into the category somewhat contemptuously judged by M. de Monvel as having no other value than as a lesson in what to avoid.

With the Salon successes and their official reward there appeared a little book, "Vieilles Chansons et Rondes" ("Old Songs and Dances"), soon followed by another, "Chansons de France" ("Songs of France"), in which, breaking through the shell of scholastic trammels, the talent of Monvel takes its first flight. These little books, oblong quarto in form, are of fifty or sixty pages, and on each page, surrounding the words and music of the song, is a decoratively treated drawing. Some of them are reproduced in these pages, and though in the original we have the delicate tones of color excellently well printed, which are of necessity lacking here, enough remains to show their merit. In the charming books which the fortunate children of this generation have in such number, I know none superior to these or to their successors, "La Civilité Honnête et Puérile," republished in this country as "Good and Bad Children," and the "Fables of La Fontaine." I do not think that any critical description of them can be made better than a quotation from a letter of M. de Monvel in which, speaking of drawing with a pen, he says:

> Having at my disposition a means so limited [as the pen], I have learned that there is one all-important element which we must seek in everything which we would reproduce, and which, for want of a more definite word, we may call the soul, the spirit of the object represented. A rude stick planted in the ground has a particular character and interest of its own, and if we make of it a drawing which is commonplace, it is because we have failed to grasp its spirit. No other stick would have the character which belongs to this particular one, and this, which is true of the rude stick, applies the more as we ascend the scale of creation. This is the lesson taught me by the necessity of expressing much with the thin, encircling line of the pen, and all is there. In comparison with this sense of individual character in anything which we try to represent, all else is unimportant.

This is a brave profession of faith, which an examination of the artist's work renders convincing. Through all these little figures we find everywhere a truth of gesture, a reality of type, that are surprising; the children resemble one another only as one child is like another. They are French children, but there the resemblance ceases. And their heads, their hands, their little feet, express so much! An oval contour, two dots for eyes, a couple of delicately indicated accents for mouth and nose, and we have Mademoiselle Fifine, who turns her cheek and submits to the chaste embrace of Monsieur Paul, in pinafore. Then, in quite another vein, we have the three robbers making off with the newly shorn wool, and below, when brought to task by the owner, who, good woman, begs its return on bended knees, how fine the assumption of innocence on the part of the



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL.

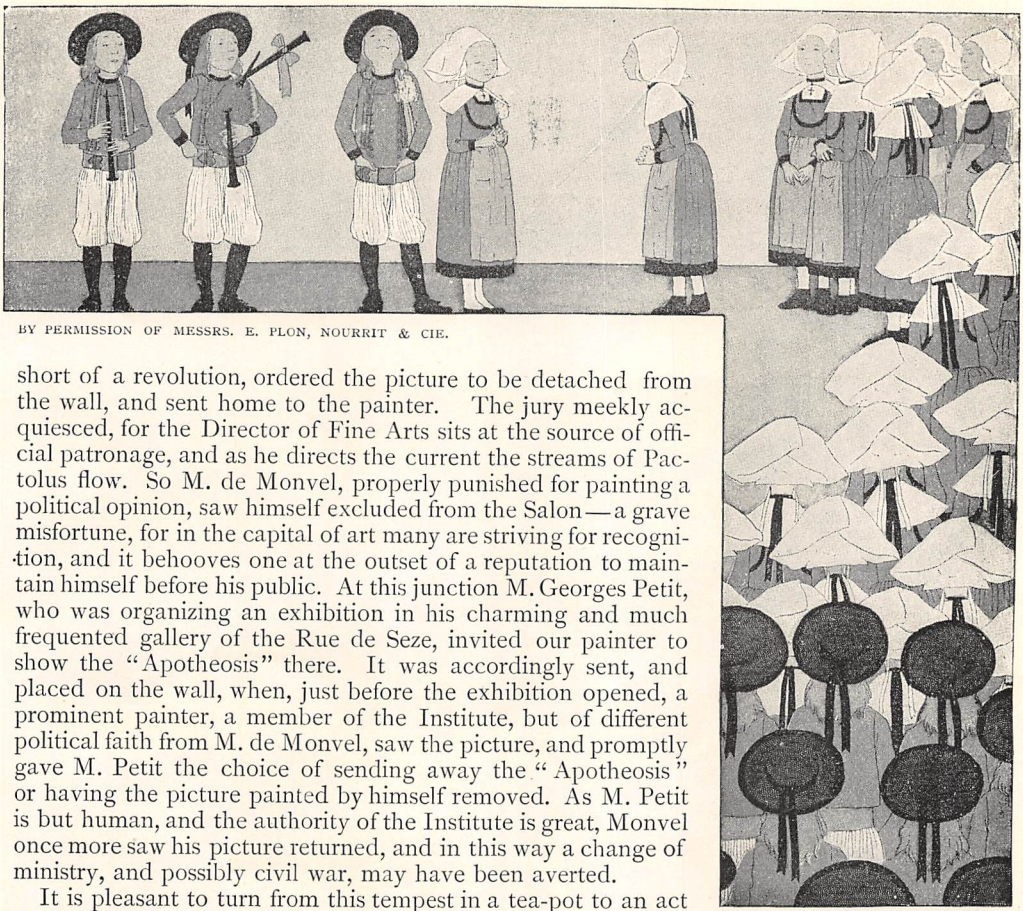


"CHANSON DE LA MARIÉE." FROM "CHANSONS DE FRANCE."

thieves! Again, in the fable of La Fontaine of the man who sells the bearskin before catching Bruin, how the story tells itself without the author's aid! All these are in delicate outline, filled in with flat tones of color sometimes subdued and delicate, and at others gorgeous in wealth of strong primary tones, and with the precision and daring of a Japanese. And throughout the work, though the little figures may not be more than two inches in height, the manner in which they are drawn, the indication of the turn of a wrist, the way that they stand on their feet, denote the masterly draftsman quick to seize and strong to express with accuracy and ease the movement and character of his figures. A later book, "Nos Enfants," with text, by that charming writer, Anatole France, shows the same qualities on a larger page, and is replete with tenderness, half amused, and yet thoroughly in sympathy with child life. Here we have the grave little doctor visiting the indisposed doll, while the little mother, gravely resting her chin on the headboard of the bed, awaits the result of the diagnosis. Very charming, also from this book, are the glimpses of country life—the good old peasant grandmother, the children gathering fagots, or the little becapped girl who submits with a mingling of terror and joy to the amicable caress of a great Newfoundland dog. Of more import to Monvèl than Salon honors was the reception accorded these works. Their popular success was great, and grave critics, turning aside from the consideration of large official painting, treated these delicately traced pages with becoming seriousness.

It is curious to turn from these works to Monvel's offered contribution to the Salon of 1885—the "Apotheosis," reproduced herewith. One cannot help feeling that his theatrical ancestry must have strongly influenced our painter, an influence wholly for the good when it impels him to throw himself for the nonce into the soul of a child that he wishes to represent, but in the case of a picture like this, an influence more questionable. Moreover, a picture, even more than a story, designed to teach a lesson, to advocate a theory, is an anomaly. In this we have the demagogue, enthroned on a barricade, being crowned by Robert Macaire, while the comrade Bertrand beats the bass-drum, and the crowd acclaims him king. A satire on universal suffrage, a protest against socialism, this may be one or the other, and it matters little; the real merit of the work is a technical one—the admirable manner in which the uplifted hands of the rabble are treated. Admirable as they are,—and from some of them one could reconstruct the individual as a naturalist reconstructs a prehistoric animal from a single bone,—and though the difficulties vanquished are great, and the success of the achievement considerable, the picture as a picture is not equal to some of the slighter drawings, or, above all, to Monvel's painting of to-day.

Its history, however, is amusing, and, as a bit of the *chronique scandaleuse* of the Salon, worth relating. The picture was sent to the Salon of 1885, was placed on the line, and duly admired by the jury previous to the official visit of the Assistant Director of Fine Arts, a certain M. Turquet. The official visit of the Director comes before that of the President and the Ministry, which in turn precedes the day of opening to the general public. At the appointed time came M. Turquet, who, considering it seditious, and liable to create a disturbance little



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short of a revolution, ordered the picture to be detached from the wall, and sent home to the painter. The jury meekly acquiesced, for the Director of Fine Arts sits at the source of official patronage, and as he directs the current the streams of Pactolus flow. So M. de Monvel, properly punished for painting a political opinion, saw himself excluded from the Salon — a grave misfortune, for in the capital of art many are striving for recognition, and it behooves one at the outset of a reputation to maintain himself before his public. At this junction M. Georges Petit, who was organizing an exhibition in his charming and much frequented gallery of the Rue de Seze, invited our painter to show the "Apotheosis" there. It was accordingly sent, and placed on the wall, when, just before the exhibition opened, a prominent painter, a member of the Institute, but of different political faith from M. de Monvel, saw the picture, and promptly gave M. Petit the choice of sending away the "Apotheosis" or having the picture painted by himself removed. As M. Petit is but human, and the authority of the Institute is great, Monvel once more saw his picture returned, and in this way a change of ministry, and possibly civil war, may have been averted.

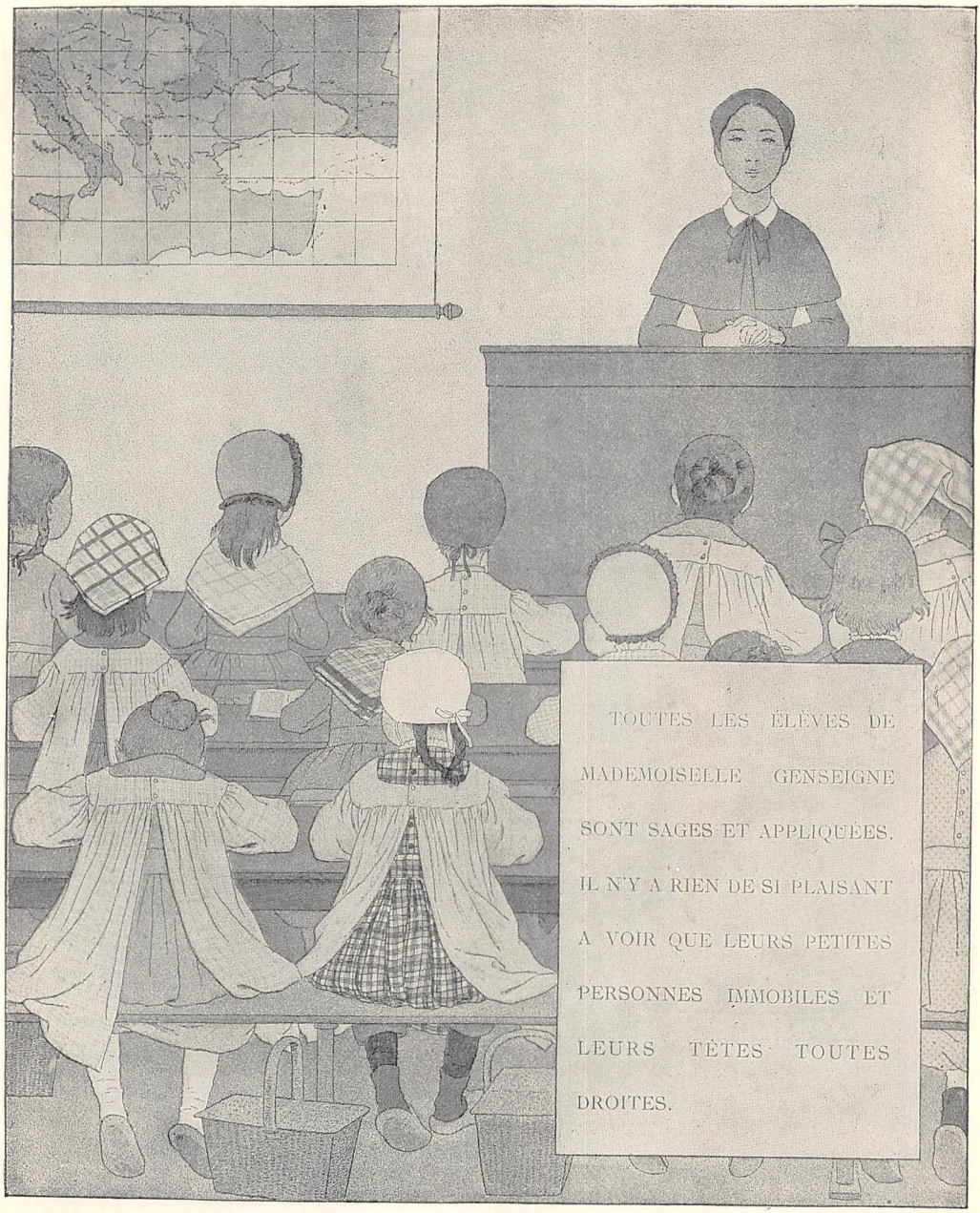
It is pleasant to turn from this tempest in a tea-pot to an act of pure *camaraderie* uninfluenced even by personal acquaintance. Édouard Detaille, presumably disgusted with the injustice from which Monvel was suffering, espoused his cause by proposing him as a member of the French Water-Color Society, a most exclusive body. Considering that at the time Monvel had never painted in water-color, the appropriateness of the election which followed might be considered doubtful, but coming as the voluntary proffer of sympathy on the part of one of the most prominent painters in France, it took on the form of a vindication, and, greatly comforted thereby, Monvel at once applied himself to the manipulation of this (to him) new means of expression. As he knew nothing of the medium, all was to learn, and the result has been that his water-color work is peculiarly his own, the effect arrived at being one of singular limpidness and delicacy without undue sacrifice of strength.

With this period, and undoubtedly under the influence of this medium, the blackness characteristic of his early work has completely disappeared, and in the next important work which Monvel undertook, the illustration of "Xavière," by Ferdinand Fabre, we have a series of thirty-six drawings which for originality both in method and conception place him not only in the front rank of art, but give him a place by himself. Here we feel that he literally knows himself, that with a congenial subject he is completely master of the situation. The original drawings were executed in water-color, and have been superbly reproduced by the photogravure process of Boussod, Valadon & Cie., who publish the book. The reproductions are in black and white, but so thorough is the work of the artist, so delicately adjusted is the scale of light and shade, that the loss of color is hardly felt. The characters of the story, a village priest, his old woman-servant, and two children, a boy and a girl, and the simple rustic surroundings both in and out of doors, make up the subjects of the pictures. The atmosphere of the story surrounding these characters is felt through all the work; the good priest in his close-fitting robe, like a legacy from medieval times, moves quietly through it all, with his homely, saintly face; the shrewd goodness of the old servant gives a touch of strong reality; and the young



THE "APOTHEOSIS."

girl Xavière, with her sweetheart Landry, adds an idyllic note. It is difficult for me to write of these drawings in aught but a superlative way, for with this strong accentuation the means employed are the simplest. The beauty of ordinary daylight and lamplight effects in an interior simple almost to the point of barrenness is so well expressed that one almost forgets that simplicity is of all qualities the most difficult to obtain. The sureness of hand which in slighter works we have remarked in Monvel's drawings seems greater here where the scheme of light and shade is carried so much further, and the luminosity and the color qual-



"THE SCHOOL." FROM "NOS ENFANTS."

ity of some of the drawings is surprising. How exact in the sense of truth and character, in the "soul of the object represented," are the scenes where the priest and his little household are seated before the fire, the effect of lamplight where the priest searches the pages of St. Jerome, or that of the dappled sunlight as the children dance around the tree to the sound of Landry's flute! The enumeration of these various subjects at the risk of being tiresome must include at least that of the closing drawings where poor Xavière dies, all of which are treated with a sympathetic touch, especially that of the last communion, which it is difficult to conceive as the work of the painter of the "Apotheosis," so great is the range of sentiment between. In truth, the doctrine of heredity finds confirmation in work like this, and the actor-artist lineage stands our painter in good stead when it plays through a gamut of character such as his



FROM "XAVIÈRE," BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD, VALADON & CIE.

"THE PRAYER DURING THE STORM."

In the old vicarage of Camplong, the little household of the priest, consisting of Prudence his old servant, his young nephew, and Landry, the son of the village schoolmaster, is assembled. There is a fearful thunderstorm, and the good priest is exposed to its violence in returning from the monthly reunion of the priests of the canton. To guide his steps, and as an intercession to the divine power, it is decided to ring the bell in the old church tower. Landry bravely volunteers to perform this service, leaving Prudence and the nephew on their knees.

"The first sound which arrived with a gust of wind which had joined forces with the storm upset me completely, and though determined to repeat the Ave Maria with Prudence until it pleased the Holy Mother to intercede for us, and above all for my poor uncle, exposed on the route to a thousand dangers, I was compelled to stop after indistinctly repeating three or four words. I could only listen to our bell, as far above the rock of Bataillo, far higher than the high crest of the Jougla, far beyond the great hills of Fonjouve, it sent its desperate appeal up into the sky of ink."

— "Xavière," by Ferdinand Fabre.

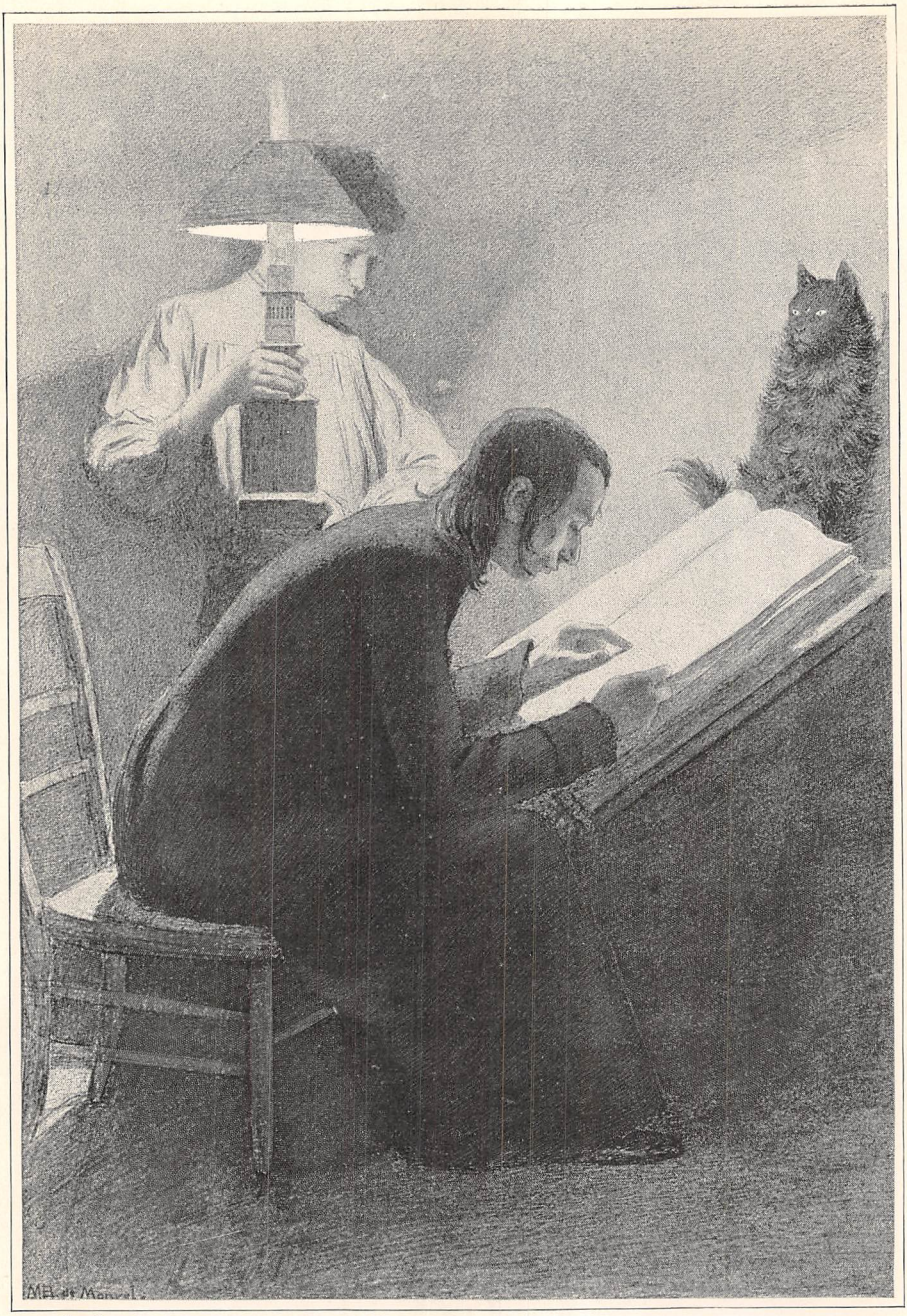


FROM "XAVIÈRE," BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD, VALADON & CIE.

"THE ABBÉ AND XAVIÈRE."

"The other evening Xavière came to the vicarage for an engraving which I had promised her of Saint Francis Xavier, the patron saint of her dead father and her own. I sat enjoying the last light of the day, forgetting to light my lamp. Xavière entered; I turned, and the whiteness of her figure, which her dark hair made by contrast more light, seemed in the growing darkness of the room like a pale moon, *sicut luna perfecta in æther* as it is written in the eighty-eighth psalm."

—"Xavière," by Ferdinand Fabre.



FROM "XAVIÈRE," BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD, VALADON & CIE.

"THE ABBÉ CONSULTS ST. JERÔME."

"'I have the text! the exact text!'

"'You have?'

"He did not listen. He murmured Latin words, which he translated as he went, not without difficulty. O interlined translation of Jules Delalain, publisher in the rue Mathurins-Saint-Jacques! O translation interlined and convenient, where art thou? Curiosity held me by the throat, and I waited almost with anguish. He did not hasten, stopped every second by some difficult expression. The cat, Cascaret, with a bound like my rubber-ball, installed himself on the reading-desk, his phosphorescent eyes widely opened on us. What did *he* want? Had he scented a mouse in the old worm-eaten copy of St. Jerôme?"—"Xavière," by Ferdinand Fabre.



FROM "XAVIÈRE," BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD, VALADON & CIE.

"XAVIÈRE AND LANDRY."

"Xavière turned toward Landry a look of such deep affection that in passing it fairly made me tremble — a look which I had never seen in her pale, cool eyes: then going to him deliberately, she threw around his neck her two arms, as flexible as the little branches of the white willow; and, before me, to my face, kissed him and kissed him again. . . .

"'He is not a boy like the shepherd! Is he a boy like him!'

"'Certainly,' I affirmed stoutly.

"'It is Landry, my Landry,' she cried, straightening herself, her arms uplifted, tall as though borne on wings, transfigured, radiant, angelic as I had never seen her, as no one in the parish of Camplong had ever seen her."

— "Xavière," by Ferdinand Fabre.



FROM "XAVIÈRE," BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD, VALADON & CIE.

"THE BLESSING."

"'My children,' said the old man of the Passettes, lifting his head to the sky, — 'my children, you are in the flower of your years, and with the vigor of youth which God accords us for a time you can overcome all obstacles. . . . Go together hand in hand; fear nothing, if you love from a full heart.'"— "Xavière," by Ferdinand Fabre.



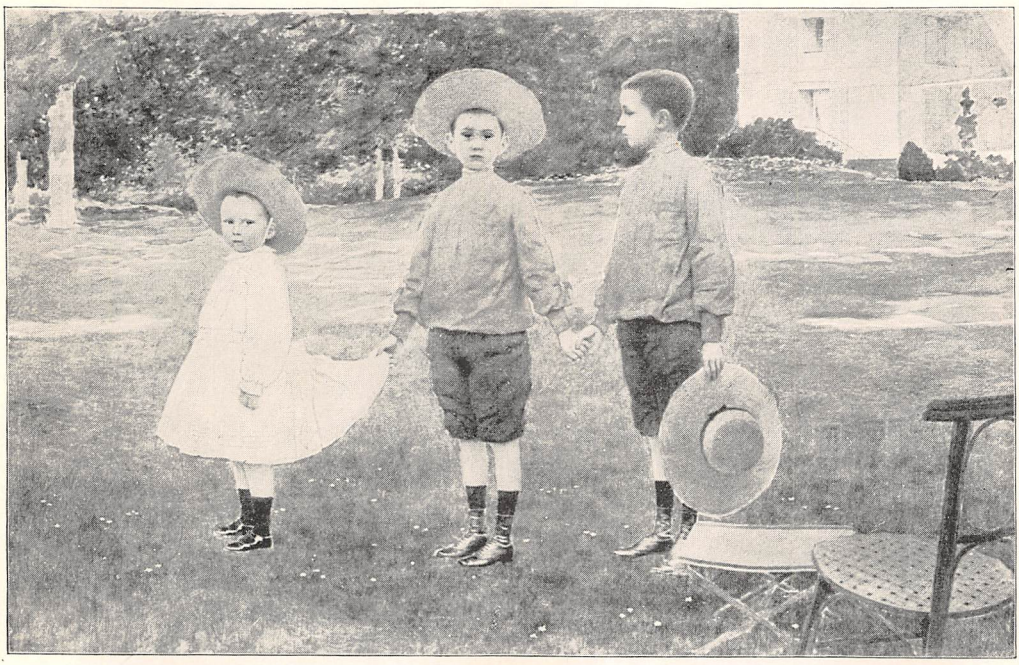
FROM "XAVIÈRE," BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD, VALADON & CIE.

"LANDRY AT THE BEDSIDE OF XAVIÈRE."

"Xavière, by a violent effort, raised her head the better to see her friend of the village, her friend of Fonjouve, her friend of everywhere and always. A smile, the smile of a saint, lighted her face, cleared away its shadows, and she seemed restored to her health and beauty, as the bud became suddenly the perfect blossom of the soul."

—"Xavière," by Ferdinand Fabre.

work shows. Withal, the merit which of all he would assuredly claim a desire to possess is his —naïveté. It may be somewhat the simplicity which ignores nothing,—for to what else can one pretend in this much-informed age?—but if it is, and is consequently the result of will, it is no less credit to the valiant artist who turns his back on cleverness and superficiality, and tries humbly to approach each new subject as though it were the first he treated, in closing his eyes to what has gone before, and daring to be himself.



PORTRAITS OF CHILDREN.

THIS review of the art of a man still young and still progressing must draw to a close. There can be little more than a passing mention of work which has gone on alongside of work of larger volume if not of greater importance. Monvel enjoys in France an enviable reputation as a painter of children's portraits. It is only a step from the children of his imagination, who people his books and his canvases, to the real children which art-loving parents have brought to him to be portrayed. These works are characterized, with a fine artistic sense, by a picture-like quality never carried to such an extent as to recall the "fancy portraits" of our shepherd and shepherdess grandfathers and grandmothers, but they are very real little children, often engaged in the every-day pursuits of every-day children. Of other portraits the number is great, since the early Mounet-Sully, painted in 1876, to the later Mlle. Dudlay, also of the Comédie Française, of three years ago. Last year, in Paris, M. de Monvel had on his easel a life-size Diana, which was finished for the annual exhibition of the Champ de Mars; for, like most of the progressive men, he deserted the Salon of the Champs Élysées when the new camp was formed.

The future of M. de Monvel will be interesting to watch, but the present of his artistic career is no less interesting. He stands by himself, and in the midst of the painters of his time and country, given up for the most part to the exemplification of a pictorial dexterity almost without parallel in the history of art, he is one of the very few who has found the emotional quality. Gifted with a capacity which has been carefully trained, so that technically he is armed with knowledge equal to that which the same severe training has given his *confrères*, he uses it instead of allowing it to use him. In the truest sense he is an impressionist, in as much as his view of nature is an outcome of his own temperament; for in the painting of the future, impressionism must mean more than a wilful subordination of aught else than the visual faculty applied to external objects, and he who sees with the eyes of the soul, and, without faltering technically, translates this inner vision, will be the true impressionist. There are men —their names come to me as I write—who are gifted with the rare qualities which make the complete artist, and who, from a sense of the



DRAWN BY WILL H. LOW.

MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

overwhelming difficulty of adequate technical achievement, from uncertainty of purpose, or from a mean desire to be "in the swim" of a realistic age (or moment, as ages are counted), content themselves with showing how a work of art should be made instead of making it. Therefore, we may be grateful to M. de Monvel that, having through devious ways found what he has to say, and having acquired the means of saying it, he is not ashamed of his honest emotion, and from the gay note to the grave, from the miller and his sons to where the life of Xavière fairly fades from our sight — for what he has to say, and for his manner of saying it — he is a welcome arrival on the field of modern art.

Will H. Low.

ON A MISSION FOR KOSSUTH.

ONLY men past the meridian of life will recollect the passage of that brilliant political luminary, Louis Kossuth, flaming from the East, through our political sky, and the unparalleled enthusiasm he created for Hungary and the cause he had so gallantly and gloriously, but haplessly, supported. He came with a legend already created, such as most heroes have to wait generations for; he appealed to America with an Oriental eloquence clothed in our own language, but spoken with a pathos few English speakers have ever attained, and which was vastly heightened by his evident unfamiliarity with the tongue. This made it seem as if he must have learned the language in order to bring us his supplications for aid in attaining that liberty the possession of which, according to his pleading, made us debtors to all enslaved nations. He went through the country preaching his crusade to audiences that listened with increasing enthusiasm, until he reached the slave States, where upon him fell the chill of a public opinion to which liberty was a suspicious word; then he felt that his mission had failed, for the slave States held the keys to all official action.

I saw him immediately after his arrival,[1] and being in the plastic state of mind of early manhood, eager for adventure and ignorant of danger, I offered myself for the cause of Hungary, having nothing else to give. I waited on Pulszky, the companion in exile of Kossuth and his acting English secretary, and proposed myself for any service Kossuth might require, perilous or other. I heard all the speeches he made in public in New York, and certainly I have never heard eloquence equal to his, fettered as it was, wing-tied by the strange speech in which it found expression. He spoke with a grave and solemn deliberation, as if he were searching always for the precise word which would serve him best among the unfamiliar tools of thought, but with no uncertainty, no vagueness of conception, as to which one it should be. He had searched our history for every local fact which could sharpen the point of application, and quoted our best authors and our greatest statesmen, and with a knowledge which amazed all who heard him brought all our own historical precedents to bear on his case. Wherever he went he seemed familiar with the local traditions and heroes; he knew the disasters and the glories of every region he appealed to, and flattered the *amour-propre* of his audiences by seeming to have made the history of their town his special study, while the critical epochs of our revolutionary history were the texts of his most powerful appeals. Wherever he went the gravest and wisest of our thinkers and statesmen paid him the tribute of the most attentive, and in the main sympathetic, reception, and while the sound tradition of entire abstention from all European questions, handed down from our early history, put a veto which seemed regretful on any practical answer to his appeal, there was no one who did not wish him God-speed.

The tradition of his years in prison, spent in the study of the Bible and Shakspere, his mastery of our most classical English, and his use of sacred diction, at once impressed the religious part of our population with a certain evangelical dignity, and gave the cause he pleaded the character of a holy war. Had Austria been Mexico, we should probably have declared war by popular vote. He made Hungarian freedom a religious obligation. I remember how at one of his meetings he used the text, "On earth peace, good-will toward men," as we have it, as an appeal for our good-will, showing from the original that the true translation was, "Peace on earth to good-willing men," and how there ran round the audience that sort of electric thrill of recognition, and a looking from man to man and man to woman among those who heard, that was like the warming toward one another of the hearts of the disciples by the way. Another time he

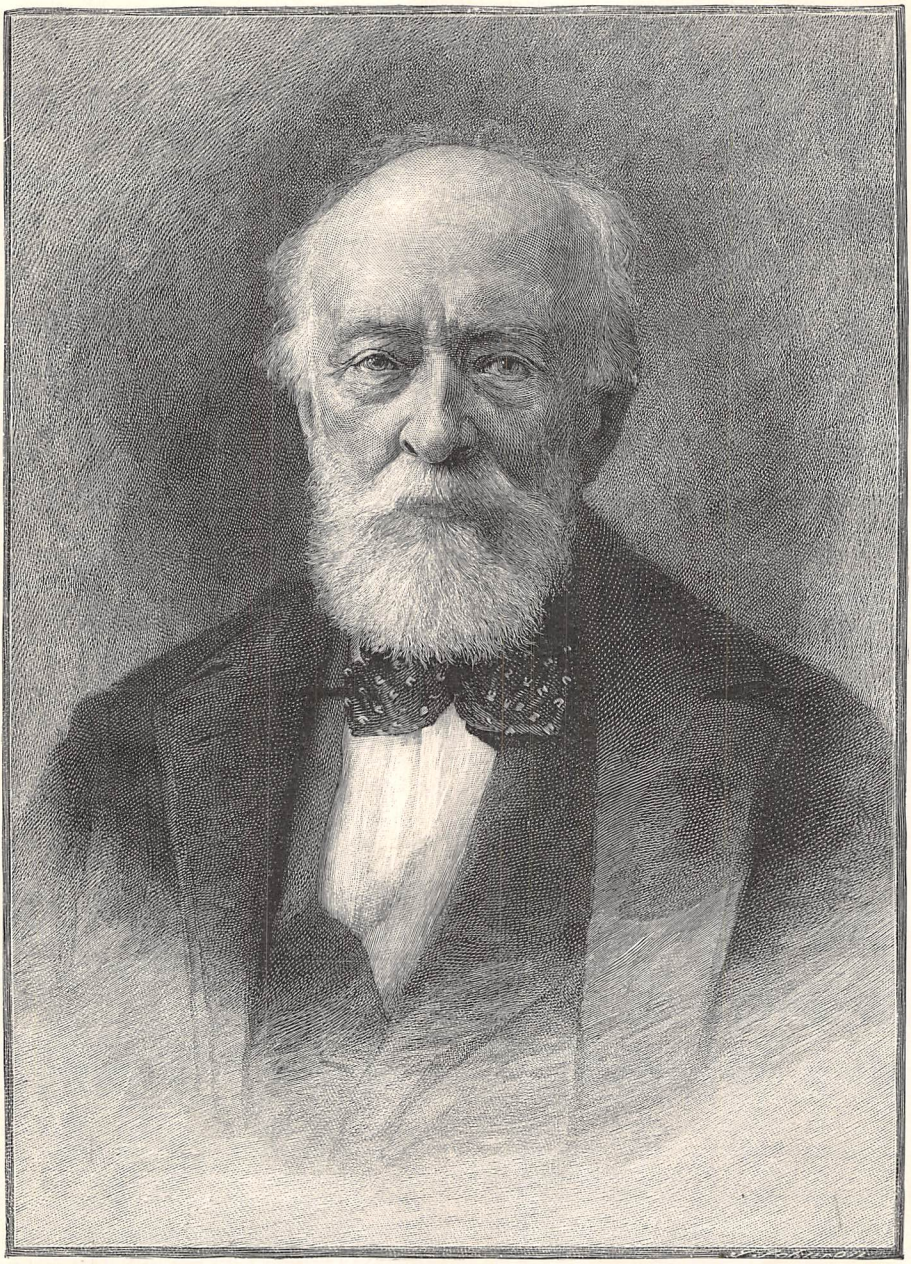
[1] Kossuth arrived in New York December 5, 1851.

showed by the Greek that, through the slow progression of human selfishness, a word which once meant personal, ἰδιώτης, from its original meaning of personal, had come to mean the complete negation of human intelligence, idiotic. The passion of his appeal left no chord of human nature untouched. In my experience of audiences I have never seen anything approaching the effect he produced, wrought even by an orator speaking in his own language. He seemed an incarnate voice of human freedom, the mystical, bodily presence of the woes and heroism of Hungary.

Pulszky presented me (for my volunteering) one night just before Kossuth left New York on his Western tour, and I saw him no more till he came back from Washington, where he had been received by the Senate and House of Representatives as a high official, instead of the fugitive and exile he was. If my memory serves me, it was just at the beginning of the presidential campaign, and Kossuth was unwilling to leave before he knew who was to be the new President. He hoped that Webster would be nominated, though just what he expected from our far-away country, even with a friend in office, it would have been hard to say; but when the choice lay between Scott and Pierce he appealed to them both, receiving from Scott only a cold and unsympathetic rebuff, and from Pierce vague promises of aid the precise nature of which I never knew. I used to go to see him in his New York lodgings, which it seems to me were in the neighborhood of Fourteenth street, but only late in the evening, as he was continually surrounded by spies of the Austrian government, and he considered it important that I should not be recognized as having been in relations with him. I went to see him late one evening, on the eve of the election, and after he had been receiving a committee of the supporters of Pierce, who had come to offer him terms for his support in the coming elections. He said to me sadly, "Mr. Stillman, if you do not get rid of those politicians, your country will be ruined in less than fifty years." They had offered him two men-of-war, equipped for action, and a sum of money, the amount of which I cannot recall, if he would throw his influence on the foreign vote for the Democratic candidate, and the formal offer had just then been made.

What was his reply and what his action, I never knew, but the incident and his grave words are impressed on my memory as a thing of yesterday. However, he got no such help, and in all the contributions to the cause were only about $100,000; and he went back to London to await events which his heart, full of hopes to the exclusion of despair, told him would free his country from the rule of Austria. I followed him after a few weeks, and established myself in a dark quarter, where spies would be little likely to notice me, and reported to him through Pulszky, whose address I had. I did not know London then very well, and I have seen no one since who could tell me where his lodgings were; but it seems to me by the road I used to take in going to see him, late in the evening, and by circuitous ways, for fear of spies, that it must have been in the outskirts of Bayswater. There I waited for several weeks for his plans to mature, and to learn where I could be most useful. At first my mission was to go to a little island in the Mediterranean south of Sardinia, on which, as he had learned by one of his multitudinous researches, the American flag had been hoisted years before, and which, being entirely unoccupied, and thus of doubtful jurisdiction, he thought of making his depot of material of war and his basis of action. This was apparently only a vague scheme of which he seems to have thought no more; moreover, the time was approaching for the rising of Milan under the plans of Mazzini, with which it was at first intended that the Hungarian movement should coincide, and Kossuth proposed that I should go there and distribute to the Hungarian regiments in the garrison of Milan his proclamation calling on them not to fire on the people if the latter rose. But Hungary was not yet ready, and he had tried to induce Mazzini to postpone the rising till they could act together; for, as he said, "I cannot play with the blood of my people." An insurrection was hopeless, as he believed, even for Italy, and as he knew, for Hungary, and all that he could do was to charge the Hungarian soldiers not to fire on Italians. Mazzini was impatient, and decided to move alone. Kossuth, however, had found emissaries better fitted than I for the service, I suppose, as I was not sent, and when the movement came it was soon repressed: but I heard that the faithful Hungarians did their leader's bidding, were decimated, and sent to Croatia; but of this I have no historical proof.

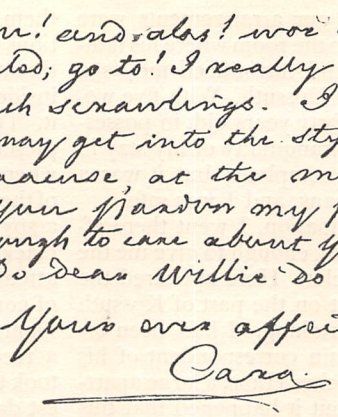
It was finally determined that I should undertake an expedition to Hungary. The object, I was told, was the rescue of the Hungarian crown-jewels, hidden at some point down the Danube before the flight of the dictator and his ministry into Turkey. I was to visit Vienna on the way, and Kossuth gave me the names of three persons in that city with whom I might communicate, requesting that the one who seemed to me the most apt for the purpose should go to London, and put himself in communication with Kossuth. On the way, as soon as I entered Austria, I was to study the public feeling as I saw it manifested, and report to him, from city to city, how far I judged it to be ripe for a movement. I was ordered to go in a roundabout way, so as not to seem to have



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AMBROSETTI.

LOUIS KOSSUTH, 1889.



By the by i vve to mr! and alas! woe to you also Dear Willie! I am spirited; go to! I really am mad to annoye you with such scrawlings. I despotich else I apprehend I may get into the style of Mrs what do you call her at Syracuse, at the meeting for womens rights? with your pardon my folly darling and will you be good enough to care about your health till it be not too late. Do dear Willie do & believe me

Yours over affectionate

Cara.

FACSIMILE OF PART OF A LETTER IN CIPHER FROM KOSSUTH TO MR. STILLMAN.

come directly from London to Vienna, so I went from Paris to Brussels, then to Dusseldorf, Berlin, Dresden, and Prague, and thence to Vienna. Here began our cipher correspondence. I carried with me two sections of a long despatch, which disclosed the whereabouts of the treasure, one for myself, and one for a patriot whose name I do not remember, but to whom I was to go in Pest. A third was to go by another messenger via Constantinople, who also carried the key to the cipher, which was to be given to one Nagy Josef in Pest, and who should call us together, when the four were to decipher it in company. The communication was written in a manner which made it utterly impossible of decipherment to any one who had not the key, and at least two parts of the text. It was written in this manner. A song was selected which had in it all the letters of the alphabet, and each letter was indicated in the despatch by the number of the letter in the line, as the numerator, and the number of the line as the denominator, of a fraction. The first letter of the message was given in the first portion of the despatch, the second in another, and the third in the remaining one, so that the three must be united in the presence of the accomplice who had the key to enable anything to be learned from it.

My own communications were carried on with Kossuth in a simpler manner. Taking a sheet of letter-paper of a defined size, I cut out spaces on each line, at irregular intervals, and when I wrote I laid this on another sheet of paper of the same size, and wrote the message in the spaces, when, removing the shield, I filled in the spaces so as to make sense or intelligible nonsense. Kossuth, being provided with a duplicate, had only to lay his shield over the letter and read the message. For an alternative there was another similar, in which the first word of the message was the first word in the first line, the second the second in the second line, and so on, the order being subject to variations as agreed on. For general advices on the state of public feeling, architecture was substituted for politics, Gothic being equivalent to revolutionary or democratic, classic to despotism. I give the conclusion of a letter in the second method, the letter being one received at Pest by the ordinary post. It is in Kossuth's own handwriting. It is hypothetically written by a lady-love, love-letters, as he said, pardoning any nonsense.

To steady my nerves in Vienna, Kossuth had told me of a conspirator who had been arrested on suspicion, his name having been found among many others in the memorandum-book of an emissary who had been arrested for tampering with the troops. All persons whose names were found in the book were arrested. This particular person, having really a most important position in the conspiracy, and not knowing why he was arrested, naturally believed that he had been betrayed, and to avoid being driven to disclosures under torture, adopted the only means offered him of committing suicide, by wrapping his bed-clothes around him, and setting fire to them; his bed and his light being his only furniture. When he had been burned so that he could not survive, he tore off the clothes, and, calling the guard, told him to summon the council, and when they had assembled in his cell, told them that he was a conspirator, but his secrets were beyond their power of extortion — and died. This gave me a keen sense of the necessity of caution, and as I was certain to be put under surveillance as soon as the police knew I was in Vienna, I took time by the forelock, and before the police paper had been sent in, took a cab, drove to within a block of the house of the person I was to see first, dismissed the cab, and made my visit, establishing communications and precautions against the police. But my consternation may be imagined when my fellow-

conspirator, after all our arrangements were complete, took me into the room where his family were assembled, and introduced me as a friend who came from Kossuth. With five women, from twelve to forty years old, in possession of my secret, the tranquillity of my stay in Vienna was far from complete; but it was a family of red republicans, and I was safe.

Pest being my destination, I went there after a stay in Vienna long enough to give me the air of a leisurely traveler. Here appeared the trifling item of neglect on the part of Kossuth that spoiled the undertaking. I had been ordered to go to a certain correspondent of his who lived in Karolyisches Haus, a large apartment-house in Pest; but it happened that this person was under proscription by the police, and his residence there of course not known, he being practically in hiding. Knowing nothing of this, I drove at once to the house, and in the presence of the cabman asked for him. Of course I was told that there was no such person there; but having found the house, I returned later, and inquired more privately, but was again repelled angrily by the porter, who was of course in the secret. Then I wrote to Kossuth, telling him that there was no such person there; to which he replied, reiterating the address. It did not occur to him to write to the person to say that I was looking for him. To him the finding a man in the same city was a trifle; to me, a stranger in the place, and with an exaggerated fear of the police, to go about inquiring for some one I did not know was a risk I felt no desire to undertake. I wrote again, and received the same reply. Of course it gave me no help in my search. Afterward I found out that the man I sought was also sought for by the police, and that checked my activity. I lingered in Pest long after all its attractions were exhausted, hoping that the man who was to come via Constantinople would arrive, and relieve me from my awkward position. But he was delayed for six weeks by another contretemps; the police got curious as to my business in Pest, and I had to undergo an examination, which I passed better than I hoped when I went up.

We were living in a state of siege, and after eight of the evening no one was allowed to appear in the streets without a permit from the commander of the place. This I did not know, and my ignorance nearly cost me my life. In London I had gone to a shoemaker in an obscure street, and had the heel of one of my boots excavated, so as to admit the cipher despatch, which, wrapped and sealed in a sheet of gutta-percha, was deposited in the cavity, and the heel covered with two thicknesses of leather. But as the boots were the most precious part of my outfit, and I had only one pair, I never left them out of sight; so that with my peregrinations the leather wore down to a thinness which threatened to bring the wear on the packet inside, and it became necessary to remove it. This I did with my pocket-knife; but this presented another problem, two, in fact — where to hide the despatch, and how to get rid of the boots. I knew that every hotel-waiter was a spy, and to leave my excavated boot to be blacked, or to send it to be mended, was to call attention to the fact that it had been a means of concealment. So the boots must go into the Danube. Putting the packet of the despatch into a recess of my wardrobe for the moment, I took the boots, and, the night being of the deepest dark, threatening rain, I stole down to the riverside, and tossed them in without a splash, and saw them floating into the dark, without having been noticed by any one. I walked up the high dike which contains the Danube, and as my head rose above the top of it, I saw opposite me a guard-house, and heard the sentinel challenge the officer of the guard, just then going his rounds; whereupon I slipped back as quietly as I had come, and stole along the water's edge till I deemed myself at a safe distance from the sentry, when I took the back road to my hotel. However, I was still in range of the vision of the officer, who immediately hailed me. I pretended not to hear, and kept on toward the nearest lamp-post, with a double purpose: I expected the sentinel to fire at me, and I knew from experience how difficult it is to take sight on a rifle with a bright light in your eyes, and I wished to be in the light when the officer overhauled me, as I saw at once he would, having a sort of prevision that when he saw me in a good light he would see that I was a foreigner, and would give me no more trouble. I did not know that to be out at night was in itself an offense. Reaching the lamp, I allowed myself to be arrested and examined. I realized all the danger of my position perfectly, and as the officer, scrutinizing me severely from under the hood which overshadowed his face, said, "Was machen Sie hier?" I felt that I was in for something more than a frolic. Fortunately, I did not for an instant lose my self-possession, and though from nervousness my voice shook a little, I replied with promptness, "Nichts," and then went on, in bungling and ungrammatical German, to say that I had come out to see things, and added that I was a stranger, and did not know that I had no right to be out. I said "stranger" in the plural, which made the good fellow laugh, and he dismissed me with a kind direction to keep out of the track of the police patrols, who would not be so lenient as he was, and would probably not let me get back to my hotel. The next morning I disposed of my despatches by covering

the little flat package with pitch, and hiding it under my hair, which I wore rather long on purpose. I waited nearly a month, and, seeing that the police began to wonder what I had to occupy myself with, I took to my bed and sent for a doctor. This was Orzovensky, who had been chief of the medical staff of Kossuth's army, and with whom I made friends. But still I got no news from Kossuth or his correspondent in Pest, and as the position could not be prolonged indefinitely, one day I made a confidant of the doctor, told him my business, and asked him if I could leave the despatches with him while I went back to London to put matters on another footing. Not for the world, he replied, would he mix himself in the affair, and he added that if it were discovered that he had had knowledge of my business he would be arrested, and would be a ruined man for not having betrayed me to the police. Then, for the first time, I lost my nerve, and my mouth was in an instant as dry as a bone, my tongue resembling a dry stick. I was never so frightened before or since, but I kept self-possession enough to note the singularity of the phenomenon, and made up my mind on the spot to get out of the range of the doctor's revelations as soon as possible. As nearly as I can remember I did not stop to sleep in a bed till I reached Frankfort; and I got back to London by the earliest conveyance, and went to report to Kossuth. He received my report with perfect equanimity, and asked me only what I had done with the despatches. In my panic I had thrown them into the drain, as the only place where they were in no danger of being sought for if I were arrested before getting out of the country, and this I told him. He showed no irritation, but with an expression of perplexity rather than of vexation, said, "Three months lost," and then resumed his usual manner, asked me about many things in Hungary, told me that when I was at a loss I should have gone to the Hotel Tigris, which was the rendezvous of the patriots, and that there I would have made acquaintance with some of his friends who would have helped me out. He went on talking of other things as calmly as if I had not disappointed him. I had not the courage to urge my services in any other matter, and he saw that I had not in me the stuff for a conspirator, gave me the money to pay my passage home, and we parted with the understanding that if it came to fighting I should join him again.

I have said that my business was to recover the crown-jewels of Hungary, and I remember that Kossuth attached special importance to the abstraction of the crown of St. Stephen, to prevent the possibility of the Emperor of Austria being crowned with it, for, until then, he told me, the Hungarian people would never recognize the emperor as king of Hungary until he had been. I was to go with the other conspirators to the place of concealment, and when the jewels were exhumed, we were to conceal them in a box or jar of a kind of conserve that was made there, and carry them to America, and deposit them with Dr. Howe, the well-known philanthropist. At any rate, I knew no other purpose in the expedition. I took my orders, and followed my instructions to the best of my abilities. The adventure failed, and I went back to my painting. I heard afterward that Bartholomew Czemere, a member of Kossuth's cabinet, and who shared with him the secret of the hiding of the regalia, on getting information that Kossuth had sent out an expedition to recover them, gave them up to the government; but how much truth there may be in this I do not know. My memory of days in which all my mental powers were at their quickest is complete, and the least detail of that rather nervous expedition is indelibly engraved on my mind.

Forty years had passed when I again saw Kossuth. I called on him last summer at Turin, where he had lived in retirement for twenty years, not having made a friend in the city, he assured me. He had evidently forgotten all about me and my expedition, or he was unwilling to admit that it had ever taken place; for he said at once, on my telling him that I was the young man who went to Hungary for him on the expedition for the regalia, that he had never sent such an expedition, and knew nothing about it. It was Czemere, he said, who had charge of that matter. When I told him details of our intercourse and facts connected with the expedition, he seemed to be recalling them, and replied, "There are some things that accord with the facts, but my memory is getting defective; yet I never sent any expedition for the jewels." As I went on to tell him things that he had told me in America, he grew more interested, and when I told him that I had two letters that he had written to me at Pest, and that I would send them to him to prove that all I said was true, he said eagerly that he would like to see them. And then, passing to other subjects, he told me some incidents of his experience in America, and how the hostility of the slavery people had worked against him. He was one day, he said, to meet at the house of Governor Seward several of the Southern representatives; and when they came, finding Chase there by chance, they left the room, contemptuously making a remark to the effect that they did not care to be in the company of that abolitionist. He asked Chase for an explanation, and got as the reply that he should make the acquaintance of those gentlemen at Chase's

house. In fact, when he returned from his Southern trip he was invited to Chase's, and there did meet the entire set in friendly relation with the abolitionist. When I recalled the offer made him by the committee of Pierce's friends, he interrupted impetuously, saying that he never would have made any such agreement — he could not; and on my replying that I did not say that he had accepted the offer, but that it was made, he made no further protest, and did not deny the incident. I think he finally satisfied himself that I was the man I asserted myself to be, and that there was something in my story; but he repeated that his memory was failing, as well it might, at ninety-odd, and with a brain charged with all his cognitions. He was nearly blind, and I did not understand how he would recognize his own handwriting in the letter I afterward sent him from Rome, and which, though he promised to return it, I did not again receive. As I registered it (inclosing an envelop directed to myself in that to him), there can be no doubt that he got it, and the not returning it adds to the complexity of the problem which the whole affair presents. It is as mysterious as the iron mask. Despite his rather excited manner of instantly denying that he had ever sent an expedition for the regalia when I told him who I was, and his professed ignorance of the whole subject, the direct and minute instructions given me, based on the recovery and delivery to Dr. Howe of the regalia, the elaborate precautions for the preservation of the secret against any chance of disclosure, my stay of over a month in Pest, and his letters to me there, were no phantasm of my brain. And if the object of my expedition was not the regalia, but something more secret hidden under that pretext, what was that object? How could it be that a memory which retained the details of the meeting of the slaveholders at Seward's house should lose those of an expensive expedition for some serious purpose running over a considerable time? Or was there a reason why I should be misled at this late date as to the object of my journey, founded on some interest of Hungarian politics?

To the end Kossuth remained irreconciliable with the Austrian emperor; never, he said, would he recognize a ruler of Hungary from Austria. He remained an exile of will, not of necessity, for he might have returned at any moment to his country, so that this adventure could in no way have affected his position there. And he declared that he did not even know where the regalia was hidden, that being Czemere's affair. What did I go to Hungary for, then, and for what great interest of liberty did I stand a month under the gallows? For that is what it meant. If, when I was arrested by the Austrian officer, he had been obdurate and held to his prisoner, the room I occupied at the hotel would have been searched, and the despatches in Kossuth's own hand could not have escaped detection. After that my shrift, in those terrible days of martial law and repression, would have been short; it would have been only a question of the gallows within twenty-four hours or being shot the next morning.

W. J. Stillman.



THE NESTING-PLACE.

WHEN back upon the soft south wind they roam,
Mark how each bird, by instinct subtly willed,
Erelong begins to seek where it shall build:
High in the elm the oriole makes her home;
Beneath the eaves the swallow shapes the loam;
The house-wren's note all day is never stilled;
The little finch's heart with joy is filled,
To find a hollow with a grassy dome.
Dost think the birds alone have this fine art,
To know and choose what place for each is best,
And there return and find a sheltering nest
Howe'er abroad in roving sport they dart?
I, too, have a wise spirit in my breast,
I would not build at all except within thy heart!

Edith M. Thomas.

BOOKBINDINGS OF THE PRESENT.

NOTES OF A BOOK-LOVER.

I.

AS there is unfortunately no word in the English language to describe those familiar, yet elevated, poems which in France are known as *vers de société*, and which are far above ordinary "society verse," and as there is no single term to denote the short story, the form of fiction in which we Americans have been most abundant and successful, so also is there need in English of a recognized phrase for defining each of the two halves of bibliopegic art. Bookbinding consists of two wholly distinct operations, known to the expert as "forwarding" and "finishing." Forwarding is the proper preparation of a book for its cover and the putting on of that cover; finishing is the decoration of the sides and back of the book after it has been covered. Forwarding, therefore, is the task of an artisan, while finishing must be the work of an artist.

Mr. William Matthews, than whom there is no one more competent to express an opinion, has declared that "a book, when neatly and cleanly covered, is in a very satisfactory condition without any finishing or decorating." Many book-lovers agree with the foremost of American bookbinders, and order their precious volumes to be soberly clad in plain morocco. The Jansenist binding, as it is called after the leader of the recluses of Port Royal, calls for the maximum of care in the forwarding, and the minimum of gilding or other decoration of the finisher. Mr. Matthews went even further,—I quote from his lecture on "Bookbinding Practically Considered," delivered before the Grolier Club of New York in 1885, and by the club printed in 1889,— and having described the successive steps by which a book is prepared, forwarded, and covered with leather, said: "I now declare the book in this condition is bound, and he who has skilfully mastered these various processes through which a volume has passed deserves the name of binder; he who is called upon to decorate it, finisher. At present the custom is the reverse: the finisher or decorator is credited with being the binder, whereas he has done none of the binding."

Now, there is no doubt that the complaint of this accomplished craftsman is well founded. But the error is so old that there is no hope of uprooting it at this late day. When we speak of a book as beautifully bound, we are praising the work of the man who designed and executed the decoration of the cover, not the labor of the man who clothes the book with leather, and who obviously enough is really its binder. Of course, in a great many instances forwarder and finisher are one and the same person. Perhaps this was the case with the books which are catalogued as "bound by Le Gascon," although it is as a finisher that Le Gascon is unrivaled, and certainly it is the case with the books bound by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, who himself attends to every detail of preparing and forwarding, aided only by his wife. The French term for "finisher" is "gilder," and, in his account of French bookbinding, M. Marius Michel, a *doreur* himself, is very careful to give credit for a delicate decoration to the special artist who designed and gilded it. It is greatly to be regretted that there is in popular use only one word to designate the two distinct operations.

Although these notes on the art of bookbinding as it is practised to-day have to do with the work of the finisher—the artist who adorns the exterior of a volume, and not with the more humble, but not less important, labor of the forwarder—the artisan who prepares it for decoration, it may not be amiss to begin by setting forth the series of operations a book undergoes at the hands first of the forwarder, and then of the finisher; and in this explanation of technical processes I shall follow two masters of the bibliopegic art, Mr. William Matthews, from whose lecture before the Grolier Club I have already quoted, and Mr. Joseph W. Zaehnsdorf, whose handbook of "The Art of Bookbinding" came forth in a second edition in 1890. Every book-lover should understand the principles of the art of the bookbinder, and the practices of the craft; appreciation is best founded on knowledge.

Often a volume comes into the hands of the binder already bound. The books of American publishers are issued in substantial cloth covers intended to be permanent. The bindings of British publishers are frequently more temporary, and the book is merely cased in the cloth cover,

the owner being expected to rebind in leather any volume which he deems worthy of preservation. The books of French publishers are issued in paper covers, merely stitched, and so are most of those of the German publishers; as Lord Houghton recorded on one of his early visits, "In Germany all the books are in sheets and all the beds without." The first thing the binder has to do if the book is already bound is to remove this cover, and then carefully to collate the volume page by page, to see if title, preface, table of contents, list of illustrations, notes, index, maps, plates, are each and all perfect and in place. If need be, the sheets are refolded so as to make the pages true; then they are beaten by hand, or rolled in a press, which is a more hurried method, and by far less workmanlike; the beating being to compact the pages, and to give the book solidity and strength. After the beating, the loose maps and illustrations, mounted on linen guards, are inserted in their proper places. Then the sheets are sewn to the bands, and generally there should be no saw-cuts in the back of the book, and the sewing should not be "sunk-band," as it is called, but "raised-band," and as flexible as it is firm.

The volume is now prepared for the forwarder, who carries on the work to the point where it is ready for the finisher. The forwarder attaches the end-papers; he glues the back of the book, and rounds it; he squares the mill boards which are to serve as the sides of the book, and he laces them in by means of the bands to which the sheets have been sewn. The forwarder needs a steady hand, and, above all things, a true eye—"the important principle to be observed in forwarding is *trueness*. The form and shape of the book depends on the forwarder" (Matthews, p. 35). The volume thus far advanced is clamped in a press, and allowed to repose and gain strength. Then the edges are cut, or at least the top edge is cut, the other margins being better left intact, to delight the owner's eye; as it is only on top that a volume standing on a shelf can accumulate dust, it is only the top edge that needs to be smoothed so that the dust can be blown off or wiped away at will. The cut edges, be it the top only, or top, bottom, and fore edge, are then marbled or gilded; sometimes they are gilded over marbling, to the added richness of the work. The back is then lined, and, when the binder is conscientious, a narrow leather joint is affixed, to act as a hinge for the covers. The headband is woven in. After that the leather—morocco, calf, or what not—is stretched tightly and snugly over the book, and glued fast. When the end-papers are pasted to the covers, the task of the forwarder is done, and the book is ready for the finisher who is to decorate it.

What the finisher has to do is to invent a design for the sides and back of the volume which is appropriate to the book, to its subject, to its owner, to its size, and to the kind of leather with which it is covered. This design must be one which can be worked out with the implements at his command. Every artist must consider the physical limitations of the art he practises, and the chief limitation of the artist who decorates a book is that the design he invents for it must be capable of accomplishment by the fillets, which make a straight line, by the gouges, which make curved lines, and by the various other tools, as they are termed. In the proper cutting and selection of tools is the secret of book-decoration. Mr. Matthews notes the superiority of the French tool-cutters over the American and English, and Mr. Cobden-Sanderson once told me of the difficulty he has had in getting cut such tools as he needed.

Having determined on the scheme of his design, the finisher selects the tools with which to execute it. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson even makes a habit of using the actual tools in the sketching out of his pattern, blackening them in the flame of a candle so that they can be transferred to paper. Often professional binders will have tools especially prepared for a special work. The more accomplished the workman, the smaller and more elementary his tools will be; he will decline to use a spray of leaves or a festoon cut all in a single piece, preferring to impress every leaf separately. M. Marius Michel is loud in the praises of a finisher who worked for Henry II., and who accomplished intricate and lovely decorations with no other implement than a fillet for the straight lines, and a set of gouges for the curves and circles; and these were all that Gilson used in the finishing of the most elaborate Hispano-Moresque cover and lining of the copy of Owen Jones's "Alhambra," which Mr. Matthews bound for the New York exhibition of 1853, and which took six months to complete, and cost $500.

The process of working a design in the best manner is very tedious, so Mr. Matthews testifies, "more so than even connoisseurs imagine. First the design is made on paper, then impressed with the tools through the paper on to the leather; then the paper is removed, and the design again gone over with the tools to make the impression sharp and clear"—the leather being slightly moistened and the tools being moderately heated. "Then, after washing, sizing, and laying on the gold leaf, the design is gone over for the fourth time before one side of the cover is completed. This, having to be repeated on the other side of the volume, and the back also tooled, will afford some idea of the labor in executing the finest hand-tooling." Often the inside of the covers is also lined with

leather, and as carefully ornamented. Often certain figures in the pattern are excised, and the spaces filled with leathers of a different color; and this polychromatic decoration is known as inlaying, or illuminating. The finisher needs to have delicacy of taste and nicety of touch; he must have a fancy to invent beautiful designs, and a firm hand to execute them; and he must not expect wide fame, much real appreciation, or high pay. It is no wonder, therefore, that accomplished finishers are very few. Mr. Quaritch, in his catalogue of bookbindings, speaks of the late Francis Bedford as the best binder who ever lived. The best forwarder, he may have been, but he was not a finisher himself, and he never had a first-class finisher in his employ. Mr. Matthews asserted that there were not more than six finishers in New York "who can even work any intricate pattern with fair ability. In London I question if the number is greater in proportion to the population; and in Paris, where the art flourishes most, where the patronage is encouraging, and the workmen have superior advantages, I doubt if the number of finishers qualified to work intricate designs in first-class manner exceeds twenty."

Any one who was fortunate enough to see the Exhibition of Recent Bookbindings, 1860–1880, at the Grolier Club in the last days of 1890, or who will take the trouble to turn the pages of M. Octave Uzanne's "La Reliure Moderne," must confess that there are very few finishers of our time who have originality of invention, freshness of composition, or individuality of taste. But a comparison of the best-bound books of this century with those of the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries — which are the golden ages of bibliopegy, for Le Gascon lived in one, and Grolier in the other — will show that the work of our time is technically far better than any which has come down to us from our ancestors. There is better forwarding and better finishing. In the gold-tooling especially the modern workman is incomparably neater, cleaner, more exact, more conscientious, than his predecessor: the tooling of the men who bound for Grolier is to our eye inexcusably careless; clumsy irregularities mar the symmetry of the most beautifully designed arabesques, ill-balanced lines overrun their limits, and ends are left hanging out with reckless slovenliness. The superiority of the elder binders in their incomparable fertility of conception must not blind us to the fact that in care, in thoroughness, and in other workmanlike qualities, they bear a most obvious inferiority to binders of later years who have not a tithe of their ability.

Probably the same state of affairs exists in other arts. I remember that in 1867, when I was but a boy, I had a chat in Naples with Signor Castellani, the antiquary and goldsmith, about the fluctuations of the art of the silversmith. He told me that he had more than one workman then in his shop of greater skill than Benvenuto Cellini, of a more certain handicraft. These workmen could reproduce any of Cellini's legacies to posterity, little masterpieces of goldsmithery and enameling, and they would make a better job of it than the great Italian; for the modern imitations would show a finer technical skill than Cellini's, and reveal fewer defects and blunders and accidents than the marvelous originals. But copy as accurately as they might, the modern workmen were wholly incapable of originating anything. In Cellini there was a union of the head and the hand, of the artist and of the artisan, while in Castellani's men the hand had gained skill, but the head had lost its force. The handicraft had improved, and the art had declined. There were now very expert artisans, but there was no indisputably gifted artist.

In solidity of workmanship and in dexterity of handicraft, the art of the binder has advanced in this century; but not in design. The finishers of our time can repeat all the great artists of the past, but they cannot rival them in invention, in fantasy, in freshness, and in charm. To say this is not to assert that the art is in its cadence, or even that it is in any way going backward; but that it is not going forward one might venture to hint. The nineteenth century is now in its last decade, and it has not yet developed a style of its own in bookbinding — if it has in any other of the decorative arts. The men who bound for Grolier and Henry II. lived in the sixteenth century; the Èves and Le Gascon lived in the seventeenth; and even in the eighteenth century there was Derome, with his lace-work borders borrowed from, or at least inspired by, the graceful wrought-iron work of the contemporary French smiths. But the most beautiful bindings of the nineteenth century are in the main imitations of those of the centuries preceding. Often the style is a doubtful and tasteless eclectic, perhaps not unfairly to be stigmatized as bastard and mongrel. There is hardly to be detected even a vague effort after a style. Sometimes imitation develops into adaptation, and a new style is evolved slowly out of combinations and modifications, but in the art of binding we have not seen many signs of any such process now going on. Almost the only external influence which has been allowed to affect the accepted formulas is the Japanese, and the example of these surpassingly adroit decorative artists has not been sufficient to destroy the sterility from which the art of bookbinding is suffering. Its effect, at most, has been to increase the freedom of drawing, and

to encourage a more realistic treatment of natural objects.

The art of bookbinding has always been claimed by the French as peculiarly theirs, and it is not easy to deny the justice of the demand. Perhaps the position in which the art has found itself during the most of this century is due to the French Revolution, in the course of which, and of the long wars that ensued, the demand for fine work ceased abruptly. The trained workmen died off, the shops were broken up, and the tools were scattered and lost. Even the traditions of the art disappeared — and in every art which is also a trade the traditions represent the acquired force, the impetus. When the Empire came after the Consulate, and Napoleon wished to pose as the patron of the arts, bookbinding was dead in France. "I doubt if you could find anything more ugly than the books bound for Napoleon I., for Louis XVIII., for Louis Philippe," declared M. Auguste Laugel, in a letter to the "Nation," a dozen years or so ago.

As it happened, the art which had been highest in France, and had now sunk lowest, had kept its humble level in England, and at the end of the last century had even had its only successful effort at originality there. The greatest name in the history of bookbinding in Great Britain is that of Roger Payne, an honest and thorough workman of some taste, and with a certain elementary appreciation of design. "His efforts were always original, never copied," and this is a very rare compliment to pay to a British bookbinder; and it is to this originality, as Mr. Matthews suggests, rather than to any great excellence in his designs, that he owes the exaggerated esteem in which he is held in England. When Matthew Arnold once said to Sainte-Beuve that he did not think Lamartine very important as a poet, the French critic replied, "He is important to us"; and so it is with Roger Payne — he is important to the British. If he is mentioned at all in French books, his name is usually given incorrectly.

Lewis was the leading English binder early in this century, in Dr. Dibdin's day. Perhaps it was owing to the influence of Dibdin, some of whose rhapsodical writing was translated into French, that the Parisian book-lovers began to send their precious volumes across the Channel to be bound in London. Thus the tradition of Roger Payne, the most original binder the British had ever had, helped to revive the traditions of the French binders, who soon surpassed again their British rivals, just as it was a follower of Bewick who revealed to the French the possibilities of the art of wood-engraving, in which the French have also become superior to the British.

II.

WHETHER the vivifying spark was borrowed from Great Britain, or whether it was brought from Germany by Trautz, the French binders soon recovered their former supremacy. Trautz is still the strongest individuality among the French bookbinders of this century, and his influence is still perceptible, though he died in 1879. He is the foremost binder of the nineteenth century, and in his influence we can perhaps detect the foundation of a school, or at least of something more than merely individual, solitary, unaided struggle toward the unknown. At once forwarder and finisher, overseeing every operation of his craft, Trautz led the reform of bookbinding in France. He frowned upon all haste and on all labor-saving devices. He never stinted time or care or hard work. He did his best always. He gave to the volumes which left his hands greater firmness, flexibility, and solidity than any other binder had ever before attempted. He caused a host of new tools to be cut, modeled on those of Le Gascon and Derome and Padeloup. He studied the works of these masters reverently and unceasingly, seeking to spy out the secrets of their art. He followed in their footsteps, but although he modeled himself upon them, he never copied, trying rather to imbue himself with their spirit, and to carry forward their methods to a finer perfection.

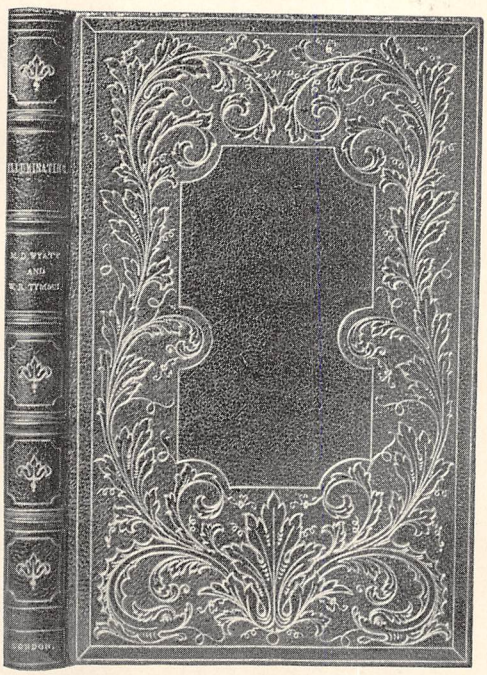
"I do not think that Trautz ever made the same binding twice; there is on every book coming out of his hands something personal, something original," M. Laugel wrote in 1879. "This man, who could make any amount of money by merely putting his name on books, is so conscientious that he only turns out every year about two hundred volumes; he has only three workmen or workwomen; he does the drawing of ornaments and gilding himself. For those who have not seen Trautz or Thibaron (the pupil of Trautz) at work, it is almost impossible to imagine how much pains must be taken for one volume." Nothing that Trautz undertook cost more pains than his mosaics; in the two-score years from 1838 to 1878 he attempted only twenty-two of them, and of these four are now owned by New York collectors. They show, perhaps, the most originality of any of his bindings, and they reveal his characteristics most abundantly. They have the pure beauty of design which we look for in every work of decorative art, wrought with the utmost deftness and delicacy of handicraft.

Of the supremacy of the French in the art of bookbinding since Trautz led them back into the true path, no better evidence can there be than the index of binders represented prefixed to the catalogue of the Grolier Club Exhi-

bition of Recent Bookbindings. New York is perhaps the most cosmopolitan of all the great cities of the nineteenth century, especially in all matters pertaining to art; and the taste of its collectors is eclectic in the best sense of that much-abused term. Of the fifty-one binders whose handiwork was exhibited at the Grolier, thirty-six lived in Paris, one at Lyons, one at Brussels, six in London, five in New York, one in Philadelphia, and one in Quebec. The artistic superiority of the French bindings shown at the Grolier was almost as marked as the numerical; of the score of bindings finest in conception and in execution, three fourths at least were the product of Parisian workshops. There were not a few also which had come from these same shops, which were as bad as the worst which had been turned out in New York or London — misbegotten horrors of leather, "whom Satan hath bound," if it is permissible to borrow a scriptural quotation from that learned book-lover, the late Henry Stevens of Vermont.

But the very best of MM. Capé, Cuzin, Chambolle-Duru, De Samblancx, Gruel and Engelman, Joly, Lortic, Marius Michel, Niedrée, Quinet, and Ruban, attains a very high standard of excellence. Now and again, no doubt, we find a French binder who has sacrificed forwarding to finishing, having made his book so solid and so stiff that it can scarcely be opened, and so compacted that if it is opened unwarily the back is broken beyond repair. Books I have seen fresh from the hands of a Parisian binder as brilliant as a jewel-casket, and as hard to open as a safe-deposit vault when you have forgotten the combination.

The relatively high position held by the binders of Great Britain was momentary only, and at best it was due to the temporary decadence of the craft in France. Of late years, at least, bookbinding has shared the misfortune of most of the other fine arts in England, and has lingered in a condition only less lamentable than that of sculpture and painting because it contented itself chiefly with dull and honest imitation of the dead-and-gone masters. Every artist must needs serve his apprenticeship, and follow in the footsteps of a teacher, but where Trautz, for example, sought inspiration only, Bedford and the other British binders found models which they copied slavishly. The workmanship of the bindings that left their shops was honest and thorough, but the decoration was lifeless and colorless. The British artisan forwarded conscientiously, but the finishing of the British artist was sadly to seek.



HISTORY, THEORY AND PRACTICE OF ILLUMINATING. WYATT DIGBY. LONDON, 1861.

Bound by Zaehnsdorf. Crimson morocco, wide borders, inlaid with variegated leathers in a scroll pattern, bold in design; lined with dark green morocco with red border, the whole ornamented with vines and flowers. Owned by Mr. Samuel P. Avery.

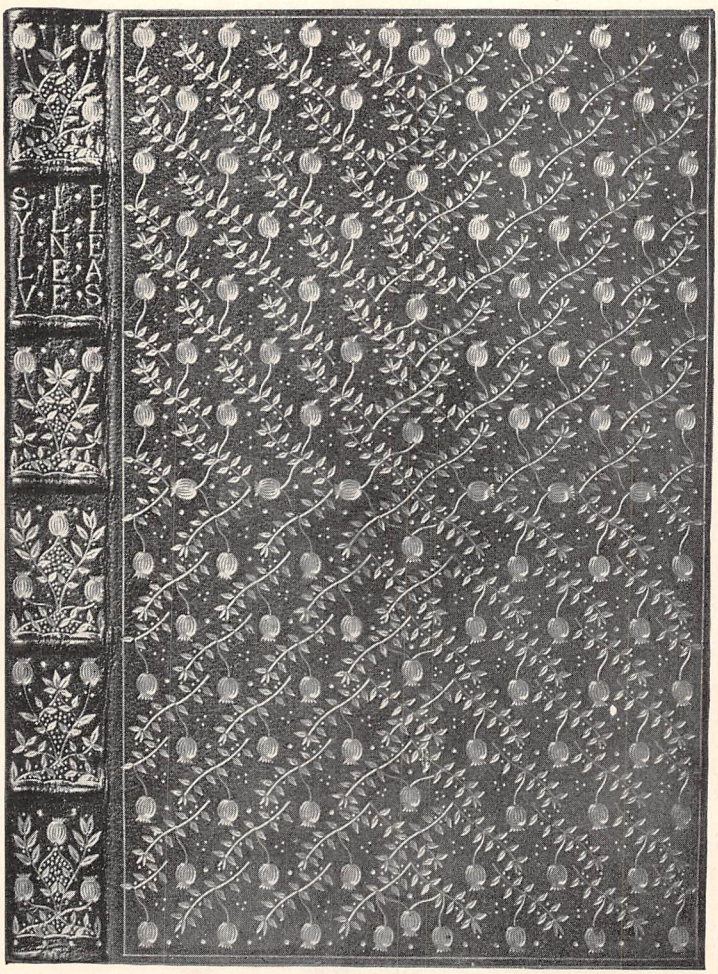
How inert the art of bookbinding was in England during nearly four-score years can be seen by glancing over the "Catalogue of Fifteen Hundred Books remarkable for the Beauty or the Age of their Bindings" issued by Mr. Quaritch in 1888. Here the curious inquirer will find, under numbers 1325–1345, a score of books bound by Francis Bedford, whom Mr. Quaritch declares to be the best binder who ever lived—meaning thereby, no doubt, the best forwarder; and every one of these books is finished in imitation of some French binder. Nos. 1325 and 1326 are "bound in imitation of Derome le jeune," the catalogue declares frankly, in apparent unconsciousness of the hopelessly inartistic position to which this confession assigns the British craftsman. No. 1327 is "in imitation of Padeloup." No. 1328 is "bound in imitation of the work of Hardy-Dumesnil," a French binder not of the highest esteem among book-lovers. Nos. 1329, 1331, 1336, and 1339 are copied from Trautz. Nos. 1334, 1335, and 1345 are "bound in imitation of Chambolle-Duru."

This artistic sterility was probably due to the lack of intelligent patronage, and the sluggishness of the British book-lover is responsible for this disheartening result. But the custom seems to obtain even in the present day, if one may accept as evidence the second edition of Mr. Zaehnsdorf's "The Art of Bookbinding." In this practical guide to his art, the author, a bookbinder himself and the son of a bookbinder,

gives plates of typical covers of the chief styles; and these are not genuine specimens bound for Grolier or by Le Gascon. They are apparently Mr. Zaehnsdorf's own handiwork; certainly the plate called "Gascon" (*sic*) cannot be the work of the great Frenchman, because the book is one first published perhaps two hundred years after his death. Here we discover a conscientious craftsman not only content to be a humble imitator, but so deficient in any appreciation of originality that he sees no difference between the model of his master and his own second-hand copy.

And yet Francis Bedford was capable of original work, simple always, but with a quiet dignity of its own. Mr. Zaehnsdorf is an accomplished workman, able to send from his shop books dressed with propriety, and, at times, not without individuality. Mr. Roger de Coverly is another British binder whose labors are liked by book-lovers. The most original figure among the English binders of this century — in fact, the only original figure since Roger Payne — is Mr. Cobden-Sanderson.

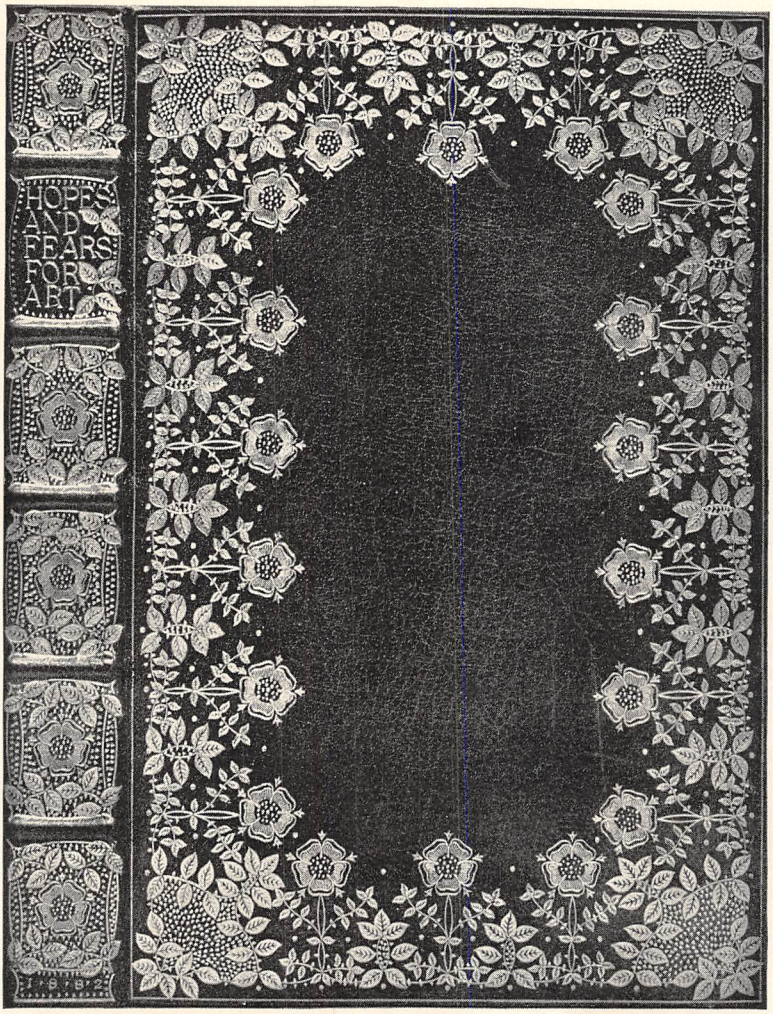
Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is one of the most characteristic personalities in the strange struggle for artistic freedom now going on in England. He is a friend and fellow-laborer of Mr. William Morris and of Mr. Walter Crane, with whose socialistic propaganda he is in sympathy, and with whom he manifests and parades. He takes much the same view of life that they have; he holds the same creed as to society, and as to each man's duty toward it; he has the same aim in art; and he is gifted with not a little of the same decorative instinct. Believing in handicraft as the salvation of humanity, and that a man should labor with his hands, he



"SIBYLLINE LEAVES." S. T. COLERIDGE. LONDON, 1817.

Bound by Cobden-Sanderson. Light olive morocco. Goffered edges of same pattern. Owned by Mr. Samuel P. Avery.

abandoned the bar, and studied the trade of the binder. Perhaps it is hardly unfair to call him an amateur—so Mr. Hunt was an amateur when he designed those most beautiful wrought-iron gates at Newport. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's forwarding has not yet attained to the highest professional standard. But there warder and finisher, unaided even by an apprentice, although his wife (a daughter of Richard Cobden) has taken charge of the sewing. He designs his own tools, having them cut especially for him. Even the letters he uses were drawn for him by Miss May Morris; and he makes a most artful use of lettering, working



"HOPES AND FEARS FOR ART." WILLIAM MORRIS.
Bound by Cobden-Sanderson, London, 1882. Owned by Mr. Brander Matthews.

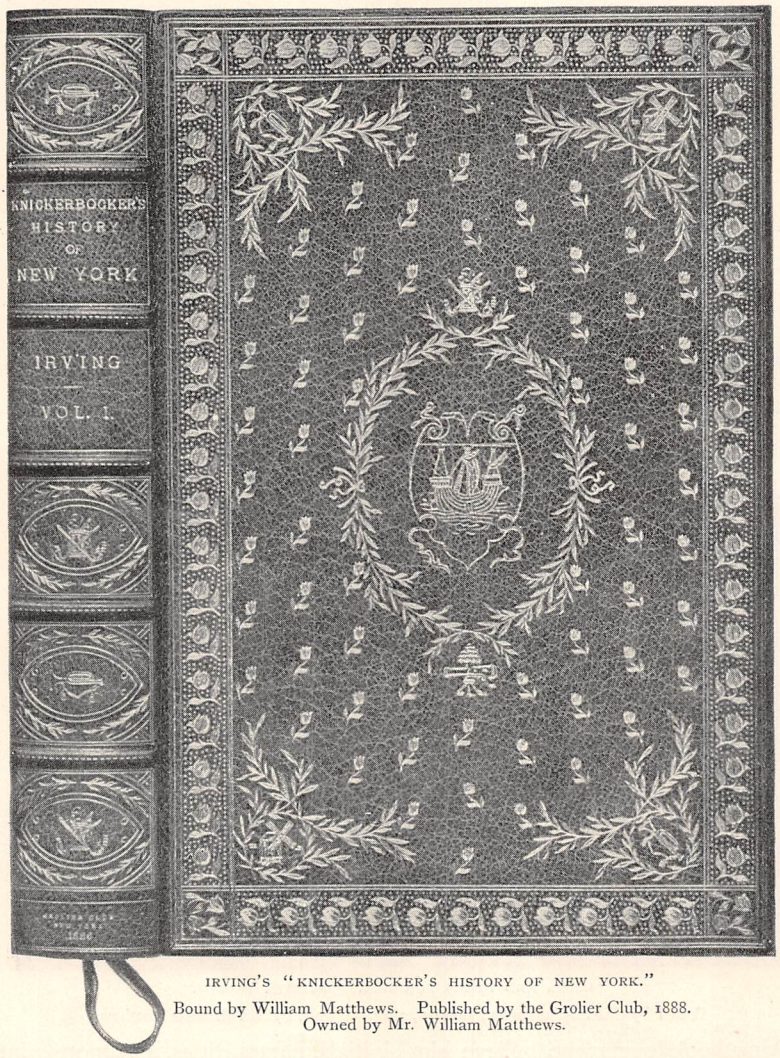
are not lacking book-lovers who believe him to be the most original and the most effective finisher who has yet appeared in England.

His tooling is admirably firm and dazzlingly vigorous. Whatever the inadequacy of his workmanship in the processes which precede the gilding,—and in these his hand is steadily gaining strength,—there is no disputing his decorative endowment. He brought to the study of bookbinding an alert intelligence, a trained mind, and a determination to master the secrets of the art. He does all his own work, being both forinitials, names, titles, and mottos into his design, and making them an integral and essential part of the scheme of decoration. He has studied most lovingly the methods of Le Gascon, and he has assimilated some of the taste of that master of the art; it is from Le Gascon, no doubt, that Mr. Cobden-Sanderson caught the knack of powdering parts of his design with gold points, stars, single leaves, and the like—a device giving the utmost brilliancy to the design if used skilfully.

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson will not work to or-

der. He binds only those books that please him, and he binds them as he pleases. He is independent of the caprices of his customers. He does not undertake many volumes, and with each he does his best. When a novice, trying his 'prentice hand, he wasted himself more than once on volumes of no great value, and put a fifty dollar binding on a book not worth five — a pecuniary solecism, an artistic incongruity. Of late he has not fallen into this blunder, and he prefers to spend himself on books of permanent value in the original edition. Of course he never repeats himself; every one of his bindings is as unique as a picture; there are no replicas. Every cover is composed for the volume itself, and is often the outcome of a loving study of the author, a decorative scheme having been suggested by some representative passage.

But he never confounds decoration with illustration; as he explained in an article on his art, "beauty is the aim of decoration, and not illustration, or the expression of ideas." So we do not find on his books any of the childish symbolism which has been abundantly advocated in England, and according to which a treatise on zoölogy or botany must be adorned with an animal or a flower — a bald and babyish labeling of a book wholly unrelated to propriety of ornamentation. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's covers are generally rich with conventionalized flowers arrayed with geometrical precision. He falls into a naturalistic treatment only at rare and regrettable moments. In a copy of Mr. Morris's "Hopes and Fears for Art," which Mr. Cobden-Sanderson has bound, the design has a careful freedom of composition and an artful symmetry; the treatment of the rose-branches which form the border is almost



IRVING'S "KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK."
Bound by William Matthews. Published by the Grolier Club, 1888.
Owned by Mr. William Matthews.

purely conventional, and the broad blank space in the center is restfully open.

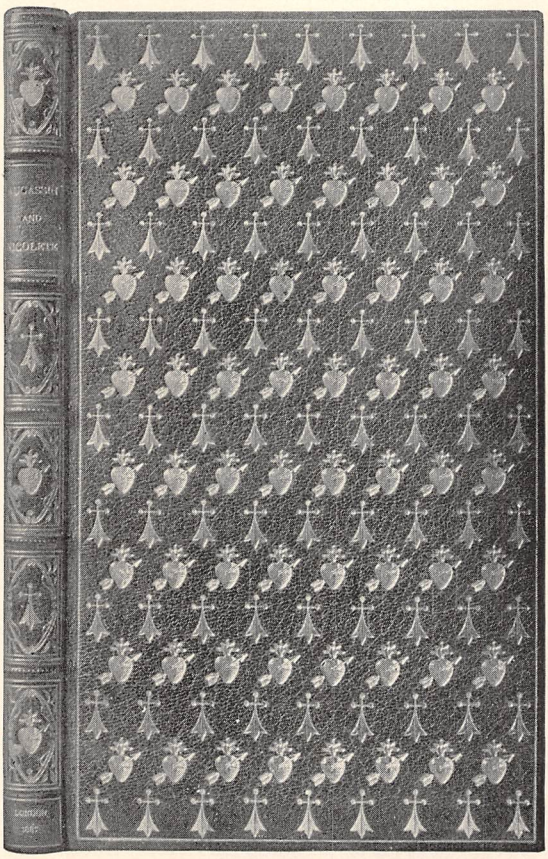
In America the art of the binder is retarded by reasons really outside of art — by the high wages of skilled workmen, and by the high tariff on raw materials. This is one reason why book-lovers in New York have been wont to send their precious tomes on a long voyage across the Atlantic, to be bound in London or Paris. Americans were among the best customers of Francis Bedford, and the catalogue of the Grolier Club exhibition proves that they have been persistent purchasers of the best work of contemporary French binders. But to send books abroad to be bound is no way to encourage the development of the art at home. This same Grolier Club exhibition showed that American craftsmen were capable of turning out work of a very high rank. The best of the books bound by Mr. William Matthews, by Mr. Alfred Matthews, by Bradstreets, by Mr. Smith, and by Mr. Stikeman, held their own fairly well. Considering the difficulties under which the art has developed in this country, the showing made by the American binders was most creditable.

For a binding like Mr. William Matthews's "Knickerbocker's History of New York," there is no need to make any apology; it is excellent in conception and in execution, pure in style, modestly original, and most harmoniously decorative, with its appropriate ship, its tiny tulips, and its wreaths of willow. This is proof, were any needed, of the great advantage there is in having a book bound by a countryman of the author, who will treat it with unconscious propriety of decoration. I know a wise collector in New York who makes it a rule to have his French books bound in Paris, his English books bound in London, and his American books bound here in New York. "Fifty years ago," said Mr. William Matthews in his interesting address on his art, "there was not a finely bound book, except what by chance had been procured



INSIDE COVER OF PRECEDING.

abroad, to be found in any collection in America. Fine binding was an unknown art." Now in the last decade of the nineteenth century, Mr. Matthews thinks "there are many examples of American workmanship in our collections that would do honor to the best French and English binders of the last half-century." If this is true, much of the credit for the improvement of public taste is due to the influence of Mr. Matthews himself.



"AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE." LONDON. 1887.

Bound by Ruban. Garnet morocco. Owned by Mr. George B. De Forest.

Of modern Italian and German binding there is no necessity or space to say anything here. The tradition of vellum binding has been kept alive in Rome and in Florence, where the bevel-edged white tomes are often relieved by an inlaid rectangle of colored calf, tooled with what might perhaps be called fairly enough a Neo-Aldine pattern. The exhibition of the Grolier Club, which has aided in the preparation and in the illustration of these pages, included no Italian work, which is evidence that our collectors, rightly or wrongly, do not hold it in high esteem.

Nor was there a single specimen of Teutonic handiwork. Yet Trautz was a German by birth, and earlier in this century there were several German binders established in England—Walther, Kalthoeber, Staggemeier. Even now, while one of the leading binders of London, Mr. Rivière, is of French descent, another, Mr. Zaehnsdorf, is of German. In New York many of the journeyman bookbinders are Germans. Not only was the bibliopegic art of Germany unrepresented at this recent exhibition in New York, but in none of the many recent books about binding, French, English, and American, do I find any attention paid to the work of the modern Germans. Several years ago M. Rouveyre of Paris, who had published half a dozen books about binding, arranged for a French edition of a collection of German bindings and of "La Dorure sur Cuir (Reliure, Ciselure, Gaufrure) en Allemagne." Fifty copies were issued, the same publisher having risked fifteen hundred copies of M. Octave Uzanne's "La Reliure Moderne." From the well-made reproductions in this volume, it is fair to infer that the German binding of to-day is not remarkably interesting. It is sometimes dull and sometimes pretentious; it is frequently designed by architects who are without training in the needs and possibilities of its technic; it is rather violently polychromatic; and it is often set off by elaborate panels of inserted enamel, and by richly chiseled corners and centerpieces of silver. What is best is the artful employment of vigorous blind-tooling; and what is most noteworthy is the successful revival of the medieval art of carving in leather, always best understood by the Germans.

III.

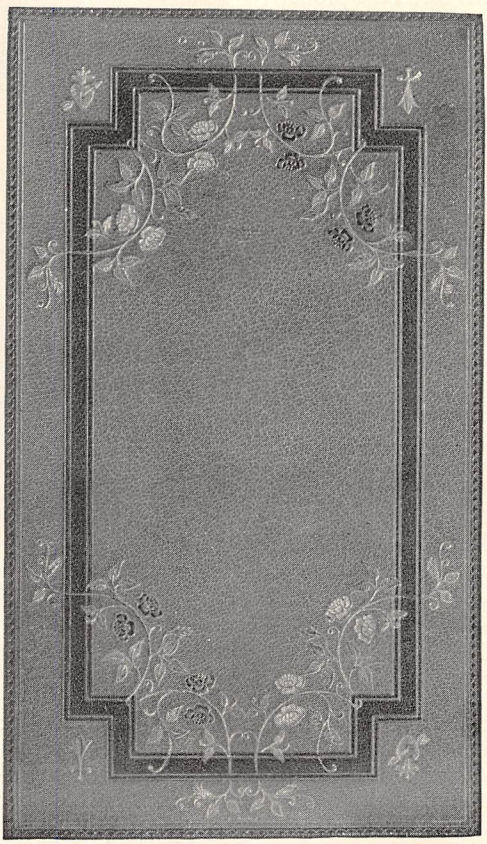
MUCH as one might expect a precious metal to enrich a tome, there is more than a hint of Teutonic heaviness in most of these carved-leather covers, girt with solid silver clasps, and armed with chased medallions. The occasional attempts of American silversmiths at book-decoration are lighter and more graceful. I have seen more than one prayer-book, the smooth dark calfskin of which was shielded by a thin shell of silver pierced with delicate arabesques. But this is almost an accidental return to a method of ornamentation long past its usefulness, and appropriate only when every book was a portly tome bound in real boards, and reposing in solitary glory on its own lectern. The future of bookbinding does not lie in any alliance with silversmithery.

Just where the future of bookbinding does

lie is very difficult to declare. Cosmopolitan commonplace is the characteristic of much of the work of to-day. Craftsmen of remarkable technical skill are content with conventionality, and they go on indefinitely repeating the old styles,—Maïoli and Grolier, Padeloup and Derome,—styles which were once alive, but which have long since been void of any germ of vitality. To persist in using them is like refusing to speak any language but Latin. For a man alive to-day a living dialect, however impure, is better than a lifeless language, however perfect. There are not wanting signs of a reaction against the banality of modern bookbinding.

One of them is the instant success of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's innovations. Another is the return to silver-mounting. Yet a third, curious only, and infertile, is the decoration of a book-cover with enamels, either incrusted or applied. The Germans have taken to letting a monogram, ornamented or metal, into the center of a book-cover; but nothing seems to be gained by this which a mosaic of leather would not have given. The late Philippe Burty, the distinguished French art-critic, and a book-lover with the keenest liking for novelty, had a copy on Dutch paper of Poulet-Malassis's essay on "Ex-Libris"; he enriched it with other interesting book-plates; he inserted a few autograph letters; he had it bound by R. Petit in full morocco, with his monogram at the corners; and in the center of the side he let in a metal plate on which his own book-plate was enameled in niello. This singularly personal binding is reproduced in M. Octave Uzanne's volume on "La Reliure Moderne," where we find another of M. Burty's experiments, a copy of M. Claudius Popelin's "De la Statue et de la Peinture" (translated from Alberti), also bound by Petit, and also identified by the owner's monogram, and having, moreover, in the center of the side, an enameled panel made by M. Popelin himself for his friend's copy of his own book. Burty had in his collections other volumes distinguished by enamels; and there were in the Grolier Club exhibition a set of books belonging to Mr. S. P. Avery, and quite as much out of the common as Burty's. Mr. Avery has sent certain volumes of the "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-arts" to the authors, asking each to indicate the binding which he thought most consonant with his work; so Mr. Avery has "La Faience," of M. Théodore Deck, decorated with panels of pottery, one of them being a portrait of the author executed at his own ceramic works; and he has Sauzy's "Marvels of Glass-Making," with covers containing glass panels enameled in colors. These ventures belong among the curiosities of the art; they are to be classed among the freaks rather than with the professional beauties.

Another book of Burty's (now owned by Mr. Avery) has an exceptional interest—an interest perhaps rather literary than rigidly artistic. It is a copy of the original edition of Victor Hugo's scorching satire, "Napoleon le Petit," published in 1853, a few months after Napoleon had broken his oath and made himself emperor; this copy (made doubly precious by three lines in the poet's handwriting) was bound in dark green morocco, and the side was hollowed out to receive an embroidered bee—a bee which had been cut from the throne of Napoleon III. in the Tuileries a few days after the battle of Sedan. This is the very irony of bookbinding. A copy of "Les Châtiments" was bound to match. Future collectors will find these bees of Burty even harder to acquire than those which mark the books of De Thou.



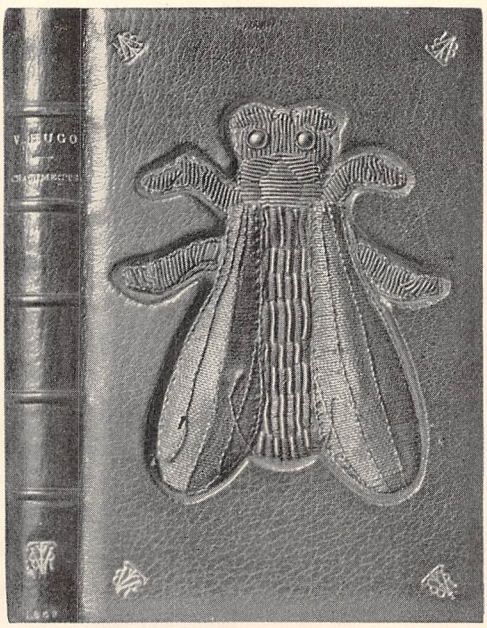
INSIDE COVER OF PRECEDING.

Unusual, not to say unique, as such an opportunity must be, there is here a hint for the book-lover not by him to be despised. Here at least is an exceptional binding. Here at least we leave the monotonous iteration of the cut-and-dried. Here is a method of establishing a relation between the subject of the book and

its exterior not hitherto attempted. For nine books out of ten the conventional binding suffices, Jansenist crushed levant for the costly volumes, simple half morocco for those less valuable. But for the special treasures, for the books with an individuality of their own, why may we not abandon this barren impersonality and seek to get out of the regular rut? M. Octave Uzanne avows that he would prefer to have a copy of the "Légende des Siècles" clad soberly in a fragment of the dark-green uniform which Hugo wore the day he was received into the French Academy, to the same volume bound with the utmost luxury by the best binder of the time. Perhaps it is carrying this fancy a little too far to bind the Last Dying Speech and Confession of a murderer in a strip of his own hide properly tanned, or even to cover Holbein's "Dance of Death" with a like ghastly integument; but I confess I should find a particular pleasure in owning the copy of Washington Irving's "Conquest of Grenada," which Mr. Roger de Coverly bound "in Spanish morocco from Valencia" for the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in London in 1889.

In his "Caprices d'un Bibliophile," published in 1878, M. Octave Uzanne urged book-lovers to seek out a greater variety of leathers. The French are not afflicted with what Dickens called "that underdone pie-crust cover which is technically known as law-calf," and which is desolately monotonous; nor have they ever cared either for sprinkled calf, as dull and decorous as orthodoxy, or for "tree-marbled calf," much affected by the British. That the French do not take to tree-calf is proof at once of their taste and of their wisdom. Mr. Matthews declares that he does not recommend tree-calf, and M. Marius Michel speaks of the process of marbling it with acids as "a diabolic invention," since it rots the leather — as every one knows who has the misfortune to own books bound in this fashion half a century ago. The French, with a full understanding of the principles of bookbinding, have confined their attention almost wholly to calf and to morocco, eschewing even the pleasant-smelling Russia-leather, which becomes brittle, and has a tendency to crack, unless it is constantly handled, whereby it absorbs animal oil from the human fingers.

In the employment of other leathers than calf and morocco we Americans have taken the lead. Books bound in alligator, and in seal-skin, for example, are to be found in any of the leading book-stores, not always appropriately clad, I regret to remark. There is a hideous incongruity, for instance, in sheathing the wisdom of Emerson in alligator-hide, fit as this scaly substance might be for the weird tales of Poe. Equally horrible is a prayer-book covered with snake-skin; and both of these bibliopegic freaks have been offered to me by tradesmen more enterprising than artistic. Gautier's "Une Nuit de Cléopâtre," that strange tale of the serpent of old Nile, might fitly be protected by the skin of the crocodile, and Captain Bourke's book about the "Snake-Dance of the Moquis of Arizona" seems to call for an ophidian integument. So might we clothe a volume describing a voyage to Alaska in sealskin, or an account of Australia in the hide of the kangaroo. It would be a quaint fancy to put our old favorite "Rab and his Friends" in dogskin (easily to be had from the glovers), and our new friend "Uncle Remus," in the soft coat of Brer Rabbit. Champfleury's "Les Chats," and M. Anatole France's old-fashioned and cheerful "Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" could be bound in catskin.



"LES CHÂTIMENTS." VICTOR HUGO, 1853.

Bound by Petit. Green morocco. The "Bee" from the throne of Napoleon III., Tuileries, September, 1870. Owned by Mr. Samuel P. Avery.

In more than one of the old treatises on bookbinding is mention made of an ardent admirer of Charles James Fox, who had the speeches of his idol covered with a vulpine hide — which would serve better, it seems to me, as a coat for a volume of hunting reminiscences. So might the life of Daniel Boone be bound in the skin of a "b'ar" like that which the pioneer killed; and the life of Davy Crockett could be clad in the skin of the coon, a descendant of the fa-

bled quadruped which volunteered to come down when he discovered that the backwoodsman had drawn a bead on him. Dana's "Two Years before the Mast" would look well in whale-skin, or, if that were too tough, in shark-skin — shagreen. The "Peau d'âne" of Perrault suggests the use of the hide of the animal who once disguised himself in the lion's skin; and for any edition of Æsop's "Fables," an indefinite number of appropriate leathers lies ready to one's hand.

In 1890 Messrs. Tiffany & Co. issued a catalogue of more than a hundred different kinds of leather then on exhibition in their store on Union Square, and ready for use in the making of pocket-books, bags, blotters, card-cases, and the like; and all these are available for the binding of books, if the book-lover will take the trouble to select and to seek for the leather best suited to each tome in its turn. A glance over the list of Messrs. Tiffany & Co. is most suggestive. The skin of the chameleon, for example, how aptly this would bedeck the orations of certain professional politicians! How well the porcupine would suit the later writings of Mr. Ruskin! How fitly the black bear would cover the works of Dr. Johnson, "author of the contra dictionary," as Hood called him! I have already noted one book best bound in snake-skin, but perhaps the uncanny ophidian had better be reserved for those books which every gentleman's library should be without. Yet I should like to see the speeches of Vallandingham bound in the skin of a copperhead.

M. Uzanne also advocated that the monopoly of leather should be infringed, and that books be bound in stuffs, in velvet now and again, and in old brocades. And what could be more delightfully congenial to Mr. Dobson's "Vignettes in Rhyme," wherein the poet sings of the days when

> . . . France's bluest blood
> Danced to the tune of "After us, the flood!"

— what could be more harmonious to his "Proverbs in Porcelain," than to robe those dainty volumes of verse in a remnant of damask or golden brocade saved from the dress of the Pompadour? What could be a fitter apparel for the "Madame Crysanthème" of Pierre Loti than a Japanese silk strangely embroidered, with a label of Japanese leather on the back, and with Japanese water-colors as end-papers?

In M. Uzanne's later volume on "La Reliure Moderne" there are photogravures of books bound in accordance with hints of his — the *cartonnage à la Pompadour* for one. But of all those who were reaching out in new directions with hope of renewing the art of the bookbinder, Philippe Burty seemed to me to have been the most fertile. One of his tentatives was a bold and frequent use of his own monogram in the decoration of his books; especially noteworthy was the skilful employment of this monogram in the *dentelle*, or border of the inside, oftener than not disfigured in America and in England by a hackneyed roulette, blurring brutally at the corners. In the bindings of Henry II. and Diana of Poitiers we can see the most admirable utilization of a monogram and a device; and here is a model modern book-decorators may follow from afar as best they can. So, too, Longepierre made use of the emblem of the Golden Fleece, for which to-day bibliopegic argonauts voyage in vain. In the cutting of special tools, monograms, devices, significant emblems,— masks, lyres, torches, or tears,— each owned by the individual book-owner, there is perhaps hope of some relief from the stereotyped insipidity of the ordinary binder's stock in trade.

It is very difficult to indicate the probable line of bibliopegic development. Only after many a vain effort and many a doubtful struggle do we ever attain the goal of our desires. Setting our faces to the future, we must let the dead past bury its dead, and we must give up the lifeless imitation of defunct styles. Greater variety is needed, greater freedom also, such as some of the other decorative arts have achieved of late years. The duty of the book-lover is equal to that of the bookbinder; they must needs work together for the advance of the art. For their collaboration to be pregnant the book-lover must educate himself in the possibilities and in the technical limitations of the art. Every architect will confess that he has had many a practical suggestion from his clients, and more often from the wives of his clients; and the influence of the book-lover on the bookbinder can be even more beneficial.

In dealing with the ordinary uninspired workman, perhaps the less said the better, and the simpler the work intrusted to him the more satisfactory it is likely to be. Here, perhaps, the most that can be done is to follow the fashion and prescribe the style. With an intelligent binder, fond of his art, and not afraid of a step aside from the beaten path, the book-lover can do much, encouraging his ally, lending him boldness, keeping him up to the mark, sustaining him to do his best, showing him the most interesting work that has been done elsewhere. The relation of the patron — offensive vocable — to the decorative artist is not unlike that of the stage-manager to the actor, Samson to Rachel, for instance, M. Sardou to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt; he can show what he wants done, even though he cannot do it himself. This is what Grolier did, and De Thou, and M. Burty. Thus the bookbinder and the book-lover fare forward together, making interesting experi-

ments, whereby the art progresses, even though the most of the experiments fail.

That the book-lover and the bookbinder can put their heads together, it is needful that the latter should be an individual and not a factory. There must be binderies for the commercial work (of which I hope to be able to speak in another paper), for "edition binding," as it is called; but "extra binding," the covering of a single volume in accord with the wishes of the owner of that one book can best be done where the artist-artisan is at liberty to meet his customer face to face, that they may talk the matter over. Most binderies are little more than factories, with many machines, and a close division of labor, and a foreman who lays out the work of the "hands." This is not the way Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is able to delight us with his lovely design, nor is it the way Trautz carried on his business. An artist as independent as Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, and as rigid in his independence, is best apart; he broods in solitude, and we profit by his dream. Trautz had three assistants at the most; he was his own forwarder and his own finisher: and the patron had no difficulty in dealing directly with the man who was to do the work. Not only is this relation vital to the progress of the art, but the factory system is fatal to it, when the capitalist at the head of the bindery is willing selfishly to take the credit of all that is done in his shop. For a competent designer, with the proper pride of an artist, so suppressed a position is intolerable. If the forwarding and the finishing of a book are by different hands, the owner of the book ought to know it, and the two men who coöperate ought to know that he knows it. Perhaps what the art of bookbinding is most in need of just now is the establishment of the individual binder, an artisan-artist in a shop of his own with an immediate assistant or two, and maybe a pair of apprentices. Then the binder will sign the work he does, and the work will bear the name of the man who really did it and no other. The superiority of American wood-engraving over the British is due partly at least to the fact that in the United States the engraver is one individual artist, while in Great Britain he is either a shop-keeper or a factory hand.

Brander Matthews.

THE MAGIC EGG.

THE pretty little theater attached to the building of the Unicorn Club had been hired for a certain January afternoon by Mr. Herbert Loring, who wished to give therein a somewhat novel performance to which he had invited a small audience consisting entirely of friends and acquaintances.

Loring was a handsome fellow about thirty years old, who had traveled far and studied much. He had recently made a long sojourn in the far East, and his friends had been invited to the theater to see some of the wonderful things he had brought from that country of wonders. As Loring was a clubman, and belonged to a family of good social standing, his circle of acquaintances was large, and in this circle a good many unpleasant remarks had been made regarding the proposed entertainment — made of course by the people who had not been invited to be present. Some of the gossip on the subject had reached Loring, who did not hesitate to say that he could not talk to a crowd, and that he did not care to show the curious things he had collected to people who would not thoroughly appreciate them. He had been very particular in regard to his invitations.

At three o'clock on the appointed afternoon nearly all the people who had been invited to the Unicorn theater were in their seats. No one had stayed away except for some very good reason, for it was well known that if Herbert Loring offered to show anything it was worth seeing.

About forty people were present, who sat talking to one another, or admiring the decoration of the theater. As Loring stood upon the stage, — where he was entirely alone, his exhibition requiring no assistants, — he gazed through a loophole in the curtain upon a very interesting array of faces. There were the faces of many men and women of society, of students, of workers in various fields of thought, and even of idlers in all fields of thought, but there was not one which indicated a frivolous or listless disposition. The owners of those faces had come to see something, and they wished to see it.

For a quarter of an hour after the time announced for the opening of the exhibition Loring peered through the hole in the curtain, and then, although all the people he had expected had not arrived, he felt it would not do for him to wait any longer. The audience was composed of well-bred and courteous men and women, but despite their polite self-restraint Loring could see that some of them were getting tired of waiting. So, very reluctantly, and feel-

ing that further delay was impossible, he raised the curtain and came forward on the stage.

Briefly he announced that the exhibition would open with some fireworks he had brought from Corea. It was plain to see that the statement that fireworks were about to be set off on a theater stage, by an amateur, had rather startled some of the audience, and Loring hastened to explain that these were not real fireworks, but that they were contrivances made of colored glass, which were illuminated by a powerful lens of a lantern which was placed out of sight, and while the apparent pyrotechnic display would resemble fireworks of strange and grotesque designs, it would be absolutely without danger. He brought out some little bunches of bits of colored glass, hung them at some distance apart on a wire which was stretched across the stage just high enough for him to reach it, and then lighted his lantern, which he placed in one of the wings, lowered all the lights in the theater, and began his exhibition.

As Loring turned his lantern on one of the clusters of glass lenses, strips, and points, and, unseen himself, caused them to move by means of long cords attached, the effects were beautiful and marvelous. Little wheels of colored fire rapidly revolved, miniature rockets appeared to rise a few feet and to explode in the air, and while all the ordinary forms of fireworks were produced on a diminutive scale, there were some effects that were entirely novel to the audience. As the light was turned successively upon one and another of the clusters of glass, sometimes it would flash along the whole line so rapidly that all the various combinations of color and motion seemed to be combined in one, and then for a time each particular set of fireworks would blaze, sparkle, and coruscate by itself, scattering particles of colored light, as if they had been real sparks of fire.

This curious and beautiful exhibition of miniature pyrotechnics was extremely interesting to the audience, who gazed upward with rapt and eager attention at the line of wheels, stars, and revolving spheres. So far as interest gave evidence of satisfaction, there was never a better satisfied audience. At first there had been some hushed murmurs of pleasure, but very soon the attention of every one seemed so completely engrossed by the dazzling display that they simply gazed in silence.

For twenty minutes or longer the glittering show went on, and not a sign of weariness or inattention was made by any one of the assembled company. Then gradually the colors of the little fireworks faded, the stars and wheels revolved more slowly, the lights in the body of the theater were gradually raised, and the stage curtain went softly down.

Anxiously, and a little pale, Herbert Loring peered through the loophole in the curtain. It was not easy to judge of the effects of his exhibition, and he did not know whether it had been a success. There was no applause, but, on the other hand, there were no signs that any one resented the exhibition as a childish display of colored lights. It was impossible to look upon that audience without believing that they had been thoroughly interested in what they had seen, and that they expected to see more.

For two or three minutes Loring gazed through his loophole and then, still with some doubt in his heart, but with a little more color in his cheeks, he turned away to make preparations for the second part of his performance.

At this moment there entered the theater, at the very back of the house, a young lady. She was handsome and well dressed, and as she opened the door — Loring had employed no ushers or other assistants in this little social performance — she paused for a moment and looked into the theater, and then noiselessly stepped to a chair at the very back of the house, and sat down.

This was Edith Starr, who, a month before, had been betrothed to Herbert Loring. Edith and her mother had been invited to this performance, and front seats had been reserved for them, for each guest had received a numbered card; but Mrs. Starr had had a headache, and could not go out that afternoon, and for a time her daughter had thought that she too must give up the pleasure Loring had promised her, and stay with her mother. But when the elder lady dropped into a quiet sleep, Edith thought that, late as it was, she would go by herself, and see what she could of the performance.

She was quite certain that if her presence were known to Loring he would stop whatever he was doing until she had been provided with a seat which he thought suitable for her, for he had made a point of her being properly seated when he gave the invitations; so, being equally desirous of not disturbing the performance and of not being herself conspicuous, she sat behind two rather large men, where she could see the stage perfectly well, but where she herself would not be likely to be seen.

In a few minutes the curtain rose, and Loring appeared, carrying a small, light table, which he placed near the front of the stage, and for a moment stood quietly by it. Edith noticed upon his face the expression of uncertainty and anxiety which had not yet left it. Standing by the side of the table, and speaking very slowly, but so clearly that his words could be heard distinctly in all parts of the room, he began some introductory remarks regarding the second part of his performance.

"The extraordinary, and I may say marvelous, thing which I am about to show you," he said, "is known among East Indian magicians as the magic egg. The exhibition is a very uncommon one, and has seldom been seen by Americans or Europeans, and it was by a piece of rare good fortune that I became possessed of the appliances necessary for this exhibition. They are indeed very few and simple, but never before, to the best of my knowledge and belief, have they been seen outside of India.

"I will now get the little box which contains the articles necessary for this magical performance, and I will say that if I had time to tell you of the strange and amazing adventure which resulted in my becoming the possessor of this box, I am sure you would be as much interested in it as I expect you to be in its contents. But in order that none of you may think this is an ordinary trick, executed by means of concealed traps or doors, I wish you to take particular notice of this table, which is, as you see, a plain, unpainted pine table with nothing but a flat top, and four straight legs at the corners. You can see under and around it, and it gives no opportunity to conceal anything." And then standing for a few moments as if he had something else to say, he turned and stepped into one of the wings.

Edith was troubled as she looked at her lover during these remarks. Her interest was great, greater, indeed, than that of the people about her, but it was not a pleasant interest. As Loring stopped speaking, and looked about him, there was a sudden flush on his face, and she knew this was caused by excitement, and she was pale from the same cause.

Very soon Loring reappeared, and advanced toward the table.

"Here is the box," he said, "of which I spoke, and as I hold it up I think you can all see it. It is not large, being certainly not more than twelve inches in length and two deep, but it contains some very wonderful things. The outside of this box is covered with delicate engraving and carving which you cannot see, and these marks and lines have, I think, some magical meaning, but I do not know what it is. I will now open the box, and show you what is inside. The first thing I take out is this little stick, not thicker than a lead-pencil, but somewhat longer, as you see. This is a magical wand, and is covered with inscriptions of the same character as those on the outside of the box. The next thing is this little red bag, well-filled, as you see, which I shall put on the table, for I shall not yet need it.

"Now I take out a piece of cloth which is folded into a very small compass, but as I unfold it you will perceive that it is more than a foot square, and is covered with embroidery. All those strange lines and figures in gold and red, which you can plainly see on the cloth as I hold it up, are also characters in the same magic language as those on the box and wand. I will now spread the cloth on the table, and then take out the only remaining thing in the box, and this is nothing in the world but an egg — a simple, ordinary hen's egg, as you all see as I hold it up. It may be a trifle larger than an ordinary egg, but then, after all, it is nothing but a common egg — that is, in appearance; in reality it is a good deal more.

"Now I will begin the performance," and as he stood by the back of the table over which he had been slightly bending, and threw his eyes over the audience, his voice was stronger, and his face had lost its pallor. He was evidently warming up with his subject.

"I now take up this wand," he said, "which, while I hold it, gives me power to produce the phenomena which you are about to behold. You may not all believe that there is any magic whatever about this little performance, and that it is all a bit of machinery; but whatever you may think about it, you shall see what you shall see.

"Now with this wand I gently touch this egg which is lying on the square of cloth. I do not believe that you can see what has happened to this egg, but I will tell you. There is a little line, like a hair, entirely around it. Now that line has become a crack. Now you can see it, I know. It grows wider and wider! Look! The shell of the egg is separating in the middle. The whole egg slightly moves. Do you notice that? Now you can see something yellow showing itself between the two parts of the shell. See! It is moving a good deal, and the two halves of the shell are separating more and more! And now out tumbles this queer little object. Do you see what it is? It is a poor weak little chick, not able to stand, but alive — alive! You can all perceive that it is alive. Now you can see that it is standing on its feet, feebly enough, but still standing.

"Now it takes a few steps! You cannot doubt that it is alive, and came out of that egg. It is beginning to walk about over the cloth. Do you notice that it is picking the embroidery? Now, little chick, I will give you something to eat. This little red bag contains grain, a magical grain, with which I shall feed the chicken. You must excuse my awkwardness in opening the bag, as I still hold the wand; but this little stick I must not drop. See, little chick, there are some grains. They look like rice, but, in fact, I have no idea what they are. But he knows! he knows! Look at him! See how he picks it up! There! He has swallowed one, two, three. That will do, little chick, for a first meal.

"The grain seems to have strengthened him already, for see how lively he is, and how his yellow down stands out on him, so puffy and warm! You are looking for some more grain. are you? Well, you cannot have it just yet, and keep away from those pieces of egg-shell, which, by the way, I will put back into the box. Now, sir, try to avoid the edge of the table, and, to quiet you, I will give you a little tap on the back with my wand. Now, then, please observe closely. The down which just now covered him has almost gone. He is really a good deal bigger, and ever so much uglier. See the little pin-feathers sticking out over him! And some spots here and there are almost bare; but he is ever so much more active. Ha! Listen to that! He is so strong that you can hear his beak as he picks at the table. He is actually growing bigger and bigger before our very eyes! See that funny little tail, how it begins to stick up, and quills are showing at the end of his wings.

"Another tap, and a few more grains. Hold up, sir! Don't tear the cloth! See how rapidly he grows! He is fairly covered with feathers, red and black, with a tip of yellow in front. You could hardly get that fellow into an ostrich egg! Now, then, what do you think of him? He is big enough for a broiler, though I don't think any one would want to take him for that purpose. Some more grain, and another tap from my wand. See! He does not mind the little stick, for he has been used to it from his very birth. Now, then, he is what you would call a good half-grown chick. Rather more than half grown, I should say. Do you notice his tail? There is no mistaking him for a pullet. The long feathers are beginning to curl over already. He must have a little more grain. Look out, sir! You will be off the table. Come back here! This table is too small for him, but if he were on the floor you could not see him so well.

"Another tap. Now see that comb on the top of his head; you scarcely noticed it before, and now it is bright red. And see his spurs beginning to show — on good thick legs, too. There is a fine young fellow for you! Look how he jerks his head from side to side, like the young prince of a poultry-yard, as he well deserves to be!"

The attentive interest which had at first characterized the audience now changed to excited admiration and amazement. Some leaned forward with mouths wide open. Others stood up so that they could see better. Ejaculations of astonishment and wonder were heard on every side, and a more thoroughly fascinated and absorbed audience was never seen.

"Now, my friends," Loring continued, "I will give this handsome fowl another tap. Behold the result — a noble, full-grown cock! Behold his spurs; they are nearly an inch long! And there is a comb for you. And what a magnificent tail of green and black, contrasting so finely with the deep red of the rest of his body. Well, sir, you are truly too big for this table. As I cannot give you more room, I will set you up higher. Move over a little, and I will set this chair on the table. There! Up on the seat! That 's right, but don't stop; there is the back, which is higher yet! Up with you! Ha! There, he nearly upset the chair, but I will hold it. See! He has turned around. Now, then, look at him. See his wings as he flaps them! He could fly with such wings. Look at him! See that swelling breast! Ha! Ha! Listen! Did you ever hear a crow like that? It fairly rings through the house. Yes; I knew it! There is another!"

At this point, the people in the house were in a state of wild excitement. Nearly all of them were on their feet, and they were in such a condition of frantic enthusiasm that Loring was afraid some of them might make a run for the stage.

"Come, sir," cried Loring, now almost shouting, "that will do; you have shown us the strength of your lungs. Jump down on the seat of the chair, now on the table. There, I will take away the chair, and you can stand for a moment on the table, and let our friends look at you, but only for a moment. Take that tap on your back. Now do you see any difference? Perhaps you may not, but I do. Yes; I believe you all do. He is not the big fellow he was a minute ago. He is really smaller; only a fine cockerel. A nice tail that, but with none of the noble sweep that it had a minute ago. No; don't try to get off the table. You can't escape my wand. Another tap. Behold a half-grown chicken, good to eat, but with not a crow in him. Hungry, are you? But you need not pick at the table that way. You get no more grain. Now only this little tap. Ha! Ha! What are you coming to? There is a chicken barely feathered enough for us to tell what color he is going to be.

"Another tap will take still more of the conceit out of him. Look at him! There are his pin-feathers, and his bare spots. Don't try to get away; I can easily tap you again. Now, then. Here is a lovely little chick, fluffy with yellow down. He is active enough, but I shall quiet him. One tap, and now what do you see? A poor feeble chicken, scarcely able to stand, with his down all packed close to him as if he had been out in the rain. Ah, little chick, I will take the two halves of the egg-shell from which you came, and put them on each side of you. Now, then, get in! I close them up; you are lost to view. There is nothing to be seen but

a crack around the shell! Now it has gone! There, my friends, as I hold it on high, behold the magic egg, exactly as it was when I first took it out of the box, into which I will place it again, with the cloth and the wand and the little red bag, and shut it up with a snap. I will let you take one more look at this box before I put it away behind the scenes. Are you satisfied with what I have shown you? Do you think it is really as wonderful as you supposed it would be?"

At these words the whole audience burst into riotous applause, during which Loring disappeared; but he was back in a moment.

"Thank you!" he cried, bowing low, and waving his arms before him in the manner of an Eastern magician making a salaam. From side to side he turned, bowing and thanking, and then with a hearty, "Good-by to you, good-by to you all!" he stepped back, and let down the curtain.

For some moments the audience remained in their seats as if they were expecting something more, and then they rose quietly and began to disperse. Most of them were acquainted with one another, and there was a good deal of greeting and talking as they went out of the theater.

When Loring was sure the last person had departed, he turned down the lights, locked the door, and gave the key to the steward of the club.

He walked to his home a happy man. His exhibition had been a perfect success, with not a break or a flaw in it from beginning to end.

"I feel," thought the young man, as he strode along, "as if I could fly to the top of that steeple, and flap and crow until all the world heard me."

That evening, as was his daily custom, Herbert Loring called upon Miss Starr. He found the young lady in the library.

"I came in here," she said, "because I have a good deal to talk to you about, and I do not want interruptions."

With this arrangement the young man expressed his entire satisfaction, and immediately began to inquire the cause of her absence from his exhibition in the afternoon.

"But I was there," said Edith. "You did not see me, but I was there. Mother had a headache, and I went by myself."

"You were there!" exclaimed Loring, almost starting from his chair. "I don't understand. You were not in your seat."

"No," answered Edith; "I was on the very back row of seats. You could not see me, and I did not wish you to see me."

"Edith!" exclaimed Loring, rising to his feet, and leaning over the library table, which was between them. "When did you come? How much of the performance did you see?"

"I was late," she said; "I did not arrive until after the fireworks, or whatever they were."

For a moment Loring was silent, as if he did not understand the situation

"Fireworks!" he said. "How did you know there had been fireworks?"

"I heard the people talking of them as they left the theater," she answered.

"And what did they say?" he inquired quickly.

"They seemed to like them very well," she replied, "but I do not think they were quite satisfied. From what I heard some people say, I inferred that they thought it was not very much of a show to which you had invited them."

Again Loring stood in thought, looking down at the table; but before he could speak again, Edith sprang to her feet.

"Herbert Loring," she cried, "what does all this mean? I was there during the whole of the exhibition of what you called the magic egg. I saw all those people wild with excitement at the wonderful sight of the chicken that came out of the egg, and grew to full size, and then dwindled down again, and went back into the egg, and, Herbert, there was no egg, and there was no little box, and there was no wand, and no embroidered cloth, and there was no red bag, nor any little chick, and there was no full-grown fowl, and there was no chair that you put on the table! There was nothing, absolutely nothing, but you and that table! And even the table was not what you said it was. It was not an unpainted pine table with four straight legs. It was a table of dark polished wood, and it stood on a single post with feet. There was nothing there that you said was there; everything was a sham and a delusion; every word you spoke was untrue. And yet everybody in that theater, excepting you and me, saw all the things that you said were on the stage. I know they saw them all, for I was with the people, and heard them, and saw them, and at times I fairly felt the thrill of enthusiasm which possessed them as they glared at the miracles and wonders you said were happening."

Loring smiled. "Sit down, my dear Edith," he said. "You are excited, and there is not the slightest cause for it. I will explain the whole affair to you. It is simple enough. You know that study is the great object of my life. I study all sorts of things, and just now I am greatly interested in hypnotism. The subject has become fascinating to me; I have made a great many successful trials of my power, and the affair of this afternoon was nothing but a trial of my powers on a more extensive scale than anything I have yet attempted. I wanted to see if it were possible for me to hypnotize a considerable number of people without any one suspecting what I intended doing. The result

was a success. I hypnotized all those people by means of the first part of my performance, which consisted of some combinations of colored glass with lights thrown upon them. They revolved, and looked like fireworks, and were strung on a wire high up on the stage.

"I kept up the glittering and dazzling show — which was well worth seeing, I can assure you — until the people had been straining their eyes upward for almost half an hour; and this sort of thing — I will tell you if you do not know it — is one of the methods of producing hypnotic sleep.

"There was no one present who was not an impressionable subject, for I was very careful in sending out my invitations, and when I became almost certain that my audience was thoroughly hypnotized, I stopped the show, and began the real exhibition, which was not really for their benefit, but for mine.

"Of course, I was dreadfully anxious for fear I had not succeeded entirely, and that there might be at least some one person who had not succumbed to the hypnotic influences, and so I tested the matter by bringing out that table, and telling them it was something it was not. If I had had any reason for supposing that some of the audience saw the table as it really was, I had an explanation ready, and I could have retired from my position without any one supposing that I had intended making hypnotic experiments. The rest of the exhibition would have been some things that any one could see, and as soon as possible I would have released those who were hypnotized from their spell. But when I became positively assured that every one saw a light pine table with four straight legs, I confidently went on with the performances of the magic egg."

Edith Starr was still standing by the library table. She had not heeded Loring's advice to sit down, and she was trembling with emotion.

"Herbert Loring," she said, "you invited my mother and me to that exhibition. You gave us tickets for front seats, where we would be certain to be hypnotized if your experiment succeeded, and you would have made us see that false show, which faded from those people's minds as soon as they recovered from the spell; for as they went away they were talking only of the fireworks, and not one of them mentioned a magic egg, or a chicken, or anything of the kind. Answer me this: did you not intend that I should come and be put under that spell?"

Loring smiled. "Yes," he said, "of course I did; but then, your case would have been different from that of the other people. I should have explained the whole thing to you, and I am sure we would have had a great deal of pleasure, and profit too, in discussing your experiences. The subject is extremely —"

"Explain to me!" she cried. "You would not have dared to do it! I do not know how brave you may be, but I know you would not have had the courage to come here and tell me that you had taken away my reason and my judgment, as you took them away from all those people, and that you had made me a mere tool of your will — glaring and panting with excitement at the wonderful things you told me to see where nothing existed. I have nothing to say about the others; they can speak for themselves if they ever come to know what you did to them. I speak for myself. I stood up with the rest of the people. I gazed with all my power, and over and over again I asked myself if it could be possible that anything was the matter with my eyes or my brain, and if I could be the only person there who could not see the marvelous spectacle that you were describing. But now I know that nothing was real, not even the little pine table, not even the man!"

"Not even me!" exclaimed Loring. "Surely I was real enough!"

"On that stage, yes," she said; "but you there proved you were not the Herbert Loring to whom I promised myself. He was an unreal being. If he had existed he would not have been a man who would have brought me to that public place, all ignorant of his intentions, to cloud my perceptions, to subject my intellect to his own, and make me believe a lie. If a man should treat me in that way once he would treat me so at other times, and in other ways, if he had the chance. You have treated me in the past as to-day you treated those people who glared at the magic egg. In the days gone by you made me see an unreal man, but you will never do it again! Good-by."

"Edith," cried Loring, "you don't —"

But she had disappeared through a side-door, and he never spoke to her again.

Walking home through the dimly lighted streets, Loring involuntarily spoke aloud:

"And this," he said, "is what came out of the magic egg!"

Frank R. Stockton.

THE GOVERNMENT OF GERMAN CITIES.

THE MUNICIPAL FRAMEWORK.



UNICIPAL housekeeping," as a science and an art, evolved out of the conditions of life prevailing in the last half of this century, can be observed to better advantage in Germany than in any other country. It is true that the German cities have been somewhat tardy in providing themselves with modern conveniences and improvements; but now having fairly entered upon the task, they are accomplishing it in a more systematic, thorough, and businesslike way than any other cities whether in Europe, America, or Australia. The Germans have been in their habits of life a rather primitive, simple people, less fastidious than the English, French, or Americans. In large part they have been a rural people, and whether in town or in country the average family income has been very small, and the ordinary scale of living extremely modest. The arrangements of the towns have partaken of this simple, old-fashioned régime of family and social life, and have been in like manner primitive and unsuited to the demands of a complex, artificial civilization, and altogether regardless of the new sciences of sanitation and city-making.

But a great change has come over the German nation, and nowhere is its altered character shown more distinctly than in the expansion and progress of the cities. The centers of population are growing with extraordinary rapidity by inflow from the rural districts. The Germans are in the midst of a quick transition from an agricultural into a manufacturing people. The old seats of petty princes or dukes are coming into a transformed and enlarged existence as industrial towns. Railways and traffic have lately become factors of an altogether novel importance, helping to emphasize the distinction between town and country and to modernize the character of the towns.

Simultaneously with this recent growth of industries and town population in Germany, there has been — arising in large part from military success and enhanced international prestige and importance — a marked advance in the standards of living, and a new demand for modern and luxurious appointments. An intense quickening of national pride has made the people and the governing authorities eager to adopt late improvements, and ambitious to rival France, England, and America in matters that Germany had before neglected.

To this work of modern improvement, especially in public appointments, the Germans seem to have brought more of the scientific spirit and method than any other people. Their habits of thoroughness in research, and of patient, exhaustive treatment of any subject in hand, have fully characterized their new progress in the arts of civilized life.

Above all, the Germans had already developed a system of public administration more economical and more infallibly effective than could have been found elsewhere; and they were prepared, when the growth of their cities and the new demand for modern improvements made necessary a great increase in the number and variety of public functions, to do in the best possible way whatever it was decided to undertake. So confident were they, indeed, in the efficiency of their administrative organization, that they dared to assign to the municipalities spheres of action which elsewhere have been left to private effort and control.

GERMAN CITIES GROWING FASTER THAN AMERICAN.

In the rapidity of its growth, in its regularity, and in its general air of newness, Berlin suggests Chicago. But while Chicago in its buildings and appointments other than governmental and municipal is for the most part superior to Berlin, the German capital is incomparably superior to Chicago in its municipal and public arrangements. Chicago and our other fast-growing American cities find great difficulty in extending urban facilities to keep pace in any decent fashion with the growth of population and the enlargement of area; but in Berlin the authorities have systematically and easily provided for the development of a city that is more than three times as large as it was in 1860, and that has within a few years been transforming all its services and appointments.

We Americans have at home such a surfeit of new towns and new extensions of older towns, that it is not surprising that we should be looking for the old rather than the new in our European travels. The guide-books are all made upon the principle that American tourists are painfully eager to lose nothing of antiquarian

or historical interest, and that they care nothing whatever for Europe as the present-day home of progressive peoples. For the most part, therefore, we fail to appreciate the full force and significance of the immense modern impetus that is transforming European cities. Most of them have an ancient or medieval nucleus, but otherwise they are as new as our American cities, and in many respects they are more modern and enterprising.

Indeed, there seems to be an almost unconquerable delusion in the popular mind that our American cities are the only ones which show the phenomenon of rapid growth, and that their newness excuses their failure to provide well for the common necessities of urban life. I must ask leave to launch a few statistics at this delusion. In 1870 New York was a considerably more populous city than Berlin. It had nearly 950,000 people, while Berlin had barely 800,000. In 1880 Berlin had outgrown New York, and in 1890 it still maintained the lead, having 1,578,794 people as against New York's 1,515,301. Chicago's relative gain has been higher, but Berlin in the last twenty years has added as many actual new residents as has Chicago. Thirty years ago Philadelphia was a larger city than Berlin, but since then it has added only half a million souls to its total number, while Berlin has added a million. These statistics are cited in order to give a comparative impression of the problems Berlin has had to meet in providing for the accommodation of its expanding municipal household.

Let us take another instance. In 1875 Hamburg had only 263,540 people, and Boston had 342,000. In 1890 Hamburg had 569,260, and Boston had 448,000. Hamburg had gained more than 300,000 in fifteen years, and Boston had gained only a little more than 100,000. Yet Boston's growth has been accounted remarkable. Baltimore is sometimes likened to Hamburg for wealth and prosperity. In the early seventies they were of equal size; but Hamburg has grown twice as fast. In 1880 the German port had 410,127 dwellers, and in 1890 569,260, while Baltimore's census for the same years showed 332,313 and 434,439.

The third German city in size is Leipsic. It is a manufacturing town, which had 127,000 people in 1875, 149,000 in 1880, 170,000 in 1885, and 355,000 in 1890. The annexation of suburbs accounts in part for the immense gain of the half decad from 1885 to 1890, but it also accounts for the comparatively small gains of the preceding decad, growth being principally in the outer belt. St. Louis grew from 350,000 in 1880 to nearly 452,000 in 1890; but Leipsic has grown at a much higher rate. It has now well-distanced San Francisco, which was considerably the larger in the seventies.

SOME SPECIFIC COMPARISONS.

MUNICH, which has now been slightly outgrown by Leipsic, though formerly much the larger of the two, is still growing at a very respectable rate. In 1875 its denizens were 193,000 in number, and in 1880, 230,000; in 1890 they were 349,000. It has grown at a much higher rate in the past decad or two than American cities of corresponding size. Breslau, the second city of Prussia, has lost much by emigration; but it grows, nevertheless. Its population had expanded from 272,900 in 1880 to 335,200 in 1890. Meanwhile Cincinnati had grown from 255,139 to 296,908.

In the decad Cologne had grown from 144,800 to 281,800. This may be compared with the gain of Cleveland, Ohio, from 160,000 to 261,000; with Buffalo's growth from 155,000 to 255,600; and with Pittsburg's, from 156,000 to 238,600. Cologne was very much the smallest of the four in 1880, and very much the largest of the four in 1890. Yet Buffalo, Pittsburg, and Cleveland have been accounted most remarkable for their expansion in that decad. Dresden, the charming Saxon capital, had 220,800 people in 1880, and New Orleans, our own charming Southern capital, had 216,000. Thus they were of nearly equal size. In 1890 Dresden had grown to 276,500, and New Orleans to 242,000. A difference of less than 5000 had increased to one of nearly 35,000. Detroit and Milwaukee had each approximately 205,000 people in 1890, and Magdeburg, Prussia, had 202,000. But Detroit and Milwaukee had each about 116,000 in 1880, while Magdeburg had only 97,500. It should be explained that Magdeburg during the decad had annexed some large suburbs; but it remains true that its rate of growth compares favorably with these two American cities. Frankfort-on-the-Main has 180,000 people by the last census, and Newark, New Jersey, has 181,800. Frankfort had 136,800 in 1880, and Newark had 136,500.

Hanover in the ten years had grown from 122,800 to 163,600, and Königsberg from 122,600 to 161,500; Louisville, Kentucky, had in the same period grown from 123,758 to 161,129, and Jersey City had grown from 120,722 to 163,003. Hanover and Königsberg had gained faster than Louisville, but not so fast as Jersey City. Each of the four had added about forty thousand to its numbers. Minneapolis, which ranks with these four in size, though somewhat exceeding them all, had a growth in the first half of the decad that was wholly exceptional. But in the last half it grew not much faster than a number of German cities of similar rank. Neither did Kansas City nor St. Paul nor Omaha. Minneapolis had 129,000 in 1885 and 164,700 in 1890. Magdeburg much outdid

that record. St. Paul had 111,000 in 1885 and 133,156 in 1890. Dusseldorf, with 95,000 in 1880, had 115,000 in 1885 and 144,680 in 1890 — which quite distances St. Paul. Chemnitz, that stirring factory town of Saxony, with 95,000 in 1880 and 110,800 in 1885, had 138,955 in 1890 — again distancing St. Paul.

Altona, Hamburg's next-door neighbor, had grown from 91,000 to 143,000 in ten years, while Albany, the capital of New York, beginning at just the same point,—91,000 in 1880,—had grown only to 95,000. Rochester, New York, had 89,366 inhabitants (about as many as Altona) in 1880 and 133,896 in 1890, while Altona had 143,000. Chemnitz also had fully kept its lead on Rochester. Our prosperous and growing manufacturing city of Providence, from which many cultivated men and women go to visit that quaint and stationary old German town Nuremberg, has probably never reflected, when congratulating itself upon a growth from 104,857 in 1880 to 132,146 in 1890, that "old" Nuremberg, starting with only 99,519 in 1880,—more than 5000 behind Providence,—had increased to 142,523 in 1890, more than 10,000 ahead of Providence.

Doubtless the comparison begins to grow tedious; but otherwise I could show Indianapolis, Allegheny, Columbus, Syracuse, Worcester, Toledo, Richmond, New Haven, Paterson, Lowell, Nashville, Scranton, Fall River, and all the rest, how their growth has been more than matched by that of flourishing commercial and manufacturing towns of like size in Germany — such towns as Elberfeld, Barmen, Stettin, Crefeld, Halle, Brunswick, Dortmund, Mannheim, Essen, and a dozen more.

PHYSICAL TRANSFORMATION OF GERMAN CITIES.

When one ventures to suggest that American cities are meagerly provided with the best modern facilities, and make but a sorry show in comparison with European cities, there comes the unfailing reply that ours are in their infancy, while those of Europe are venerable with age and rich in the accumulations of a long-realized maturity. The existence of old churches and castles, and of various monuments and collections illustrating the history of art, has given the impression that European cities are old. But for the purposes of our discussion they are younger than their American counterparts. Their citizens are not nearly so rich as those of our cities. They suffer under the disadvantage of loss in productive energy and wealth through the emigration of hundreds of thousands of their best young men after they have reared and educated them. They stagger under such heavy burdens of taxation and compulsory service to maintain the military arm of the general government, that the tax increment that can be used for municipal purposes comes with pain, and is small compared with the revenues we can raise for local outlay in America, where taxes for National and State purposes are comparatively light. Yet, in the face of disadvantages far greater than any that we can present as excuses, German cities have grappled with the new municipal problems of the last quarter of a century, and have solved them far more promptly and completely than American cities have done.

The physical transformation of these cities has been very remarkable. The ground-plan of the modern city is an essential consideration; and there has been much reconstruction of old-time thoroughfares in the central districts of German cities, while the newer parts have been laid out with care and good judgment. The suburban tendency is the key to recent municipal development everywhere. This tendency demands the distinct recognition of a series of main thoroughfares that shall make easy the movement of population to and from the business center. No such condition of things was recognized fifty years ago. All German cities are now adjusting their street systems to the demands for quick transit. The usual American system is the simple checkerboard. The German system is a combination of the radial and concentric with the rectangular and parallel; and it needs no argument to show that the combination system is by far the most convenient. Main thoroughfares in German cities are to-day more conveniently planned and carried through than in American cities.

Good streets are to a modern town what the circulatory system is to a living organism. It is not necessary in Germany to argue that good roadways are cheap at any cost, and that bad ones are so disastrously expensive that only a very rich country like the United States can afford them. New York has begun to construct good pavements, but it lays them gradually and cautiously, and for the most part the existing pavements are inexpressibly wretched. Berlin adopted asphalt some twenty years ago, and has been increasing its use year by year, though most of the city is paved with stone blocks. The maintenance of the streets in general is so much better than anything in America that comparisons are humiliating. There is no reason in the nature of things why the streets of Hanover, which are beautifully paved and kept, should be better than those of Jersey City or Newark, which cities are as large as Hanover, and richer, though their streets are probably the meanest and forlornest in the whole civilized world. The Dresden streets are much superior to those of our one exceptional city, Washington, and those

of Hamburg, Munich, Leipsic, and most of the smaller German cities, are far better and more modern than those of American cities in general.

A STRIKING SUBURBAN TENDENCY.

HAVING recognized the significance and the value of the suburban tendency, the German cities are now undertaking to control the forms of their expansion, and to prevent errors that would require costly future remedies. Annexations of outlying territory are the order of the day. Since 1870 most German cities have widened their bounds, some of them very materially. Berlin and Hamburg have made some acquisitions of ground; Munich has annexed extensive suburbs, notably in 1890; Leipsic in 1889, 1890, and 1891 brought in large bodies of suburban population, and annexed territory which makes it three and a half times as large as it was before 1889. Cologne, which was one of the most congested and constricted of the German cities, is now, by virtue of its great acquisitions of 1888, much the largest of them all. Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, and Leipsic are now of about equal area, averaging somewhat more than 6000 hectares (the hectare being about two and one half acres). Berlin will make very large acquisitions in the early future, definite steps having already been taken. Cologne's new boundaries include 11,000 hectares, and embrace much garden and farming land. But the municipality will be enabled, for purposes of the extension of the street, drainage, and transit systems, for the water and gas supplies, for park purposes, and for the regulation of building, to control from the outset an area surely destined to contain a large population. Magdeburg nearly doubled its area in 1886 and 1887; and Altona, Chemnitz, Bremen, Carlsruhe, and other towns, have in recent years widened their precincts. The movement has, however, only fairly begun, and the next ten years will almost certainly witness a development of superficies, and a distribution of now congested population-masses, that will quite eclipse the achievements of the period 1870–90. The rapid growth of these German cities has been attended, of course, with much speculative building, and the laying out of divers new quarters by private companies. Berlin has been built up in this fashion, and Hamburg, Munich, Leipsic, Dresden, and the other larger towns, all afford abundant examples. But the municipal authorities regulate in the severest fashion the arrangement and width of the new streets thus formed, require the best of paving, demand all that could be desired as to sewers, and govern the character of the buildings as to materials, height, street-lining, and general appearance. Thus the greed of speculators is not allowed to mar the harmonious development of the city, or to endanger its future health by bad construction and inferior sanitary arrangements.

PROVISIONS FOR TRAFFIC AND TRANSIT.

IT is worth while to note, as regards the forms of German cities, that the municipal authorities fully recognize the vital importance of railways to a town's commercial prosperity, and understand that adequate and convenient terminal facilities both for passengers and for goods ought to be as fully considered by the city government as the provision of proper thoroughfares for ordinary street traffic. One of the most serious mistakes that our American cities have made is their failure to provide suitably for the entrance and exit of railroads, and for the central station and yard room that railway traffic requires. Even our newer cities have neglected this matter with a stupidity that is almost unaccountable in view of the fact that nowadays the one question of railway terminals often decides the commercial fate of a town. The European state railway systems are more fortunate than the English and American private systems in finding the towns disposed to grant the necessary facilities for the transaction of their business. Leipsic, for instance, has become a great railway center, and one is impressed with the excellent judgment shown in the location of extensive railroad yards, and of the factories, which lie on the outskirts of the town and have perfectly convenient shipping facilities. Stuttgart also furnishes us an excellent instance of admirable central railway facilities. Terminal arrangements at Berlin are magnificent; and the whole movement of traffic, both freight and passenger, is facilitated to a remarkable degree by the *stadtbahn*, or municipal railroad, crossing the city from east to west, and the *ringbahn*, an encircling railway operated in conjunction with the stadtbahn. These connect with all the lines that come to Berlin, and assist in the collection, distribution, and transfer of freightage.

Furthermore, it is made a municipal function in Germany to utilize to the highest advantage any water highways that a city may possess. Hamburg is the most noteworthy instance. It lies at the head of tidal water, on the estuary of the Elbe, and it has had the enterprise, within the last decad, to create at vast expense the finest harbor and dock facilities in the whole world. The docks are provided with a network of railway tracks and splendid public storage-houses, and thus the highways for the accommodation of the larger traffic of the railways and the ocean-going ships are as perfect as those for ordinary street traffic. And the city is directly or indirectly a very great gainer from these

splendid public works. At Berlin the most casual observer can hardly fail to notice the marvelous use that is made for purposes of commercial navigation of the narrow river Spree. It has been well dredged out, is held in a controllable channel by magnificent stone embankments extending for a number of miles on both sides of the river, and has, below the high quays, broad and convenient stone landings all along the water's-edge. The quantity of freight barged at cheap rates from point to point in the city by means of the Spree is enormous; and the city streets are thus greatly relieved. American cities have made comparatively small use of their watercourses. Dresden in a similar manner derives large advantage from the Elbe; and German cities in general have not spared expenditure to make their rivers or other navigable watercourses a well-utilized part of the arrangements for the convenient passage of persons and traffic.

THE MUNICIPAL STRUCTURE.

ALTHOUGH the framework and general structure of the municipal house are not of vital consequence to good housekeeping, they have a very considerable importance. It happens that the Germans care less than the French for a modern and regular system — one that shall conform to geometrical rules and harmonize with a philosophical ideal. In the United States our reformers have too often quite lost sight of the aims and objects of good government in striving after good government as an end in itself. Their attention is concentrated upon the structure and mechanism, and, so far as the cities are concerned, they keep changing it perpetually. They are forever overhauling, repairing, or reconstructing the house. But they seem to have no very attractive or inspiring uses for which they are eager to make the house ready. The Germans, on the other hand, have taken their old framework of city government as they found it, and have proceeded to use it for new and wonderful purposes, altering it somewhat from time to time, but not allowing its defects to paralyze the varied activities of the household.

The different states of Germany — Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, and the rest — have their distinct municipal systems prescribed by general law. Variations of detail are numerous and marked, yet the systems of the different states are essentially similar. The Prussian laws providing for municipal government are a part of the great administrative scheme established in the legislation of Stein and Hardenberg early in this century. Many changes have been made, but the municipal constitutions of Prussia remain in their chief characters what the law of 1808 made them. Through the previous century it had been the Prussian policy to sink the independence and individuality of the *gemeinden* (the municipalities) in the absolutism of the state, and even to go so far as to treat old municipal property as belonging to the state at large. The towns had practically no freedom in the management of their own local establishments and institutions.

But all this was changed in the legislation of 1808. As in the French municipal law of 1790, the municipalities were recognized as ancient units of government, organic entities, with their own properties and functions, and with the right of entire self-government within the sphere of their strictly local and neighborhood concerns. They were given elective assemblies, or councils, and an executive body, or magistracy, composed of a burgomaster and a number of associated magistrates; the burgomaster (mayor) and his executive corps (*magistrats-mitglieder*) being chosen by the popularly elected council (*gemeinderath*), and given the complete charge of administrative work. The system was from time to time extended to the provinces that Prussia absorbed. In its general principles, moreover, it was incorporated in the laws of the other kingdoms and principalities that with Prussia now make up the German empire.

THE FRANCHISE AND THE ELECTORAL SYSTEM.

IT would not have been possible in the Germany of Stein and of Frederick William III. to establish representative institutions upon a basis of popular equality. The Prussian system emphasized the property qualification, and that system remains to-day. The voters are those who pay certain kinds of taxes above a minimum amount, and this restriction excludes perhaps ten or fifteen per cent. of the men of voting age. The electoral system is somewhat complicated. A city — Berlin, for instance — is laid off in a number of electoral districts. The voters are listed in the order of the sums they pay for taxes, with the heaviest taxpayer heading the list. They are then divided into three classes, each of which has paid one third of the aggregate amount. Thus the first class will contain a group of very heavy taxpayers, the second will be made up of a much larger number of men of moderate fortune and income, and the third class will comprise the great mass of workingmen and small taxpayers. In Berlin elections it may perhaps be said that 4 per cent. of the voters belong to the first class, 20 per cent. to the second, and 76 per cent. to the third. Each class in a given district elects a *wahlmann*, or elector, and the whole number of wahlmänner

forms an electoral college that chooses members of the gemeinderath.

Thus the elections are indirect, and a voter of the first class has as much weight as twenty voters of the third class, or as five of the second; and a voter of the second class counterbalances from three to five of the third. In large parts of the German empire, it is true, the class system is not maintained in municipal elections, and in other parts the voters of the three classes choose their representatives directly without the intervention of the wahlmänner. The Berlin system is, however, the most typical for Germany at large. At a recent Berlin election, held in one third of the districts, for the renewal of one third of the council, there were registered as qualified voters 94,765 men, of whom 3540 were in the first class, 17,336 in the second, and 73,889 in the third. It happened that of these classes 1925, 7634, and 21,830 actually appeared at the polls, considerably less than half of those empowered to vote. The first-class voters participated in the highest proportion. But each class chooses its third of the electoral college, regardless of the force it musters on election day. An extreme instance of the preponderance that this system gives to wealth is afforded by the manufacturing city of Essen, where in a population of some 80,000 there are three men who pay one third of all the taxes, and are therefore empowered to designate one third of the electors. The Krupp gunworks form the great industry of Essen, and at the last municipal election *one* voter appeared for the first class and counted for quite as much as the nearly two thousand men who appeared for the third class. In the cities of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, the three-class system is not in vogue, but there are considerable restrictions upon the franchise. Where the class system exists, it is not always true that the voters select men of their own class to represent them.

THE ELECTED COUNCIL AS THE VITAL FACT.

So far as the voters are concerned, whether in Berlin, Breslau, Cologne, Magdeburg, or the other cities where the class system remains, or in Stuttgart, Munich, Leipsic, or in any of the cities where there are no discriminations introduced among the enfranchised, their one task is the selection of a good municipal council. Everything in the life of the gemeinde revolves about this one central body. It finds the burgomaster, designates his expert associates of the magisterial coterie, supplies the means for carrying on the city government, and represents in its own enlightenment, ability, and aspirations the standard and the character of the community's progress. It is to this body that one must go to discover the secret of the consistency and continuity of German municipal policy. Much of the detail of the organization and method of German city government would be only tedious and cumbersome in an article like this. But I must beg permission to make as emphatic as possible this fundamental point, that the central fact in such city government is the popularly elected municipal council. I am the more solicitous that this very simple proposition should be entertained, for the reason that I have known American students in Germany to acquire a very meritorious knowledge of much of the technical detail of municipal administration, and yet to overlook the essential principle of unity in that administration, and to regard the burgomaster and executive council as holding a position corresponding to that of an American mayor and his chief appointees. However peculiar in a hundred details the German system may be, it is like the British and the French systems, which I have already described in these pages, in the main fact that the voters elect and maintain a representative common council of considerable size, and sitting in one chamber, which has in its hands for exercise directly or indirectly the whole authority that exists in the municipality. It is a body large enough to contain men of various opinions, and it acts openly, with full responsibility.

Stability in the German municipal councils is secured by partial renewal. Thus the councilors of Berlin and the Prussian cities are elected for six years, and one third of the seats are vacated and refilled every two years. In Berlin there are forty-two electoral districts, and these are arranged in three groups of fourteen each. Each group elects its councilors in its turn. Thus, group I chose its forty-two councilors in 1889, group II had its turn in 1891, and group III renewed its representation in 1893. Each district elects three councilors, corresponding to the three classes of voters, and thus each group contributes forty-two to a total elective council of 126 members. Taking German cities in general, the usual period for which councilors are elected is six years, with the plan of renewal in three instalments. But Strasburg and Metz retain the French system of entire renewal at each election, their period being five years. Munich, Nuremberg, and the Bavarian towns, on the other hand, give their councilors nine-year terms, and renew one third of the body every three years. Dresden, Chemnitz, and other Saxon towns are like the English municipalities, in giving councilors three-year terms with annual renewals of one third the membership; and Stuttgart renews one half of its council every year. But the six-year term is most

prevalent, and most characteristic of the German system.

European cities all the way from Scotland to Hungary would seem to have arrived by somewhat independent processes at similar conclusions as to the advantageous size of the popular municipal body. Thus the great capitals have found a body of a hundred members, more or less, a convenient size. The London county council has 138 members, the Berlin council 126, the Paris council 80, with prospect of enlargement to more than 100, and the new Vienna council has 138. Large commercial towns, or minor capitals, find a body of from 40 to 60 men the most satisfactory. Such is the size of the councils of the great British towns and of the principal French and Italian cities. Making comparison with Germany, we find that Munich and Leipsic have councils of 60 members, Dresden one of 72, Breslau a body of about 100, Cologne one of 45, Frankfort one of 57, Magdeburg of 72, Chemnitz of 48, Strasburg of 36, Altona of 35, and Stuttgart of only 25. The average for all German cities, taking a list of forty of the most important ones, would be a municipal council of about fifty members. This is not a matter of minor detail, nor do I adduce it from a mere fondness for the statistical. In constituting our State legislatures we have shown some grasp of the question how large to make the representative bodies; but in forming our American city governments we have been utterly at sea, and have produced results of the most whimsical and bewildering variety. European conclusions need not be accepted as a guide, but they may, on the other hand, be usefully noted for purposes of comparison.

THE COUNCIL AS A FOCUS OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

MUNICIPAL councilors in Germany are, as a rule, very excellent citizens. It is considered a high honor to be elected to the council. Membership is a title of dignity that merchants, professional men, and scholars are usually eager to hold. No salaries are paid to the councilors, and a penalty is attached to refusal to serve if elected. The sentiment toward these positions is much the same in Germany as in Great Britain, though stronger with men of high education in German than in British towns. The reëlection of good councilors term after term is common in both countries. It would be difficult to estimate fairly the influence of the class system in Prussia upon the character of city councils as regards their conservatism, intelligence, and business ability. Undoubtedly the recent growth of the social democracy would have a sharper influence upon the city councils if the class system were abolished, and if the municipal franchise were made identical with the simple manhood suffrage that exists for purposes of representation in the imperial legislature, the Reichstag. Thus in France, with universal suffrage, the socialists have of late been entering municipal politics with much zeal, in pursuance of the plan of an increased communal activity for the benefit of the masses. Already German cities would appear, from the point of view of other countries, to be far advanced in socialistic undertakings; yet it must not be forgotten that the municipal ideals of a thrifty burgher collectivism, and those of the social democracy in German cities, may tend as far asunder as those of the *bourgeoisie* and the proletariate in France. As yet German city governments are in the hands of the educated and thrifty classes. What social overturning will some day give these splendid business machines into the keeping of the working-classes is a speculative topic that may well be suggested here, but not discussed.

To some extent the characteristics of German city councils may be inferred from the number of real-estate proprietors in them. It is common to require that a certain proportion at least shall be house-owners. In Berlin about three fourths of the councilors are proprietors, and in Breslau nearly as many. In Frankfort, Hanover, Dusseldorf, Nuremberg, and many of the smaller cities, the house-owners are eighty or ninety per cent. of the total number of councilors. But in the Saxon cities — as Leipsic, Dresden, Chemnitz, and in a few others elsewhere — existing laws require that one half the councilors shall be householders and that one half shall not be. This provision is supposed to protect property interests in a group of cities which, as I have already explained, do not give any excess of representation to propertied voters under a class system. The great mass of citizens are of course renters of apartments in "flat-" or tenement-houses, and they are assured a full half of the municipal council that has to adjust taxation, and must of necessity determine questions in which the interests of the occupying and the owning classes would seem to differ. The presence of men of eminent scientific or economic, or other expert, knowledge is another of the characteristics of the German councils. Thus the Berlin body, as those of other university cities, contains more than one learned professor whose influence is strongly felt in some important line of policy or department of administration. The councils form themselves into standing committees for working purposes, and choose one of their own members as presiding officer, and another as his deputy, although in Cologne, Dusseldorf, Elberfeld, and some other places, the chief burgomaster is brought in as the chairman of the council.

In addition to the magistracy and the council, there is in Berlin a body of about seventy-five so-called "citizen deputies," who are selected by the council for their general fitness to serve as associates on committees charged with the oversight of various municipal interests, such as parks, schools, the care of the poor, and the sanitary services. They have no authority to vote in the council, but they illustrate, at the center of administration, the excellent practice which is followed throughout the entire ramification of German city government, of enlisting the coöperation of unofficial citizens in managing the ordinary concerns of the community.

THE BURGOMASTER AND EXECUTIVE MAGISTRATES.

THE burgomaster and magistrates are the most highly trained experts that a German city can secure. The burgomaster is an expert in the general art of municipal administration. Associated with him in the magisterial council are experts in law, experts in finance, experts in education to administer the schools, experts in engineering to oversee public works of every character, experts in sanitary science, experts in public charity, experts in forestry and park management, experts in the technical and business management of water- and gas-supplies, and so on. The analogy would not be perfect, but it would answer roughly to compare the governmental structure of a German city with that of a railway corporation, in which the board of directors, chosen by the stockholders, appoint a general superintendent or manager, a general passenger agent, a general freight agent, a chief legal officer, a chief engineer, a superintendent of motive power, and other general officers, and leave to these high-salaried experts, drawn from the service of various other transportation companies, almost the entire management and operation of the road. The shareholders represent the voters of Berlin, let us say; the board of directors are the municipal council; the general superintendent is the chief burgomaster; and the general officers at the head of departments are the magistrates.

The *magistratsrath*, or *stadtrath*, of a German city is, then, a body of distinguished and honored, highly paid, professional, expert employees, and not a body of citizen representatives, although experienced members of the body of citizen representatives may be, and not infrequently are, promoted to membership in the magistratsrath. The professional civil service is a vastly greater and better-established field of employment in Germany than in England or America, and it is particularly difficult for an American to appreciate its position and significance. The mayor of an American city is usually some well-known citizen who is called temporarily from private life to occupy the most authoritative place in the corporation. The burgomaster of a German city is a civil servant — the permanent head of a permanent body of trained officials. The difference between the two is somewhat like that between our secretary of war and the general commanding the army. I have spoken of possible changes in the spirit and the objects of German city governments when the working-men shall have become dominant at the polls, though I do not believe that there is any likelihood whatsoever of a change in what we may call the method, as distinguished from the motive, of administration. That is to say, whatever may be the political or class complexion of the citizens' representative council, that body will continue to employ experts to carry out its plans on the principle of a permanent civil service. We may deprecate German officialism as much as we like, but the Germans will not cease to manage the business affairs of their municipal corporations through the employment of a trained, professional service until American railway corporations cease to seek the best technical and expert talent, whether in administration or in engineering, to carry on their enterprises.

A COMPARISON OF THE GERMAN, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH SYSTEMS.

IT may be useful to note some points of difference and resemblance between the German, English, and French systems of executive government in cities. The English have a single, central elective council, to which the councilors themselves add aldermen in the proportion of one sixth of their own number. These aldermen are almost always ordinary councilors who have served for several terms, and have become especially useful on account of their experience. They have no different functions from councilors, but hold their terms for six instead of for three years, and are very commonly made chairmen of standing committees. The mayor is designated by the council for one year, and he is usually an alderman, his duty being simply that of presiding officer and titular head of the corporation. He serves on committees like other members of the council, and when his "year in the chair" is at an end, he resumes his place on the floor. There is a standing committee for each important branch of the municipal service, and this committee selects (subject to confirmation by the full council) a permanent, expert chief of the department, who organizes it in detail, and superintends its operation. Thus, besides a permanent staff of high general offi-

cials, such as the town clerk, the borough engineer, and the medical health officer, there will be a superintendent of water-supply, a chief of the fire department, a chief sanitary officer, a chief of police, and various others. These experts will have been secured upon their pure merits, often from distant cities. The system works very satisfactorily. The expert chiefs are in constant touch with the chairmen of their supervising council committees, and always attend committee meetings. The whole municipal service is held in coördination through reports made to the full council by the committees. The council thus meets very frequently, and a large amount of labor is entailed upon the chairmen of committees.

The French system is quite different. The elected municipal council designate the mayor from their own number, and also appoint from their own body a group of their most experienced members to serve as his "adjuncts," and to form with him a *corps executif*. The mayor, in turn, assigns to each of these adjuncts the supervision of a department of the municipal service. A number of ordinary members of the council are then grouped around each such chairman as his consulting committee, but the mayor is the controlling spirit in the total executive administration. Under him and his executive corps the expert civil service is organized; and while the full council holds only a few stated meetings in the year, the executive corps is in very frequent session, and the departmental business is thus kept in harmonious relationship.

Now the German magistratsrath is the glorification of the expert chiefs of departments that one finds in the English system. It may be regarded as a fusing into one supreme executive group of these professional and salaried experts and the level-headed old chairmen of council committees. This statement will be the better understood when the structure of the magistratsrath is still further analyzed. The Berlin magistracy is composed of thirty-four members, including the chief burgomaster and his substitute and next in authority, the second burgomaster. Of this body, seventeen are salaried and are appointed for twelve-year terms, and seventeen are unpaid, and are chosen for six-year terms. The salaried men, including the mayor and deputy mayor, are selected for their expert qualifications, exactly as a board of railway directors would make up its staff of general officers. They come from the civil service of other German cities, where they have made a record, or from the departments of the royal Prussian service, from which the higher salaries paid by the city tempt the best and most ambitious men. The paid element in the magistracy includes legal officers, the city treasurer, architects, civil engineers, school administrators, and other experts. It is perfectly understood that these men, including the mayor, will be reappointed at the end of their terms; and their tenure is practically for life, unless they forfeit their positions by their own misconduct. The seventeen unpaid magistrates may be said to represent the highest development of non-professional experience and skill in municipal affairs. They have some resemblance to the aldermanic element in the English councils, or to the chairmen of English council committees. They have in most cases served efficiently as members of the elected municipal council, and are citizens with sufficient leisure and means to devote their time to the service of the city, from the motive of public spirit mingled with that of satisfaction in the honor of high position. For these posts are held in the highest esteem, and the men appointed to them are often the equals in administrative, or even in scientific and technical, qualifications of their salaried associates. These unpaid places are also practically permanent, the incumbents being usually reappointed term after term. Sometimes vacancies in the salaried places are filled by the transfer of men from the unsalaried element of the magistracy. Naturally the most confining and arduous duties of administration are usually assigned to the paid magistrates, while the unpaid men serve in capacities more advisory than severely executive; yet it often happens that the unpaid members assume full charge of very important departments of the public service.

ADMINISTRATION BY PERMANENT EXPERTS.

THE mayor or head of the municipality — in some cities called the *oberbürgermeister* and in some simply the *bürgermeister* — is the general manager of the whole mechanism of administration, and usually the guiding spirit as well in the economic policies of the municipality. He may feel that success in the management of a smaller city will perhaps be rewarded by the prize of the mayoralty of a greater one. Thus the late Dr. Forckenbeck, mayor of Berlin, had made his reputation as mayor of Breslau, and was called to fill a vacancy in the same position at the capital. Many cities appoint their mayors for life, and some make a trial appointment for a term of years and then grant a life lease. Thus the mayors of Munich, Leipsic, Dresden, Hanover, Stuttgart, Chemnitz, and various smaller cities, are life incumbents; while those of Berlin, Breslau, Cologne, Magdeburg, Frankfort, Königsberg, Dusseldorf, and numerous other places, are appointed for twelve-year terms. Strasburg, Metz, and the Alsace-Lorraine towns, on the other hand, grant only five-year terms, following French rather than German modes of city organization.

The tenure of the paid magistrates in general follows that of the mayors, and the cities which give life appointments to the chief of the municipality commonly give them also to the expert professional element among his associates, while limiting the unpaid magistrates to terms corresponding with those of the popularly elected councilors. Duties are so well distributed among the magistrates that there results the highest type of executive efficiency, and the least possible friction or waste of energy. New departments of administration may either be assigned to the portfolios of existing magistrates, or may be provided for by the appointment of additional members. Thus the magistratsrath is sufficiently flexible to respond to the changing circumstances of a city, and the presence of its unsalaried citizen members keeps it always sufficiently in touch with the spirit of the community. It should further be said that in the details of administration the magistrates have the coöperation in various ways of numerous unofficial citizens serving in a voluntary or honorary capacity on countless sub-committees.

Nearly all the cities in Germany, great and small, maintain the plan of a magisterial council composed of paid and unpaid members. In Dresden 14 are paid and 18 are unpaid. The 14 have been very largely drawn from the service of other and smaller cities, while the 18 have been promoted to the magistracy after valuable service in the elected council. Leipsic has 12 paid and 15 unpaid magistrates, Munich 16 and 20 respectively, Breslau 11 and 13, Frankfort 9 and 8, Hanover 8 and 9, Nuremberg 9 and 17, Chemnitz 9 and 16. In many of the smaller cities, the unpaid members predominate largely. Stuttgart pays its mayor alone, and appoints all its other magistrates from its own public-spirited citizens, who give their services freely. But it is a marked exception to the rule.

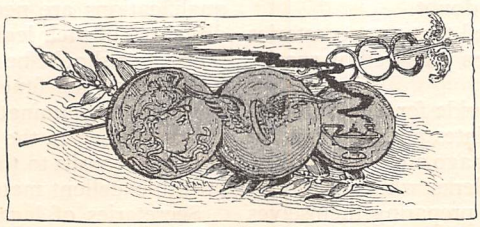
OFFICIALISM AND EFFICIENCY.

CIVIL-SERVICE salaries in general are very small in Germany, for the reasons that positions are permanent, pensions are given to retiring officials, and such posts are considered socially desirable, and are much sought after. Comparatively, therefore, the pay of burgomasters and magistrates is considered very large by the German official class. The mayor of Berlin receives 30,000 marks ($7500), and the salaries of other German mayors range from that figure down to about 10,000 marks ($2500). The deputy burgomaster has the next highest salary — 18,000 marks in Berlin, and from 6000 to 12,000 in other cities. The average pay of the Berlin magistrates is about 12,500 marks, while if one should average a hundred or more German towns, great and small, the current yearly pay of this class of expert officials would be found to be about 6000 marks ($1500). Such remuneration is tempting enough to give the cities an abundant supply of trained talent from the universities and technical schools, and from the various lines of state service. Under the mayor and magistrates are the numerous officials of all grades and ranks who constitute the membership of the municipal civil service, and who are trained men in their respective departments.

Such, then, is the framework and structure of the German municipality. It meets the demands made upon it. The German mind has a clear conception of the municipality as an organization for business and social ends, and of the municipal government as a mechanism for the accomplishment of those ends. "Officialism," so called, expert and highly organized, results inevitably. I am not advocating the introduction of precisely the German type of officialism into our American city life. Indeed, I have no desire to hold any argument with those who do not believe in the development, for our purposes, of a permanent, skilled, non-political body of city officials. My only object in this paper, as in some others I have written, is to make comparison easier. For my own part, I see no possible reason why, having city business to do, we should be unwilling to have it performed in as businesslike a manner as we should demand in the conduct of a private enterprise. Nor do I see how an acceptance of the idea that the municipal corporation exists for the conduct of a series of business and social enterprises can comport with the rejection of the idea of a permanent, expert body of administrators; that is to say, a somewhat highly developed officialism.

In another article I will speak of the working functions and practical results of German city government.

Albert Shaw.



THE CONSULAR SERVICE AND THE SPOILS SYSTEM.

THE following letter was addressed by the editor of THE CENTURY to a list of ex-ministers of the United States without regard to their political associations or supposed opinions on civil-service reform; with the letter were sent the resolutions of the National Board of Trade. We publish the replies received.

DEAR SIR: We are intending to publish a group of brief opinions — a few paragraphs by ex-ministers — on the proposition to take the consulships out of the spoils system, and possibly some of the minor offices of the diplomatic service. May we ask the favor of a few words from you on this subject, within a short time?

Yours sincerely, THE EDITOR.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF TRADE, January 23, 1894.

Resolved, That the National Board of Trade heartily approves the action of the Boston Merchants' Association and the Boston Chamber of Commerce, in agitating for a reform of the consular service of the United States, and believes it to be the duty of this national organization and its constituent bodies to take up and push the good work in utter disregard of all party feeling, party prejudices, and party affiliations.

Resolved, That to this end a special committee of seven be created, to whom shall be committed all plans, methods, and recommendations designed to place this great national service on a footing corresponding to that of other nations, removing it from the spoils system.

EX-MINISTER TO CHINA.

THE duties of consuls may be described as, first, notarial — certifying to the genuineness of papers, especially of invoices of goods to be shipped to this country; second, judicial — settling controversies between officers and crews of our vessels in foreign parts, and trying civil and criminal cases in Oriental lands; third, protective — caring for our destitute seamen, and sending them home; and fourth, collecting and reporting information of value to our merchants and manufacturers. It needs no argument to show that men who are to discharge such duties should have some natural aptitude for them, and should have some special preparation for them. They should have a familiarity with our business methods in manufactures and commerce. Some knowledge of law, a command of the language of the country in which they serve, and the faculty of making themselves agreeable and welcome in the society in that country, are obviously desirable.

That these qualifications are best secured by having a permanent body of trained men is the conclusion to which most nations have been brought by long experience. That the conclusion is sound I have no doubt.

I am equally convinced that our secretaries of legation should be men prepared by special training for their duties.

We ought also to provide for a body of interpreters for our consulates and legations in China and Japan. Years ago a bill was framed providing for consular clerks, who were to be paid small salaries while preparing themselves in China for the duties of interpreters. But the appropriations were not continued. Our consuls, who are sent to China with no knowledge of the Chinese language, have sometimes had to depend on Chinese who had learned a little "pigeon English," or on missionaries, for interpreters. The former have often proved to be dishonest. There are serious practical objections to employing the latter.

The British maintain a special establishment at Peking for training young Englishmen for the work of interpreting. These young men gradually rise to the positions of vice-consul and consul. One of the reasons for the success of British trade in the East is the thorough equipment of their consular service.

I believe it would be of great service to our commerce to take the offices of consul and secretary of legation out of politics, and to make special provision for training interpreters for service in China and Japan.

James B. Angell.

EX-MINISTER TO SPAIN.

CONSULS, being commercial agents, special qualifications are needed to fit them for the discharge of their legitimate duties. Their appointment should be preceded by diligent inquiry as to their fitness, or by a thorough and appropriate examination. A corps of consular clerks, trained in the State Department, with occasional visits to the best consulates, would furnish excellent material for consular service.

Secretaries of legation are invaluable to a

minister or ambassador, and should not be removed with every incoming administration, or at the will or whim of the minister. Occasionally, as rewards for special or superior competency, they should be promoted to higher places. A diplomatic career, such as is recognized by European governments, is not in accordance with our political theories. My observation and experience did not convince me of the need of such a special class. A comparison of our ministers — appointed for fitness, and not as rewards for partizan services, or to atone for defeat by the people in elections — with foreign ministers who have achieved places step by step in a "career," does not show an inferiority on the part of American representatives.

J. L. M. Curry.

EX-MINISTER TO SPAIN.

An American consul is judged and graded by the people to whom he is accredited according to his intelligence and ability, just as the business agents of other countries are judged and graded. They recognize his good points, and are keen to take advantage of those wherein he lacks. He comes in contact, socially and commercially, constantly with the trained agents of other countries, and unless he is their equal in equipment, he goes to the wall as surely as does the raw, unarmed recruit before the veteran soldier. A consul is a commercial agent, and what house would consider it good business to send an agent to Spain, for instance, who did not understand Spanish? Such a man would be at the mercy of his Spanish clerk, whose price to an exporter, for obtaining a signature to an ad-valorem invoice, would not be above one dollar, unless he were exceedingly high-priced, and then it might be two dollars.

I believe that the best material from which to choose our consuls would be found among those who have been educated by the Government at West Point or Annapolis, and who are either supernumerary in the army or navy, or have been retired for some slight disability. These men have the necessary qualification as regards languages. They have been obliged to acquire more or less business method in their study of the quartermaster and commissary departments; they have deep patriotism, and a keen sense of national and personal honor; they would make public servants, of whom every American at home and abroad would be proud and whom every foreigner would be obliged to respect.

A good consul is a better consul every year he is at his post. He knows his ground better, and is more known and appreciated by those with whom he has to deal. Once appointed, he should not be removed except for misconduct; and there is no more common sense in the people of the United States discharging their consuls every four years than would be shown if all the merchants of New York discharged their chief clerks because Gladstone has resigned.

Edward Burd Grubb.

EX-MINISTER TO AUSTRIA AND TO GERMANY.

In 1864, Mr. Seward being Secretary of State, the administration desired authority for the appointment of thirteen consular clerks, at a small compensation, to be assigned, and transferable, to different consulates at the discretion of the President. As a member of Congress from Iowa in his first term, and not yet corrupted by the spoils system then prevailing, I had some innocent and childlike conceptions of what was due to good government, and of the fitness of things. After some struggle I secured the adoption of the following regulation as a part of the proposed legislation: "Before the appointment of any such consular clerk shall be made, it shall be satisfactorily shown to the Secretary of State, after due examination and report by an examining board, that the applicant is qualified and fit for the duties to which he shall be assigned; and such report shall be laid before the President. And no clerk so appointed shall be removed from office except for cause stated in writing, which shall be submitted to Congress at the session first following such removal." (Rev. Stat. U. S., Sec. 1705.) So far as I know, this was the first legislative attempt to abolish any part of the spoils system by act of Congress; and was the informal and unpretending beginning of civil-service reform through Congressional action.

The purpose of this provision was, first, to secure to the consular service at least this number of young men who would acquire the language of the country to which they were assigned, and the regulations and usages of the consular system. Second, by this knowledge, increasing always with the lapse of years, to save each new representative of the spoils system from the errors, blunders, and inefficiency which must always attend ignorance and inexperience of foreign affairs and foreign methods. Third, to build up a trained corps of consular experts, who, assignable to any post in special emergencies, would also be available for regular consular appointments by way of promotion.

While the system adopted was generally successful in results, it wholly failed in the last named object. This, for two reasons: all

desirable posts were strongly held by successive administrations for distribution under the the customary rules of political spoils; and these clerks, even when growing old in service under meager pay, were afraid of being promoted to an office from which the spoilsmen would probably drive them with the next change of administration, and so leave them wholly destitute.

Consular reformers may, nevertheless, find in Sec. 1705 of the Revised Statutes, and our experience thereunder, a text which is prolific of suggestions for the reconstruction of our consular service. The subject requires an article, not "a paragraph," for its development. I will only add here that no candidate for a consulate who respects himself, and wishes to make the office respectable, will disdain an examination by a competent board into his qualifications for such foreign service; and no patriotic administration can object, after some equalization of appointments between two administrations of different politics, to a limitation of the removals from consular office to causes which they are willing to report to Congress. The commercial interests of our country, as well as the protection of the tariff revenues by an honest enforcement of the laws, require a better qualified consular service for the prevention of fraud.

The wisest and most practicable method of securing this reform demands the concurrence of Congress with a President friendly to reformation. This method can be comprised in any ordinary paragraph of legislation, or in a brief joint resolution of Congress, without trenching upon the constitutional rights of the President in respect to appointments and removals.

John A. Kasson.

EX-MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

I AM earnestly in favor of the inclusion in a permanent civil service of all employees of the Government who themselves perform the routine duties of the public service, and I think that ordinary consular officers are among those in respect to whom it is specially for the public interest, as a matter of mere business, that their tenure of office should depend only upon their efficiency. The principal duties of an American consular officer are to report to his government upon the industries and business in his district, and, by his knowledge of those industries to prevent frauds upon the customs revenues through undervaluations of products exported to the United States. It needs no argument to show that until adequate knowledge is acquired by a new officer, he cannot really perform his principal duties, and that much time must be taken by each new appointee in acquiring such knowledge in a foreign country, if he ever does so. Thus our prevailing custom of frequently putting wholly inexperienced men in such places results, in fact, in an equal number of periods, of greater or less length, of mere pupilage (often, indeed, in the very language he must use in his daily transactions) and business inefficiency. It must be considered also that the uncertain and usually short tenure of office, and the too prevalent view of the place being only a reward for petty political service, rather than one of important duties, tend to make the incumbent think it hardly worth his while to make a serious effort to qualify himself for his duties. The result is, I think, that at the more important places the public work, both that of discretion and that of routine, is usually done, after a fashion, by old employees of very inferior position and pay, frequently natives and subjects of the foreign country; and at the less important places, where there is no provision for such employees, the quality of the public service rendered cannot fail to be greatly injured, often and for prolonged periods, by the inexperience of the incumbent. The business of a great private establishment could not be carried on under such a system as that prevailing, but happily not universal, with respect to our consular officers; they are merely our practical business agents abroad, and should, in my opinion, be chosen and retained upon the same considerations that would affect a private employer of large affairs.

Robert T. Lincoln.

EX-MINISTER TO SPAIN.

As to the proposition "to take the consulships out of the spoils system," by which is meant, I imagine, to create a consular service where there should be no change save for cause, I would say that I doubt very much whether the service would be improved thereby, from the fact that men secure in their places would lose in animus while they might gain in knowledge. Under our present system men of superior adaptation to their places have been retained through several administrations of different politics—notably the Hon. Ramon O. Williams, Consul-General at Havana.

Again, I do not believe that efficient service should be the only aim of our Government, but that individuality should be encouraged in every reasonable way. To that end it should be the privilege of every American to aspire with some hopes of success to any place within the gift of his country. Furthermore, too long a residence abroad denationalizes a man. It is well that he should come home once in a while, touch elbows, breathe the atmosphere, and live

the life of an American. We have been well served under the present system; why change?

T. W. Palmer.

EX-MINISTER TO AUSTRIA AND TO GERMANY.

WITHOUT caring at this time to make such a sweeping statement as to other branches of the public service, where I have had less experience, I am ready now to say that I am sure that the consular service ought to be freed from all influences based on the party affiliations or party services of its personnel; equally sure that it requires such training and experience as makes that career almost a professional one.

William Walter Phelps.

EX-MINISTER TO COLUMBIA AND TO VENEZUELA.

THERE are only three branches of our public service that can be said to be out of the "spoils system." The officers of our army and navy, and the judges of our national tribunals, hold their commissions for life or during good behavior; and when they become too old and infirm for efficient service, are decently retired on pensions. So long as these officers faithfully discharge their duties, and otherwise comport themselves properly, they feel secure in their positions, no matter what political changes take place; and they feel equally sure of a modest competency in old age. They can thus give their entire time and talents to their official duties, and are removed from temptations to dishonesty which might otherwise beset them. Men of all political parties recognize the wisdom and justice of this policy, and he would be a reckless man indeed who would now seriously propose to change it for the "spoils system," and thus to destroy discipline, stimulate official corruption, and hopelessly degrade the judiciary to the low level of our partizan politics.

But all the reasons usually urged in favor of keeping the military, naval, and judicial service out of politics will apply with equal force to our diplomatic and consular service. It is quite as important a branch of the public service as either of the three named. It is hardly less technical in character, and it requires even a higher order of talents supplemented by more extensive and varied learning. As civilization advances, nations seek higher methods of adjusting their differences than those usually adopted by the ants and beetles. Friendly arbitration takes the place of war, and the services of the professional soldier are discounted by those of the trained and skilful diplomat. To be an efficient consul, a man must have a thorough knowledge of commercial and maritime law; and in pagan and Mohammedan countries where, in addition to his purely consular duties, he is called upon to exercise judicial functions, he needs to be well versed in all the technicalities of the legal profession. In addition to these attainments, it is very little less necessary that he should be able to speak at least two of the modern languages besides his own. When he is thus equipped for his work, and proves himself honest and faithful, it is extremely detrimental to the service, and to our interests abroad, to dismiss him for some half-educated and vulgar politician who claims the office as a reward for work at the primaries. It is not a whit more absurd in principle, nor less demoralizing and damaging in results, than it would be to dismiss a district or circuit judge in order to provide for some needy political henchman.

Another consideration, though of infinitely minor importance, merits attention. We have about three hundred consulships, the salaries of which average about $3000 per annum. When the quadrennial "clean sweep" takes place, the newly appointed consul is allowed thirty days at home on full pay before departing for his post of duty; and the average time allowed for making the transit, after he begins his journey, is about thirty days more. When he finally arrives at his post, and relieves his predecessor, the latter is entitled to thirty days' time for making the transit to his home in the United States — thus making a total of ninety days during which both men are drawing full salary. Here, then, is an unnecessary expenditure of $750 on a single consulate — making an aggregate loss of $225,000. In the short period of four administrations, covering only sixteen years, our "spoils system," as applied to the consular service, thus costs us $900,000, an amount equal to the aggregate of all the salaries for one whole year. Or, to change the phraseology, we pay for seventeen years' service in order to get sixteen.

Our commercial interests as a first-class power, to say nothing of the scandals incident to our present methods, demand that our consular service at least be taken entirely out of the spoils system; and it would greatly augment our influence and prestige abroad, if, like all other first-class powers, we could take our diplomatic service out of politics as well.

William L. Scruggs.

EX-MINISTER TO RUSSIA.

THE reform of the consular service is one of the urgent public questions of the hour. I am clearly of the opinion that this service should

have more permanence and stability, and that it should be more surely based upon approved fitness and qualifications. My experience and observation abroad, though limited, were sufficient to deepen this conviction. I am not prepared to accept the view that our diplomatic service — so far at least as relates to the chiefs of missions — should be grounded on the principle of longer or permanent tenure. It would be enough to let this become the accepted and recognized rule for the secretaries and minor officials, as is now somewhat the case in actual practice. But as to the consular service, there can be no shadow of doubt about the incalculable gain that would accrue from a reform which should make fitness the sole test of appointment, and efficiency the sole test of continuance. The changes which come with every new administration are an unmixed evil. It takes time to learn the business of the consul, to know the community to which he is sent, to understand the elements of its trade, to measure its resources and capabilities, and to comprehend the influences which may promote commercial intercourse. Under the present system it often happens that the consul has just begun to feel at home in his place, and to be capable of useful service, when he is recalled, and another green man is sent to go through the same difficult experience, and to be dismissed as soon as he gains the same degree of qualification. We sadly need a reform which will lift the service out of these manifest evils, and will make the first consideration in the consular office the promotion of the interests of the country rather than the reward of political claims.

Charles Emory Smith.

EX-MINISTER TO TURKEY.

DIPLOMACY not only precedes war, but its highest functions are to prevent it. The diplomat is the peaceful arm of a nation. He extends the hand of friendship, and by him differences are adjusted and rights maintained. The consul is the commercial representative, and the higher his qualifications the better will he discharge his duties. In all countries excepting ours there is a fixed tenure of office in the diplomatic and consular service dependent upon good behavior, and the service is entirely separated from the change of parties in the home government. This is as it should be. The conflicts of parties should end at the border of the country. For a nation to recruit its diplomatic and consular service with men untrained for their duties is bad enough, but to duplicate this method every four years is the greatest error conceivable, and this is virtually what we do.

We require our consuls to furnish reports on commerce, manufactures, etc., in various countries. A careful inquiry would doubtless disclose that many of such reports are prepared for, instead of being prepared by, the consuls purporting to make them. It requires time and experience in order to possess adequate knowledge for the collection of facts in the preparation of such reports in one's own country; the difficulties are much greater in a foreign country. Uncertainty of tenure is the most glaring disadvantage to which our consular service is subjected. I know men who would have applied themselves diligently to fit themselves adequately for their duties, and to acquire the language of the country, but the uncertainty of tenure hanging over them discouraged such effort.

First and foremost, let us have a fixed tenure, dependent upon good behavior; secondly, more adequate compensation; and thirdly, some standard of qualification based upon fitness for office. I know of no better way to obtain these results than by bringing these offices under civil-service regulations. I should prefer not to include the heads of missions; I should leave their appointment as now, placing them in that respect in the same category as the President's cabinet. There are in all about 775 consular offices, of which about 325 are principal offices. The rest are consular agencies which are subordinate to the principal offices within the jurisdiction of which such agencies come. The rapidity of communication between countries within recent years has brought nations nearer together, and their commerce into closer and more active competition. The commercial interests of our country would be largely promoted by having a trained corps of consular officers. This can be attained only by having a fixed tenure of office, so that persons entering the service will be encouraged to make a career of it, and to qualify themselves for the better discharge of their duties. It is not to be expected that men who have made repeated failures in their own private affairs would thereby be qualified to become consular officers, and yet it is from this class that many of our consuls are selected. No one who has been in our service abroad can have failed to recognize the disorganizing effect of a change of administration upon our foreign service; pending negotiations drop, advantages gained and rights secured are often lost with the coming of new and inexperienced men. Let us place the service under civil-service regulations; thereby we will relieve the President and the Department of State from a considerable pressure for office, will improve the service, and will make it more creditable and beneficial to our country.

Oscar S. Straus.

EX-MINISTER TO CHINA.

THERE is no question of graver import than civil-service reform. Appointments in pursuance of this policy mean essential fitness and special training. Valuable in all public stations, it is invaluable in the consular and diplomatic service. In diplomacy we may stumble upon an exceptionally competent man, without antecedent experience—like Franklin, who introduced the youngest of civilizations into the family of nations; or Burlingame, who did the same office for the oldest of civilizations. These exceptions do not invalidate the rule. Moreover, Franklin and Burlingame were surrounded with circumstances beyond the ordinary range of diplomacy.

I have a personal knowledge of most of our American legations — all in Asia with the exception of Persia; and all in Europe outside of St. Petersburg and The Hague. The result of my observations is the conviction that in no branch of public service does the present system do more harm than in the management of our relations with foreign nations.

As I have had, however, an official experience with our consuls and legations in the East, I will, with your permission say a word regarding them. My observations in China emphasized the conviction that appointments to Oriental posts should be governed by strenuous rules of civil service. I use the term "Oriental" as embracing China, Corea, Siam, and Japan. Our interests in those countries are unique. They require special study, and their own methods of administration; assuredly so, if we look toward an American policy, with its splendid possibilities, in the Pacific.

No one can study our El Dorado empire on the Pacific, with its impending, imminent future, and what may be achieved with wisdom and courage, without feeling that our influence should be paramount at all points between San Francisco and Singapore. The definite step toward this will be found in a consular and diplomatic service carefully educated for the work, its members familiar with the language, customs, superstitions, traditions, and history of extraordinary races of men. This service should be a permanent one, for the reason that the qualities and attainments requisite in Oriental countries would impair usefulness at other posts. The ethics of success in the East would have questionable value in Western nations.

England, ever wise in the conservation of her empire, is especially wise in Asia. The career of an English official in the East is as a rule permanent. Sir Thomas Wade spent his public life in China; was many years Her Majesty's minister at Peking, and retired only when too old for public employment. Sir Harry Parkes, who died while English minister at Peking, had served, as he told me, forty-three years in the East. Beginning as student-interpreter in China, he passed through all the grades until he became envoy to Japan as well as to China. Sir Robert Hart, now at the head of Chinese customs, and the most powerful foreigner in the Chinese empire, has held that post for a generation. This policy of unmenaced consecutive service results in an earnest, logical, determined policy, and its effect is seen in the steady growth of English prestige — a prestige that should rest with the United States. We had it under Burlingame. We have lost it as among the wretched consequences of the political methods which govern our public life.

Appointments to these Eastern points should be made from college graduates as far as possible — from the best material open to executive selection. The standard of choice should be high. Candidates should be taken in their youth, at a cadet age, and be submitted at their posts of duty to a rigid elementary training, becoming at first student-interpreters. We should take as much pains in fitting them for this peculiar work as we do with our cadets at Annapolis and West Point. All higher appointments should be made from this class, and promotions should be the reward of experience and merit. There should be a bureau in the State Department charged with Oriental interests, dealing with China, Corea, Siam, Japan, and perhaps Hawaii, as a distinct branch of the government economy. Years would pass before this system would have full fruition. It would come, however, and be of inestimable value.

It was my privilege, as it was my duty, to urge this policy upon the Arthur administration when I had the honor of serving it as minister to Peking. My regret that it was not adopted deepens with experience. I am persuaded that civil-service reform would have made America paramount in the East. I am afraid we have lost the opportunity, and that in the coarse and greedy lust for patronage we have, "like the base Indian, thrown a pearl away richer than all his tribe."

John Russell Young.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A National Injury and Idiocy.

THE absolute necessity of abolishing the spoils system in connection with consular offices was never more lucidly set forth than by the ex-ministers of the United States whose interesting opinions are given in this number of THE CENTURY. Only one opinion is in favor of the old system. The boards of trade of the country are putting themselves on record to the same effect. The reform is demanded by the business interests of the nation, but it is even more peremptorily demanded by the conscience of the country, which is continually offended by the spectacle afforded by the foolish and cruel displacement of public officers in order that their salaries may be used as party rewards.

At the recent dinner of the New York Board of Trade, Representative W. L. Wilson, chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, announced, amid enthusiastic applause, his opposition to the spoils system, and pledged his services to the cause of its abolition, declaring that "the greatest of all the reforms yet to be accomplished is the reform of the civil service, National, State, and municipal." This is far from being the opinion of the ordinary partizan, but it is, we believe, the feeling of the most intelligent and disinterested statesmen of both parties; and both parties are thoroughly committed to the reform. Even some of the old-fashioned "politicians" are beginning to look to the merit system as a relief from dangerous and unendurable annoyance — are beginning, in fact, to realize that patronage is the stumbling-block of parties as well as of partizans.

The spoils system is an evil wherever it is applied, but in connection with the consular service it is a palpable and continuing national injury and idiocy.

Bosses.

REFORMERS of our political methods, especially in municipal affairs, will not be able to start with clear eyes upon the work before them until they realize that the machines and bosses of all parties differ only in their party labels. In their principles and practices they are all alike, and are all bad. They are all in politics for what "there is in it," and their chief purpose is to make the profits of the business as great as possible. Rather than see their business injured by the success of reform movements and the enactment of reform legislation, they waive their party differences and unite for mutual protection. They do this sometimes openly, sometimes in secret; but they never fail to do it when a reform movement becomes formidable enough to threaten their welfare.

Instances of this can be cited in abundance. A few years ago there had been revealed gross abuses in the conduct of municipal officers in Philadelphia. The honest citizens of all parties united in the support of candidates of high character and ability as successors of the unfaithful officials. The machines of the two great political parties united openly upon the two most objectionable of these officials, and by combining their votes upon them reëlected them. In the city of New York it has been a regular practice for many years for the machine of one political party to help the machine of an opposing party to carry its primaries and to defeat movements which had been designed to rid the organization of dishonest members. This has been done in order to keep both machines in the hands of men who will be willing at election time to make "deals" for the benefit of both, at the public expense. Sometimes the reward for aid in the primaries has been given in the form of a nomination of a third candidate in a critical campaign, thus bringing about a three-cornered contest, and insuring the success of the least desirable candidate.

In the larger field of State politics the same union has been made many times. One corrupt machine, after several years of misgovernment and debasing use of office and power, has been overthrown, and the people have looked confidently to the establishment of many and lasting reforms by the party which has succeeded it. But the reforms, though promised profusely before election, are not granted. They are talked about, formulated in bills, and debated in the legislature, but they seldom become laws unless they have been shorn of nearly or quite all their reforming qualities. Before election it may have been shown that the public service of the State had been filled with incompetent and dishonest employees, that the number of places had been enormously increased by the straining of the provisions of the laws, that the civil-service regulations had been either defied or suspended, and that all this had been done to give greater sustenance to the machine at the expense of the taxpayers. After election there may have been heard for a time much brave talk about a full exposure of these abuses, and about their complete reform, but it has soon died away. Rarely is an exposure made, or a thorough reform attempted, simply because the machine that has come into power has caught sight of the good things which the outgoing machine has been enjoying, and desires to possess them.

The first object of every machine is to obtain places and spoils for its followers. For this reason it always opposes any reform which will diminish the number of offices, and the amount of the spoils. It is accordingly always opposed to any movement for the overthrow of a corrupt machine, unless the outcome is to be its own succession to the emoluments of the position. If it can rule in the place of the overturned machine, it will fight the latter to the death; but if the result is to be the destruction of the system of politics behind the offending machine, it will compromise with it for a division of the spoils, and for the perpetuation of the system which nourishes them. For this reason so notoriously corrupt an organization as Tammany Hall has been spared repeatedly from exposure and overthrow by the opposing machine, which was ostensibly its bitterest enemy.

There was an election in a small city in New York

State not long ago in which the honest citizens of all parties made a determined effort to oust from power a corrupt and intolerable local machine. The contest was a fierce one, resulting in a murder at the polls; but the figures of the returns show that the ruling machine was saved from overthrow by the support given to it by its rival organization. In another city in the same State, where the respectable members of the Democratic party repudiated their party machine, and put in nomination a ticket of honest and capable men, the leaders of the machine joined hands with the Republican machine, and put up a "mixed" ticket composed in equal parts of men of their own kind, which was elected.

Instances of this kind are of frequent occurrence in all parts of the land in which modern machine politics have been developed. They show that the source of all machine evil is the spoils system, and that the deadliest blow that could be struck at bosses and their business would be the abolition of that system. If they had no spoils to distribute, the bosses could not keep their machines together for an hour. Yet so long as they have spoils, the bosses will live and flourish, and will use all their bad power to increase the evils upon which their machines exist and fatten. It is folly to think that one boss or one machine is any better than another boss and another machine, simply because the two wear different party labels. Both are corrupt, and are the agents and promoters of corruption. They are not politicians in any reputable sense of the word, but are the gamblers and brigands of politics, who are doing more than all other influences combined to make popular government a byword and a reproach the world over.

Hard Times and Business Methods.

IT was said in the first few months of the "hard times" which during the past year have been felt all over the world, that only those business concerns had failed which deserved to fail. By this was meant that the first and surest victims of the contraction of credit or confidence, which was the main cause of the hard times, were those persons or houses that were conducting their business on other than the most approved and conservative methods. Some of them had been mixing politics with their business, trusting in political influence to atone for shortcomings in their methods, or deficiencies in their capital. Others had for years been gradually increasing their business, without a corresponding increase in their capital, till they had passed the point of safety.

When the pressure of hard times came, the weakest went to the wall first, because their credit was the least able to withstand contraction. As we have pointed out in our financial discussions in this department of THE CENTURY, ninety-five per cent. of all the business of the world is conducted on credit, and only five per cent. of it on actual money. The first shock to credit, which is another word for confidence, is fatal to those persons who have not the five per cent. basis of money. They cannot sustain even the first suspicion as to their credit. The moment that they cannot borrow they are doomed. Next after them must fall those who, while having a sufficient basis of money in times of ordinary confidence, cannot keep their heads above water after the conditions of borrowing have become more stringent. The whole credit system, having once taken the alarm, becomes so sensitive that all borrowers are more or less under suspicion, and all of them find it more and more difficult daily to obtain that credit which is necessary to their business existence.

The result is that as the hard times continue, many a business that has been conducted successfully and honorably for years, mainly upon borrowed capital, is forced to suspend. Sometimes its creditors consent to a settlement at 30 cents, or 50 cents, or 75 cents on a dollar, and the business is resumed. At other times the failure is so complete as to become permanent, and the business ceases to exist. In all cases there are heavy losses to many persons besides those immediately involved. Business of all kinds suffers because every suspension or failure adds to the impairment of credit by making it more timid. Many people find their income impaired because their capital is earning less than before or is lying idle. The banks and other financial institutions, not being able or willing to lend the funds intrusted to their care, are able to pay only reduced dividends or interest upon them, or none at all. Thus society suffers in all its ranks — the careful and honorable business man with the reckless and dishonest one, the workingman who is deprived of employment, the widow and orphan who live upon invested money, the merchant who can transact only a third or a half of his ordinary business, the rich man who can no longer lend his wealth with safety.

What is the lesson of this experience? In the first place, it is that only the best and most honorable business methods are safe in time of severe trial. Whoever else survives such crises, the lax and unsound business man is certain to go under. The business which is conducted on the most conservative and honorable lines stands the best chance of surviving all shocks.

We do not think it one of the lessons of the hard times that business should not be transacted so largely upon credit. While many a business honorably and carefully conducted mainly on credit has been carried down during the prolonged depression we are considering, we doubt very much if the number would have been less had the proportion of actual money to credit been larger. A liberal credit basis is of great value to the whole community. It increases enormously the volume of business, and reduces the prices of commodities because it is actually cheaper to conduct a business on borrowed, than upon one's private, capital. Free and general borrowing of money makes the loaning of it easy, and thus earns for its possessors, the great bulk of whom are always the poor and those in moderate circumstances, a sure income upon their savings.

The great lesson to be learned is the same one that was taught by our silver experience, and has been taught by all cheap-money experiments that the world has ever known, and that is that any and every kind of public agitation or legislation which impairs credit by shaking public confidence is to be avoided like a scourge. When credit is unquestioned, there is no danger to any honorably and intelligently conducted business with only five per cent. basis of actual money. A man who can keep a bank account of $20,000 in visible cash can do a business of half a million dollars with perfect safety so long as he fulfils all his obligations and maintains the confidence or good opinion of his fellow-merchants. The first duty of every merchant, and in

fact of every citizen, is to oppose at all times every scheme or proposal which in the slightest degree disturbs public confidence, for upon the preservation of this the welfare of the entire community hangs. The harm done by shaking public credit is only less than that done by destroying it, for there is no more paralyzing influence to put into the channels of industry and business than the element of uncertainty, either as to the money standard of value, or as to the prices of commodities as these are influenced by legislation. It would be an incalculable boon to the country were Congress to realize that promptness is the first and imperative requisite of all financial or industrial legislation. It is uncertainty rather than change which does the harm. This is a lesson of the hard times which our National legislators would do well to take to heart.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Reform of Secondary Education.

THE National Educational Association began in July, 1892, a movement for the reform of secondary education in the United States that seems destined to accomplish even more than its most enthusiastic promoters dared to hope for. This fortunate outcome is in part due to the systematic and authoritative way in which the task was undertaken, and in part to the ability and skill with which the Committee of Ten who were selected to plan and carry on the investigations that have now resulted in an elaborate report [1] discharged their functions.

Representing as it does teachers of every grade and from all parts of the country, the National Educational Association was perhaps the only body large enough and comprehensive enough to give authority to an undertaking of this kind. Its directors took the initiative in the matter, selected the Committee of Ten, and made an appropriation to pay the necessary expenses that they might incur. The Committee of Ten consisted of President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University (chairman); Dr. William T. Harris, Commissioner of Education; President James B. Angell of the University of Michigan; President James H. Baker of the University of Colorado; President Richard H. Jesse of the University of Missouri; Professor Henry C. King of Oberlin College; President James M. Taylor of Vassar College; Principal James C. Mackenzie of the Lawrenceville (New Jersey) School; Principal O. D. Robinson of the Albany (New York) High School; and Principal John Tetlow of the Girls' High School, Boston.

At a preliminary session held in the autumn of 1892 this Committee determined to call nine special conferences of ten members each, one conference for each leading subject or group of subjects taught in secondary schools, and to submit to them, as experts, a series of searching and comprehensive questions concerning secondary-school work. The members of these conferences were selected with great care. The ninety experts chosen were drawn in almost equal numbers from the schools and the colleges, and pains were taken to give representation to every part of the country and every type of school. Conferences were called in Latin; Greek; Mathematics; English; other Modern Languages; Physics, Astronomy, and Chemistry; Natural History; History, Civil Government, and Political Economy; and Geography.

The several conferences assembled in December, 1892. Two met at Ann Arbor, Michigan; one at Poughkeepsie, New York; one at Washington, District of Columbia; one at Cambridge, Massachusetts; one at Madison, Wisconsin; and three at Chicago, Illinois. The questions submitted by the Committee of Ten were fully considered and answered in elaborate reports (which appear as appendices to the report of the Committee of Ten), that are alone most important contributions to educational literature. The last of these conference reports was not completed until August, 1893, and in November last, after having considered these reports for some weeks, the Committee of Ten met a second time in order to complete their task. How well they did it, their report shows; and it must stand as the most important single discussion of the aims, methods, and content of secondary education that has ever been made. It will be eagerly studied, as it ought to be, in every college and high school of the country. If its suggestions are generally acted upon, as there is good reason to hope that they will be, there will result a most healthy reform of our secondary instruction, and a long-wished-for improvement in the relations of the secondary schools to the colleges.

One of the most useful features of the report is a series of four plans for four-year courses in secondary schools. These four plans are not submitted by the Committee as final, but as sample school programs, each of which conforms, as nearly as may be, to the desires of the special conferences. The Committee's tables are as follows, the abbreviation "p" standing for a period of forty-five minutes, and this work of the school being limited to twenty periods a week:

CLASSICAL.

Three foreign languages (one modern).

First year.		*Third year.*	
Latin	5 p.	Latin	4 p.
English	4 p.	Greek[1]	5 p.
Algebra	4 p.	English	3 p.
History	4 p.	German [or French]	4 p.
Physical Geography	3 p.	Mathematics: Algebra 2, Geometry 2	4 p.
	20 p.		20 p.

Second year.		*Fourth year.*	
Latin	5 p.	Latin	4 p.
English	2 p.	Greek	5 p.
German [1] [or French]	4 p.	English	2 p.
Geometry	3 p.	German [or French]	3 p.
Physical	3 p.	Chemistry	3 p.
History	3 p.	Trigonometry and Higher Algebra or History	3 p.
	20 p.		20 p.

[1] In any school in which Greek can be better taught than a modern language, or in which local opinion or the history of the school makes it desirable to teach Greek in an ample way, Greek may be substituted for German or French in the second year of the classical program.

[1] Published by the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., and to be obtained on request.

LATIN-SCIENTIFIC.

Two foreign languages (one modern).

First year.

Latin	5 p.
English	4 p.
Algebra	4 p.
History	4 p.
Physical Geography	3 p.
	20 p.

Third year.

Latin	4 p.
English	3 p.
German [or French]	4 p.
Mathematics (Algebra 2, Geometry 2)	4 p.
Astronomy (½ yr.) and Meteorology (½ yr.)	3 p.
History	2 p.
	20 p.

Second year.

Latin	5 p.
English	2 p.
German [or French]	4 p.
Geometry	3 p.
Physics	3 p.
Botany or Zoölogy	3 p.
	20 p.

Fourth year.

Latin	4 p.
English	4 p.
German [or French]	3 p.
Chemistry	3 p.
Trigonometry and Higher Algebra or History	3 p.
Geology or Physiography (½ yr.) and Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene (½ yr.)	3 p.
	20 p.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

Two foreign languages (both modern).

First year.

French [or German]	5 p.
English	4 p.
Algebra	4 p.
History	4 p.
Physical Geography	3 p.
	20 p.

Third year.

French [or German]	4 p.
English	3 p.
German [or French]	4 p.
Mathematics (Algebra 2, Geometry 2)	4 p.
Astronomy (½ yr.) and Meteorology (½ yr.)	3 p.
History	2 p.
	20 p.

Second year.

French [or German]	4 p.
English	2 p.
German [or French]	5 p.
Geometry	3 p.
Physics	3 p.
Botany or Zoölogy	3 p.
	20 p.

Fourth year.

French [or German]	3 p.
English	4 p.
German [or French]	4 p.
Chemistry	3 p.
Trigonometry and Higher Algebra or History	3 p.
Geology or Physiography (½ yr.) and Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene (½ yr.)	3 p.
	20 p.

ENGLISH.

One foreign language (ancient or modern).

First year.

Latin, or German, or French	5 p.
English	4 p.
Algebra	4 p.
History	4 p.
Physical Geography	3 p.
	20 p.

Third year.

Latin, or German, or French	4 p.
English	5 p.
Mathematics (Algebra 2, Geometry 2)	4 p.
Astronomy (½ yr.) and Meteorology (½ yr.)	3 p.
History	4 p.
	20 p.

Second year.

Latin, or German, or French	5 or 4 p.
English	3 or 4 p.
Geometry	3 p.
Physics	3 p.
History	3 p.
Botany or Zoölogy	3 p.
	20 p.

Fourth year.

Latin, or German, or French	4 p.
English	4 p.
Chemistry	3 p.
Trigonometry and Higher Algebra	3 p.
History	3 p.
Geology or Physiography (½ yr.) and Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene (½ yr.)	3 p.
	20 p.

A careful study of these four programs discloses the fact that they are constructed with great skill and according to fixed principles. They postpone to a period as late as possible the necessary bifurcation of classical and scientific courses; but no classical student is permitted to ignore science, and no scientific student is deprived of good linguistic training. In the classical program history and English suffer serious contraction, but this is atoned for, in part at least, by the fact that no inconsiderable amount of history is learned through the classical writers, and that accurate translation from a foreign tongue is itself admirable training in the use of English. All four of the sample programs, as the Committee points out, conform to the general recommendations of the conferences: they treat each subject in the same way for all pupils, with trifling exceptions; they give time enough to each subject to win from it the kind of mental training it is fitted to supply; they put the different principal subjects on an approximate equality so far as time-allotment is concerned; they omit all short information courses; and they make sufficiently continuous the instruction in each of the main lines, namely, language, science, history, and mathematics. Very slight modifications in them would be necessary in order to prepare pupils for admission to the appropriate courses in any American college on the present requirements.

The Committee is unanimous in the opinion that under existing conditions in the United States as to the training of teachers, and the provision of necessary means of instruction, the two programs called respectively Modern Languages and English must in practice be distinctly inferior to the other two. In this opinion the Committee recognizes, as fair-minded observers must also do, that the subjects that have been longest in the school curriculum are those that we are able to teach to the best advantage.

It is also suggested by the Committee that requirements for admission to college might be much simplified, though not reduced, and so brought into harmony with the above programs, thus closely articulating the secondary schools and the higher institutions in a way that would be advantageous both for themselves and for the country.

In this country, where no central educational administration exists, and private persons are almost unrestricted in their freedom to establish schools and colleges, any comprehensive scheme of reform is exceedingly difficult. It must be begun, just as has been the case in this instance, by a voluntary association of individuals. It must be carried on by the enthusiasm and energy of those enlisted in its service. It can only be successful if it is so reasonable and practicable as to

command willingly universal assent. It may safely be predicted that the work of the Committee of Ten, in principle and outline as well as in most points of detail, fulfils these conditions.

Nicholas Murray Butler.

An Honest Election Machine.

THE city of Montreal is not perhaps generally regarded as the most progressive city upon this continent, but it has been one of the first to learn that the only road to substantial reform in municipal administration is through the sanctity of the ballot-box, and the adoption of "machine" methods on lawful lines. On a winter evening, three years ago, the members of a social club of that city were informally discussing the influence of money in politics. There were several politicians of experience present, and, being among friends, they felt free to reveal what are usually held as state secrets. Many were the tales of electoral corruption, and the verdict rendered by those who knew was in effect that fraud in the preparation of the voters' lists, and "personation" (that is, one man voting in the name of another), were responsible for the election of many, if not all, of those who corruptly administered Montreal's civic affairs. Among the listeners were a few earnest young men who determined to test the truth of these statements, and, if found to be correct, to make at least one honest effort to devise a remedy. An extended inquiry was made. It was established that frequently fifteen per cent. of the vote polled was fraudulent, and that, where majorities were narrow, this fraudulent vote always elected the more unworthy candidate. The general belief appeared to be that the only way to elect good men was to fight the devil with his own fire. It was, however, evident to the would-be reformers that just so long as corruption was necessary to elect candidates, stainless men would not offer themselves, and honorable workers would not take active part in election contests. It was necessary to discover some means by which honest men could be elected by honorable means, or else to surrender the entire business of municipal politics to the unscrupulous element of the community. With this end in view the young men made the following experiment: A parliamentary election was close at hand, and, supporting a candidate whose character was good, they offered to man and operate, free of expense, the two worst polls in his constituency, provided they were given full control. Thirty-five fraudulent votes had been polled in this locality on a previous election, and the "heelers" of the district fully expected to maintain their reputation. Their offer accepted, the first step on the part of the would-be reformers was to devise the printed card which follows at the top of the next column.

One of these cards was issued to correspond with each elector. The heading was filled in from the voters' list, the description being obtained through personal visitation, and when election day arrived, at each poll sat the "watcher" with his packet of description cards, and no man polled his vote unless the watcher was satisfied. Six attempts at personation were made, but when it became evident that further trial was not only useless, but extremely dangerous, these efforts ceased.

Encouraged by their success, the young men determined to form an independent organization, and on

Dist. No... *Poll No...* *Voter No...*
Name .....
Registered Residence .....
..... *(if Removed)* .....
Qualification .....
Occupation .....

Height .....
Build .....
Complexion .....
Whiskers .....
Color of Eyes .....
Age .....
Peculiarities .....

(Watcher's Description.)

(Perforation.)

Dist. No... *Poll No...* *Voter No...*
Name .....
Where to be called for .....
When .....
Sentiments .....

(Card-stub.)

April 1, 1892, the first constitution of the "Volunteer Electoral League" was promulgated. The objects as therein set forth are as follows:

1. To revise and perfect the voters' lists.
2. To encourage the nomination of candidates of known integrity for public office.
3. To use all legitimate means to secure their return.
4. To prevent fraudulent and dishonest practices in elections.
5. To cause to be followed up and prosecuted, to the full extent of the law, those detected in any violation of the election act.
6. To suggest and promote any legislation, approved by the League, having for its object the purity of elections.

It was also clearly stated that the organization should be purely non-political, in the belief that civic affairs should be wholly divorced from national issues; that it should not aspire to become a nominating body, leaving this task for municipal organizations composed of older men; that possible aspirants for municipal honors and officers of political clubs should be excluded from membership; that funds should be raised by subscription among citizens, no gift to be received from any civic official, representative, or candidate; that the services of every member should be voluntary, and the organization absolutely independent even of candidates which it had selected, being equally as ready to unseat as to elect in case a representative proved unworthy of trust. Matters relative to the general policy should be determined by a council composed of three representatives from each ward organization, while those which related solely to a single ward should be left to the ward council, the minority, however; always having the right of appeal to the central body. This, in brief, constituted the platform of principles as laid down by the Volunteer Electoral League at its inception.

By the close of the year 1892 the League had grown sufficiently in numbers to warrant it in undertaking the management of the election for an entire ward. This it did successfully, and again the system was given a wider trial and was not found wanting.

Finding many defects in the city charter statutes regarding elections, the League prepared a series of amendments which were laid before the Provincial legislature in the fall of 1893. Nearly all these provisions

in due course became law, and in the hands of the organization which fashioned them have proved most efficient weapons.

When once again a civic contest drew near, the League prepared to combat election fraud on still more extended lines. Five wards were now undertaken. Hitherto it had been sufficient to watch the ballot-box and to insure the proper casting of the vote as registered; now it was determined to investigate the composition of the registry-list while there should yet be time, according to law, to make alterations. Heretofore the battle had been waged upon ground chosen by the enemy; now the field should be of the League's own selection. A fund was collected, for the work was now too large to be undertaken by volunteer effort. An office, with paid secretary and canvassing staff, was established for each ward, identification cards were prepared, and the canvassers were sent forth with instructions to secure accurate descriptions of every bona-fide voter, and ample data regarding cases where the right to vote could be questioned.

There is not in Canadian cities, as in the United States, a system of personal registration. The assessors make their rounds, and inscribe upon their blotters the names of the tenants or proprietors as assessed. Such parties as, prior to December 1, pay their taxes are entitled to be entered on the municipal voters' list for the coming year.

The civic elections in Montreal are held February 1. Nomination takes place on January 20, after which date no change can be made in the voters' lists. The board of revisors meets on January 5, and from that date until nomination considers objections and makes additions to the list that has been prepared for them by the assessors. Usually the work of the revisors has been a sinecure. They hold a few sittings, add several names, and certify the lists as a mere matter of form. But when the board met on January 5, 1894, they found that the Electoral League had prepared sufficient work to occupy them at every possible sitting until the date of nomination. The house-to-house canvass of fifteen thousand electors, prosecuted by the League's identifiers, had resulted in many astonishing discoveries. Over 600 names upon the assessors' lists were found to be incorrectly inscribed, the error being frequently so serious as to jeopardize the vote. Upward of 400 permanent non-residents, together with 208 deceased persons, 47 minor heirs, 210 civic employees, and nearly 300 duplicates, were entered as voters. These names, the League, through its attorney, notified the board of revisors it would challenge. The board did not do its duty by all the complaints. How could it be expected to do so when composed of aldermen on the verge of an election? Still, there was much gained by the exposures. In the largest two wards the lists were found to contain, when the *enquête* was concluded, 580 fewer names than the previous year, although a natural growth of population had continued. Furthermore, public sentiment had been aroused, and by legal enactment the pernicious system of appointing aldermen to revise the lists that their own allies had tampered with came to an end. Hereafter a judge of the superior court will appoint a board of revisors.

With the lists tolerably correct, and their identification material ready, the next problem before the League was to raise a sufficient volunteer force of trustworthy men to operate the polls in five wards on election day. In nearly every civic community the good element plus the indifferent outnumbers the bad. In order to win an election, it is necessary to raise sufficient men not only to watch the polls, and thus to checkmate the enemy, but also to bring to the polls every careless voter, who, if he voted at all, would vote right. The members of the League set forth, therefore, to preach a crusade among the young men of the city from the text which is their motto, "Every man is individually responsible for just so much evil as his efforts might prevent." This line of action, followed in each ward, gathered a force of 354 volunteers, ready for whatever work they might be called upon to do. This body was then divided and subdivided. Each man was trained for his particular duties, and was given printed instructions to refresh his memory.

At length the first of February, 1894, drew near. It was admitted that now or never a successful stand could be made against the ward boss and his corrupt machine. Better candidates than usual were induced to take the field, and as the lines became clearly defined, the League made its selection. In all, eight men received its support; of these, three were sitting members deserving reëlection and five were new men. Opposed to them were aspirants wholly objectionable. It is possible to sum up the result of the contest in a word. Three of the corrupt aldermen retired before election, four were beaten at the polls, and one retained his seat only by a narrow majority of seventy-three. Out of 11,100 votes cast, less than one fifth of one per cent. was fraudulent, though determined and repeated attempts were made to bribe, and bulldoze the League watchers. Throughout the entire campaign none but lawful methods had been employed, and in Montreal at least it has been conclusively proved that illegal practices are not necessary to elect honorable men.

This narrative would be incomplete without some account of the method employed for bringing to the poll the indifferent voter. It is largely borrowed from the "machine," and can best be illustrated by the detailed account of a particular contest. An identification canvass of a certain ward had already been made. A second canvass was then prosecuted to ascertain the sentiments of each elector respecting the candidates, his address during business hours, and the time most convenient for him to vote. The ward was then divided into districts of five polls each. Each district had a committee-room, where all information pertaining to the five polls was collected. In each committee-room were five large cardboard sheets called "tableaux," placed upon separate tables, each sheet containing the names, alphabetically arranged, of all persons entitled to vote at a given poll. A mark before the name denoted the elector's sentiments, while after the name was entered the business address. To each sheet were assigned on election day two men, a "receiver" and a "despatcher," whose duties will be presently defined. At every poll was a team of three League members. Two of these were inside watchers, or "scrutineers," by whom every elector, upon presenting himself, was carefully inspected, and, failing to correspond with his identification card, was sworn. Few dared swear falsely, but where this occurred, the watchers were prepared to fill out warrants, and secure the instant arrest of the personator. Outside the poll stood the third League representative, in his hand a packet of card-stubs, one for each elector,

with name and sentiments written thereon. As the voter entered the booth, and his identity was ascertained, the outside man withdrew from his pack the corresponding card-stub. Every half-hour a runner from the district committee-room collected the voted card-stubs, and delivered them to the proper "receiver," who promptly lined off the names from his "tableau." At the door of the committee-room were a number of sleighs, loaned for the day by well-wishers of the cause. Opposite the "receiver" sat the "despatcher." It was his constant duty to copy off several unvoted names, with addresses, upon a slip, and to despatch a sleigh to bring up the voters from the business addresses indicated. This system, steadily and quietly worked, resulted in polling the largest vote ever cast in that ward at a municipal contest, and the return of the League's candidate by a majority of 655.

The methods employed, and the results attained, in Montreal are possible, *mutatis mutandis*, in any city on the American continent. There is ample call and room for municipal-reform organizations on many lines. Good-Government clubs can do much toward exposing administrative unfaithfulness, arousing public sentiment, securing better legislation, and inducing worthy men to present themselves for municipal offices; but unless such efforts can be supplemented by other organizations, recognizing the necessity of the sanctity of the ballot-box, and prepared to engage in conflict with the "machine" on its own battle-ground, the triumph of righteousness and good government will be long delayed. Few are the cities on the American continent in which there does not exist a band of patriotic citizens sufficiently large amply to endow any working organization that can be trusted; in which there are not enough sincere, enthusiastic, determined young men to recruit an electoral league to full fighting strength; in which a lawful registry-list, an honestly polled ballot, and the ingathering of the indifferent vote, will not bring about the triumph at the polls of any just cause.

Herbert Brown Ames.

Military Drill in the Schools.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON'S distinguished services to his country, his eminence as a citizen, and his high intellectual and moral character, entitle what he says on any subject on which he may choose to speak to most respectful consideration. What he utters in reference to the welfare of his country may be taken without question as inspired by patriotic motives, and, as a rule, as the outcome of careful and comprehensive thought. It has been a matter of no little surprise, therefore, to many of the warm friends and admirers of ex-President Harrison to see, from his open letter published in the January CENTURY, that, along with many others, he advocates the introduction of military drill into the schools and colleges of the country, or, in other words, the training of the millions of American boys in the arts of war. Such a training seems to many so useless, so out of harmony with the spirit of our time,—and specially of our American civilization and historic character,—so tending to bring our people ultimately into a state of militarism like that of the Old World which is universally detested on this side of the water, that they are at a loss to know exactly how to explain the attitude taken by a considerable number of our citizens in its favor.

The first reason given in favor of the drill is that it develops the whole man, that it gives a free, erect, graceful carriage. What Mr. Harrison says of athletics, as tending to develop the body unsymmetrically, is true only of certain kinds of athletic exercises. Any one thoroughly acquainted with the calisthenic systems of the gymnasiums knows that they train every part of the body, and that, too, to movements of greater variety, and susceptible of more natural applications, than the military drill. The latter trains the body perfectly for its own purposes, and for the time being has a certain amount of physical value. But its ultimate utility to the citizen in ordinary life has been greatly overestimated. The forms and positions which it enforces are stiff and unnatural, and cannot well be maintained any great length of time. Hence the notorious fact that soldiers when they are out of the ranks are among the most careless of their bodily positions and movements. So true is this that if one should try to pick out from a promiscuous crowd of men those who had had a soldier's training, he could not do it; he would almost certainly get the wrong men. It is often assumed that the soldier's position and bearing are carried over into the ordinary citizen's life, but a little careful thought and observation will convince any one that this is not and cannot be the case. The military drill is admirably adapted to train men to a mechanical obedience to others, but it has little in it that tends to produce that voluntary control of the bodily forms and movements which every citizen, man or woman, ought to have. There are systems of physical culture now in use in many places which, at small expense, might be put into all the schools and colleges of the land, and which have already proved their great superiority to the military drill.

As to the argument drawn from our poor preparation for the civil war, one feels inclined to ask whether, if previous to that time all the citizens had had military training, the South would not have reaped as much advantage from it as the North. If the young men of the Southern States had all been previously trained to military service, the rebellion would probably have struck a blow at the Government so much more sudden and powerful as almost certainly to have succeeded in establishing the Confederacy on a permanent basis.

A nation that tries to outstrip its neighbors in war preparation, so as to have things all its own way, always finds that it has started a game at which two can play. If the plea that swiftness and suddenness of war in the future require that all our boys should have a military training is worth anything as an argument, it would require us to have a large standing army, the absence of which is given as one of the reasons why we should have the military drill in the schools and colleges of the country. A lot of school-boys drilled in military tactics, or even a great militia force trained as well as militia ever is, would very inadequately meet the emergency of a swift and sudden attack by a nation having already in the field an immense standing army. If the course of military training now recommended from several quarters is ever entered upon, its logical result will be half a million soldiers continually under arms. That has been the fact in Europe. Germany, prior to 1866, began with her citizen soldiery, which enabled her to whip Austria and then France; the result has been that she finds herself compelled to crush her people with overwhelming burdens in order to keep even with her

neighbors, who have at last shown themselves quite as shrewd as she in using the lesson which she unintentionally taught them. The people of the United States may well pause, and look the final result well in the face, before they go any further in a course so un-American and so dangerous. We are already well on the way with our navy; a great militia, into which it is thought the taste for the military acquired by the drill in the schools will lead the boys, will be the next step, and then will come the large standing army, with its burdens and its perils.

The course of safety and of honor for the United States lies in a different direction. The fear which has recently taken hold of so many of our citizens that a considerable part of our business in the near future may consist in warding off hostile nations which are to come breaking in upon us "like a thief in the night," is altogether groundless. There is not a particle of evidence that any nation whatever has the remotest idea of attacking us. We are looked upon as the great peace nation, and respected for our pacific character. We have had no war with a foreign power for over eighty years, except that with Mexico, which we brought on by our own wickedness. In building up our national greatness, we have never depended much on militia, army, or navy, except in times of emergency. We have really had none on which to depend. The United States, because of its non-military character, has done more than any other three nations toward creating that spirit of international concord and trust which is to revolutionize the world. Why, at this late period in our history, should we begin a course of action growing out of groundless fear and suspicion, and thus put ourselves on a plane with those nations whose military thraldom we have so far happily escaped?

The military drill as a training for war is entirely out of harmony with the purpose and ideals of the schools, and if introduced into them will unfortunately keep alive that excessive admiration of the soldier ideal which has been anything but a blessing to mankind. We ought to educate for peace and the future, and not for the past and war.

Benjamin F. Trueblood.

"The Century's" American Artist Series.

CHARLES H. DAVIS. (See page 179.)

AN artist acquaintance of mine of many years ago —an old landscape-painter of the Düsseldorf school— used to remark during the period when the naturalistic school was having full swing: "No, I don't think any landscape right which is merely a reflection of what any Philistine may see; there must be something more than *that* in it, or it cannot live. It must contain mystery. My dear boy, the fairies must dance in it." We used to think this man old-fashioned, behind the times. I speak of the time when Ruskin had inspired and Hamerton had bewildered us. It is interesting to see how, to-day, the landscape which is valued is of the kind my old friend would have admired. Cazin, Lerolle, Inness, and Davis have taught us to look for the fairy-dance in the landscape. They have made for us, not transcriptions, but translations, of nature. They have taken the commonplace of nature, distilled it in the alembic of their brain, and made it precious. Without undertaking to establish the comparative status of these men, it may be said of the two Americans that, while Inness reminds one of the music of a full orchestra,—the grand swell of sound, the sonorousness of Wagner,— Charles H. Davis makes one think of the reeds and strings of Delibes. Davis certainly must be placed in the foremost rank of the landscape-painters. His range is not so wide as Inness's, but he is possessed in eminent degree of the instinct of the subtle, the beautiful.

Charles H. Davis was born at Amesbury, Massachusetts, in 1856. He began the study of art at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and later went to Paris, where he worked under Boulanger and Lefebvre. He has been the recipient of an honorable mention at the Salon, a medal at the Paris Exposition of 1890, a gold medal of honor at a Prize-Fund Exhibition of the American Art Association, and the next year, at the same exhibition, a cash prize of $2000. He also received the Potter Palmer Prize of $500 at Chicago in 1888, and a medal at Chicago last year. One of the best of his pictures, "The Brook," was purchased by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. He is a member of the Society of American Artists.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

En Route.

I DO not know to this day why I was allowed to see and hear so much, unless it was because I wore blue spectacles on that particular journey, and you know that the wisest of us with this adornment look blind, and deaf, and often idiotic.

I know that until that day I would have told all my private affairs before a blue-spectacled neighbor, with a feeling of certainty that he could neither hear, see, nor understand me. Now, however, I know what keenness of interest and comprehension may lie behind those screens, and I am wary.

I was sitting quietly in my chair when the party came into the car, and the gentleman and lady seated themselves almost opposite me, while the daughter took the only empty seat several chairs beyond them.

I watched them idly for a moment as they settled themselves. The train started almost immediately, and the first words that I heard distinctly were in the clear, somewhat hard voice of the lady as she said:

"Are n't you thankful that we have managed so well?"

After an apparent assent from her husband she surveyed the occupants of the car through her eye-glass, and, bowing graciously to some one at the other end, went on:

"There is Mrs. Telfer, of all people; I am always afraid of what she will see. She is the only woman who makes me feel uncomfortable, and I always think of her as one of the women in those 'feline amenities' in 'Life,' or 'Punch,' or wherever you see them. She watches you so — and when I am watched I always feel sure that something will be found out whether there is anything to find or not."

I settled myself shamelessly to listen, thinking,

"This is just the kind that I have always wanted to see outside of novels." I lost her husband's answer, but the lady went on:

"Of course you do not mind, for you can put your feet up, cover your face with a newspaper, and pretend to go to sleep; but how would I look doing so?" A pause; and then, "Henry, don't go to sleep; I want to talk things over with you."

"Henry" straightened up, looking good-naturedly at his anxious spouse, and I caught a word or two: "Don't worry so, dear, . . . we shall get her away all right. She will forget him."

His wife shook her head slowly. "I am not so sure; she is persistent, like you —"

He, interrupting her: "*Firm*, you mean."

His wife went on, without noticing: "Mrs. Telfer saw her on Thursday evening when Bert put her cloak over her shoulders. I was watching them, too, and thinking how sweet Nell was, and Mrs. T. said, with a smile, 'How significant a parting may be, even a quiet one, in public!' and I — O Henry, just think, I was mean enough, feline enough, to look over to the stairs and say, 'It seems so!' and as her eye followed mine, there was that horrid, red-faced German count just bending down to kiss Sally Telfer's hand. Was n't it hateful in me — and vulgar, too? Of course we both knew that it did not mean anything, or it could not have been done in public; but it stung Mrs. Telfer, and I have felt ashamed ever since."

A few indistinct words in answer to this confession ended with, "think you might."

She began again: "After we went home, and Nell told me that she had accepted Bert, she looked up at me and said: 'Mama, I know that you do not like it, and we shall have to begin in a horrid flat or outside of the city, but it is done — and won't you kiss me?' So of course I did, and would not talk about it then because it was so late; and then came the two telegrams from Berlin and from poor mama. Was n't it fortunate that you were with her in Boston? She might not have had anybody but those new servants. Things do seem to arrange themselves sometimes. I sent down, before we started, to the office and just caught two staterooms as they were given up by somebody, and now we can start for Berlin to-morrow. I think that I will tell Mrs. Telfer about Tom's illness, so she cannot have time to make up reasons for our sudden start."

Henry stopped her as she was rising. "My dear, I have n't had a chance to ask any questions,— I was too anxious about mother, until the doctor reassured me,— but now I should like to know what you expect Bert to do about this."

"Oh, he won't have time for anything. I did not tell Nell that we were all going to Tom until we reached the station this noon. And Bert goes to Chicago to-day, and we start early to-morrow morning."

The gentleman leaned back meditatively, saying: "What a pity it is that all the — what do the English novels call 'em? Oh, yes! — the 'detrimentals' are the nice, manly fellows, and the desirable sons-in-law are generally such undesirable husbands?"

"Yes," was the answer, with a sigh. "Bert is a good fellow, but —" Her husband looked at her with a twinkle as he said, "I am glad that you did not look so sharply after money twenty-two years ago."

She looked at him reproachfully. "You make me feel like a worldly society mother, and you know that I am not; only I do want Nell to have what she is worthy of."

(*Silence and lunch.*)

"Miss Nell" partaking of both, with a little talk afterward about passports, letter of credit, etc. Books were read for a short time, and the girl sat quietly looking out of the window, without a shade of the worry that clouded her mother's face.

At last the latter said: "Look at Nell; she can't feel so very sad, or she would not be so placid under the certainty of not seeing Bert for perhaps a year without even a good-by. I could not have taken it so quietly."

Nell's father looked gravely at his daughter's face a moment, and then said:

"I don't pretend to understand any woman but you and my dear old mother. I saw Nell kissing her this morning, and heard her say, 'I 'll try to be.' And then mother kissed her again. I did not know so much then or I should have taken it in."

The lady rose, saying, "Well, it is all right now, and here we are in the tunnel."

The train slowed up a moment as we left the tunnel. The door opened and let in a well-set-up young fellow with a manly, lively face, who walked quickly to Miss Nell's chair. She sprang up, and they exchanged one look, when, without hesitation, he leaned forward and kissed her quietly on the lips.

Her mother gave a slight gasp, with a look at her father, and a full appreciation of Mrs. Telfer's impressive lorgnette.

Quicker than it takes to write it, Nell's father left his seat, and, coming forward, met the two young people as they approached him, and held out his hand with a hearty, "Bert, my boy, I am glad that you did not miss us!"

His wife's presence of mind did not forsake her under fire, and she bore the frank kiss bestowed upon her by her resolute son-in-law-to-be with much graciousness. When Mrs. Telfer pressed forward with friendly words, and said, "You did not tell me the other evening," she quietly answered, "It was not out then."

I crammed my books into my bag, and walked after the party in time to hear Nell say to her mother: "Mama, you must forgive me. I paid a boy to telegraph for me to Bert while we were at the station. When you told me that we were going to Europe, I understood, and I was desperate, so I just wrote my telegram: 'Meet me at 4:30 train, and claim me. We start for Europe to-morrow.'"

"I should think he did claim you!" answered her mother. "Mrs. Telfer said, 'I see that a meeting may mean as much as a parting, even in public.' Well, dear, you know that we are all fond of Bert, and it was only because —"

The rest I lost, probably because I had taken off my blue spectacles.

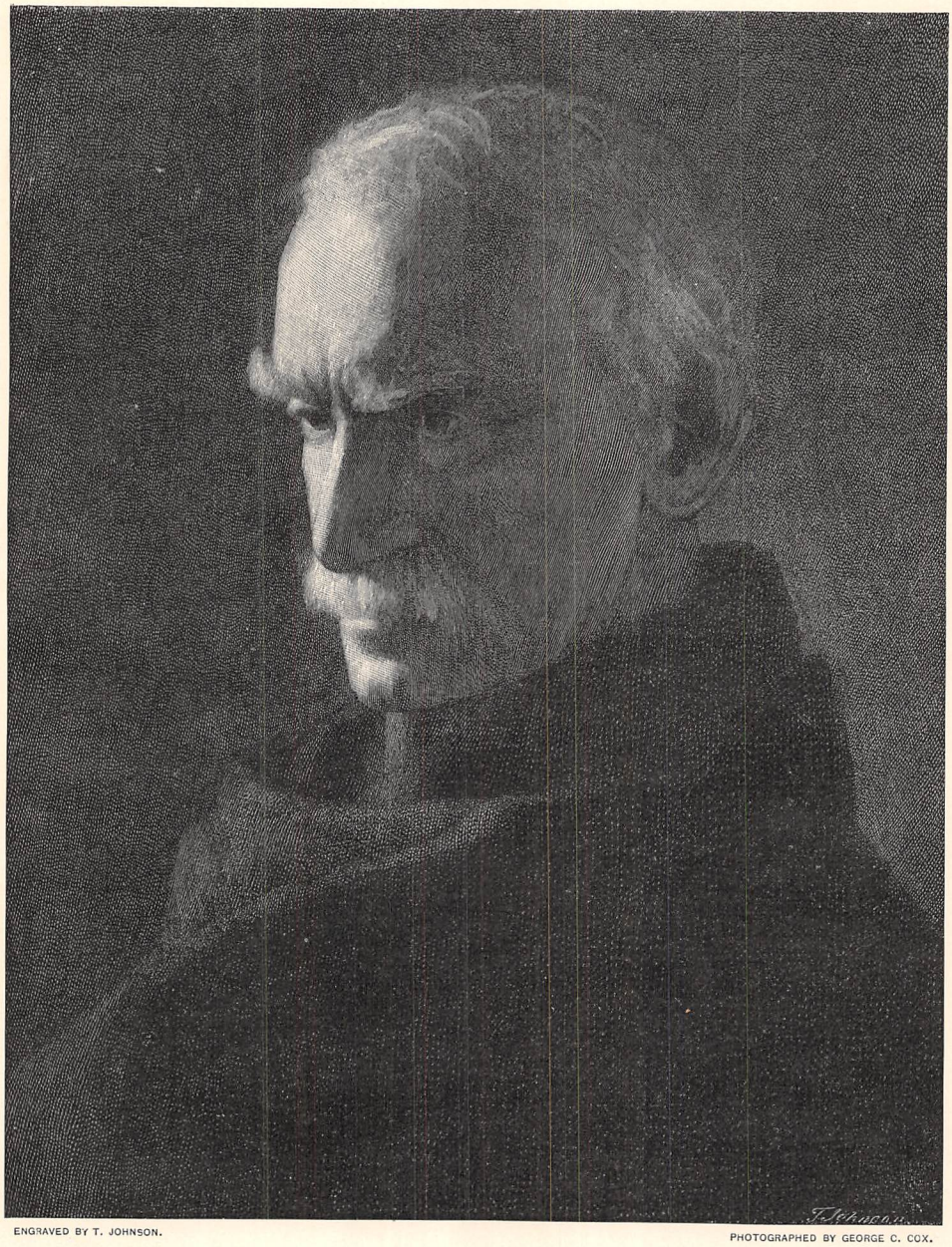
M. S. Woodbury.

What Not to Do.

To know thy bent, and then pursue,
Why, that is genius, nothing less;
But he who knows what not to do,
Holds half the secret of success.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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very sincerely Yours

Your friend & Servant

T. V. Powderly

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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A PORTRAIT OF THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

A FOOT-NOTE BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE face which is engraved on the opposite page of this magazine is that of a poet who will, I think, be better known to our grandchildren than he has been to us. For time saves and sanctifies as well as destroys.

During the last twenty-five or thirty years a tall, slight figure, somewhat bent of late, with Dantean eyebrows overhanging eyes of a singularly penetrative sweetness when they looked at you, was a frequent figure on the streets of Boston. Here and there it encountered a friendly glance of recognition, but to the hurrying throng in the city of his birth Thomas William Parsons was virtually a stranger. The passers-by, brushing against him, were unconscious that that shy man with the inward-looking eyes was a poet of rare gifts, who, however lacking in variousness, occasionally managed in his own direct artesian way to pierce as deep as any of his great contemporaries, excepting, possibly, Emerson. There was something abstracted and evasive about the man's very walk; in the midst of the crowd he was not of it. He carried his solitude with him into the street. Indeed, he was not of the crowd, though allied to it by subtle threads of sympathy. In his poetic as well as in his personal quality he did not address himself to the general.

Dr. Parsons had much in common with Landor, outside of the Englishman's fine moroseness. Each possessed that delicate precision of touch which, to the observing, betrays the steel gauntlet under the velvet glove. Both were scholars, both loved Italy, and both wrote marvelously finished verse, which poets praised, and the public neglected to read.

Dr. Parsons's lighter lyrics have a grace and distinction which make it difficult to explain why they failed to win wide liking. That his more serious work failed to do so is explicable. Such austere poetry as the stanzas "On a Bust of Dante," for instance, is not to the taste of the mass of readers: but such poetry, once created, becomes a part of the material world; it instantly takes to itself the permanency of mountains, prairies, and rivers; it seems always to have existed. The scant measure of appreciation which his work in this kind met with was in some degree the result of Dr. Parsons's own methods. Though he wrote his poems with infinite care and labor, he was curiously indifferent to their subsequent fate. He gave them, usually, to the newspapers, rarely sending his best to the magazines. Now and then a leaflet, in strange typography, fluttered down into the hand of the passer-by, like a rich leaf blown from a maple. From time to time a handful of his rhyme was tenderly gathered into a privately printed volume, and offered to friends.

The possessors of these furtive little books do not, I have noticed, show any striking eagerness to part with them. Since the Ticknor and Fields volume in 1854, and a rearrangement of it with additions, issued in London in 1872, Dr. Parsons published nothing of his own in a permanent shape. He had high ideals touching his office as man of letters, but a very modest estimate of himself. It was

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a lesson to mediocrity to find this consummate artist and deep thinker at times

Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope.

For the most part he dwelt in book-world, and held that nothing was so real as imagination.

The study of the great Florentine and his period was a life-long pursuit of Dr. Parsons. His translation of "The Divine Comedy," so far as he carried it, for it was left like "the unfinished window in Aladdin's tower," places him in the first rank of Dante's disciples. He brought to this labor of love something of his master's own passion. Whether or not the translation is literal in detail, Dr. Parsons's fragmentary versions have a spell beyond that of all other metrical versions, in being poems in themselves. Such pleasure as a translation affords is usually monopolized by the translator. Though the influence of Dante's manner is nowhere traceable in the original writings of Dr. Parsons, it is to be remarked that his noblest lyric was inspired by a portrait of the Tuscan poet — the lines "On a Bust of Dante" already mentioned.[1]

Dr. Parsons went seldom into society; he was a beloved guest in the few houses he visited. His own fireside, until it was darkened by irreparable loss, was a happy one. He was a man of great simplicity and alert sympathies; a charming companion, when he was out of his cloud, and, even when in his cloud, a most courteous dreamer. That he sometimes dropped his reserve with me, in his enthusiasm over some question of literature or art, is now among my cherished memories. I frequently urged him to collect his scattered poems, as he alone could adequately perform the task, but I never succeeded in getting more than a faint-hearted promise that he would undertake it. It was left for other hands to do. The recently published collection is not, I imagine, the collection that will definitely represent him. It contains pieces which doubtless his severer taste would have excluded; an important stanza is omitted from one of the notable poems, and the volume is wanting in several lyrics that must be classed with his choicest. How choice those are is something the world will gradually discover. Like Beddoes and Landor, however, he will always be the poet of exceptional lovers. During his life-time Parsons's verse found only a narrow circle of readers, but they were of that kind which in each age keeps the fire burning on the altars. The many make popularity; the few make fame.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

[1] Five or six years ago Dr. Parsons told me that the original appearance in book form of these lines was in connection with his translation of the first ten cantos of the "Inferno," published by W. D. Ticknor, 1843. Copies of that little pamphlet in stiff brown paper covers, with the grim profile of Dante regarding Parsons's poem on the opposite page, are now very much sought after by collectors.

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

See, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song:
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn, abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was — but a fight!
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the convent's guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
Was peace, that pilgrim's one request.

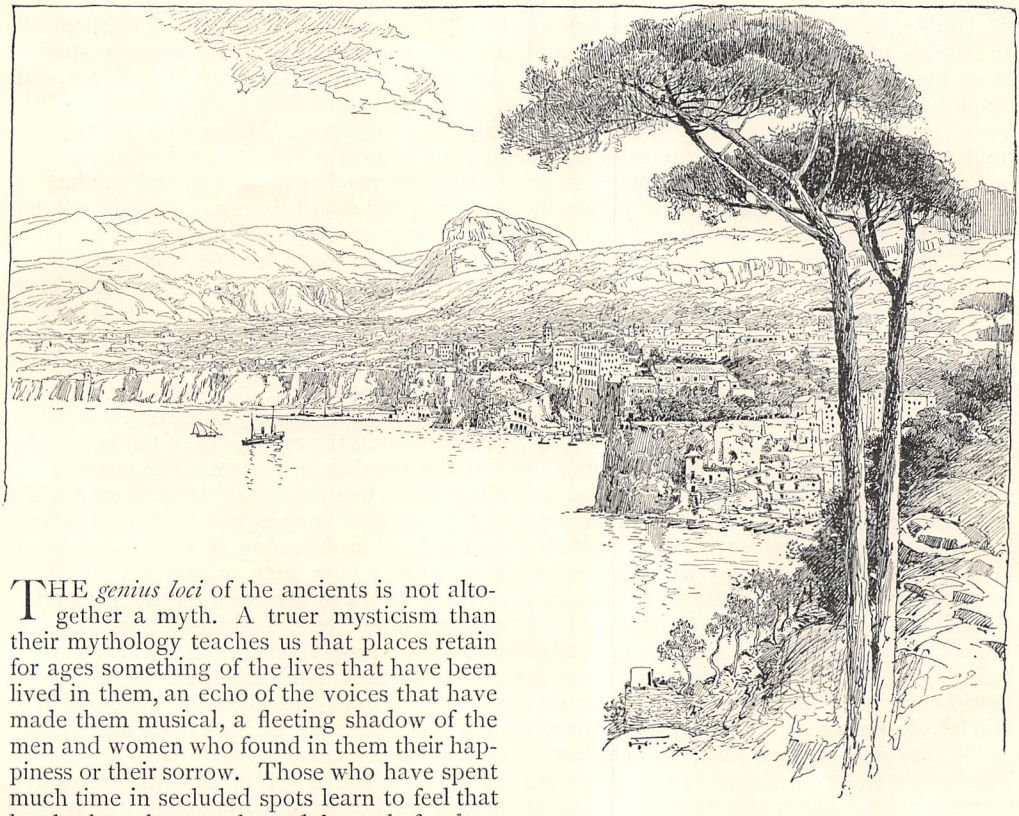
Peace dwells not here — this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
Dread scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou!
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now;
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

COASTING BY SORRENTO AND AMALFI.

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN.



SORRENTO.

THE *genius loci* of the ancients is not altogether a myth. A truer mysticism than their mythology teaches us that places retain for ages something of the lives that have been lived in them, an echo of the voices that have made them musical, a fleeting shadow of the men and women who found in them their happiness or their sorrow. Those who have spent much time in secluded spots learn to feel that lonely places have souls; and the soul of a place is indeed its *genius loci*, its familiar spirit, its peculiar essence, as real a thing as the scent of a rose or the smell of the sea. There are rose-gardens in the East that are fair with the accumulated happiness of past generations. There are shady ilex-groves in Italy wherein still dwells the silent spirit of contemplation; perhaps the phantasms of tragic loves sigh out their little day beneath the ancient trees. In Italy, in Greece, in Asia, in distant Indian glens, dim temples stand to this day, haunted or blest, perhaps, by the presence of that mystic spirit which outlasts all ages. And the market-place has its familiar genius also, the busy center of the crowded city, the broad thoroughfare of the great metropolis, silent for a few hours under the summer moonlight or the winter rain. Old castles too, deserted villages, uninhabited homes of dead populations — all have wraiths, the ghosts of what they have been, silent to the many, but more eloquent to the few than any human speech can ever be. And besides all these, there are spots where nature has never been molded by man, where she is sovereign and he is subject — lonely places by the sea, great sunlit silences where man has not dared to dwell because nature there would give him nothing, nor was he able to take anything from her. And the spirit of those places is more lonely, and grander, and mightier, than the *genius loci* of the market-place, or of the deserted Italian villa, "where the red dog-star cracks the speechless statues," or even of the shady cloister or of the wind-swept temples of banished gods. The song of songs is still unwritten, though nature's music makes man's grandest symphonies ridiculous, and sounds night and

morning in the ears of him who has ears to hear.

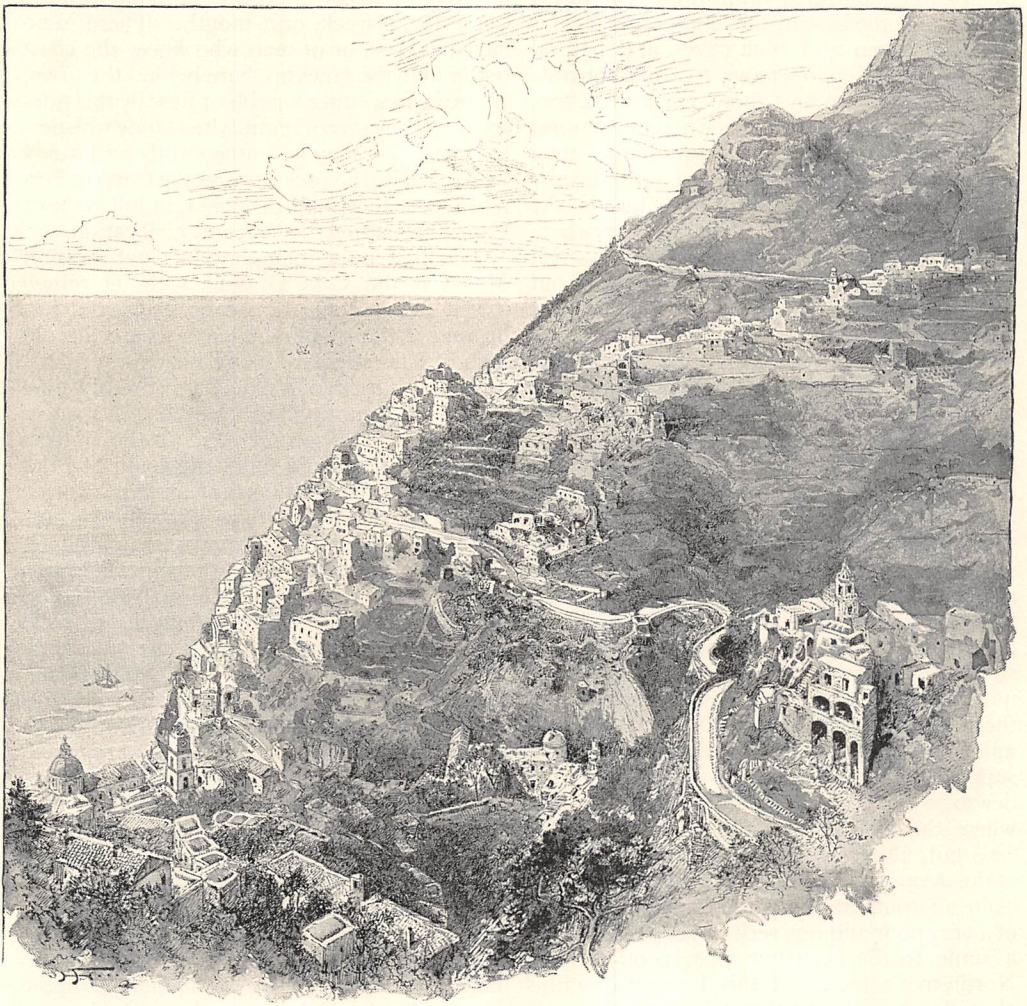
But those are not the ears of the Cook's tourist, the German water-color painter, or the English spinster, all of whom come yearly southward to the Sorrento coast, as regular in their migration as the swallow, and far more welcome to the bankrupt hotel-keeper and the starving boatman, though less suggestive of poetic thoughts when a prominent object in the landscape. They come, they eat, they sleep, and their scarlet guide-books catch the sun and mark them for the native's prey. And then, thank heaven! they go. But it is easy to get away from them, for they keep to the beaten track, a vast flock of sheep for most of whose actions Mr. John Murray of Albemarle street will be held responsible at the last judgment. It may be doubted whether any church, any creed, or any despotic form of government which the world has ever seen, has disposed more completely of men's consciences, men's money, and men's movements, than the compilers and publishers of famous guide-books. Mr. Murray says to the tourist, "Go," and he goeth, or, "Do this," and he doeth it, in the certain consciousness that he cannot do wrong, which is more than the spiritual pastors and masters of the world generally succeed in accomplishing without assistance. I will not venture to impugn the judgment of the great guide-books, but I will venture to say that the average tourist in Italy sees very little that is distinctively Italian. The places he visits have been visited by such an infinite number of tourists before him that they have acquired a certain tourist color, so to say, and have suffered a certain localization of small iniquity which passes in the eyes of foreigners for native character. The least prejudiced of tourists is perhaps the German artist. He is also as a rule the most ready to undergo small hardships and considerable fatigue in the pursuit of the beautiful. But even he sees little. To him Capri seems wild, Naples picturesque, and Vesuvius romantic, and when he has painted the Capri Needles, has eaten shell-fish at Santa Lucia, and has picked up a handful of scoriæ on the edge of the crater, he has generally had his fill of southern Italy, and goes home to talk about it. So far as Sorrento is concerned, he and his colleagues in the land come to the most beautiful place in the world, stay three days in the modern hotel, drive a dozen miles or so over a modern road in a particularly shaky modern carriage, read "Agnes of Sorrento," and go to the next place mentioned in the guide-book. It never seems to strike them that they could hire a little boat with a couple of men for a week, and wander in and out among the rocks and caves and beaches and fishing-villages all the way from Sorrento to Pæstum, seeing sights not dreamed of in their guide-books, and calling up visions of the great romantic past, of Amalfi's doges, of Robert Guiscard, Tancred, and Pope Hildebrand, or else idle away half a day with the old fishermen of Crapolla or Prajano, listening to their strange tales, their stories of Arabian Nights in Italian dress, their amazing versions of Scripture history, and, more interesting still to those who love the sea, to their accounts of hairbreadth escapes in winter storms and summer squalls. And yet it is very easy to do all these things, and very pleasant, and there is no particular hardship to be undergone. Macaroni is not bad eating, and to most people it is a pleasant novelty to dine on mackerel, lobster, red mullet, or murænæ, just out of the sea. There is nothing particularly uncomfortable, either, in sleeping in the warm, dry sand, or in a boat-house on a pile of nets, or even in the bottom of the boat itself, with the Bay of Naples or the Gulf of Salerno for a bathtub in the morning, and the Southern moonlight for a bedroom candle.

Far be it from me to inflict upon any one who reads this sketch a history of Sorrento, or a dissertation upon the antiquities of the peninsula and the republic of Amalfi. The charm that clings to so many spots in Italy does not lie in the accurate knowledge of what has been, so much as in dreaming of what might have been, or may have been, or may yet be. The memory of one or two names, great, romantic, or even mythological, which live in the tales told by the people, has power to call up wonderful pictures. And sometimes wild places, rugged and lonely, to which no shadow of definite tradition belongs, appeal even more directly to the human heart.

Here the sirens still breathe the sea spray, and sing in the enchanted moonlight as Ulysses, lashed to the mast, sweeps by in his dark ship. Still, in the misty dawn, or in the purple twilight, the Barbary pirate's shadowy craft steals silently shoreward, laden with murder and fire and sudden death, but watched from a hundred towers, from which the warning beacon of smoke or flame will presently shoot up to the Southern sky. On those same sirens' isles, blind wretches still starve out their life on the remembrance of the greatness they misused for a little while over there in Amalfi, the price of which was blindness, hunger, and solitude. Here, under the Sorrento Cape, in the rock-girt bath of Joanna, the laughter of the queen and her court ladies still rings in tune with the ripple of the wind-blown water. Far back in the other gulf to southward, above Atrani, stands the solitary Devil's Tower wherein, in darker moods, Joanna performed her incantations; while farther still, away in Salerno, in Guis-

card's city, her mother, Margaret of Anjou, sleeps beneath the marble canopy of her lovely tomb.

It is easy to fancy them alive again as one lies under the shadow of the rocks at noon-day, or by the water's edge when the moon is full, or as one steers in and out along the fantastic shore; the truth of history becomes a very secondary consideration, and the weird tales of the old man of Ellera seem very probable. The story-teller of the crew gives us an appalling version of Sinbad's adventure with the roc, as the embers of the camp-fire die away, and none of us would be much surprised if the gigantic bird loomed up suddenly behind the tower on the cliff, to descend bodily in the very midst of us with an Eastern prince or two in his beak. It is fairy-land, after all, and why should anything be too improbable to happen?



POSITANO.

So much has been said of Sorrento itself, and so many people see it nowadays, that it seems hardly worth while to enter into a description of what many will allow to be the most beautiful spot in the world. As a rule, too, all description is a failure unless it appeals in some slight degree to memory. I might give a long account of its strange geological conformation; I might talk of its marvelous climate, for the Bay of Naples is the coolest place in Italy on the sea-level; I could describe its more or less civilized people, its oranges and lemons and olives, and even its extremely modern hotels: but he who sees and knows Italy dwells not in large buildings illuminated by electric light, and made lively by the perpetual whisk of the waiter's coat-tails, and though a man might spend many months in Sorrento, and gaze to satiety upon the lovely view, he might not see anything that would strike him as strange if he had much experience of the world, nor hear anything more amusing than the conversation

of his fellow-tourists. We all know what that is like. Two of the species meet in their own country. "Where have you been?" "Egypt." "Ah, yes; Egypt. I remember Cairo. Capital steak at Shepheard's." But even in progressive Sorrento there are quiet villas far from electric lights and steak-critics, and underneath the villas at the base of the long perpendicular cliffs are green and blue caves, and natural arches, and deep openings to unfathomable Roman quarries. And there are gorges, too, in the hills, and lovely walks when one has got above the range of the narrow, high-walled lanes among which it is so hard to find one's way. There are endless fruit-trees, besides the orange and lemon, and there is everywhere and all summer an abundance of fruit — real Italian fruit, always unripe or over-ripe, but pretty to look at, and not poisonous. About Sorrento also there is something of a Neapolitan flavor in the air. The Neapolitan small boy is half monkey, half comedian, and all thief, and here as elsewhere the boy is father to the man. In Sorrento there is the municipal band, more inexorable in Italy than death itself; there are little companies of men and women who dance the tarantella in costume on the terraces of the hotels, and sing vulgar songs, which the foreigner takes for national airs. There are not, indeed, so many beggars as in Naples itself and its neighborhood, but the perpetual attempt to extract small coin from the visitor occupies the sole and undivided attention of at least one portion of the population. Here, as in Naples, the guide guides not, but chatters, butchering what he supposes to be the foreigner's language in order to make himself a holiday. Here, as elsewhere, the lively donkey boy twists the patient ass's tail, ultimately requests you to dismount at the steep places, and gets on himself. Here, as in all southern Italy, the small deceptions of a very poor and not very clever people bring a smile to the keen but often good-natured Northerner's face. All this I might describe at endless length had it not been done so often, and in one or two instances so well. There it all is, more or less lovely as to its surroundings, more or less modern in its buildings, more or less civilized by the people that move upon the scene. And below it, and before it, and facing it, stretches the sea, the eternal, ever-changing, ever-abiding sea. The splashes of human-wrought color, and the deeper tones of man-planted orange-gardens, and olive-groves, and vines, are forever contrasted with God's own palette, with that broad water wherein are mingled the precious things of day and night, the maiden rose-mallow of dawn, and the gorgeous purple of imperial evening, the gold of the sun and silver of the moon and the precious stones of the stars, all blending at last in the depths of the great liquid sapphire of that sea which wise men of old believed to be the source of all living things.

Here at least, if he chooses, man can leave dusty lanes and gorges, Neapolitan dances and improved hotels behind, and be alone with the sea a day, a week, or a month. There is no lack of boats, or of men who know the coast better than the lanes up there behind the town. There is no waiting for ebb or flow by this tideless water; by day or night, when fancy whispers the word, you may be borne swiftly and safely westward, by the rocks, round the Capo di Sorrento, past the Capo di Massa, in full sight of Capri, and altogether beyond civilization.

The first bold rock that juts out beyond Massa is the Cala Grande, with its ruined tower. Then comes the cape itself, and just beyond it the sequestered bay where the old man of Ellera lives alone in his cave. Ellera, or Erete, is a strange place, and the old man who dwells among the rocks there is a queer character. The second point of the Sorrentine peninsula is known as the Cape of Minerva, or more familiarly as the Campanella, from a tradition that a bell once hung in the beacon-tower, just above the modern lighthouse. The Barbary pirates stole the bell one day, but a storm came up, and they were obliged to drop it overboard to lighten their felucca. It is still heard to ring at the bottom of the sea on St. John's eve, or, as some say, on the eve of Sant' Antonino. None of my crew have ever heard it, but they admit the fact reluctantly and with grave faces, as though it were rather a reproach to them. Behind the tower again are the Roman ruins of Minerva's temple, and ancient cisterns of which the hard cement will turn the edge of a modern chisel. Then round the point below the desolate cliff, and in a moment you are in one of those spots where man never dwelt — except the old man of Ellera, who lives in his cave over the sea from May to November, and retires higher up the mountains in the winter. The beach is long and straight, but not deep, ending abruptly at each side below gigantic cliffs, and backed by a perpendicular wall of flinty rock. The little gulf runs in fully three quarters of a mile, and, if the wind is not southwesterly, is a perfect natural harbor. On the right are a few small caves at the water's edge, and higher up one larger than the rest, before which the old man has built up a wall of loose stones.

It is impossible to describe the utter loneliness and desolation of the place, and it is not easy to see at first wherein lies its special charm. Possibly that is due to the combination of the most rugged scenery conceivable with the softest and most beautiful shades of color, varying



AMALFI.

with each hour of the moon and sunlight, and then at last, when the full moon rises, turning all at once to the magnificent simplicity of black and white. There is hardly ever a living thing to be seen. Now and then, indeed, the gulls shoot in on level wings, and sail away again in a disappointed sort of way. Now and then, too, a solitary hawk drops from the cliff to the water, and flies upward again almost as suddenly. Last year a pair of blackbirds had built their nests, and reared their young, in an inaccessible cranny high up among the rocks. That is all — except the old man. He is the oldest, the dirtiest, the most dried-up, the most miserably clad specimen I have ever seen. He must be at least eighty years of age, and has lived in this solitude the greater part of that time. He gets a very precarious living by cutting, drying, and storing the scanty grass that grows along the top of the ridge, and by cultivating a few miserable fig-trees, which produce little bullet-like figs, dried by the southerly winds and the hot, rocky soil on which they grow. Somehow the old fellow keeps himself alive, and for many years, whenever I have run my boat to the lonely beach, he has not failed to appear, climbing down over places on which many a young man would find it hard to get a foothold. At first we looked at the old man in surprise. He seemed to be a creature from another world, a sort of animated brier, as dry and dusty as the rocks themselves. He was very grateful

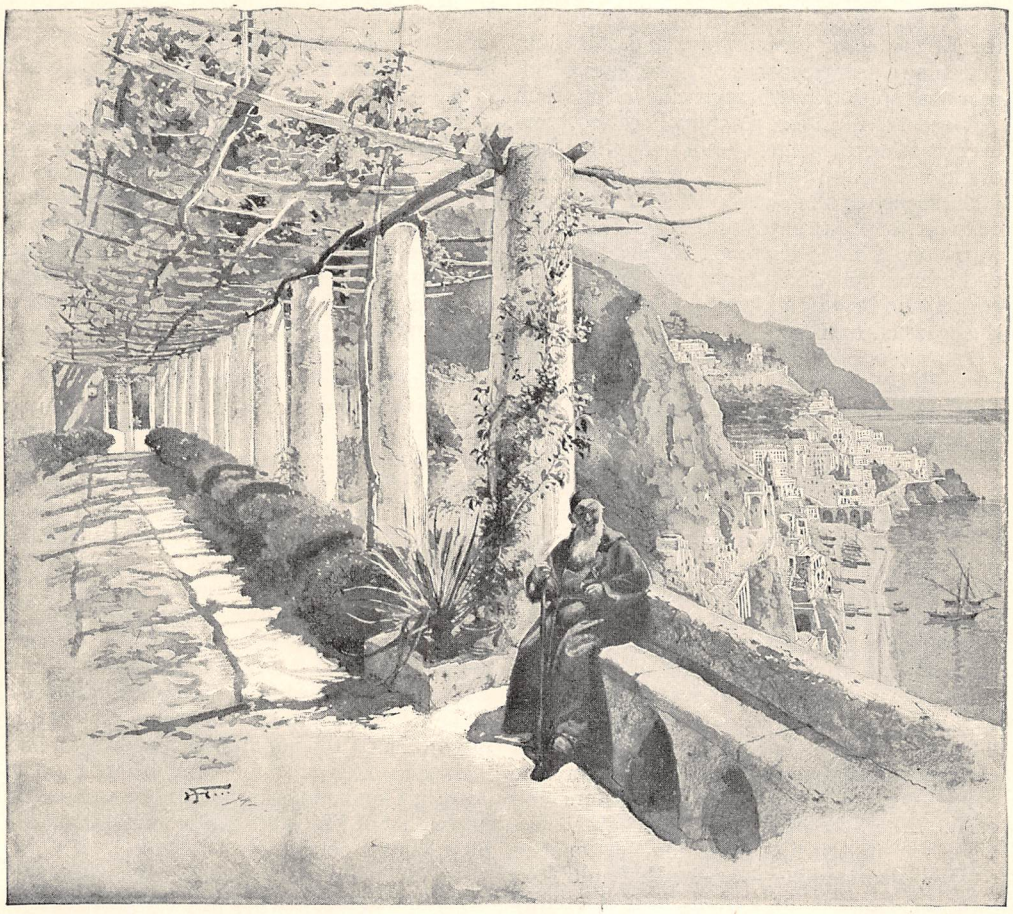
for a little hardtack and a drink of wine, and used to sit at a short distance from us, watching us with his curious, bleared old eyes. One night, a year or two ago, we suddenly discovered that he possessed a remarkable talent. He can tell stories and repeat verses, and possesses a most surprising memory, a keen sense of humor, and considerable power of acting. He sits by the camp-fire, doubled up like the Quangle-Wangle in Lear's story of the "Four Children," and in a cracked voice goes on without hesitation from one tale to another until most of us are asleep. Ghost-stories, tales from the Arabian Nights, and of the "Lives of the Saints," scripture history, and endless yarns in very fair Italian verse, succeed one another with a fluency that is positively startling. It is true that as he lives in almost total solitude, and has only two or three chances in every summer of hearing himself talk, one would naturally expect him to make the best of them. One dreams of the old creature's stories after listening to them a whole evening. There is one about a man who cheats death again and again which, I think, exists in Northern folk-lore, and it is strange that so many of the Arabian Nights' Tales should have found their way into his collection. I have been told, indeed, that many years ago the master of a felucca procured an Italian version of the "Thousand and One Nights," which he read aloud — a rare accomplishment — to his crew in the long evenings when the boat was beached on the Calabrian shores; but I do not think that this solitary instance accounts for the number of these stories extant among the Southern fishermen and sailors. It is more than possible that they may have found their way by oral tradition from their Eastern home to the ears of the old man of Ellera. The question can never be settled, and few indeed of the few foreigners who stray to these out-of-the-way places could understand half a dozen words of the dialect in which the story-tellers express themselves. As we glide away from the beach in the mist of the early morning, the dried-up old chip of humanity stands at the water's edge, all black against the gray rock behind him, waving his ragged hat to us, and wishing us a pleasant voyage; and we sail away, wondering at the still smoldering sparks thrown off by the fire of civilization, which passed as a whirlwind along the Southern coast.

Leaving Ellera behind, and skirting the bold rock to eastward, one comes suddenly upon the great anchored nets of a tunny fishery. There are many of these along the shore from Sorrento to Salerno. They are lowered and anchored out in the springtime, and taken up in the late autumn, when the heavy weather sets in. On the surface of the sea one sees long rows of cork floats stretching star-like in many directions from the three old boats which are moored in the middle. Below the surface there is a great labyrinth of corridors and traps of netting, extending to the bottom of the sea, and all leading to the central trap, a net finer and stronger than the rest. This is about sixty yards long and ten yards wide, the net coming up at each end of one of the old boats. All day long in the summer's sun, three or four old men lean over the gunwale, their heads and shoulders shielded by sacks, or coverings of old canvas, while they peer down into the clear water, and keep a look-out for fish. When a certain number have found their way into the net, from which they cannot escape, it is hauled up on board one of the boats, which is thus gradually brought alongside of the other, the fish being constantly forced into the ever-narrowing sack until at the end they fall alive into the boat itself. The fish caught are by no means always tunny, though these are the most valuable, and the strength of the nets is calculated to match theirs. Vast numbers of *scolmi* and *palamiti* — the former a coarser, and the latter a very fine, variety of herring, I believe — are taken out daily, and instantly carried ashore by the third boat, which is always in waiting. From the nearest fishing-village, which from this point is Nerano, they are carried by men on foot across the steep hill to Sorrento, whence they are sent to Naples by steamer. The owners of the nets generally pay a considerable sum to the owners of the nearest land — sometimes as much as three thousand dollars yearly for the right of mooring.

At Nerano there is a break in the cliffs, and the overhanging hills slope more gently down to the water's edge. Above, in the shoulder of the mountain, below the sharp-peaked Santo Constanzo, lies a little village called Termini. The fishermen say and believe that Christ, when he had walked over the whole earth with his disciples, reached this point, and declared that it was the end of the world; hence the name.

Soon the rocks rise sharply from the sea again to break at the deep beach of Lucumona, haunted, as every one knows, by the specter of a mounted carbineer. Then rocks again, and then the hidden gorge of Crapolla, scarcely distinguishable from the sea, an abrupt and almost perpendicular cleft in the enormous rock wall facing the Isles of the Sirens. There are ghosts here, too, in plenty, of men and boys who, in the pursuit of quails with hand-nets, have fallen some fifteen hundred feet to the bottom of the gorge. Here also lives a solitary old man, a sort of familiar spirit of the place, nicknamed Garibaldi from his supposed resemblance to the national hero. He lives in one of the three or four little vaulted stone boat-houses which are said to have been built to shelter a handful of

soldiers who guarded the approach from this point in the days of King Joachim Murat. "Garibaldi" tells me, and the fact is known to every one, that he came down to live in Crapolla in 1860, from Sant' Agata on the hills above, and has scarcely ever spent a night away from the place in thirty-four years. But Crapolla is not so lonely a spot as Ellera. A winding path and steep stone steps lead from it to



AMALFI, FROM THE CAPUCHIN MONASTERY.

the heights above, and its sheltered position makes it a first-rate harbor and beach for about twenty little *gozzi*, or fishing-boats. The fishermen descend from Sant' Agata at night, and most of them go back in the morning, taking with them what they have caught to the market there. Garibaldi gets a pretty fair livelihood by setting night-lines, with which he catches the big bass so highly prized in Naples. He is in all respects an absolute contrast to the old man at Ellera, for he is a jovial soul, with a big white beard, red cheeks, small beady eyes, and intensely black eyebrows; hale and hearty in spite of his sixty years. He has only two stories to tell: the one of his precipitate departure from the navy in 1860, and the other of the young fellow who fell from the cliff almost at his feet on a September evening. He tells them over and over again without any apparent consciousness that he is repeating himself, and his dullness has made him an object of the most intense hatred to the story-teller of my crew. After supper he is sometimes a little absent-minded. I remember that on one moonlight night some years ago he and I launched his little boat for a nocturnal fishing expedition. Before we had pulled two hundred yards from the shore the water was up to my knees in the skiff. Garibaldi had quite forgotten to plug the hole in the bottom, which is always opened to drain the boat when she is beached. I got very wet, and we caught no fish, but the story is still told as a joke against the old man, and has acquired that permanent and historical quality which distinguishes fishermen's tales. There is a ruin on the little point at the west side of the gorge, the ruin of an ancient church, the destruction of which is of course attributed

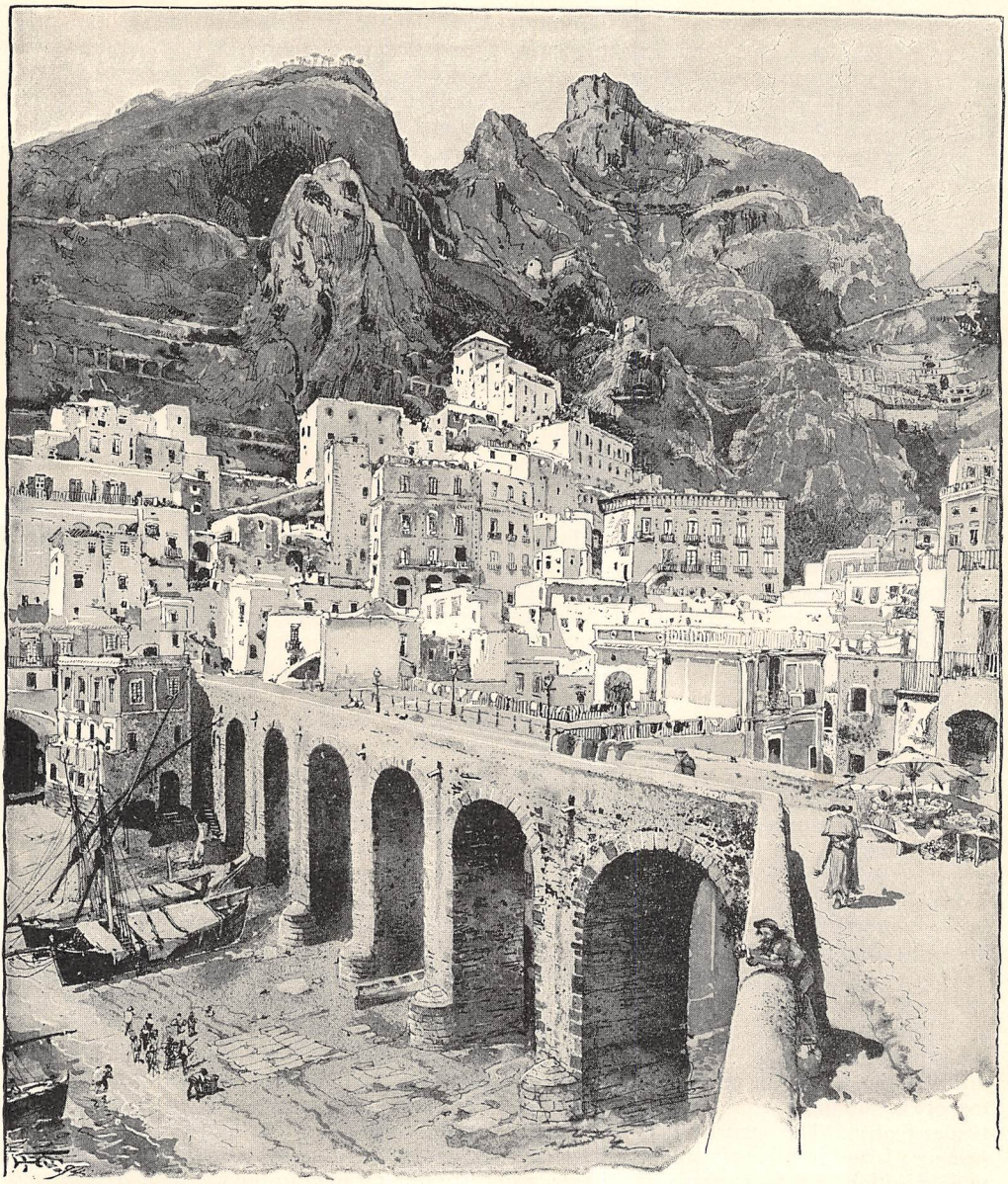
to Napoleon; and the spot is pointed out from which an immense treasure was carried off in 1798, though it has always struck me as improbable that any one possessing vast wealth should have deposited it in such a particularly unprotected neighborhood. It is of very little use to describe minutely all the ins and outs of abrupt cliffs and little coves beyond Crapolla. The coast is very wild and rugged, and it is only when half a mile to seaward that one sees the green, velvet-like carpet which covers the top of the great promontory, and the dark, glistening carob-trees and soft gray olives, which grow out so thickly wherever a few feet of soil will feed a root. Before reaching Positano, however, it is worth while, to run out to the Isles of the Sirens, and to lie an hour in the shadow of the rocks, to call up visions of Amalfi's doges, or to dream of the sister singers who lured the wanderer of old. There are ruins still on two of the three islets, and at night one hears strange echoes and breathings from the sea as it rocks the seaweed to sleep.

Almost opposite the islands lies the deep amphitheater of Positano, with its half deserted town built up from the water's edge to the base of the cliffs. Until a few years ago this place had no connection with any other except by sea, or by a steep and almost impracticable bridle-path leading up into the overhanging mountain. The inhabitants emigrated almost in a body, removing the doors and windows from their dwellings in order to escape paying taxes. Some went to other parts of Italy, many to North or South America, leaving whole streets of silent habitations windowless and doorless, while the few people who remained congregated together by the beach. Now that a magnificently planned but poorly executed road connects Positano with Sorrento on the one hand, and is to join it with Amalfi before long on the other, the little place has begun to revive. An enterprising individual has opened a nice little inn under the somewhat ambitious sign of "Pension du Paradis." It is prettily situated, with a terrace, and is not a bad place in its way; and as for the name, the blessed who attain to paradise may perhaps be less fastidious than we in the question of food and lodging. Positano, as I have said, lies in the coast like an amphitheater — the stage was the sea, the scenery the Isles of the Sirens, the actors were the doges and merchants, the sailors and the slaves, of Amalfi, pitted for ages against their mighty Pisan adversaries, before whose ships and beneath whose blades the great southern republic sank at last, overpowered, into the waves out of which it had arisen. And in a more literal sense, too, Amalfi has subsided into the blue water, which in the course of centuries has washed away its harbors, its breakwaters, its arsenals, and its fortifications, leaving the long, pebbled beach in the undisturbed possession of the fishermen, and of the light craft which carry the macaroni of Amalfi up and down the coast of Italy; for the descendants of the doges and the admirals are macaroni-makers and wine-growers, and if the sword has not literally been beaten into a plowshare, it has at least, metaphorically, been turned into a press for squeezing dough through little holes. Perhaps in Italy no better symbol could be taken for peace and plenty than a double fringe of the thin, tawny paste hung on a reed to dry in the sun.

Amalfi is much more a paradise for foreigners than the little inn at Positano is ever likely to be. Its white walls, tiled domes, and shady *loggie* look southward, facing the blazing sun in winter, and the great old Capuchin monastery, which runs along a level terrace above the western end of the town, has become an inn and a city of refuge for rheumatic Englishmen and consumptive Russians at the Christmas season.

The many people who have been there have found plenty to say about it, and the scarlet vision of the guide-book rises up and warns me to silence. Nevertheless, few places in the world have survived so much visiting without receiving and retaining the deadly impression of the tourist's cloven foot. Perhaps I owe the tourist some slight apology for the simile, but, all things considered, I prefer to remain his debtor, since I can owe him nothing else. I cannot put out his eyes, and leave him with his white helmet, his cotton umbrella, and his guide-book, to perish on the rocks in the sea, as he deserves, and as I heartily wish that he might. But I will not apologize to him for hating him. For my own part, when I go to Amalfi, I make my visits in July and August, in weather of which the spring tourist can form no adequate conception — as yet.

The deep blue bay is treacherous and squally here, and, indeed, all the way from Positano to Salerno. The changes are sudden, violent, and sometimes wonderful to see. Thunder-storms roll booming up from the deep pass of La Cava, and break in torrents of rain and small, mad, aimless hurricanes, to disappear an hour later into blue space, leaving no trace behind except perhaps a deeper sapphire tint on the crisped water, and a fresher greenness upon the orange-trees and vine-leaves of fertile Amalfi. One of the most violent little storms I remember to have met with in any sea broke upon the bay one night two years ago, as I was coming up from Calabria in an open boat, and was still five or six miles from land. Though the moon was past the first quarter, the darkness for five hours, during which time the storm lasted, was



ATRANI, NEAR AMALFI.

so thick that, seated in the stern-sheets, I could see neither mast nor sail, nor the faces of the men close to me, though I knew their exact positions from each quick succeeding flash of lightning. We were beginning to consider the question of "saving our legs," as the Italian sailors put it, when the storm suddenly vanished without the slightest warning, the sky cleared, the moon shone out brightly, and cast a magnificent moon-bow, without break or dimness, upon the misty air astern of us — the only complete moon-bow I ever saw, except at Niagara. The colors, as I remember, were vivid and distinct, but were those of the opal rather than those of the prism. The bow was high, and its arc was considerably greater than half a circle.

Flavio Gioja, a citizen of the Amalfitan republic, and born in Positano, a few miles to the westward, is said to have invented the mariner's compass at a time when Amalfi was the first naval power in European waters; but its needle was not destined to guide his fellow-republicans to victory in their endless struggles with Pisa. Even the possession of St. Andrew's body could not save them from defeat, humiliation, and

ultimate destruction. Nor could the splendid bronze doors of the cathedral, cast by Staurachios in Constantinople, preserve the dead Apostle himself from decapitation. It was Pius II., I believe, who carried St. Andrew's head to Rome, where it is now preserved among the Vatican relics.

Amalfi must have been very magnificent once, rich in wealth and strength and beauty, as each of the gorgeous medieval republics became in turn. But Amalfi goes in rags to-day, and its inhabitants do a small trade in macaroni, wine, and coarse brown paper. They are very good sailors still, however, and their small boats may be found on every beach from Naples to southern Calabria. As for the aspect of the place itself as seen from the sea and from some little distance, it reminds me of a ragged Eastern carpet caught, as it were, on jagged rocks, and left to the mercies of wind and sun and rain — a carpet of Ispahan, ragged, time-worn, threadbare, and soft, once wonderful, and beautiful still to the very last, in its harmony of color and originality of design. It has still that something which is never lost so long as one stone stands upon another in places once gilded by the splendor of the middle ages, once inhabited by that daring, gifted, generous, and magnificent cross-breed of Latin, Goth, and Norman, whose rise and fall were Italy's second life. The romance of Italy began when Alaric, twice merciful, stormed Rome at last in vengeance upon thrice-false Honorius, and it ended with Garibaldi's exile to Caprera.

It sometimes seems as though modern civilization tended, broadly speaking, to transfer life from the mountains to the plains, leaving behind just what we are pleased to call romance. In other days no man, as a rule, built in plain or valley when he could possibly build upon the top of a hill. Now, no one who can dwell in the plains takes the trouble to live on the top of the mountain, unless for some very particular reason. The security that once lay in stone walls and iron bars is now sought in strategic position and in earthworks. There are no small, daily dangers in our time against which man barricades himself in towers, and behind iron-studded doors of oak. The great perils of our age are few, far between, and general. Military power once meant an agglomeration of desperate individuals devoted to a common cause, bad or good, not one of whom could find a place in the well-ordered, unreasoning, and mechanically obedient ranks of a modern conqueror's army. The more we live in plains the less we can understand the hills; the more systematically we obey laws and regulations having for their object the greatest good of the greatest number, the less able are we to understand the reasoning of such men as Alaric, the great Count of Sicily, Tancred, Cæsar Borgia, Gonzalvo de Cordova, or Garibaldi. It is singular that while most intelligent people undoubtedly prefer the conditions of modern civilization for their daily life, they should by preference also like to dream of the times when civilization was still unrealized, and of lives lived in circumstances against which modern common sense revolts. These are machine-made times; those were hand-made: and true art is manual, not mechanical.

The southern peninsula is dominated by a central mountain nearly five thousand feet in height, and bearing, of course, the name of Monte St. Angelo, like so many other isolated peaks in Italy. The "holy angel" in question is of course St. Michael, in whose gleaming blade students of mythology will doubtless find the thunderbolt of Jupiter Tonans, god of high places. There is a little lonely chapel on the very summit, dedicated to the archangel, and commanding what is in point of extent one of the most magnificent views in the world. East and west of the peak, and still at a great height above the sea, the land stretches in an undulating plateau inhabited by a race which differs considerably in aspect and tradition from the sailor folk of the coast below. At this high level there is much snow in winter, especially on the eastern side of the mountain, and the houses are all built with very high-peaked roofs, as in old German towns, to prevent the dangerous accumulation of snow on the house-tops. Above Agerola, which itself is almost directly above Prajano on the southern side of the peninsula, stands an enormous palace, visible from the sea at a great distance. It is known as the Palazzo degli Spiriti (the palace of the ghosts), and I once took the trouble to climb up from Prajano, and go all over it. It is entirely deserted, and has neither doors nor windows, a building almost royal in proportions and plan, standing on a vast terrace overlooking the sea, by no means ancient, and in some parts decorated with frescos and stucco work, which are fast falling a prey to the weather. It was built by a personage known as General Avitabile, who came to a tragic end before he had completed his magnificent residence, and whose heirs are, I believe, still quarreling about the division of the property, while the building itself is allowed to fall into ruins. It would be hopeless to attempt to disentangle the tales told about the family by the simple hill-folk. There were women in the case, who poisoned one another and the general, and whose spirits, venomous still, are believed to haunt the vast halls and corridors and staircases and underground regions of the palace. Whether they do or not, a more appropriate place for hobgoblins, banshees, ghouls, and vampires could

scarcely have been created by a diseased imagination in a nightmare. Even at midday, under the Southern sun, the whole place seems as uncanny as a graveyard on St. John's eve. Bits of staircase lead abruptly into blank walls, passages end suddenly in the high air, without window-railing or parapet. Lonely balconies lead round dizzy corners to dismal watch-turrets whence a human voice could hardly find its way to the halls within. The most undaunted explorers of the Society for Psychical Research might learn what "goose-flesh" means in such a place as this.

In all this region one is much struck by the difficulty of communication, and by the disinclination of the inhabitants to communicate, between the little scattered settlements above and below. The character itself of the people and the fishermen seems to differ widely in spots less than a mile apart. In coasting in an open boat one is often obliged by the weather to spend a day or two in one of the deep ravines of which I have spoken. In one place, from the moment the keel grates on the pebbles until the boat is launched again, the people are a perpetual torment, begging, screeching, wrangling, and quarreling, and making life temporarily unbearable. In the next, you will very probably find a set of men and women, quiet, hospitable, and anxious only to help you with your boat, and then to leave you in peace, sending you perhaps a handsome present of fish half an hour later, for which they will indignantly refuse any payment. It is of course impossible that these little distinct populations should have had each a distinct origin. One can only suppose, and it is reasonable enough, that the peculiarities of character are the result of local traditions handed down from father to son by a sort of patriarchal system. The angelic disposition of the small boys in some of these fishing-villages contrasts vividly with the fiendish iniquity of their cousins in the next.

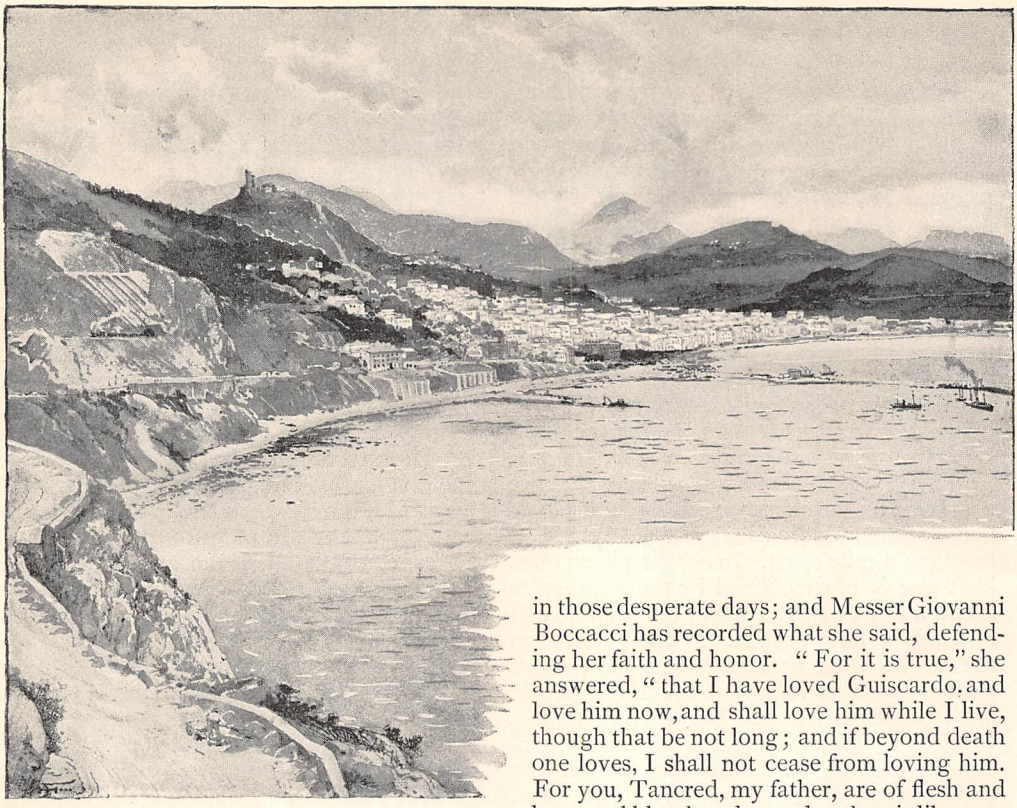
Eastward of Amalfi begins the chain of more or less fertile, orange-growing spots, each with its little town upon the beach, which were once Amalfi's wealth, and which succeed one another all the way to Salerno, interrupted only where the bold point of Capo d'Orso divides the bay of Amalfi from the one beyond, in which Vietri and Salerno lie — the point at which in thunderstorms the heavy squalls meet at an angle, coming from opposite directions, and making the sea very dangerous for small craft. And there at the end of the gulf rises Salerno itself, a pile of white, terraced houses, with narrow, shady streets, crowned by the half-ruined castle which Robert Guiscard wrested from the Lombard princes of Salerno, and long held by Tancred, who, to the Italian mind, is the very embodiment of Italy's romance.

There in the ancient cathedral lies Pope Hildebrand, at rest at last — one of the greatest, and perhaps one of the best, men who played great parts in a great age; a brave man, a reformer, almost a martyr, and now a canonized saint with a hard-earned place in the calendar of the blessed, dead in exile, as he said himself, because he loved justice. And there, beneath a lovely marble canopy, high on a sculptured couch, sleeps Margaret of the house of Anjou, mother of wild Joanna II. of Naples, wife of Charles III. of Durazzo — another tragic figure. For Joanna I. caused, or allowed, her husband, Andrew of Hungary, to be murdered at Aversa, and then caused, or allowed again, that innocent Durazzo to be executed for the deed in which he had no hand. But she paid the penalty at last, for she herself was smothered to death in gloomy Muro, far to southward.

And bishops lie there, too, and archbishops, and one cardinal at least, — Caraffa, — and many more of the great of the earth, in the silent aisles of the cathedral, not least of them all that daring Sigelgaita, Guiscard's wife, who fought by him in battle, and defended castles for him in his endless wars, and then, they say, tried to poison his first wife's son, Bohemund. But no one knows how true that may be, or how false.

Outside the church, the narrow, whitewashed streets lead beneath arches and overhanging eaves by many winding ways, and down by the harbor there are the modern quarter, and pleasant green trees, and the inevitable band-stand, from which, on holidays, discordant brazen instruments play cheap and coarse dance-music and tunes from operettas in the very hearing of the harmonious sea. Doubtless the blare of Guiscard's trumpets was discordant, too, when he besieged the great citadel upon the heights eight hundred years ago, but there must have been passion in it, if little music. Up there beyond the town he got that deep wound in his breast which could not kill him, and seems hardly to have shortened his strong life.

Court within court, rampart behind rampart, tower upon tower, the ancient pile rises from the rocks to the sky, labyrinthine in its intricacy and colossal in its strength. Somewhere beneath one of those deserted courts lies the hidden underground chamber to which Ghismonda went daily by the secret passage from her room above, while Guiscardo, her lover, let himself down by a knotted rope through the aperture, overgrown with shrubs, and with thorns so sharp that he wore leathern clothes to protect himself. Ghismonda was Tancred's daughter, and Guiscardo was one of her father's gentlemen-at-arms. It is a grim and yet a tender story of a very true love. For some reason which deeper students may discover, Ghismonda did not marry again when her husband,



SALERNO.

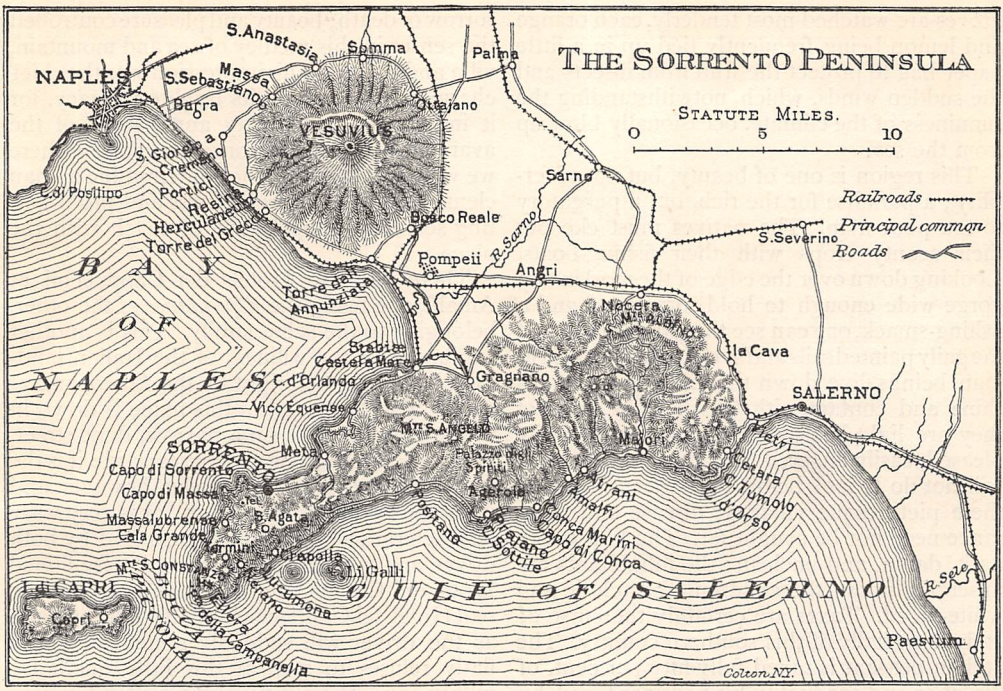
the Duke of Capua's son, died after a few months of wedlock, and she loved the handsome young soldier to despair, though his station was too far beneath her own for an open alliance.

So they met and loved, and met again, till one day, growing bolder, she led him in an evil hour up the secret stair to her own apartment, where, though she did not guess it, Tancred sat nodding behind a curtain, half asleep in the noonday heat after dinner, and waiting for his daughter, with whom he loved to spend an hour in pleasant conversation during the long afternoons. And as the lovers were there together, Tancred saw them and heard them, unseen and unheard. Being as wise as he was brave, he choked down his anger, and waited a whole day before he spoke. Then Guiscardo was taken at nightfall by two men, and brought secretly to his lord, and Tancred reproached him with tears. But the young man made only one short answer. "Love is far stronger than you or I," he said, and so was led away to his death. And Tancred, heavy at heart, spoke bitterly to his daughter, and most bitterly of all because she had loved one beneath her. Then he was silent, and waited for her reply with bowed head. Ghismonda turned upon him, dry-eyed and brave, as women sometimes were in those desperate days; and Messer Giovanni Boccacci has recorded what she said, defending her faith and honor. "For it is true," she answered, "that I have loved Guiscardo, and love him now, and shall love him while I live, though that be not long; and if beyond death one loves, I shall not cease from loving him. For you, Tancred, my father, are of flesh and bone and blood, and your daughter is like you, and not of stone or iron; and see, I have lived so little that I am still young"—and much more to a like intent. "And so," she said at last, "if you are grown cruel in your old age, as you used not to be, be cruel now, even to me; for I tell you that if you do not to me as you have done to Guiscardo, my own hands shall do that same mischief on myself."

And Tancred was cruel indeed, for he took Guiscardo's heart, and placed it in a precious golden vessel, and sent it to his daughter. But she brewed poison, when she had wept many tears, and filled the cup, and drank her death from her lover's heart, and lay down to die, pressing it to her own, and crying: "O much-loved heart, my service to thee is fulfilled, nor is there anything left for me to do but to come with my own soul and bear thine company forever." And Tancred came and wept over her, and repented of what he had done; but she spoke bitterly once more, and asked only that her body might be buried with him she loved. Then she pressed the dead heart once more to her bosom. "God be with you," she said, "for I am going." So she died, and was laid beside her lover somewhere in Salerno.

People were in earnest in those days. To love was to live; to be cut off from love was death—real, literal, cruel death.

F. Marion Crawford.



THE HIGHROAD FROM SALERNO TO SORRENTO.

OUR route lay from Salerno on the Gulf of Salerno to Amalfi, twelve miles away, thence three miles by boat to Prajano, and thence on to Sorrento by twenty-five miles of the wildest of wild roads. The country below Salerno was flat and uninteresting; southward stretched the dreary waste on which twenty miles away one could fancy that he saw the famous ruined Grecian temples of Pæstum, while beyond was *terra incognita* of the truest type, an insignificant marsh that presented no allurements to the most enthusiastic traveler. But to the north and west rose the mountains of St. Angelo, running out into the Sorrentine peninsula, and dividing the Bay of Naples from the Gulf of Salerno. These picturesque mountains, dotted with romantic villas and charmingly situated little hamlets, look down on the soft and dazzling blue waters of the Mediterranean, making that peculiar mystic union where perfect land meets perfect water.

Beginning at Salerno, and skirting this scene from fairy-land, is the famous highroad cut into the surface of the rock for miles, crossing deep ravines by artistic spans of heavy stone that show no suggestion of modern cantaliver, but seem as much a part of the scenery around them as though made by the hand of God. In this land of fine roads it is superlatively fine; broad, sweeping, and as clean and hard as a marble floor. Built in 1852, modern improvements and devices can show no road to excel it; like the scenery, it is perfection.

As we rolled out of Salerno, we could see the road running from promontory to promontory as far as the eye could reach. Occasionally it disappeared up some rocky gorge; but if the eye was keen, a faint, ribbon-like effect could be seen in the solid rock, which betrayed its course. Now the road climbed the mountain-side to Capo Tumolo, where the whole scene unfolded like a map at our feet; again it dived down to the water's edge to skirt Capo d' Orso, or crept along the edge of some precipice, from which the village of Cetara could be seen below, stretched along the bottom of a narrow ravine. Now the road penetrated the picturesque towns of Minori, Majori, or Atrani, where it ran between the high white walls of the peasants' houses, under the shadow of which lingered a decided chill and gloom, while for hundreds of feet above the road were the whitest of white houses, hanging to their terraces like overgrown white goats. Everywhere that the eye could see were these terraces; no rock was too barren, no ledge too narrow, no gorge too deep to escape being covered to the very edge with terraces of orange- and lemon-trees. These

groves are watched most tenderly, each orange and lemon being frequently tied up in a little paper bag to protect the fruit from insects and the sudden winds, which, notwithstanding the sunniness of the climate, occasionally blow up from the sea.

This region is one of beauty, but not of fertility; a paradise for the rich, but a purgatory to the poor man. The natives must eke out their scanty crops with their fishing-boats. Looking down over the edge of the road in any gorge wide enough to hold some sand and a fishing-smack, one can see the dark houses, and the gaily painted sails and sides of the boats. Human beings live down there, away from sunshine and contact with their fellows, and yet they are light-hearted, sunny children, easily pleased, easily angered, and easily satisfied. It will not do to look below the surface in one of these picturesque villages; disease and ignorance need not be sought far. The houses are dark, damp, and unclean; the inhabitants are miserably poor; the children are rachitic and white-faced. Taxes are certainly the curse of Italy, especially of this southern country. The Italian peasant is taxed fully fifty per cent. of his labor and products; his beds are taxed, his furniture, his windows, his very movements to town and back cost him money—money, to be sure, that builds beautiful roads and holds Italy together as a nation, but still a grievous tax.

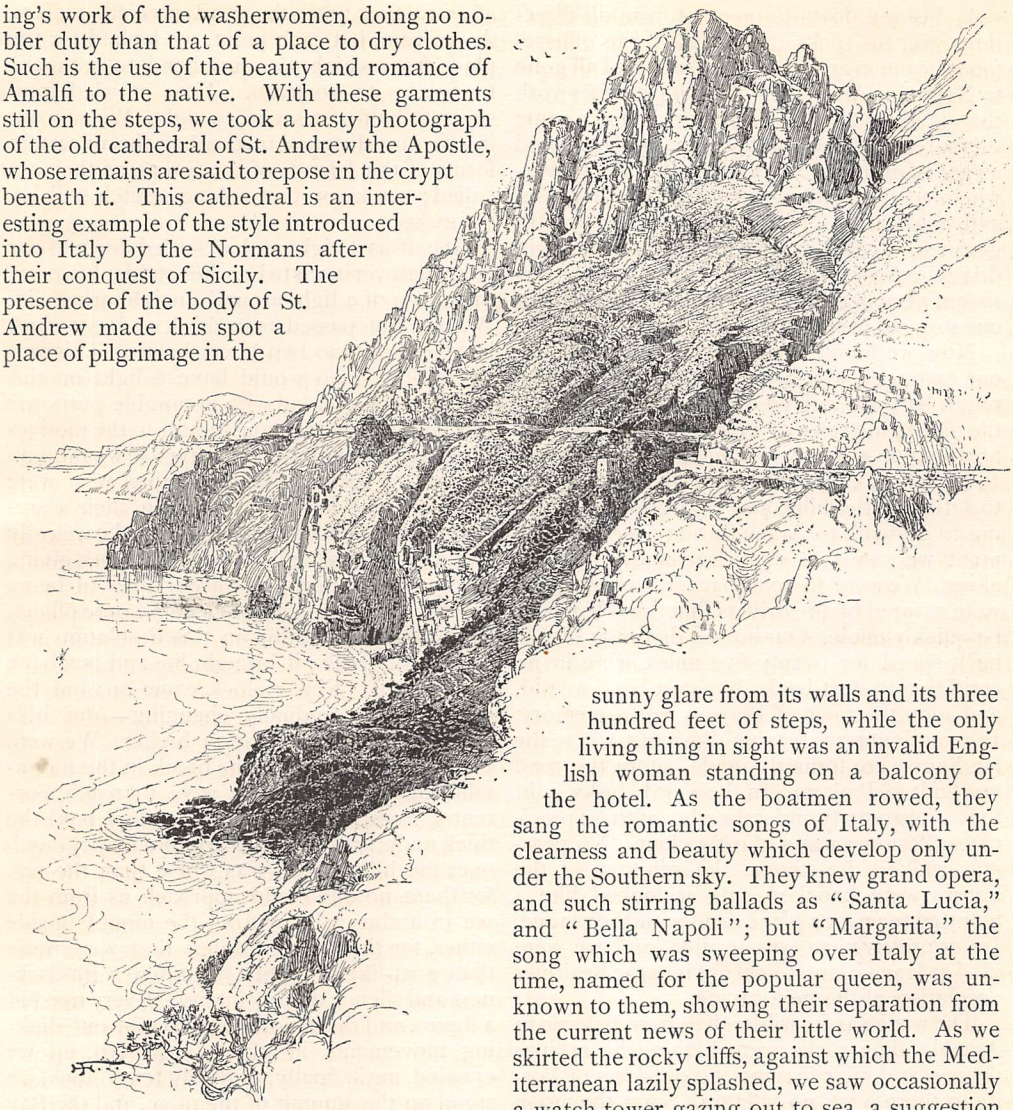
Picturesque scenery is hard to farm; fishing with medieval apparatus is slow and poor, especially with no near market to consume the catch. Nature has followed her usual course: to the visitor who has she gives more; but from the native who has not she is taking away his little. But we did not think of this as we whirled along; it is easy enough to moralize when our ride is done, but while we breathed this glorious air, and saw these inspiring sights, we could not conceive that misery could exist in such a country. These people are an uncomplaining race; they are not particularly obtrusive with their woes, although they see possible soldi for miles, and are willing to run as many more to get them.

Our plan, which was the best of many, included a stop at Amalfi over-night; staying there as long as we desired, and then pushing on to Sorrento. Our driver kept up his gait through town after town, through ravine after ravine, past wayside shrine and bubbling fountain, until at last we rolled in triumphant state into that painter's paradise, the world-renowned Amalfi. The first and last impression of this ride to Amalfi was that of sunshine—of sunshine so warm, so unremitting, and so absorbing of energy, that cold and snow seemed utter impossibilities: in this stimulus life had no sorrow or death; beauty and pleasure controlled the senses in this medley of sea and mountain, villa and ravine. This impression was the chief charm of the trip and its brightest legacy, for it increased as the petty annoyances of the avaricious Italian were forgotten; for even here we were reminded of the contemptible human element, although any business and profit-getting seemed strangely out of touch with the place.

There are two Hotels dei Cappuccini at Amalfi, one being the *dépendance* of the other, belonging to the same family. This is another exhibition of the wiliness of the Italian landlord, who is far too bright for the American traveler. The first hotel of this name is down in the town of Amalfi, on a narrow, dark street, shut in from any view except seaward; it is the first one reached by the traveler, however, and unless he has been there before, or is very wary and determined, he will be persuaded by both driver and porter that this is the far-famed Hotel dei Cappuccini of his dreams. But the real Hotel dei Cappuccini is half a mile beyond, as the driver will suddenly remember if one flatly refuses to stop at this little one-horse village inn. He will be amply repaid for making this stand, for here, perched three hundred feet above the road, unapproachable except by a series of white stone steps, stands this unique hotel. In America there would be a huge Kaaterskill perched on such a spot, but the Italians, far more in sympathy with the artistic demands of the surroundings, have turned the one-time famous old Capuchin monastery into a well-appointed home, for home it is for the traveling world. The guests sleep in the cells of the old monks, and dine in the old whitewashed chapel. There is the customary orange- and lemon-grove on a narrow terrace alongside the hotel, flanked by a broad, sweeping path, which afforded the only cloister for the monks, while on the other side of this walk stands a row of white, plastered pillars supporting a roof of arching vines; from here a superb view of Amalfi and the blue Gulf of Salerno lies before the eye. The stairs to the dining-room come down into the room from the sleeping-rooms without intervention of hall or wall, and as we descended these massive whitewashed stone steps, we could see the dining-table stretched along, covered with bright lamps and dainty flowers, while the high-arched roof betrays the old chapel. It was as attractive to the hungry traveler as the mountains on the outside had been to the other senses.

We left Amalfi at three o'clock on a bright, sunny afternoon, in late April. The theatrical little town was sound asleep; its bird-box houses were deserted; its streets were vacant and quiet. The cathedral steps were covered with the morn-

ing's work of the washerwomen, doing no nobler duty than that of a place to dry clothes. Such is the use of the beauty and romance of Amalfi to the native. With these garments still on the steps, we took a hasty photograph of the old cathedral of St. Andrew the Apostle, whose remains are said to repose in the crypt beneath it. This cathedral is an interesting example of the style introduced into Italy by the Normans after their conquest of Sicily. The presence of the body of St. Andrew made this spot a place of pilgrimage in the



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.
ROAD BETWEEN SORRENTO AND AMALFI.

middle ages. "The manna of St. Andrew," oily droppings from his casket, enjoyed a high reputation in southern Europe for its miraculous power in curing disease. Its efficacy has been sung even by the great Tasso.

Our rowboat, which was to carry us from Amalfi to Prajano, three miles away along the coast of the Gulf, lay close to the shore, but no wharf or board to reach its side was in sight. Our wonder was short-lived, however, for suddenly the ladies of the party gave sudden screams, as each was clasped by waist and feet by two sturdy, barefooted boatmen, and before they could protest, they were safe in the little craft.

As we looked back, the little town slept on; the old monastery hotel reflected a dazzlingly sunny glare from its walls and its three hundred feet of steps, while the only living thing in sight was an invalid English woman standing on a balcony of the hotel. As the boatmen rowed, they sang the romantic songs of Italy, with the clearness and beauty which develop only under the Southern sky. They knew grand opera, and such stirring ballads as "Santa Lucia," and "Bella Napoli"; but "Margarita," the song which was sweeping over Italy at the time, named for the popular queen, was unknown to them, showing their separation from the current news of their little world. As we skirted the rocky cliffs, against which the Mediterranean lazily splashed, we saw occasionally a watch-tower gazing out to sea, a suggestion of the days of Barbary pirates and their sudden swooping charges on the hapless peasant of the middle ages. Under the shadow of the rocks grows the bright red "vegetable coral," the "apples of the sea," a curious form of growth, which attracts the traveler's eye so constantly that the boatmen have learned its English names and habits.

In the year before our journey the road was extended from Positano to Prajano; in a year or so it will be cut through from Prajano to Amalfi, and then the traveler will miss this beautiful trip by boat, which makes a unique part of the journey from Salerno to Sorrento. It will be another instance where improvement in travel will destroy some of its picturesqueness. As we approached the opening ravine in which lies the sheltered fishing-hamlet of Prajano, we

saw, dashing down to meet us from all directions, over the rocks and crags, swarms of barefooted women and girls. The men had all gone to Naples or America, looking for steadier work than landing chance passengers. Down came this barefoot, dirty, motley crew, as sure-footed as goats, and running as rapidly. They overwhelmed the passengers, seized the luggage, and made themselves nuisances. No words, gestures, or blows from the boatmen could drive them away. They were as patiently persistent as a swarm of mosquitos; the moment one stopped his expostulation, back they came.

Now we found ourselves in a dilemma, for our carriages, which were to come from Sorrento, had not arrived. In vain did we search the place; the town of Prajano boasted neither an inn nor a horse; we must patiently wait. Five o'clock came, and then six; dusk began to settle on the hills, and we were just deciding to go back to Amalfi, when over a distant point we saw two small carriages traveling along. We were anxious to reach Sorrento, and were assured by the drivers that the ride would be quickly made. Our horses, driven at break-neck speed for twenty-five miles, were in no condition to start back; but start back we did, and soon the town of Prajano was a memory. In ten minutes we reached Positano, where the landings were formerly made before the road was built to Prajano. In the weird, dusky light that appears early under the edge of these precipices, Positano was a ghostly place. No peasants walked the streets; the windows of the houses were knocked out; it looked like a haunted town, or a place dead with the plague. Its oppressiveness was terrible, and we were glad to leave it, and to get out into the healthier desolation of the next ravine.

The road was far wilder than from Salerno to Amalfi. The rocks were higher, the ravines deeper, and after leaving the outskirts of Positano there were no villages. Soon the moon came up, and, while we could not see it, for we were a thousand feet below the upper edge of the cliff, it threw a ghastly light over the sea, which was thrown back into our faces, and made them seem blanched and careworn. We remembered with sudden distinctness that Baedeker speaks of one road in this region which by some good authorities is scarcely regarded as free from brigands; we believed that this was the one. It was a happy, inspiring thought, and we tried to reassure ourselves of it by looking into the guide-book; but the wind blew too hard to keep a match going, and we would not stop our driver for worlds. So on we went, dipping into ravine after ravine, until the road seemed endless. As we rounded each point, we looked for the place from which we must bend to cross the mountains to Sorrento. Time crawled from seven to half-past seven, to eight. We saw out in the dim distance in the bay the uncertain forms of the Islands of the Sirens, as they are called; we knew that a long stretch still lay before us.

At half-past eight we had settled down to our fate, whatever it was to be, when suddenly we saw the gleam of a light around a neighboring cliff. We had not passed man, bird, or beast since leaving Positano two hours before. This was interesting; who would have a light on this lonely, forsaken road with honorable purpose? But before we could conclude as to the motives of our rapidly approaching friends, we ran into a band of soldiers, tax-collectors, who were looking for peasants smuggling their wares to Sorrento untaxed. They glanced carelessly into our carriage, and allowed us to pass, giving us the first opportunity of our lives of being heartily glad to welcome a custom-house officer. This sudden visitation in this desolation was a pleasant break; it brought life and law back to us again. Nine o'clock came on; but the scenery was gradually changing—the hills grew lower, the vegetation higher. We were evidently approaching the break in the mountains through which we were to reach Sorrento. Soon we left the sea, and pierced the thick underbrush, and started on a dreary climb over the hills. This was worse than the sea, for there no one could approach us from the sea in ambuscade, or from the mountain-side either, for that matter, unless they were more than goat-like in agility. But here were darkness and silence doubly intense. Every tree hid a figure, and the moonlight brought out slinking movements in every bush. Up, up we crawled, until, finally, at nearly ten o'clock, we stood on the summit of the ridge, and the Bay of Naples, glorious in the moonlight, lay at our feet five miles away. In the distance the lights of Naples gleamed, each light with a welcome in it, while closer, under our feet almost, lay the twinkling lamps of Sorrento.

Now came merry work; down the steep hills we bowled, through high-walled roads, past silent villas, until the famous road from Castellammare to Sorrento was reached. Now we laughed our fears to scorn, and when we drove into the yard of the famous Hotel Tramontano at Sorrento, our heads were held up boldly, as though wild drives like this were of daily occurrence.

J. Howe Adams.



FRANZ SCHUBERT.[1]

IN less than three years, on January 31, 1897, a century will have elapsed since Franz Schubert was born, and sixty-nine years since he died. He lived only thirty-two years, yet in this short time — or, more accurately, in eighteen years — he wrote more than eleven hundred compositions. This fact, in itself sufficiently astounding, becomes more so when we consider the conditions of his life as described by his biographers — his poverty and privations, from his early years, when we find him suffering from hunger and cold, and unable to buy music-paper to write down his inspirations, to his last year, when typhoid fever ended his career and left his heirs about ten dollars, not enough to pay for his funeral expenses — and no wonder, since even in his last years twenty cents was considered pay enough for some of those songs on which many publishers have since grown rich.

Surprise has often been expressed that the Viennese (among whom he lived) and the publishers should not have appreciated him more substantially; yet it is not difficult to find reasons for this in the circumstances of the case. While a pianist or singer may find immediate recognition, a composer, especially if he has so original a message to deliver as Schubert, has to bide his time. We must bear in mind how very young he was when he died. Dr. Hanslick has urged, in defense of the Viennese, that only seven years elapsed between the publication of Schubert's first works and his death, and that during his lifetime he became known chiefly as a song composer; and songs were at that time not sung at public concerts, but only in the domestic circle. Moreover, Rossini on the one hand, and Beethoven on the other, overshadowed the modest young Schubert, and it is significant that Beethoven himself did not discover his genius till the year of his own death. As regards Schubert's orchestral works, we must remember that orchestras were not at that time what they are to-day. The best Viennese organization, the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, found the symphony in C "too long and too difficult" at the rehearsal, and substituted an earlier work. This was in 1828, the year of the composer's death. Ten years later the zealous Schumann discovered the great symphony in C and took it to Leipsic, where the equally enthusiastic Mendelssohn secured for it a noteworthy success. In Vienna, too, it was taken up again in the following year, but only two movements were given, and these were separated by a Donizetti aria! Three years later Habeneck attempted to produce this symphony in Paris, but the band rebelled over the first movement, and the same result followed in London, two years later still, when Mendelssohn put it in rehearsal for a Philharmonic concert. These things seem strange to us, but they are historic facts, and help to explain why Schubert, with all his melody and spontaneity, made his way so slowly to popular appreciation. He was young, modest, and unknown, and musicians did not hesitate to slight a symphony which they would have felt bound to study, had it borne the name of Beethoven or Mozart.

But his fame has grown steadily from year to year, and will grow greater still in the next century. Rubinstein has, perhaps, gone farther than any one, not only in including Schubert in the list of those he considers the five greatest composers, — Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Glinka — but in exclaiming, "Once more, and a thousand times more, Bach, Beethoven, and Schubert are the highest summits in music" ("Die Musik und Ihre Meister," p. 50). I am asked whether I approve of this classification. Such questions are difficult to answer. I should follow Rubinstein in including Schubert in the list of the very greatest composers, but I should not follow him in omitting Mozart. Schubert and Mozart have much in common; in both we find the same delicate sense of instrumental coloring, the same spontaneous and irrepressible flow of melody, the same instinctive command

[1] Previous articles in this series on the Great Composers are: Gounod (autobiographical), THE CENTURY for January, 1892; Antonín Dvořák, by H. E. Krehbiel, September, 1892; Massenet (autobiographical), November, 1892; Liszt, by Camille Saint-Saëns, February, 1893; Saint-Saëns, by H. E. Krehbiel, March, 1893; Franz, by H. T. Finck, June, 1893; Berlioz, by Ernest Reyer, December, 1893; Schumann, by Edvard Grieg, January, 1894; Grieg, by William Mason, March, 1894.

of the means of expression, and the same versatility in all the branches of their art. In their amazing fertility, too, they were alike; and herein lay, and still lies, one of the greatest impediments to their popular appreciation. The longer I live the more I become convinced that composers, like authors, mostly follow the impulse of writing too much. There are a few exceptions, like Berlioz and Chopin—not to forget Wagner, who condensed all his genius into ten great music-dramas. Would it not have been better for their immortality and the perpetual delight of mankind, had Rossini written ten operas instead of forty, Donizetti seven, instead of seventy? Even Bach's magnificent cantatas would have had a better chance of appreciation if there were not quite so many (the first 34 volumes of Bach's collected works contain 160 of them.) At the same time we should be sorry to lose a single one of them.

If we are often amazed at the prevailing ignorance and neglect of many of the great works of the masters, we are at the same time obliged to confess that they themselves are largely to blame: they have given us too much. However, it is easier to give advice than to follow it. There is in creative minds an impulse to write, which it is difficult to curb, and this was especially the case with Schubert, whose genius was like a spring which nothing but exhaustion could stop from flowing. Fortunately, the works of the great masters have at last been made accessible in complete editions; the Schubert collection is just being completed by Breitkopf and Härtel. It contains many gems unknown to the public, or even to the profession; and it now behooves artists and conductors to select from this embarrassing wealth what most deserves revival.

Schubert contributed to every form of his art; he was, as I have said, as versatile as Mozart, to whom he bears so many points of resemblance. But in one respect these two masters differ widely. Mozart was greatest in the opera, where Schubert was weakest. Schubert's attempts to exercise his genius and improve his fortunes by writing operas came at an unpropitious moment—a time when Vienna was so Rossini-mad that even Beethoven was discouraged from writing for the stage. It took several rebuffs to discourage Schubert; indeed, though all his attempts failed, he is said to have had further operatic projects at the time of his last illness. He was always unlucky with his librettos, which are, without exception, inadequate. There were other untoward circumstances; yet the chief cause of his failure lay, after all, in the nature of his genius, which was lyrical, and not dramatic, or, at any rate, not theatrical. When Liszt produced "Alfonso und Estrella" at Weimar in 1854, it had only a *succès d'estime*, and Liszt himself confessed that its performance must be regarded merely as *ein Act der Pietät*, and an execution of historic justice. He called attention to the strange fact that Schubert, who in his songs contributed such picturesque and expressive accompaniments, should in this opera have assigned to the instruments such a subordinate rôle that it seemed little more than a pianoforte accompaniment arranged for the orchestra. At the same time, as Liszt very properly adds, Schubert influenced the progress of opera *indirectly*, by showing in his *songs* how closely poetry can be wedded to music, and that it can be emotionally intensified by its impassioned accents. Nor must we overlook the fact that there are in these Schubert operas not a few melodies, beautiful as such, which we can enjoy at home or in the concert hall. These melodies were too lyrical in style to save the operas; they lacked also the ornamental brilliancy and theatrical dash which enabled Rossini to succeed temporarily with poor librettos, and with a less genuine dramatic instinct than Schubert has shown in some of his songs, such as the "Erl King" and especially the "Doppelgänger," where we come across chords and modulations that affect us like the weird harmonies of *Ortrud's* scenes in "Lohengrin."

Besides the opera there is only one department of music in which Schubert has not in some of his efforts reached the highest summit of musical achievement. His sacred compositions, although very beautiful from a purely musical point of view, usually lack the true ecclesiastic atmosphere,—a remark which may be applied, in a general way, to Haydn and Mozart, too. To my mind, the three composers who have been most successful in revealing the inmost spirit of religious music are Palestrina, in whom Roman Catholic music attains its climax; Bach, who embodies the Protestant spirit; and Wagner, who has struck the true ecclesiastic chord in the Pilgrims' Chorus of "Tannhäuser," and especially in the first and third acts of "Parsifal." Compared with these three masters, other composers appear to have made too many concessions to worldly and purely musical factors—of course, not without exceptions. One of these exceptions is Mozart's "Requiem," especially the "Dies Iræ," which moves us as few compositions do, and attunes the soul to reverence and worship. Such exceptions may also be found among Schubert's sacred compositions. "Miriam's Song of Victory" is a wonderful work, as are some of his masses. In the Psalms, too, he has achieved great things, especially the one for female voices in A flat major, which is celestial without worldly admixtures. It must not be forgotten, too, that the notions as to what is truly sacred in music may differ somewhat among nations and individuals, like the sense of humor. To the Viennese of

their time the masses of Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert probably did not seem too *gemüthlich*, as the Germans say — too genial and sentimental. As for Schubert himself, although he was one of the most modest of men, he was thoroughly convinced of the truly devotional character of his church music. We know this from a letter he wrote to his parents in 1825, and in which occurs the following passage: "Surprise was also expressed at my piety, to which I have given expression in a hymn to the Holy Virgin, and which, as it seems, moves every one to devotion. I believe that this comes of the circumstance that I never force myself into a devout attitude, and never compose such hymns or prayers unless I am involuntarily overcome by it; but in that case it usually happens to be the genuine spirit of devotion."

Schubert's chamber music, especially his string quartets and his trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, must be ranked among the very best of their kind in all musical literature. Of the quartets, the one in D minor is, in my opinion, the most original and important, the one in A minor the most fascinating. Schubert does not try to give his chamber music an orchestral character, yet he attains a marvelous variety of beautiful tonal effects. Here, as elsewhere, his flow of melody is spontaneous, incessant, and irrepressible, leading often to excessive diffuseness. Like Chopin and Rossini, Schubert has frequently shown how a melody may be created which can wonderfully charm us even apart from the harmonic accompaniment which naturally goes with and enriches it. But he was accused by his contemporaries of neglecting polyphony, or the art of interweaving several melodious parts into a contrapuntal web. This charge, combined with a late study of Handel's scores, induced him shortly before his death to plan a course in counterpoint with Sechter. No doubt his education in counterpoint had been neglected. It is not likely, however, that such study would have materially altered his style. That was too individual from the beginning to undergo much change, for Schubert did not outgrow his early style so noticeably as did Beethoven and Wagner, for example. Besides, Schubert had no real need of contrapuntal study. In his chamber music, as in his symphonies, we often find beautiful specimens of polyphonic writing,—see, for instance, the andantes of the C major quintet and of the D minor quartet,—and though his polyphony be different from Bach's or Beethoven's, it is none the less admirable. Mendelssohn is undoubtedly a greater master of polyphony than Schubert, yet I prefer Schubert's chamber music to Mendelssohn's.

Of Schubert's symphonies, too, I am such an enthusiastic admirer that I do not hesitate to place him next to Beethoven, far above Mendelssohn, as well as above Schumann. Mendelssohn had some of Mozart's natural instinct for orchestration and gift for form, but much of his work has proved ephemeral. Schumann is at his best in his songs, his chamber music, and his pianoforte pieces. His symphonies, too, are great works, yet they are not always truly orchestral; the form seems to hamper the composer, and the instrumentation is not always satisfactory. This is never the case with Schubert. Although he sometimes wrote carelessly, and often too diffusely, he is never at fault in his means of expression, while mastery of form came to him spontaneously. In originality of harmony and modulation, and in his gift of orchestral coloring, Schubert has had no superior. Dr. Riemann asserts with justice that in their use of harmony both Schumann and Liszt are descendants of Schubert; Brahms, too, whose enthusiasm for Schubert is well known, has perhaps felt his influence; and as for myself, I cordially acknowledge my great obligations to him.

I have just observed that mastery of form came to Schubert spontaneously. This is illustrated by his early symphonies, five of which he wrote before he was twenty, at which, the more I study them, the more I marvel. Although the influence of Haydn and Mozart is apparent in them, Schubert's musical individuality is unmistakable in the character of the melody, in the harmonic progressions, and in many exquisite bits of orchestration. In his later symphonies he becomes more and more individual and original. The influence of Haydn and Mozart, so obvious in his earlier efforts, is gradually eliminated, and with his contemporary, Beethoven, he had less in common from the beginning. He resembles Beethoven, however, in the vigor and melodious flow of his basses; such basses we find already in his early symphonies. His "Unfinished Symphony" and the great one in C are unique contributions to musical literature, absolutely new and original, Schubert in every bar. What is perhaps most characteristic about them is the song-like melody pervading them. He introduced the song into the symphony, and made the transfer so skilfully that Schumann was led to speak of the resemblance to the human voice (*Aehnlichkeit mit dem Stimmorgan*) in these orchestral parts.

Although these two symphonies are by far the best of Schubert's, it is a pity that they alone should be deemed worthy a place on our concert programs. I played the sixth in C major and No. 5 in B major a dozen times with my orchestral pupils at the National Conservatory last winter; they shared my pleasure in them, and recognized at once their great beauty.

It was with great pleasure and feelings of

gratitude that I read not long ago of the performance in Berlin of the B major symphony by Herr Weingartner, one of the few conductors who have had the courage to put this youthful work on their programs. Schubert's fourth, too, is an admirable composition. It bears the title of "Tragic Symphony," and was written at the age of nineteen, about a year after the "Erl King." It makes one marvel that one so young should have had the power to give utterance to such deep pathos. In the adagio there are chords that strikingly suggest the anguish of *Tristan's* utterances; nor is this the only place wherein Schubert is prophetic of Wagnerian harmonies. And although partly anticipated by Gluck and Mozart, he was one of the first to make use of an effect to which Wagner and other modern composers owe many of their most beautiful orchestral colors — the employment of the brass, not for noise, but played softly, to secure rich and warm tints.

The richness and variety of coloring in the great symphony in C are astounding. It is a work which always fascinates, always remains new. It has the effect of gathering clouds, with constant glimpses of sunshine breaking through them. It illustrates also, like most of Schubert's compositions, the truth of an assertion once made to me by Dr. Hans Richter — that the greatest masters always reveal their genius most unmistakably and most delightfully in their slow movements. Personally, I prefer the Unfinished Symphony even to the one in C; apart from its intrinsic beauty, it avoids the fault of diffuseness.

If Schubert's symphonies have a serious fault, it is prolixity; he does not know when to stop; yet, if the repeats are omitted, a course of which I thoroughly approve, and which, indeed, is now generally adopted, they are not too long. Schubert's case, in fact, is not an exception to, but an illustration of, the general rule that symphonies are made too long. When Bruckner's eighth symphony was produced in Vienna last winter, the Philharmonic Society had to devote a whole concert to it. The experiment has not been repeated anywhere, and there can be no doubt that this symphony would have a better chance of making its way in the world if it were shorter. This remark has a general application. We should return to the symphonic dimensions approved by Haydn and Mozart. In this respect Schumann is a model, especially in his B flat major and D minor symphonies; also in his chamber music. Modern taste calls for music that is concise, condensed, and pithy.

In Germany, England, and America, Schubert's instrumental works, chamber and orchestral, have long since enjoyed a vogue and popularity which have amply atoned for their neglect at first. As for the French, they have produced two Schubert biographies, but it cannot be said that they have shown the same general sympathy for this master as for some other German composers, or as the English have, thanks largely to the enthusiastic efforts of my esteemed friend, Sir George Grove. It is on record that after Habeneck had made an unsuccessful effort (his musicians rebelled at the rehearsal) to produce the great symphony in C at a Conservatoire concert, no further attempt was made with Schubert's orchestral compositions at these concerts for forty years.

This may help to explain the extraordinary opinion of the eminent French critic, Fétis, that Schubert is less original in his instrumental works than in his songs, the popularity of which, too, he declared to be largely a matter of fashion! The latter insinuation is of course too absurd to call for comment to-day, but as regards the first part of his criticism I do not hesitate to say that, greatly as I esteem Schubert's songs, I value his instrumental works even more highly. Were all of his compositions to be destroyed but two, I should say, save the last two symphonies.

Fortunately we are not confronted by any such necessity. The loss of Schubert's pianoforte pieces and songs would indeed be irreparable. For although much of their spirit and substance has passed into the works of his imitators and legitimate followers, the originals have never been equaled in their way. In most of his works Schubert is unique in melody, rhythm, modulation, and orchestration, but from a formal point of view he is most original in his songs and his short pieces for piano. In his symphonies, chamber music, operas, and sacred compositions, he follows classical models; but in the *Lied*, the "Musical Moment," the "Impromptu," he is romanticist in every fiber. Yet he wrote no fewer than twenty-four sonatas for pianoforte, two or four hands, in which he follows classical models, and we can trace the influence of Beethoven's style even in the three which he wrote in the last year of his life. This seems strange at first when we consider that in the *Lied* and the short pianoforte pieces he betrayed no such influence even in his earliest days. The "Erl King" and "The Wanderer," written when he was eighteen and nineteen respectively, are Schubert in every bar, whereas the piano sonatas and symphonies of this period are much more imitative, much less individual. One reason for this, doubtless, is that just as it is easier to write a short lyric poem than a long epic, so it is easier for a young composer to be original in short forms than in the more elaborate sonata and symphony; and we must remember that Schubert died at thirty-one.

But there was another reason. The tendency

of the romantic school has been toward short forms, and although Weber helped to show the way, to Schubert belongs the chief credit of originating the short models of piano-forte pieces which the romantic school has preferably cultivated. His "Musical Moments" are unique, and it may be said that in the third "Impromptu" (Op. 90) lie the germs of the whole of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." Schumann has remarked that Schubert's style is more idiomatically pianistic (*clavierm*ä*ssig*) than Beethoven's, and this is perhaps true of these short pieces. Yet it can hardly be said that either Schubert or Schumann was in this respect equal to Bach or Chopin, who of all composers have written the most idiomatically for the piano. I cannot agree with Schumann in his rather depreciatory notice of Schubert's last sonatas (he speaks of "greater simplicity of invention," "a voluntary dispensing with brilliant novelty," and connects this with Schubert's last illness). I would not say that Schubert is at his best in these sonatas as a whole, but I have a great admiration for parts of them, especially for the last one in B flat with the exquisite andante in C sharp minor. Taking them all in all, I do not know but that I prefer his sonatas even to his short pieces for the piano. Yet they are never played at concerts!

Just as the "Impromptus" and "Musical Moments" were the source of the large crop of romantic short pieces, so Schubert's charming waltzes were the predecessors of the Lanner and Strauss dances on the one hand, and of Chopin's waltzes on the other. There is an astounding number of these Schubert dance pieces; they are charming as originally written, and Liszt has given some of them a brilliant setting for the concert hall. In this humble sphere, as in the more exalted ones we have discussed, historians have hardly given Schubert full credit for his originality and influence.

In Schubert's pianoforte music, perhaps even more than in his other compositions, we find a Slavic trait which he was the first to introduce prominently into art-music, namely, the quaint alternation of major and minor within the same period. Nor is this the only Slavic or Hungarian trait to be found in his music. During his residence in Hungary, he assimilated national melodies and rhythmic peculiarities, and embodied them in his art, thus becoming the forerunner of Liszt, Brahms, and others who have made Hungarian melodies an integral part of European concert music. From the rich stores of Slavic folk-music, in its Hungarian, Russian, Bohemian, and Polish varieties, the composers of to-day have derived, and will continue to derive, much that is charming and novel in their music. Nor is there anything objectionable in this, for if the poet and the painter base much of their best art on national legends, songs, and traditions, why should not the musician? And to Schubert will belong the honor of having been one of the first to show the way.

Perhaps the luckiest accident in Schubert's life was his acquaintance and friendship with the famous tenor Vogl. This was brought about deliberately by his friends, in order to secure for his songs the advantage of that singer's artistic interpretations. Vogl at first pretended to be "tired of music," and showed some indifference to his modest young accompanist's songs; but this was soon changed to interest, followed by genuine enthusiasm. Thus it came about that these songs were gradually made familiar in Viennese social circles. Schubert himself sang, though only with a "composer's voice"; but he must have been an admirable accompanist. In a letter to his parents he says: "I am assured by some that under my fingers the keys are changed to singing voices, which, if true, would please me greatly." This, written only three years before his death, illustrates his great modesty. In some recently published reminiscences by Josef von Spaun [1] it is related how, when Vogl and Schubert performed together at soirées in Vienna, the ladies would crowd about the tenor, lionizing him and entirely ignoring the composer. But Schubert, instead of feeling annoyed or jealous, was actually pleased. Adoration embarrassed him, and he is known to have dodged it once by escaping secretly by the back door.

Little did the Viennese dream that the songs thus interpreted for them by Schubert and Vogl would create a new era in music. In the *Lied* or lyric song, not only is Schubert the first in point of time, but no one has ever surpassed him. Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven did indeed write a few songs, but merely by the way, and without revealing much of their genius or individuality in them. But Schubert created a new epoch with the *Lied*, as Bach did with the piano, and Haydn with the orchestra. All other song-writers have followed in his footsteps, all are his pupils, and it is to his rich treasure of songs that we owe, as a heritage, the beautiful songs of such masters as Schumann, Franz, and Brahms. To my taste the best songs written since Schubert are the "Magelonen-Lieder" of Brahms; but I agree with the remark once made to me by the critic Ehlert that Franz attained the highest perfection of all in making poetry and music equivalent in his songs.

In the best of Schubert's songs we find the same equivalence of poem and music, and it was lucky that Vogl was an artist who, as Spaun says, "sang in such a way as to interest his hearers not only in the music, but also in the

1 "Classisches und Romantisches aus der Tonwelt," von La Mara. 1892.

poem," which so few singers do. In the absence of singers who could imitate Vogl in this respect, Liszt was justified in arranging these songs for the pianoforte, whereby he greatly accelerated their popularity. To hear the real Schubert, however, we must have the voice, and the poem, too, so that we may note how closely the poem and the music are amalgamated, and how admirably the melodic accent coincides with the poetic. In this respect, Schubert marks a great advance over his predecessors. He was almost as averse to word-repetitions as Wagner, whom he also resembles in the powerful emotional effects he produces by his modulations, especially in his later songs.

Schubert's melodic fount flowed so freely that he sometimes squandered good music on a poor text, as is shown in his operas and in some of his songs. Usually, however, the best poems evoked the best music from his creative fancy. His fertility is amazing. It is known that he composed as many as eight songs in one day, and ninety-nine in one year (1816), while the whole number of his songs exceeds six hundred. The best of these songs are now so universally known, and have been so much discussed, that it is difficult to offer any new comment on them.

There is only one more point to which attention may be called here — Schubert's power of surrounding us with the poetic atmosphere of his subject with the very first bars of his *Lieder*. For such a stroke of genius recall his song "Der Leiermann," the pathetic story of the poor hurdy-gurdy player whose plate is always empty, and for whose woes Schubert wins our sympathy by his sad music — by that plaintive, monotonous figure which pervades the accompaniment from beginning to end, bringing the whole scene vividly before our eyes and keeping it there to the end. Before Schubert no song writer had conceived such an effect; after he had shown the way others eagerly followed in his footsteps.

Antonín Dvořák.[1]

[1] The coöperation of Mr. Henry T. Finck in the preparation of this article is herewith acknowledged by the Editor.

WHERE GOEST THOU?

I.

"WHERE goest thou?"
"To help the Weak, who throng
My gates and cry continually for aid:
Where goest thou?"
"To help the unpitied Strong,
Whom those that thou wouldst help do overlade."

II.

"Where goest thou?"
"To judge the souls that stray;
They best can judge who spotless hands can show."
"Fall back! The rod of judgment I will sway;
They judge of evil best who do and know."

III.

"Where goest thou?"
"To see the laughing mime;
I go for respite — sorrow haunts my hearth.
And thou?"
"To look on pageant grief sublime;
Joy dwells with me, and I am cloyed with mirth."

IV.

"Thou goest to mold thy life, brave youth? Well, go:
But whosoever thou shalt take to friend,
And wheresoever thou shalt turn thee — know
'T is Life itself shall mold thee, in the end."

Edith M. Thomas.

THE EVOLUTION OF A BATTLE-SHIP.

THERE was general surprise when in less than one month after the launch of the first modern American battle-ship, Mr. Tracy, ex-Secretary of the Navy, announced that the United States was entitled to rank fifth among the naval powers of the world. The announcement was made a year ago last March at a dinner given in Brooklyn in honor of himself and of his successor, Mr. Herbert. Mr. Tracy spoke as a naval expert merely, but had he dwelt upon the full significance of his declaration, the surprise would have been much greater. He and Mr. Herbert, in the presence of a distinguished company, which included the President of the United States, had witnessed only a few days before, at the Cramp shipyard in Philadelphia, the launch of the *Indiana*, one of three sister battle-ships now building in this country, so complete in all their details, and so equipped with powers of almost inconceivable destruction, that, although they are to be twenty-five per cent. smaller than the great battle-ships now being finished in England, and therefore that much less of a target, they are acknowledged by naval experts here and abroad to be superior to any engine of war yet constructed. Mr. Tracy might have added interest to his statement, had he said that in the Cramp shipyard alone there was at that time $32,000,000 worth of ship-building under contract, an amount not only greater than has ever been known in one establishment in the history of this country, but larger, so far as is known, than has ever been under contract at one time in any shipyard in the world. As a direct result of the encouragement of naval ship-building, Mr. Tracy might have declared that of this $32,000,000 of work, $11,000,000 is for the revival of the American merchant marine, to be spent on the construction, not of mediocre vessels, but of four splendid craft, destined to rival the best creations of foreign design and workmanship. He might have pointed out that the remaining $21-000,000 is to be used in building seven enormous men-of-war not only equal to any of their grades in other navies, but surpassing them one by one in finish and capabilities. Mr. Tracy might have gone still further, and referred to the fact that in San Francisco, in Boston, in Bath, in Baltimore, in Dubuque, are splendid plants not only engaged in building naval vessels, some of them counterparts of those under construction at Cramp's, but capable of constructing merchantmen of high grade. He might also have declared that scores of ship-builders on the great lakes have felt the impulse of this enormous revival of American shipping, and that into the construction of steel vessels, which in this country to-day may be estimated, at a low figure, at $50,000,000, there are entering new ideas which mean greater efficiency in speed and carrying capacity.

To be the fifth naval power of the world, therefore, means vastly more than the ability to fight, to cripple, to destroy, or to subjugate the fleet of some other nation. It means the encouragement of a great variety of industries of vast scope. It means greater achievements in mastering the forces of nature, and best, perhaps, of all, it means greater scientific attainment; for such is the legitimate work of a navy in time of peace. It means more knowledge of wind and wave currents, more study of astronomical phenomena, more explorations, more mapping of coasts, more extension of civilization, more growth of commerce. Finally, it means much for the preservation of peace, and the consequent development of human progress.

It is not difficult to account for the great popularity of the new navy. It can best be explained by saying that the new navy is the most stirring embodiment of what has been called the National Idea. It is something concrete. It has life. It has the power of science grown to full manhood, and rejoicing in its strength, easily provoked to anger, and more terrible in its wrath than the powers that mythology ascribed to the gods of its creation. Any intelligent person can easily appreciate the idea of patriotism in the abstract. It is that which makes the American raise the flag on his house-top or in his yard on the Fourth of July, or which causes an Englishman to raise his hat when "God Save the Queen" is played. But how much more vigorous is the patriotic impulse when it finds something living to exult over, and to be proud of! Those who saw that remarkable scene nine years ago, when Jefferson Davis, ex-president of the Southern Confederacy, unforgiven and unforgiving, but himself the son, as he said proudly, of a Revolutionary soldier, came from his humble Mississippi home down to the railroad track, there to bare his head, and to bow to and apostrophize the Liberty

Bell from Independence Hall on its way to the New Orleans Exposition, can understand what sentiment in the concrete means. Those who saw the tokens of affection bestowed on that same bit of metal on its recent journey to Chicago may easily understand why a man-of-war, gleaming white in the sun, swan-like in its graceful curves, but endowed with devastation, and breathing fire from its nostrils, thrills the citizen of a country where every man is an equal partner in its possession.

To build a battle-ship is of itself a mighty achievement for any country, but to build one better than any other nation is building, and that in face of the fact that only six years ago we had no plants capable of making shafts, armor, or gun-forgings, and none of the mighty tools required in this work, is surely a triumph. American steel, our experts assert, is superior to that made abroad. Certainly American workmanship is more finished, and, ship by ship, we have beaten the world ever since we began turning out our commerce-destroying cruisers like the *Baltimore*, *Philadelphia*, *Newark*, and *San Francisco*, that average in cost more than $1,250,000, look so formidable, and were the objects of so much pride at the naval review last year, but of which the sides would offer little more resistance to even the smallest rapid-fire guns of an enemy than so much pasteboard. These vessels have cost from twenty to twenty-five per cent. more than similar vessels of other nations, but there can be no question that they are that much more effective.

It is worth while to consider what a battle-ship like the *Indiana* really is. In the first place, the cost approximates $3,500,000, or only $250,000 less than the sum this Government, under the wise policy of Thomas Jefferson, paid for the entire Louisiana purchase, with its immense territory. This sum is almost exactly one half of what Alaska cost this government, and a little more than one quarter of what England paid to this country as the result of the *Alabama* arbitration. Surely a craft like this is a stupendous bit of machinery. Like all other steel or iron vessels, a battle-ship is a matter of frames, plates, and rivets, put together after most skilful planning and much hammering. It is constructed with due regard to that mathematical quality known as specific gravity, but which the layman can best understand by the word steadiness. It is a delicate adjustment of curves of solid steel to the changeable resistance of waves of air and water. It is as much superior to the ordinary vessel, and as much more complicated, as an opera is to an ordinary hymn-tune. It is simply packed with machinery. Unlike the merchantman, speed is not the thing most desired. The battle-ship *Indiana* when finished will weigh 10,296 tons. This is within 200 tons of the gross register of the well-known American liner, the *Paris*, but the *Indiana* will be four knots an hour slower, will be 179 feet shorter, six feet broader, and will draw two feet more water. Of these 10,296 tons of her displacement 4,400 tons will be of magnificent steel for the hull. The armor, rolled and toughened until it is the best in the world, some of it eighteen inches thick, will weigh 2700 tons. The engines and machinery, acknowledged to be superior to those constructed abroad, will weigh 875 tons, and the rest of the weight will consist of armament, coal, and stores. In putting all this together about 700 tons of rivets are used. For the hull alone 25 principal plans must be made, and fully 400 separate drawings must be prepared, and duplicated by photograph. This of itself is enough work to keep a force of expert draftsmen busy continuously for eight months. For the engines more than 250 separate drawings are required, and these, in all their delicate details, would take a force of fifty men nearly a year to complete, if engaged continuously at the task. The preparation of plans continues as the vessel is building, and does not cease until almost the very day she goes into commission. Not only must every rivet, every joint, be marked out and noted, but there must be the most complicated computation of strains and weights. Space must be economized in every way, and the interior fittings, and the machinery with its two main engines and four tremendous boilers, through any of which a horse car might almost be driven, must not only be so placed as to do the best work as quickly as possible, but also so as to preserve the equilibrium of the ship. Here, then, is a fascinating problem, to the solution of which marine engineers must apply complexities of mathematical formulæ such as would bewilder the brain of an ordinary civil engineer. Except for the belt of armor along its sides and on its turrets and conning-tower, the steel plates of the ship are only five eighths of an inch thick, made to keep out water rather than projectiles. A ship like this has one large military mast, a steel tower ninety feet tall, protruding at intervals through saucer-like receptacles called "fighting-tops" and extending above the uppermost one like an old-fashioned candlestick from its standard. The vessel's two elliptical smoke-stacks have 16 feet of diameter the broadest way across. Inside of this vessel are 66 separate engines. Each of the two main engines is so tremendous that, tucked away under its arms, as its frames reach up two or three stories high, are two little engines, the sole purpose of which is to start the big ones going. The condensing-tubes of this craft alone would make a single tube nearly 12 miles long. It takes 30 tons of water to fill her boilers full before steam is generated. The

boilers, about 16 feet in diameter, and 20 feet long, must stand a pressure of 160 pounds to the square inch. Mile upon mile of tubing is used in them, and numerous engines for pumping, for ventilation, for steering, are scattered through the hold. Three immense dynamos, each of 300 amperes' capacity, are used in the ship — an electric plant that could light up a town of 5000 inhabitants. Twenty-one sets of speaking-tubes run throughout the vessel, and center at 12 telephone stations. Electric call-bells, automatic signals, registering-devices of various sorts, add to the complication of the details. Clad with 19 inches of steel are two turrets, one fore and one aft, in each of which are two big 13-inch guns. Each of these guns weighs 61 tons, and is 49 feet long. Far down beneath the turrets are the two main magazines, where ton upon ton of powder and ball made into projectiles, some of which weigh 1100 pounds each, is stored. These magazines are steel-clad rooms, and are lighted by electric lights sunk into glass wells in the corners of each room. They are fitted with little thermometers that ring a fire-alarm when the mercury reaches a certain height. They have also a system of tubes through which a flood of water may be poured in time of danger. One story above the four 13-inch guns on the main deck are eight 8-inch guns, on a superstructure, in sets of twos, and bunched about the smoke-stacks. Amidships, on the main deck, are four 6-inch guns, crowded still closer together. Subordinate to all these, and peeping from various open nooks and crevices, are 26 smaller weapons, with long needle-like barrels, called rapid-fire guns, each capable of firing projectiles of chilled steel weighing from one to three pounds at the rate of fifteen shots a minute. Around on the superstructure are arranged 14 boats, steam launches, whale-boats, gigs, and one electric launch. Down in the water, at the end of the shafts that project from each side of the flanks, are two screws to propel the ship, and at the bow, curving only a few feet under the water like a protruding chin, not too pronounced to be ungainly, is the ram, a single steel-casting, so buttressed and strengthened that with sufficient momentum it could cut steel armor like a knife.

But not until a battle-ship is endowed with life, and not until we see what it can do, may we appreciate fully what it is. It is its power that appals us. Perhaps the best definition of a battle-ship is that it is a fort of toughened steel under and around which a boat has been built. In other words, it is a floating fortress. It is meant to fight, and never to run away. When Mr. Tracy decided to build these modern battle-ships, he summoned Lieutenant Lewis Nixon, now the superintending constructor at Cramp's yard, then under 30 years of age, and told him to make a crude design for such a craft as he had indicated. At that time no vessel larger than 7500 tons had been launched in this country. Proceeding upon an 8500-ton basis, Mr. Nixon built a steel fort, put as heavy guns in it and on it as he could with safety, and then calculated the dimensions of the boat on which it must float. After Mr. Tracy looked at the figures, and listened to the explanation of them, he thrust them aside with this remark:

"I don't know much about these details and dimensions. What I want to know is whether, if you let all these guns go off at once, they would beat the delivery of the guns on those battle-ships the English and French are building."

"They would not, I am sorry to say," replied the young constructor.

"Go back and make them do it," said the Secretary.

Mr. Nixon went back and added 1000 tons to the displacement of the vessel, and in a day or two sought the Secretary.

"Now will they beat those foreign boats?" asked the Secretary.

"Well," said the constructor, "I am afraid they won't beat them; but they'll nearly do so."

"Go back and make them do it," said the Secretary again; adding, "We can launch just as big boats as any one else."

Mr. Nixon went back, and the third time hit the mark, producing plans for a 10,300-ton vessel such as the *Indiana*. That he did successfully what he was ordered to is shown by the fact that the main batteries of the English battle-ships *Victoria* (sunk last year in the Mediterranean) and *Royal Sovereign* are planned to hurl 6000 pounds of metal at a single discharge, while the *Indiana*, of nearly 4000 tons' less displacement, and drawing 3 feet less of water, hurls 6800 pounds of metal at a single discharge of her main batteries.

The steel fort that Mr. Nixon planned is 190 feet long, 7½ feet deep, and 18 inches thick. At each end a barbette rises to protect the monster 13-inch guns. These barbettes are 35 feet in diameter, 17 inches thick, and 12 feet high. Built around this fort, and with its smoke-stacks, conning-tower, and military mast rising above it from the inside of the steel fortress, is a sturdy craft which may be entirely shot away at the ends, and is 348 feet long, 69 feet broad, and 24 feet deep. Its speed was to be 16 knots an hour, and its steam power that of 10,000 horses.

One can only conjecture what damage its guns can do. We know that one of these 13-inch guns, hurling an 100-pound projectile at a velocity of certainly 2000 feet a second, will pierce 30 inches of wrought iron at its muzzle, and probably 25 inches of the same material a mile away. We know that such a gun would throw its projectile with accuracy a distance

of 12 miles. The 8-inch guns would throw projectiles of 250 pounds' weight effectively eight miles. The 6-inch guns would fire with certainty a distance of six miles, and all the smaller weapons might be used at distances up to two and a half miles. In ten minutes, by using all the guns at their full powers, each 13-inch gun firing once in two minutes, and some of the rapid-fire guns once in every four seconds, the *Indiana* could fire about 60 tons of metal. In an engagement where her main batteries could be in constant use, with only part of her second battery, she would hurl, in ten minutes, from 15 to 18 tons of projectiles, each going with a velocity of, say, 2000 feet a second, and weighing from 1 pound up to 1100 pounds. When one thinks of this appalling power, and realizes that after these missiles have landed their work has only just begun,— for they are arranged to burst, and some of them to send forth noxious gases, poisoning every one within their reach,— the capabilities of destruction pass beyond comprehension. Added to all this is the ability to keep up the bombardment at this speed for between four and five hours. In the magazines will be stored 1095 tons of ammunition. For the 13-inch guns there will be 400 shells, each 66 inches long, the height of the average man, and each weighing 1100 pounds. There will also be 800 half-charges, 45 inches long. There will be 800 charges, each weighing 250 pounds, for the 8-inch guns; 400 charges, each weighing 100 pounds, for the 6-inch guns; 800 charges for the 6-pound rapid-firing guns; 40,000 charges for the Gatling guns, and 150,000 charges for the other rifles. Figures such as these, even if used about so many bricks, would be startling.

The power of the smaller of these breech-loading rifle-gun had an illustration in the recent Chilean civil war. A shot weighing 250 pounds from an 8-inch gun of Fort Valdivia in Valparaiso harbor struck the cruiser *Blanco Encalada* above the armor belt, passed through the thin steel plate on the side, went through the captain's cabin, took the pillow from under his head, dropped his head on the mattress with a thump, but without injuring a hair, passed through the open door into the mess-room, where it struck the floor, and then glanced to the ceiling. Then it went through a wooden bulkhead one inch thick into a room 25 by 42 feet where forty men were sleeping in hammocks. It killed six of them outright, and wounded six others, three of whom died, after which it passed through a steel bulkhead five inches thick, and ended its course by striking a battery outside, in which it made a dent nearly two inches deep. It was filled with sand. Had it released deadly gases no one knows what damage it might have done. A 450-pound missile from a 10-inch gun in the same fort struck the same vessel on its 8-inch armor. It hit square on a bolt. The shell did not pierce the armor, but burst outside the vessel. It drove the bolt clear through, and in its flight the bolt struck an 8-inch gun, completely disabling it. Such is the power of the smaller-sized guns.

But we have not exhausted the power of the *Indiana*. Under nearly an acre of heating surface the boilers have been generating a force of steam that pushes the vessel fiercely through the water, and the ram becomes a terrible weapon. Mr. Nixon has calculated roughly that if the *Indiana* were driven at full force against a stationary object, such as one of the Brooklyn Bridge towers, she would strike with a force of 100,000 foot tons, that is, a force that could lift 100,000 tons one foot. The writer leaves it to engineers of much leisure and large mental endowments to calculate what the effect of such a blow would be on the tower or on the boat. He knows one man who would not like to take his chances on the bridge. Certainly no vessel struck by such a blow could live. In addition to all this, remember that with her four powerful search-lights for eyes this terrible craft has the power of discerning small boats, mere specks on the water, at a distance of one to three miles in the night, and she becomes a monster for the imagination to deal with. The wonder is, not that it costs $3,500,000 to build her, but that it does not cost five times that much. Truly such a vessel may be termed the highest mechanical achievement of man, far surpassing any bridge or building in its complexities and in its capabilities. From beneath the earth man has torn its steel and dug its fire, and has constructed a machine that not only defies air and water, but, guided by human intelligence, asserts its mastery over them with a mocking, shrieking power that one can imagine to have been borrowed only from the noises and forces of chaos.

It is worth while to look about a place that produces such a monster. The Cramp shipyard has nearly a quarter of a mile of water-front. Along this frontage are ships in various stages of construction, some on the stocks and some in the water, illustrating almost every step in the building of a vessel. Here, near the entrance to the yard, is an acre or more of punching-machines, enormous contrivances that, as they close their jaws, with their ungainly teeth bite out holes for rivets in the plates and frames as easily as a farmer's wife takes out the core of an apple. Over there is a steel checker-board frame into which big pins are set in a curve. Against the pins stalwart sledge-swingers, half naked, bend the cherry-red frames and plates, as they are slid out of the furnace, into the shapes they must assume for use in the vessels. Here is a great

row of blacksmith forges. Over there is a building where a dozen monster boilers are in construction, and where a traveling crane lifts and moves them as easily as a hotel porter does big trunks. Here are big ship-engines, some set up and some taken down. Here are foundries where manganese-bronze screws are cast, and where brass and iron are fashioned into a thousand forms. Here is the great mold-loft where every line in the ship is laid down, and from which wooden counterparts of the vessels are made before the steel construction begins. Here are the wood-working shops, the gun factory, the great store-house, and there is the floating derrick that can pick up a 70-ton boiler, move it 300 feet, lift it high in the air, and place it in a ship in thirty minutes, with as careful an adjustment as a watchmaker uses in fitting a movement in its place. And here are 5000 men employed in various capacities — machinists, wood-workers, molders, and perhaps most noticeable of all, riveters in sets of three, one man to hold a big sledge against the red-hot rivet, and two, one a right-handed worker and the other left-handed, to pound it until it becomes a part of the ship. So the work goes on until after about two years the ship that existed only in specifications becomes a living thing.

In putting this ship together the same methods are used as in a merchantman. The keel is first laid on big blocks, arranged at intervals of about three feet, on an incline of about five eighths of an inch to a foot, so as to give the requisite pitch in launching. The *Paris* had an incline of half an inch to the foot, but for the battle-ships, which are shorter and nearly as heavy, a steeper incline is required. After the keel is laid the two frames in the center of the boat are put up, and then others fore and aft follow until the stern-post and ram are fixed into place. The plates on the sides are riveted on, and it is not until the hull is half finished that we notice a radical difference between it and the hull of the merchantman. Then we catch the first glimpse of the protective deck. This is a turtle-back of steel from three to four inches thick reaching from side to side, and in most naval vessels from bow to stern. At the sides it extends about three feet below the water line. Below this deck are the engines, boilers, and a spare steering-apparatus. If a shot could get through the sides of the vessel it might kill men,— that is to be expected in warfare,— but it must pass through this sloping inner deck of steel before it can disable the vital parts of the vessel. It is this protective deck that makes valuable the cruisers that at present constitute the main strength of our navy. A shot might go through their pasteboard sides easily, but it would be a long time before the engines would be disabled in an engagement. It is on this protective deck that the steel fort of the *Indiana* rests. From the ends of the redoubt this protective deck runs fore and aft, to bow and stern, and if all this frail part of the vessel were shot away, the ship could still float and fight.

So the building goes on until the launching day comes, and two broad ways are built up against the bottom of the vessel, and the keel-blocks on which it has been resting are knocked away. In the launch of the *Indiana* Mr. Nixon ran a row of electric lights beneath the bottom of the vessel, adding another innovation to the details of American ship-building. Each launching way consists of upper and lower planking, between which is spread thousands of pounds of the best tallow. At the bow of the boat these upper and lower planks are clamped together, and when all is ready they are sawed apart, and the vessel starts. The upper part of the ways slides into the water with the vessel, and the lower part with the smoking hot tallow remains stationary. A launch in these days is so smooth, and so soon ended, rarely occupying more than twelve seconds from start to finish, that one scarcely realizes its difficulties. Three things are absolutely necessary: it must be on time, when the tidal water is highest; it must be of smart speed, so as not to stick on its downward journey to the water; and it must be accomplished without straining. So complex a thing is a launch that the careful engineer-in-charge is able to estimate the strain on every part of the vessel for every position it occupies, at intervals of one foot, on its way down the incline. There is one supreme moment. It is when the vessel is nearly two thirds in the water. The buoyancy of the water raises the vessel, and throws its weight on its shoulders. Here is where the greatest danger of straining comes, and should the ways break down, the vessel would be ruined, a matter of nearly $2,000,000 in a ship like the *Indiana* when it was launched.

The launch over, the machinery is lifted in and fitted, and then comes the board of government experts, who look the vessel over inch by inch, the fires are started, and the trial trip follows. For four hours, amid suppressed excitement that answers nervously to every quiver of the vessel, the engines are run at full speed. A premium or a penalty is at stake now. The breakage of a bolt or the disarrangement of a valve may mean thousands of dollars of loss to the contractors. Trained workmen are locked in the fire-rooms, not to be released until the test is over. Cooled drinking-water with oatmeal sprinkled upon it is run down to them in a rubber tube from a barrel on the deck. A hose is played on the costly machinery in places where there is danger from overheating, as though it were on fire. Almost every pound of coal used on the trip is carefully selected.

When the four hours are passed and the strain is over, a sigh of relief from every one on board, and even from the vessel herself, goes up, and the ship passes from the contractor to the Government, and day after day while she is in commission the flag will be saluted, and the score or more of other ceremonies and formalities observed on a man-of-war will follow.

Such is the evolution of a battle-ship in these days. It is thirty-one years since the first American, armor-clad, sea-going battle-ship, the *New Ironsides*, was finished. That, too, was built at Cramp's yard. The monitors were not sea-going fighters, and may better be termed harbor defenders. But what a contrast between the *New Ironsides*, that splendid fighter of the civil war, and the *Indiana!* Within seven months after the contract was signed the *New Ironsides* was steaming to Charleston. Splendid white oak timbers were used in her construction. There were 120 timbers in it, each 38 feet long, 22 inches wide, and 14 inches thick, all cut within 25 miles of Philadelphia in the middle of winter, and after the contract was signed. No white oak for ship-building may be found there now, but the iron mines and the forges and the furnaces have taken its place. The *New Ironsides* had a slightly sloping armor of 4 inches of wrought-iron on her sides, and the armor served her well. The vessel was of 3580 tons' displacement, had a speed of 10 knots, was 255 feet long, 56 feet broad, 14 feet deep, carried 16 11-inch Dahlgren guns, and 2 100-pounder Parrott guns. Under the *Indiana's* 6-inch guns this vessel, majestic and stately as she was, would not last fifteen minutes, and her heaviest guns would scarcely dent the armor of the *Indiana*.

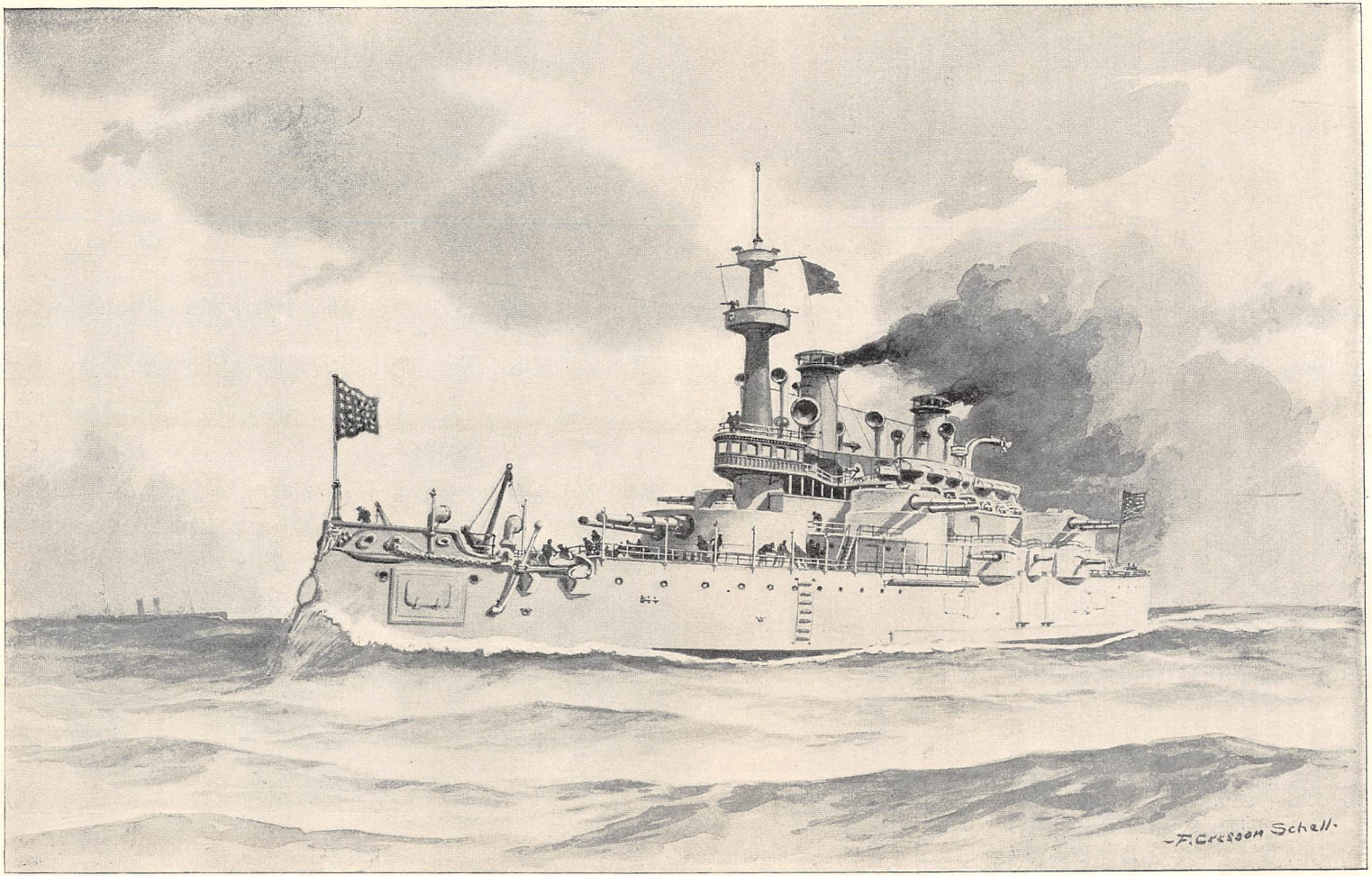
When the *Indiana* sails down the Delaware in commission, she will be the ninety-second man-of-war built for the United States navy on the Delaware. The list begins in 1776 with the good ship *Randolph*, armed with 32 guns, which in 1778 blew up at sea, 311 men perishing with her. That and three others were built by Joshua Humphreys, a far-seeing ship-constructor, who set forth a rule of practice that obtains to-day, that, inasmuch as our vessels must be inferior in numbers to those of European navies, they must always be better fighters, and, ship by ship, improve on those built across the sea. The list of the 92 vessels includes the *Guerrière* and the *Franklin*, and the great ship-of-the-line *Pennsylvania*, launched in 1837, a wonder in her time. Further on in the list is the steamer *Mississippi*, the second of the steam war-vessels built on the Delaware. This was the vessel that took Kossuth from Turkey to France, and brought his comrades in exile to this country. It was Commodore Perry's flag-ship in the Mexican war, and it was from her decks, in his expedition to Japan, that Perry made his successful demand for admission to the ports of that country.

Worthy successors to all these will be the *Indiana* and her sister ships, the *Massachusetts* and the *Oregon*. It will doubtless satisfy the ardent spirit of patriotism that always demands advance to know that the battle-ship *Iowa*, which also is under contract at Cramp's, and which will probably be the ninety-fourth vessel in the list of Delaware-built war-ships for the United States, will surpass the *Indiana* as much as the *Indiana* surpasses foreign-built battle-ships. The *Iowa* will be king rather than queen of the seas.

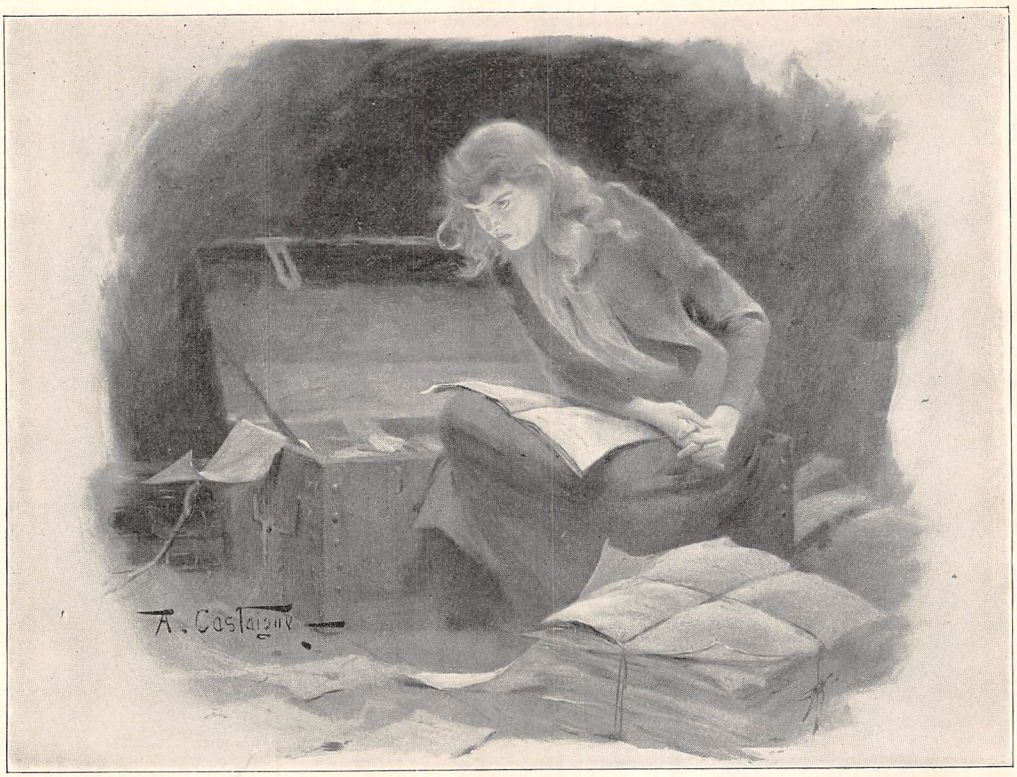
And as all these vessels leave the various ship-yards of the country to take their places in its fleet, adding by their numbers to the moral strength of the country, increasing its dignity and influence among the nations of the earth, so long as force and brute strength shall continue to be signs of a nation's sovereignty, what do they leave behind? They leave magnificent ship-building plants which are ready and eager to build an American merchant marine — nay, have already begun to build it; vessels that shall be the sign of commercial and internal prosperity. During our civil war England scattered the contracts for her new iron ships among as many private yards as possible. The result was that by wise legislation in favor of shipping interests every advantage was taken of her opportunities, and her splendid merchant marine sprang into existence almost like magic. Here was an industry fostered not by protective laws, but by alert business strategy. When we consider that in letting their contracts for the steel for the new American Line vessels that the Messrs. Cramp are building, they secured the material cheaper than they could have imported it duty-free from England, ship-building in this country takes on a most serious and pleasing aspect. With the repeal of present legislation discriminating against this industry, what may we not look forward to? We have the plants and the tools, the workmen and the designers.

When we thus consider the scope of the new navy and its meaning, the possibilities of the situation appeal not only to our love of country, but to our commercial common sense. To use, perhaps, an ugly figure of speech, we may say, in a spirit of not over-confidential anticipation, that this new navy of ours is intended to be, and we may express the hope that it soon will be, simply the advance guard of police, the body of force and authority, clearing a path on the highway of nations for the procession of peace that is sure to follow.

Albert Franklin Matthews.



THE BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA."



SUSANNA.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

IN those rose- and lavender-scented days in the beginning of the century all men were chivalrous and all women beautiful; at least so we are led to believe by art, by romance, and by our grandmothers. Who ever had a grandmother, or maiden aunt, or elderly female relative of any degree, for that matter, who was not a beauty in her youth? And if we can trust these sources of information, there were no winters in those days, no clouds, no broken hearts; there was no poverty, no misery. Our ancestors were gay and debonair, dressed like Brummels and Récamiers, and drank tea out of old-fashioned china-cups — which, by the way, were not old-fashioned then — in shady arbors, or whispered poetry and high-flown compliments in garden walks between trim hedges of clipped box. And they were always in love, too — at least the men were; the girls, I am told, were arrant flirts. But then it was a graceful, philosophical sort of love that relieved itself in tender verse, and was as happy in being trampled on as in being smiled on. We believe all this because the old ladies that we know have had so many love-affairs, and never strike a tragic note in telling of them, but sometimes laugh till the tears fill the cracks and crevices around their eyes as spring rains fill dry ditches. "Yes," we think, and sigh; "all was comedy and sunshine then."

For some reasons I should like to have lived then; for one, I should have known my great-aunt Susanna as a girl. Her miniature is very beautiful. To look at that arch face smiling at you from its setting of brilliants and enamel, you would not think that she could ever have had a grief; to remember her as I knew her during the last years of her life, wrinkled, toothless, kind, with a brown mole sprouting several long hairs upon her chin, you could not think that she had ever had a romance. Oh, if the world has changed since she was young as she has changed, how beautiful it must have been!

And yet of grief and romance she had had enough, as I learned the other day when I found her diary in the garret. I found it, this record of a woman's youth, in a trunk full of deeds of property and land grants — a musty company. It was sealed, and on the back was written in a feminine hand, "To be opened when I am

dead." It was signed "Susanna Gale," and dated "1820." I opened it (she had been dead for many years), and my story is the one I found therein.

Bonfield was granted to my ancestors in sixteen hundred and something — I have forgotten the exact date. In the early years of this century my great-grandfather lived here (it is at Bonfield that I write) with his daughters, Susanna and Peggy. Peggy was my grandmother, and, judging from their portraits, I am compelled to say she was not near so handsome as her sister, whose junior she was by five or six years. Susanna was proud, strong, and fiery tempered, while my grandmother was timid and yielding. Susanna was her father's favorite; he made no secret of his intention to leave her the bulk of the property, including Bonfield and the pick of the negroes, while Peggy was to have merely an outlying farm with enough negroes to run it. The reason for this partiality is unknown and unimportant. He also intended that Susanna should marry a certain young man of whom she speaks in her diary as D——.

D—— was a distant relative, and spent much of his time at Bonfield. My great-grandfather, having no son, felt a fatherly love for him, and he had been brought up to call my great-grandfather and the girls "cousins." You know, in Maryland we claim cousinship to very remote degrees. From the first it was understood, though not a word had been said about it, that he would eventually marry Susanna and be master of Bonfield. However, in the first pages of her diary she rebels against this decision, and writes: "I would not marry him if he were the only man in the world! I do not love him, and it is absurd to suppose he loves me, or ever will." And farther on: "He is dark, and I do not like dark men. I prefer blonds like Will Paca and Sam Hayward. Besides, he is cruel and hard-hearted. Only this morning he rode over Sallie's little Jim, who was making mud-pies in the lane, and Saturday he had Calista whipped because the poor thing had scented herself up with some of his favorite perfumery."

It was about this time — she was sixteen and he twenty-one — that D—— began to drop the cousinly rôle and to take up that of a lover. I am quite sure she scorned him, shrugged her shoulders in the face of his little attentions, and openly favored her blonds; also that his temper did not improve under this treatment. But on this she touches lightly. There is one scene, however, that she gives in detail and with spirit, to say nothing of righteous anger. It is an important scene, and shapes the lives of three people.

It was an afternoon in spring. Susanna was going to ride with her cousin. Clad in her habit, — I have only a vague idea of the cut and style of a lady's habit of that day, but am sure she looked charming, otherwise things might not have happened as they did,— with a whip in one hand and her skirt held up in the other, she ran downstairs and almost into the arms of D——, who was waiting at the bottom; the hall was somewhat dark, and she had not seen him in her hurry. She waited a moment, but he did not move; then she haughtily requested him to let her pass.

He leaned toward her, and his dark eyes glowed. "Not till I have kissed you!" He spoke softly, as Peggy (my grandmother) was in an adjoining room singing to her doll.

Her face flushed with anger; she gathered in her skirts to free them from his touch. "Let me pass!" she cried. Then, with the scorn and indignation that she felt, "I hate you!"

"And I love you!" Before she could defend herself he had seized her in his arms, and kissed her square upon the mouth.

She wrenched herself away (my aunt had great strength even in her age), beside herself with rage; cried, "Coward! Fortune-hunter! You love my money; take that for your love!" and, quick as a flash, the riding-whip came stinging down across his face.

He did not wince, but stood and looked at her; and there was that in his eyes, she says, that made her drop her own. When at last he spoke, each word had the force of a leaden bullet, and seemed to carry a curse with it.

"I love you. Your money — curse it! Some day I will show you how I scorn it," he said slowly and wrathfully, and, turning on his heel, he left her.

She rode that evening, it is true, but with the groom for escort. On her return she found that D—— had gone.

He was gone a year, traveling abroad, as was the vogue for young gentlemen of family in those days. When he came back he resumed his intimacy with the family at Bonfield, visiting them as often and staying as long as formerly. He seemed to have forgotten the cause of his voluntary exile. In many ways he was greatly changed; the hot-headedness and wilfulness of old times had given way to gaiety, gentleness, and calm philosophy. Once he had been selfish and intolerant; now he was always ready to do a kindness or to yield an opinion. At first Susanna was stiff and haughty with him, but his persistent courtesy shamed and disarmed her. No one was so quick as he to pick up her handkerchief when she dropped it, or to wrap a shawl about her shoulders when they sat on the piazza in the cool of the evening. A woman is susceptible to such attentions; Susanna remarks upon them in her diary, and adds (perhaps with a sigh for the breaking up of her preju-



IN THE GARDEN.

dices), "I never thought that I could like him half so well."

As time went on, he made himself quite indispensable. In summer, when the house was full of guests, he devised novelties in the way of entertainments; in winter,—there were winters in those days after all,—when the family sat huddled about the blazing fire at night, he told stories of his travels, of London and Paris, of Waterloo and Rome, or ghost-stories that made the brave Susanna glance furtively behind her, and little Peggy hide her face in terror. Then he could sing—ah, how he could sing! In "Alan Water," and the "Soldier Bridegroom's Song," his voice was so sweet and tender that tears sprang to all eyes. Meanwhile his attentions to Susanna were marked, yet chivalrous and delicate; but he said no word of love, nor alluded to their unfortunate rencounter on the stairs. "Can he have forgotten?" she queries in her diary.

About this time she writes of him in this vein: "He is so handsome, so brilliant, so kind and good to me. Since I have known him as he is, the country men seem stupid and insipid." After this the entries are monologues on D——. One day she writes, "He loves me." Though she did not have his word, she had undoubtedly good reason for her statement. A woman is rarely mistaken when she says to herself, "He loves me." Later she writes, "I love him."

So Fate took up the harp of love—that magic harp of many strings, whose highest note is the highest, and whose lowest is the lowest of all notes struck on earth—and played to her a joyous melody.

A year, two years, passed, and yet this strange pair of lovers had come to no agreement. Eyes had gazed into eyes, hearts had beat tumultuously,—one had, at least; I have no guarantee of the condition of the other,—and that was all. Susanna's impatient spirit chafed under this uncertainty. "Why does he not speak—why does he not speak?" she asked herself continually. Yet well she knew. A proud man such as he could not forget. The roses might fade from her cheeks, her hair might turn gray, but he would not speak. How could he, remembering the past? She too was proud, but when love and pride fight for the mastery of a woman's heart, it is usually love that wins. And so she resolved to challenge, to compel, a second declaration by a humble apology for her former scorn.

One summer evening after tea she said to him: "Will you walk in the garden with me, cousin? There is something I should like to say to you."

It was a peaceful evening. The scent of flowers was heavy in the air; crickets chirped in the shrubbery; the evening star sparkled like a yellow diamond in the reddened west; on the calm surface of the river an oyster-boat was floating homeward with its sails spread dark against the sky. They walked the length of a graveled path in silence before she spoke.

"Cousin," she said at last, blushing and paling by turns, but holding her head erect, "there is something that has been troubling me for a long time—since you came home from abroad. It is that I was once cruel and unjust to you. Can you forgive me? I was a child then—I did not know. But now I know. I could cut off my hand for that blow and my tongue for those untrue words."

She paused, but he did not reply. His face was turned away. "Speak to me," she entreated; "I am a proud woman, cousin; it has cost me much to humble myself. You loved me once. Tell me, do you love me now?"

He turned and looked at her steadily, intently, passionately, and for a long time; the red light of the evening was in his eyes, and she felt herself tremble and grow weak beneath their spell. "I love you; I have always loved you; I have not changed," he said.

"Then take back the kiss you gave me; take it back with my love," she said, and, raising herself on tiptoe, she laid her lips to his.

He took her in his arms,—she did not resist them now,—and drew her to his heart.

That night D—— did not linger long with the family, but, pleading letters, went to his room early. Later, lying happy and wakeful in her great four-posted bed, Susanna heard his footsteps as he paced his floor till early morning, when she fell asleep from weariness.

He did not appear next morning till the family were at breakfast. He was pale, but gave a pleasant "Good morning," and, as usual, led the conversation, though it was evident that he took no interest in it. There was something on his mind, and at last he came out with it.

"Sir," he said, addressing my great-grandfather, "you have been a kind friend to me from my youth up; you have done many things for me that my father, on account of having other sons, could not do. All that I have asked of you I have received. Now I am about to make a final request that will, maybe, tax your generosity: I want one of your daughters."

The old man beamed. "Your request delights me, my dear boy," he said. "And it is not a surprise; I have been expecting it a long time. Take her—take my girl, and may you both be happy. But," he added, looking archly from one girl to the other, and finally letting his fond eyes rest upon his favorite, who sat blushing prettily beneath them, "I have two. Which is it?"

D—— laid his hand on Peggy's hand. "This one," he said.

THIS, then, was a story of revenge — revenge so cruel that the victim could not even cry for mercy; and D—— was Daniel Leeds, my grandfather.

There is one more entry in the diary, written a few months later, and telling of great preparations for a wedding — of gowns, of pastry, etc., and how "our cousins Goldsborough and Tilghman are coming in a sailing-vessel from Baltimore to be present at the festivities, which will be kept up for at least a week." There is no word of the writer. Her silence is sadder than the saddest words; and in it I read, also, her bravery and her proud determination to forget.

Nannie A. Cox



"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

ON August 18, 1814, Admiral Cockburn, having returned with his fleet from the West Indies, sent to Secretary Monroe at Washington, the following threat:

SIR: Having been called upon by the Governor-General of the Canadas to aid him in carrying into effect measures of retaliation against the inhabitants of United States for the wanton destruction committed by their army in Upper Canada, it has become imperiously my duty, in conformity with the Governor-General's application, to issue to the naval forces under my command an order to destroy and lay waste such towns and districts upon the coast as may be found assailable.

His fleet was then in the Patuxent River, emptying into the Chesapeake Bay. The towns immediately "assailable," therefore, were Baltimore, Washington, and Annapolis.

Landing at Benedict's, on the Patuxent, the land forces, enervated by a long sea-voyage, marched the first day to Nottingham, the second to Upper Marlborough. At the latter place, a town of some importance, certain British officers were entertained by Dr. Beanes, the principal physician of that neighborhood, and a man well known throughout southern Maryland. His character as a host was forced upon him, but his services as a physician were freely given, and formed afterward the main plea for his lenient treatment while a prisoner.

As the British army reached Upper Marlborough, General Winder was concentrating his troops at Bladensburg. The duty of assigning the regiments to their several positions as they arrived on the field was performed by Francis Scott Key, a young aide-de-camp to General Smith. Key was a practising lawyer in Washington who had a liking for the military profession. He was on duty during the hot and dusty days which ended in the defeat of the American army. Subsequently, he could have read a newspaper at his residence in Georgetown by the light of the burning public buildings at Washington, and he passed with indignant heart the ruins left by the retreating army when, after a night of frightful storm, they silently departed, in a disorderly forced march of thirty-five miles, to Upper Marlborough. He then knew what any other city might expect upon which the "foul footsteps' pollution" of the British might come.

The sorry appearance of the British army gave the Marlborough people the idea that it had been defeated, and on the afternoon of the following day Dr. Beanes and his friends celebrated a supposed victory. Had they stayed

in the noble old mansion that the worthy but irascible doctor inhabited near Marlborough, "The Star-Spangled Banner" would never have been written. Tempted by the balminess of a warm September afternoon, however, the party adjoined to a spring near the house, where, the negro servant having carried out the proper utensils, the cool water was tempered with those ingredients which mingle their congenial essences to make up that still seductive drink, a Maryland punch. It warms the heart, but if used too freely it makes a man hot-tempered, disputatious, and belligerent. Amid the patriotic jollity, therefore, when three British soldiers, belated, dusty, and thirsty, came to the spring on their way to the retreating army, their boasting met with an incredulous denial, which soon led to their summary arrest as chicken-stealers and public enemies. Confined in the insecure Marlborough jail, one of them speedily escaped, and reached a scouting-party of British cavalry, which, by order of Cockburn, returned to Upper Marlborough, roused Dr. Beanes out of his bed at midnight, and conveyed him to the British ships at Benedict's.

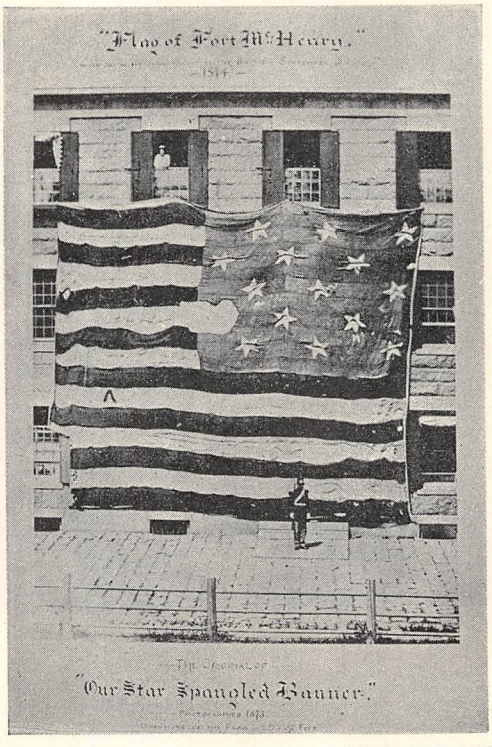
As soon as Key heard of the arrest of Dr. Beanes, one of his most intimate friends, he hurried, under the protection of a flag of truce, to the British fleet at the mouth of the Patuxent to arrange for his release. John S. Skinner of Baltimore, then commissioner for exchange of prisoners, accompanied him with his cartel ship.

When Key and Skinner reached the British fleet it was already on its way up the Chesapeake Bay to the attack on Baltimore. Its destination was too evident for Cockburn to allow Key to depart and give the alarm. He was informed in the admiral's grimmest manner, that while he would not hang Dr. Beanes at the yard-arm, as he had threatened, yet he would have to keep every man on board a close prisoner until certain circumstances occurred which would render their release advisable. When the ships arrived at their destination he assured them that it would be only a matter of a few hours before they would be free.

From the admiral's flag-ship the *Surprise*, upon which he was then detained, Key saw some of the finest soldiers of the British army, under General Ross, disembarked at North Point, to the southeast of the city of Baltimore. Then on Tuesday morning, September 13, 1814, the fleet moved across the broad Patapsco, and ranged themselves in a semicircle two and a half miles from the small brick and earth fort which lay low down on a jutting projection of land guarding the water approaches to Baltimore on that side.

Cockburn's boast to Key that the reduction of the city would be "a matter of a few hours" did not look improbable. It was garrisoned by a small force of regulars under General Armistead, assisted by some volunteer artillerists under Judge Nicholson. It was armed with forty-two pounders, and some cannon of smaller caliber, but all totally ineffective to reach the British ships in their chosen position. In addition, a small earth battery at the Lazaretto — which, it will be seen, did good service — guarded the important approach to the city by the north branch of the Patapsco; while Fort Coventry protected the south branch. These batteries were armed only with eighteen and twenty-four pounders.

From seven on the morning of Tuesday until after midnight of Wednesday the fleet bombarded Fort McHenry at long range; occasionally the gunners in the fort fired a useless shot at the ships. But at midnight word was brought to Cockburn that the land attack on the North



THE FLAG OF FORT MCHENRY. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN 1873 FOR A PAMPHLET BY CAPTAIN PREBLE. (DIMENSIONS OF FLAG, 29 BY 32 FEET.)

Point road to the east of the city had failed. Therefore, unless the fleet could take Fort McHenry on the west, retreat was inevitable.

Taking advantage of the darkness, a little after midnight sixteen British frigates, with bomb-ketches and barges, moved up within close range. At one o'clock they suddenly opened a tremendous and destructive fire upon the fort. Five hundred bombs fell within the ramparts; many more burst over them.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

FROM THE OIL PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF MR. F. K. PENDLETON.

The crisis of the fight came when, in the darkness, a rocket ship and five barges attempted to pass up the north channel to the city. They were not perceived until the British, thinking themselves safe and the ruse successful, gave a derisive cheer at the fort under whose guns they had passed. In avoiding Fort McHenry, however, they had fallen under the guns of the fort at the Lazaretto, on the opposite side of the channel. This fort, opening fire, so crippled the daring vessels that some of them had to be towed out in their hasty retreat.

From midnight till morning Key could know nothing of the fortunes of the fight. At such close quarters dense smoke enveloped both the ships and the fort, and added to the blackness of the night.

After the failure to ascend the north branch of the Patapsco, the firing slackened. Now and then a sullen and spiteful gun shot its flame from the side of a British vessel. Key, pacing the deck of the cartel ship, to which he had been transferred, could not guess the cause of this. The slackened fire might mean the success of the land attack, in which case it would not have been necessary to waste any more powder on the fort. Again, it might be that the infernal rain of shells had dismantled the little fort itself, and the enemy was only keeping up a precautionary fire until daylight enabled him to take possession.

The long hours were nearly unbearable. Key had seen the fate of Washington, and anticipated the fate of Baltimore.

At seven the suspense was unrelaxed. The firing from the fleet ceased. The large ships loomed indistinct and silent in the mist. To the west lay the silent fort, the white vapor heavy upon it. With eager eyes Key watched the distant shore, till in a rift over the fort he dimly discerned the flag still proudly defiant. In that supreme moment was written "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The British ships slowly dropped down to North Point. Dr. Beanes went home to Upper Marlborough, very thankful as he saw the yard-arm of the *Surprise* melt out of sight, unburdened.

Of all national airs, it breathes the purest patriotism. Those of England, Russia, and Austria are based upon a sentimental loyalty long outgrown by this agrarian and practical age. The "Marseillaise" is a stirring call to arms, and upholds only the worst—the passionate military—side of a nation's character. "The Star-Spangled Banner," while it is animated, patriotic, defiant, neither cringes nor boasts; it is as national in its spirit as it is adequate in the expression of that spirit. Believing, then, that Key's poem will be the national air of succeeding generations of Americans, the facsimile of the original draft is here reproduced by the kindness of Mrs. Edward Shippen, a granddaughter of that Judge Nicholson who took the first copy of the poem to the "American" office, and had it set up in broad-sheet form by Samuel Sands, a printer's apprentice of twelve. He was alone in the office, all the men having gone to the defense of the city. It is written in Key's hand. The changes made in drafting the copy will be seen at once, the principal one being that Key started to write "They have washed out in blood their foul footsteps' pollution," and changed it for "Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution." In the second stanza, also, the dash after "'T is the star-spangled banner" makes the change more abrupt, the line more spirited, and the burst of feeling more intense, than the usual semicolon. The other variations are unimportant. Some of them were made in 1840, when Key wrote out several copies for his friends.

The song, in its broad-sheet form, was soon sung in all the camps around the city. When the Baltimore theater, closed during the attack, was reopened, Mr. Hardinge, one of its actors, was announced to sing "a new song by a gentleman of Maryland." The same modest title of authorship prefaces the song in the "American." From Baltimore the air was carried south, and was played by one of the regimental bands at the battle of New Orleans.

The tune of "Anacreon in Heaven" has been objected to as "foreign"; but in truth it is an estray, and Key's and the American people's by adoption. It is at least American enough now to be known to every school-boy; to have preceded Burr to New Orleans, and Frémont to the Pacific; to have been the inspiration of the soldiers of three wars; and to have cheered the hearts of American sailors in peril of enemies on the sea from Algiers to Apia Harbor. If the cheering of the *Calliope* by the crew of the *Trenton* binds closer together to-day the citizens of the two English-speaking nations, should its companion scene, no less thrilling, be forgotten— when the *Trenton* bore down upon the stranded *Vandalia* to her almost certain destruction, and the encouraging cheer of the flag-ship was answered by a response, faint, uncertain, and despairing?

Almost at once, as the last cheer died away:

> Darkness hid the ships. As those on shore listened for the crash, another sound came up from the deep. It was a wild burst of music in defiance of the storm. The *Trenton's* band was playing "The Star-Spangled Banner." The feelings of the Americans on the beach were indescribable. Men who on that awful day had exhausted every means of rendering some assistance to their comrades now seemed inspired to greater efforts. They dashed at the surf like wild creatures; but they were powerless.

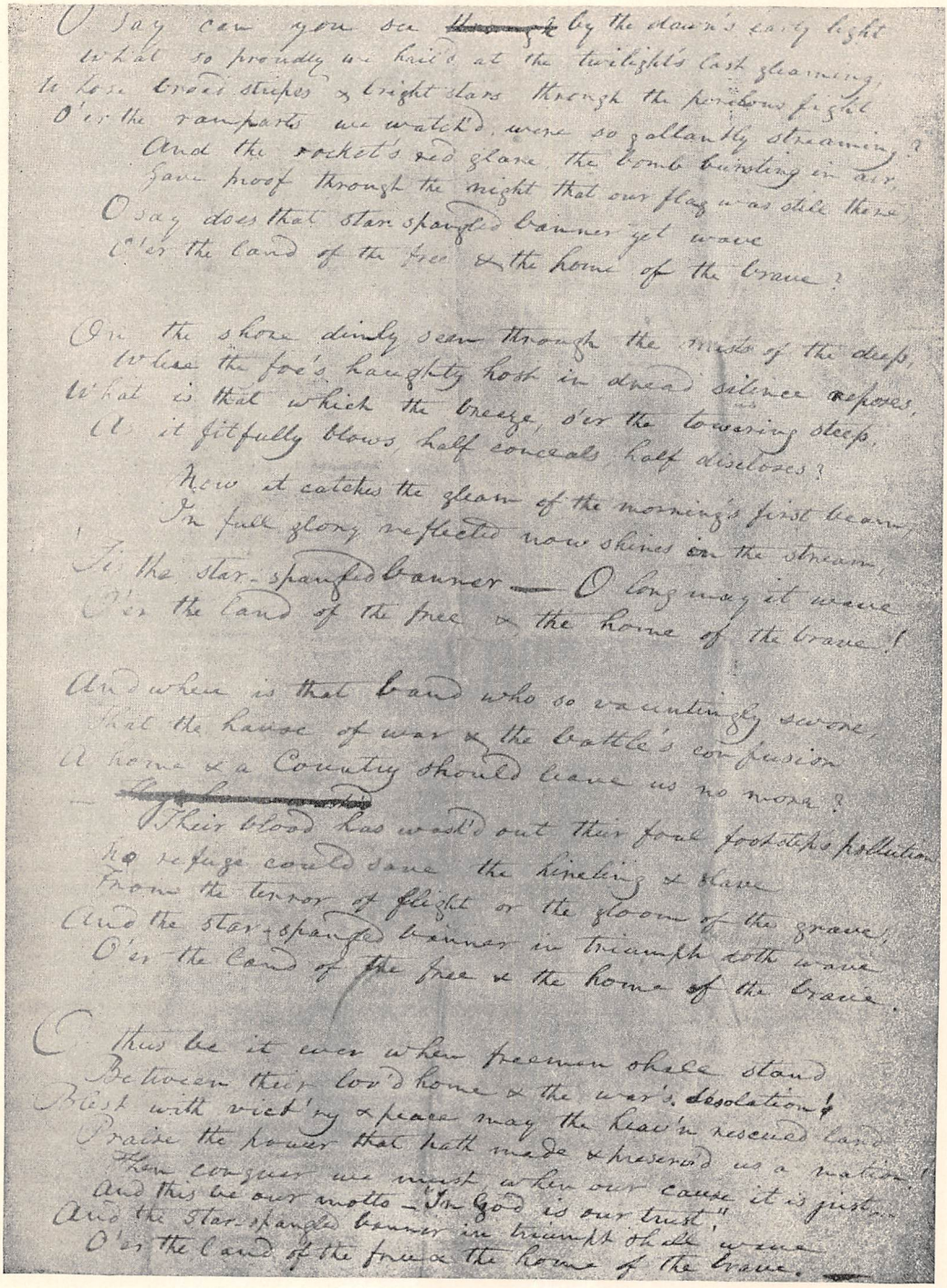
No; it is too late to divorce words and music.

The song is generally accorded its deserved honor; the man who wrote it has been allowed to remain in unmerited obscurity. The Pacific coast alone, in one of the most beautiful of personal monuments,[1] has acknowledged his service to his country—a service which will terminate only with that country's life; for he who gives a nation its popular air, enfeoffs posterity with an inalienable gift. Yet Key was the close personal friend of Jackson, Taney,—who was his brother-in-law,—John Randolph of Roanoke, and William Wilberforce. He it was, in all probability, who first thought out the scheme of the African Colonization Society; the first, on his estate in Frederick County, to open, in 1806, a Sunday-school for slaves; who set free his own slaves; and who was, throughout his whole career, the highest contemporary type of a modest Christian gentleman. This religious side of Key's character found expression in that fine hymn found in the hymnals of all Protestant denominations,

> Lord, with glowing heart I 'd praise thee.

Foote, in his "Reminiscences," leads us to think highly also of Key's personal appearance, and of his powers as a public speaker.

[1] In Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.



O say can you see ~~through~~ by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes & bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bomb bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there,
O say does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream,
'Tis the Star-spangled Banner — O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war & the battle's confusion
A home & a Country should leave us no more?
~~Their blood has~~
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling & slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave.

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home & the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry & peace may the Heav'n rescued land
Praise the power that hath made & preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto — "In God is our trust."
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave.

FACSIMILE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER." IN POSSESSION OF MRS. EDWARD SHIPPEN, BALTIMORE.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY was the son of John Ross Key, a Revolutionary officer. He was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August, 1780. He studied law, was admitted to the bar at Frederick, subsequently moved to Georgetown, and was district attorney for three terms. He was frequently intrusted with delicate missions by President Jackson. A volume of his poems was published in 1856. He died in 1843, and is buried in the little cemetery at Frederick, Maryland. Efforts have been made in his native State to erect a monument over his grave, but unsuccessfully. In justice such a memorial shaft should be the gift of the whole American people.

As it is, his grave is not without tributes which are curious and honorable. During the war Frederick was quietly a "rebel town," but it contained one good patriot besides Barbara Frietchie. This loyal Mr. B——, when he received favorable news from the Northern army, or whenever his patriotism had need of bubbling over, regularly made a pilgrimage to Key's grave, and there, standing at the head of it, exultantly and conscientiously sang through the whole of Key's song.

On every Decoration Day the grave is covered with flowers, and the flag which always waves there — the Star-Spangled Banner which his strained eyes saw on that 14th of September, 1814, rise triumphant above the smoke and vapor of battle — is reverently renewed.

Perhaps, after all, it is his best monument.

The flag of 1814 and that of 1894 are nearly identical, the greatest change being merely in smaller stars in the cluster. The flag of the United States, adopted June 14, 1777, was one of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, with a union of thirteen white stars in a blue field. Upon the admission of Kentucky and Vermont, two stripes and two stars were added. This flag continued in use until 1818, when, five more States having been admitted, the bars were reduced to the original thirteen, with an added star for every new State, the star to be placed in position on the Fourth of July following the admission.

John C. Carpenter.

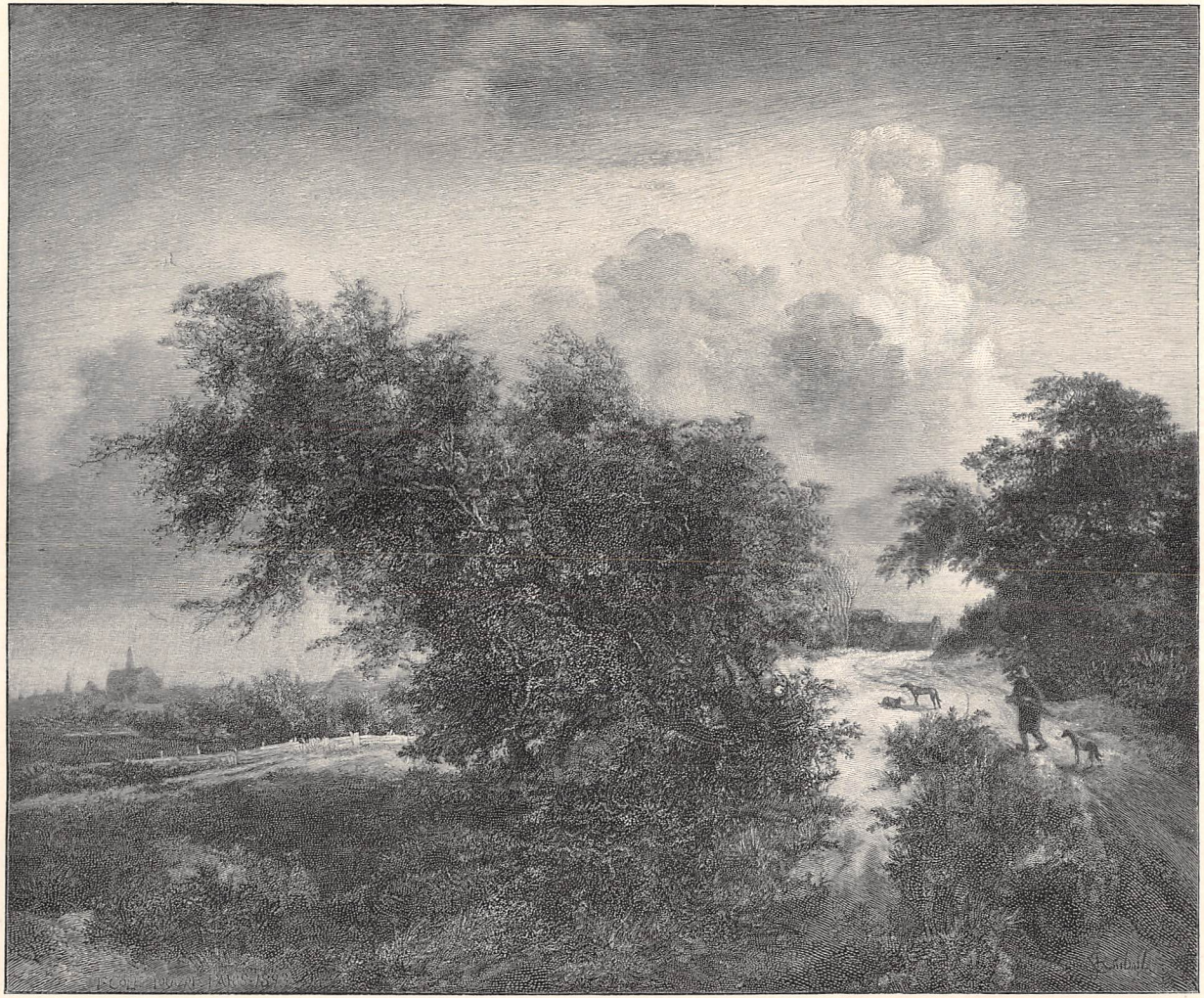
OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

JACOB VAN RUISDAEL (1625(?)-1682).

IT is to be regretted that we know so little of Ruisdael's life, since he stands at the head of the Dutch school of landscape-painting, and, taking the school as a whole, is one of its most distinguished figures. Landscape-painting is the creation of the Netherlands. It was half a century before Claude Lorraine that Pauwel Bril of Antwerp (born in 1554) began painting landscapes pure and simple, and for their own sake; for before his time landscape was employed merely as a scenic background and accessory to figure pieces, no painter appearing inclined to make it attractive in itself, to endow it with poetry, and thus, by its means, to touch the imagination and the heart of man.

Ruisdael was born at Haarlem about 1625 — some say 1630. It was formerly supposed that he was born in 1645, but on the discovery of a picture by him bearing this latter date, it was thought prudent to put back the date of his birth some fifteen years or so. His father, who was a cabinet-maker, designed him for the study of medicine, but his remarkable inclination toward art, evincing itself at a very early age, determined his profession: he produced pictures at the age of twelve years that astonished artists and amateurs.

Of all the Dutch masters, Ruisdael is the most reserved, the least likely to captivate the eye at first sight. He is one of those rare spirits whose inwardness is revealed little by little: a lofty soul, grave, tender, and tranquil, who loved the country, where silent nature ruminates far from the world and its restless eagerness to shine; a solitary rambler, simple, natural, and dignified; a painter of the gray side of nature, as harmonizing best with his own reflective and habitually pensive mood; a lover of mists and clouds, of moist and shady glens, of rocky declivities, and mountains. It has been said of his works that they are the embodiment of the poetry of melancholy. He certainly shows no liveliness, and in this respect he is singular among his more sprightly brethren. But he possesses a charm which is peculiarly his own — his supreme quality is repose. Before his works one is impressed with a feeling of serenity and profound peace. No one expresses better than Ruisdael the grandeur and amplitude of the heavens; he veils them with clouds, which gratefully temper the light that is delicately diffused in subtle gradations of values. His coloring is gray and cool, somewhat darkish in character,—the effect of time, perhaps,—varying from green to slate-color and brown, rather monotonous, but strong and harmonious; seemingly the outcome of a serious, aus-



tere, and robust nature. In the choice of subjects he did not confine himself to his native land, and while his journeyings are sometimes doubted, yet the majority of his works depict scenes of a Norwegian, German, or Swiss character, and are rendered in so admirable a manner, and with an accent so true to nature, that it is impossible not to believe that they were studied in these countries. He is supposed to have utilized the studies of Everdingen, and to have been inspired by them. Everdingen (1621–1675) was Ruisdael's senior, and exercised a great influence over him. He was more prolific as an engraver than as a painter, and the British Museum possesses a good collection of his prints, while of his paintings, which are rare, the Louvre has one, and the Amsterdam Museum four, mostly of Norwegian subjects, and similar to some of Ruisdael. Everdingen, while on a voyage to the Baltic, was wrecked off the coast of Norway, and was so profoundly impressed with the rugged beauty of the scenery of that country that he brought back numerous studies, thus introducing into Dutch painting the landscape of the extreme North, in contrast with those artists who went south, and brought back Italy to Holland.

Ruisdael never knew how to put figures of men and animals into his pictures, and for this purpose sought the aid of his fellow-artists Berchem, Van der Velde, Wouwerman, and Lingelbach. Berchem is said to have been his teacher, though Salomon van Ruisdael, his uncle, was his earliest instructor. Hobbema is said to have been Jacob's pupil. Ruisdael was not appreciated in his day, and his great labors did not enrich him. Neglected and obscure, he fell into dire want in his old age; and finally, in commiseration of his distress, rather than from respect for his genius, which was hardly suspected by any one, he was admitted to the almshouse of Haarlem, his native town, where he died March 14, 1682.

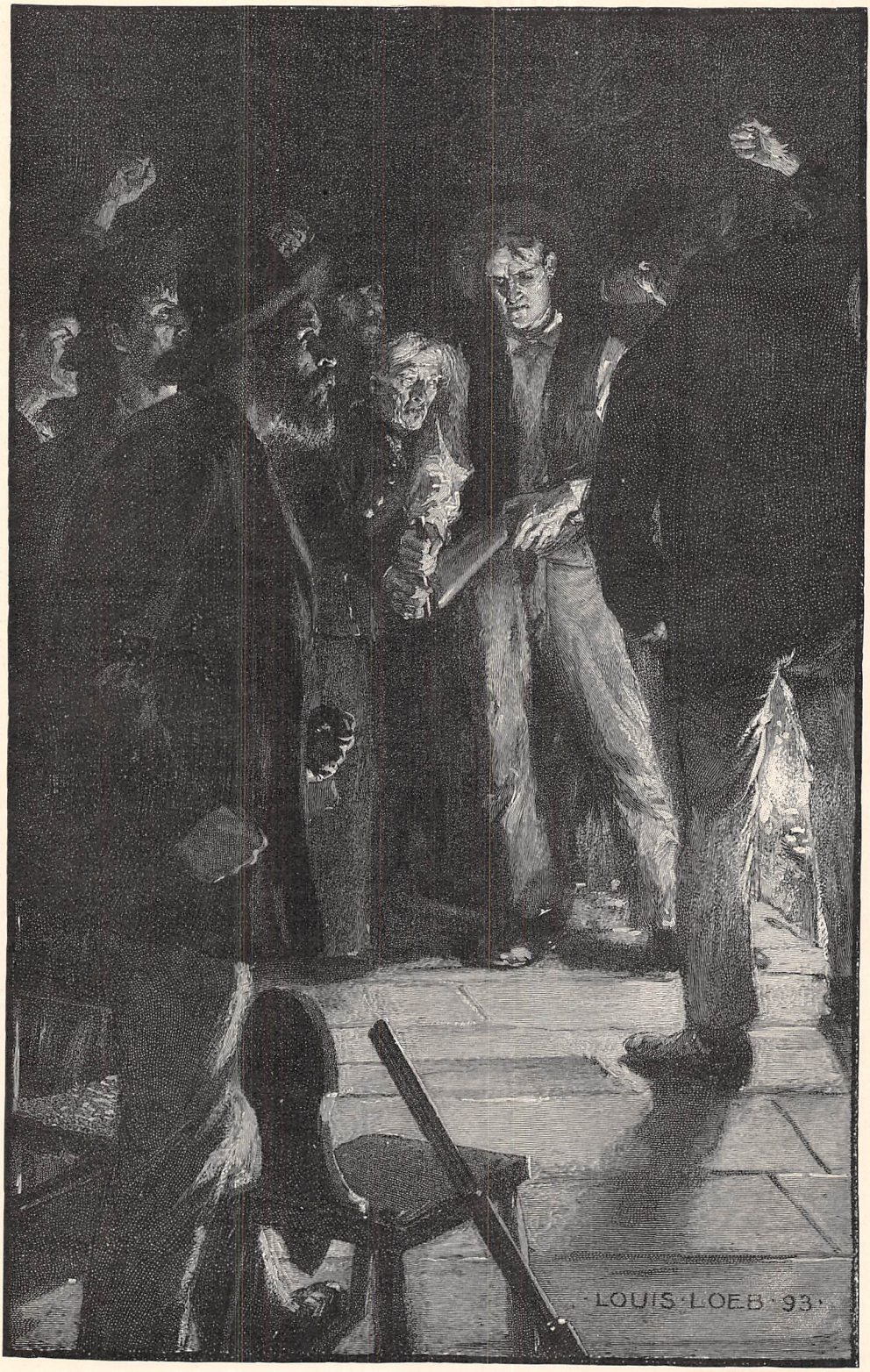
One of the most imposing and beautiful of Ruisdael's paintings — certainly, a magnificent work, before which one might linger unconscious of all time — is the river view of the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam, which will be better remembered as "The Windmill." It is a singularly impressive piece, representing a dead calm before a storm. The mill, with its dark, wide-spread arms, rises high in the canvas to the right, upon the summit of a terraced ground — a palisade lapped by the dark and quiet river. The white sail of a boat, toward midstream,—flat, and unruffled by the slightest breeze, and of exquisite value in its relief and in its delicate reflection in the water,—rises softly against the far-off horizon. Above is the wide sky, heavy with clouds, which break as they scale toward the top of the canvas, disclosing the gray blue of the heavens through the watery vapors. All is one harmonious and powerful tone composed of rich neutral browns and dark slate-colors, flowing and melting the one into the other in subtle gradations of shades — all shadow, so to speak, everywhere except the pink flush of light crowning the disks of two clouds high up near the middle of the sky, which is the final gleam of the retiring sun. The mysterious sense of expectancy which is the essence of this work is heightened by the strange light, as of an eclipse, that is diffused over all. I have felt at times that this picture was really the most entrancing thing I had ever beheld.

Equally charming and impressive is the "Gleam of Sunshine" of the Louvre. One is confounded by the beauty and the astonishing quantity of work in this most refined piece. In this, one would say, Ruisdael touches the limit of his skill.

The National Gallery of London, in addition to the many fine works it possesses by Ruisdael, has lately acquired another very fine one, which is remarkably well preserved. It is entitled "A Coast View at Scheveningen,"— Scheveningen is a watering-place near The Hague,— and is the gayest Ruisdael that I have seen. The sea is in shadow and the coast in sunlight, while the sky is piled with light, warm clouds. Figures of ladies and gentlemen dot the beach, some shading their eyes from the sun with their fans. Of a piece with this in sentiment is "Le Buisson" ("The Thicket") of the Louvre, shown on page 364. A bush, tormented by the wind, comes out with great force in the foreground, while the sunlight, which gilds the cumulus clouds, brightens the road where the man and dogs are, and glances along the fence, behind which is a glimpse of the village in the distance veiled in gray and watery vapors.

In these rich galleries, where masterpieces crowd one another, one may pause often before a rare piece, acknowledge its beauty, and pass on unmoved. But there comes a time, in the course of repeated visits, when the same picture discloses itself, and fills one with the rapture of a new discovery. Then, in the enthusiasm of the moment, one is ready to attribute to the new-found love every possible and imaginable excellence. Only in this way can I account for such a writer as Michelet, for instance, calling "The Tempest" by Ruisdael "the prodigy of the Louvre." But one might commit the same excess with all of these wonderful works of art; each one seems to tyrannize over everything else during the time one devotes to it.

Timothy Cole.



ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"THE SCRATCH OF THE POINT ON THE HARD STEEL."

A CUMBERLAND VENDETTA.

A TALE OF THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS.

By the author of "A Mountain Europa," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

IX.

ALL were smoking and silent. Several spoke from the shadows as Rome stepped on the porch, and Rufe Stetson faced him a moment in the doorway, and laughed.

"Seem kinder s'prised?" he said, with a searching look. "Was n't lookin' fer me? I reckon I 'll s'prise sev'ral ef I hev good luck."

The subtlety of this sent a chuckle of appreciation through the porch, but Rome passed in without answer.

Isom lay on his bed within the circle of light, and his face in the brilliant glow was white, and his eyes shone feverishly. "Rome," he said excitedly, "Uncle Rufe is hyar, 'n' they laywayed him, 'n' —" he paused abruptly. His mother came in, and at her call the mountaineers trooped through the covered porch, and sat down to supper in the kitchen. They ate hastily and in silence, the mother attending their wants, and Rome helping her. The meal finished, they drew their chairs about the fire. The pipes were lighted, and Rufe Stetson rose, and closed the door.

"Thar 's no use harryin' the boy," he said; "I reckon he 'll be too puny to take a hand."

The mother stopped clearing the table, and sat on the rock hearth close to the fire, her withered lips shut tight about a lighted pipe, and her sunken eyes glowing like the coal of fire in its black bowl. Now and then she would stretch her knotted hands nervously toward the flames, or knit them about her knees, looking closely at the heavy faces about her, which had lightened a little with expectancy. Rufe Stetson stood before the blaze, with his hands clasped behind him, and his huge figure bent in reflection. At intervals he would look with half-shut eyes at Rome, who sat with troubled face outside the firelight. Across the knees of Steve Marcum, the best marksman in the mountains, lay the barrel of a new Winchester. Old Sam Day, Rufe's father-in-law and counselor to the Stetsons for a score of years, sat as if asleep on the opposite side of the fireplace from the old mother, with his big square head pressed down between his misshapen shoulders.

"The time hev come, Rome." Rufe spoke between the puffs of his pipe, and Rome's heart quickened, for every eye was upon him. "Thar 's goin' to be trouble now. I hear as how young Jasper hev been talkin' purty tall about ye — 'lowin' as how ye air afeard o' him."

Rome felt his mother's burning look. He did not turn toward her or Rufe, but his face grew sullen, and his voice was low and harsh. "I reckon he 'll find out about thet when the time comes," he said quietly — too quietly, for the old mother stirred uneasily, and significant glances went from eye to eye. Rufe did not look up from the floor. He had been told about Rome's peculiar conduct, and, while the reason for it was beyond guessing, he knew the temper of the boy and how to kindle it. He had thrust a thorn in a tender spot, and he let it rankle. How sorely it did rankle he little knew. The voice of the woman across the river was still in Rome's ears. Nothing cuts the mountaineer to the quick like the name of coward. It stung him like the lash of an ox-whip then; it smarted all the way across the river and up the mountain. Young Jasper had been charging him broadcast with cowardice, and Jasper's people no doubt believed it. Perhaps his own did — his uncle, his mother. The bare chance of such a humiliation set up an inward rage. He wondered how he could ever have been such a fool as to think of peace. The woman's gossip had swept kindly impulses from his heart with a fresh tide of bitterness, and, helpless now against its current, he sullenly gave way, and let his passions loose to drift with it.

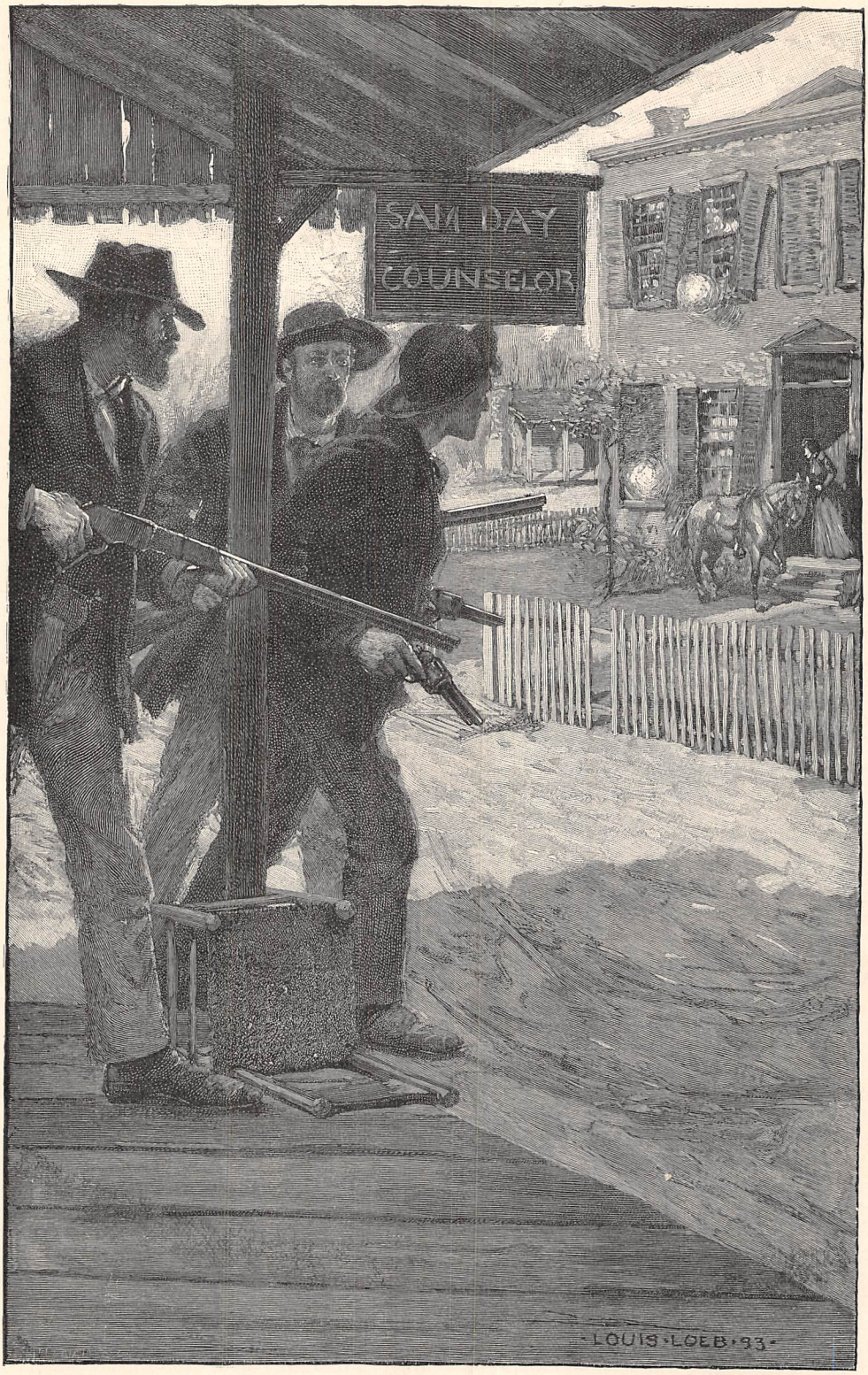
"Whar d' ye git the guns, Rufe?" Steve was testing the action of the Winchester with a kindling look, as the click of the locks struck softly through the silence.

"Jackson; 'way up in Breathitt, at the end of the new road."

"No wonder ye hev been gone so long."

"I hed to wait thar fer the guns, 'n' I hed to travel atter dark comin' back, 'n' lay out 'n the bresh by day. Hit 's full eighty mile up thar."

"Air ye shore nobody seed ye?"



"WE HAIN'T FIGHTIN' WOMEN!"

ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

The question was from a Marcum, who had come in late, and several laughed. Rufe threw back his dusty coat, which was ripped through the lapel by a bullet.

"They seed me well 'nough fer thet," he said grimly, and then he looked toward Rome, who thought of old Jasper, and gave back a gleam of fierce sympathy. There were several nods of approval along with the laugh that followed. It was a surprise — so little consideration of an escape so narrow — from Rufe; for, as old Gabe said, Rufe was big and good-natured, and was not thought fit for leadership. But there was a change in him when he came back from the West. He was quieter; he laughed less. No one spoke of the difference; it was too vague: but every one felt it, and it had an effect. His flight had made many uneasy, but his return, for that reason, brought a stancher fealty from these; and this was evident now. All eyes were upon him, and all tongues, even old Sam's, waited now for his to speak.

"Whut we 've got to do, we 've got to do mighty quick," he began at last. "Things hev changed sence I left the mount'ins. I seed it over thar in Breathitt. The soldiers 'n' that scar-faced Jellico preacher hev broke up the fightin' over thar, 'n' ef we don't watch out, they 'll be a-doin' it hyar, when we start our leetle frolic. We hain't got no time to fool. Old Jas knows this as well as me, 'n' thar 's goin' to be mighty leetle chance fer 'em to layway 'n' pick us off from the bresh. Thar 's goin' to be fa'r fightin' fer once, thank the Lord. They bushwhacked us durin' the war, 'n' they 've laywayed us 'n' shot us to pieces ever sence; but now, ef God A'mighty 's willin', the thing 's a-goin' to be settled one way or t' other at last, I reckon."

He stopped a moment to think. The men's breathing could be heard, so quiet was the room, and Rufe went on telling in detail, slowly, as if to himself, the wrongs the Lewallens had done his people. When he came to old Jasper his voice was low, and his manner was quieter than ever.

"*Now* old Jas hev got to the p'int whar he says as how nobody in this county kin undersell him 'n' stay hyar. Old Jas druv Bond Vickers out 'n the mount'ins fer tryin' hit. He druv Jess Hale away; 'n' them two air our kin."

The big mountaineer turned then, and knocked the ashes from his pipe. His eyes grew a little brighter, and his nostrils spread, but with a sweep of his arm he added, still quietly:

"Ye all know whut he 's done."

The gesture lighted memories of personal wrongs in every breast; he had tossed a firebrand among fagots, and an angry light began to burn from the eyes that watched him.

"Ye know, too, thet he thinks he hez played the same game with me; but ye don't know, I reckon, thet he hed ole Jim Stover 'n' thet mis-'able Eli Crump a-hidin' in the bushes to shoot me"— again he grasped the torn lapel; "thet a body warned me to git away from Hazlan; 'n' the night I left home they come thar to kill me, 'n' s'arched the house, 'n' skeered Mollie 'n' the leetle gal 'most to death."

The mountaineer's self-control was lost suddenly in a furious oath. The men did know, but in fresh anger they leaned forward in their chairs, and twisted about with smothered curses. The old woman had stopped smoking, and was rocking her body to and fro. Her lips were drawn in upon her toothless gums, and her pipe was clenched against her sunken breast. The head of the old mountaineer was lifted, and his eyes were open and shining fiercely.

"I hear as how he says I 'm gone fer good. Well, I hev been kinder easy-goin', hatin' to fight, but sence the day I seed Rome's dad thar dead in his blood, I hev hed jes one thing I wanted to do. Thar was n't no use stayin' hyar. I seed that Rome thar was too leetle, and they was too many fer me. I knowed it was easier to git a new start out West, 'n' when I come back to the mount'ins, hit was to do jes — whut — I 'm — goin' — to — do — now." He wheeled suddenly upon Rome, with one huge hand lifted, and, under it, the old woman's voice rose in a sudden wail:

"Yes; 'n' I want to see it done befoh I die. I hain't hyar fer long, but I hain't goin' to leave as long as ole Jas is hyar, 'n' I want ye all to know it. Ole Jas hev got to leave fust. You hear me, Rome; I 'm a-talkin' to you, boy; I 'm a-talkin' to you. Hit 's yo' time now!" The frenzied chant raised Rome from his chair. Rufe himself caught the spirit of it, and his voice was above all caution. "Yes, Rome! They killed him, boy. They sneaked on him, 'n' shot him to pieces from the bushes. Yes; hit 's yo' time now! Look hyar, boys!" He reached above the fireplace and took down an old rifle, — his brother's, — which the old mother had suffered no one to touch. He held it before the fire — pointing to two crosses made near the flash-pan.

"Thar 's one fer ole Jim Lewallen! Thar 's one fer ole Jas! He got Jim, but ole Jas got him, 'n' thar 's his cross thar yit! Whar 's your gun, Rome? Shame on ye, boy!"

The wild-eyed old woman was before him. She had divined Rufe's purpose, and was standing at his side with Rome's Winchester in one hand and a hunting-knife in the other. Every man was on his feet; the door was open, and the boy Isom was at the threshold, his eyes blazing from his white face. Rome had strode forward.

"Yes, boy; now 's the time, right hyar before us all!"

The mother had the knife outstretched. Rome took it, and the scratch of the point on the hard steel went twice through the stillness. "One

more fer the young un"; the voice was the old mother's. Twice again the scratching was heard.

The moon was sinking when Rome stood in the door alone. The tramp of horses was growing fainter down the mountain. The trees were swaying in the wind below him, and he could just see the gray cliffs on the other shore. The morning seemed far away; it made him dizzy looking back to it through the tumult of the day. Somewhere in the haze was the vision of a girl's white face — white with distress for him. Her father and her brother he had sworn to kill. He had made a cross for each, and each cross was an oath. He closed the door; and then he gave way, and sat down with his head in both hands. The noises in the kitchen ceased. The fire died away, and the chill air gathered about him. When he rose, the restless eyes of the boy were upon him from the shadows.

X.

It was court-day in Hazlan, but, so early in the morning, nothing was astir in the town that hinted of its life on such a day. But for the ring of a blacksmith's anvil on the quiet air, and the fact that nowhere was a church-spire visible, a stranger would have thought that the peace of Sabbath overlay a village of God-fearing people. A burly figure lounged in the porch of a rickety house, and yawned under a swinging sign, the rude letters of which promised "private entertainment" for the traveler unlucky enough to pass that way. In the one long, narrow main street, closely flanked by log and framed houses, nothing else human was in sight. Out from this street, and in an empty square, stood the one brick building in the place, the court-house, brick without, brick within; unfinished, unpenciled, unpainted; panes out of the windows, a shutter off here and there, or swinging drunkenly on one hinge; the door wide open, as though there were no privacy within — a poor structure, with the look of a good man gone shiftless, and fast going wrong.

Soon two or three lank, brown figures appeared from each direction on foot; then a horseman or two, and by and by mountaineers came in groups, on horse and on foot. In time the side alleys and the court-house square were filled with horses and mules and even steers. The mountaineers crowded the narrow street, idling from side to side; squatting for a bargain on the wooden sidewalks; grouping on the porch of the rickety hotel, and on the court-house steps; loitering in and out of the one store in sight. Out in the street several stood about a horse, looking at his teeth, holding his eyes to the sun, punching his ribs, twisting his tail; while the phlegmatic owner sat astride the submissive beast, and spoke short answers to rare questions. Everybody talked politics, the crop failure, or the last fight at the seat of some private war; but nobody spoke of a Lewallen or a Stetson unless he knew his listener's heart, and said it in a whisper. For nobody knew when the powder would flash, or who had taken sides, or that a careless word might not array him with one or the other faction.

A motley throng it was — in brown or gray homespun, with trousers in cowhide boots, and slouched hats with brims curved according to temperament, but with striking figures in it: the patriarch with long, white hair, shorn even with the base of the neck, and bearded only at the throat — a justice of the peace, and the sage of his district; a little mountaineer with curling black hair and beard, and dark, fine features; a grizzled giant with a head rugged enough to have been carelessly chipped from stone; a bragging candidate claiming everybody's notice; a square-shouldered fellow surging through the crowd like a stranger; an open-faced, devil-may-care young gallant on fire with moonshine; a skulking figure with brutish mouth and shifting eyes. Indeed, every figure seemed distinct; for, living apart from his neighbor, and troubling the law but little in small matters of dispute, the mountaineer preserves independence, and keeps the edges of his individuality unworn. Apparently there was not a woman in town. Those that lived there kept housed, and the fact was significant. Still, it was close to noon, and yet not a Stetson or a Lewallen had been seen. The stores of Rufe and old Jasper were at the extremities of the town, and the crowd did not move those ways. It waited in the center, and whetted impatience by sly trips in twos and threes to stables or side alleys for "mountain dew." Now and then the sheriff, a little man with a mighty voice, would appear on the court-house steps, and summon a witness to court, where a frightened judge gave instructions to a frightened jury. But few went, unless called; for the interest was outside: every man in the streets knew that a storm was nigh, and was waiting to see it burst.

Noon passed. A hoarse bell and a whining hound had announced dinner in the hotel. The guests were coming again into the streets. Eyes were brighter, faces a little more flushed, and the "moonshine" was passed more openly. Both ways the crowd watched closely. The quiet at each end of the street was ominous, and the delay could last but little longer. The lookers-on themselves were getting quarrelsome. The vent must come soon, or among them there would be trouble.

"Thar comes Jas Lewallen!" At last; a dozen voices spoke at once. A horseman had appeared far down the street from the Lewallen end. The clouds broke from about the sun, and

a dozen men knew the horse that bore him; for the gray was prancing the street sidewise, and throwing the sunlight from his flanks. Nobody followed, and the crowd was puzzled. Young Jasper carried a Winchester across his saddle-bow, and, swaying with the action of his horse, came on.

"What air he about?"

"He 's a plumb idgit."

"He mus' be crazy."

"He 's drunk!"

The wonder ceased. Young Jasper was reeling. Two or three Stetsons slipped from the crowd, and there was a galloping of hoofs the other way. Another horseman appeared from the Lewallen end, riding hastily. The newcomer's errand was to call Jasper back. But the young daredevil was close to the crowd, and was swinging a bottle over his head.

"Come back hyar, Jas! Come hyar!" The newcomer was shouting afar off while he galloped. Horses were being untethered from the side alleys. Several more Lewallen riders came in sight. They could see the gray shining in the sunlight amid the crowd, and the man sent after him halted at a safe distance, gesticulating; and they too spurred forward.

"Hello, boys!" young Jasper was calling out, as he swayed from side to side, the people everywhere giving him way.

"Fun to-day — fun to-day! Who 'll hev a drink? Hyar's hell to the Stetsons, whar some of 'em 'll be 'fore night!"

With a swagger he lifted the bottle to his lips, and, stopping short, let it fall untouched to the ground. He had straightened in his saddle, and was looking up the street. With a deep curse he threw the Winchester to his shoulder, fired, and before his yell had died on his lips, horse and rider were away like a shaft of light. The crowd melted like magic from the street. The Stetsons, chiefly on foot, did not return the fire, but halted up the street, as if parleying. Young Jasper joined his party, and they too stood still a moment, puzzled by their resolution of the other side.

"Watch out! they 're gittin' round ye! Run for the court-house, ye fools! — ye, run!" The voice came in a loud yell from somewhere down the street, and its warning was just in time.

A wreath of smoke came about a corner of the house far down the street, and young Jasper yelled, and dashed up a side alley with his followers. A moment later judge, jury, witnesses, and sheriff were flying down the court-house steps at the point of Lewallen guns: the Lewallen horses, led by the gray, were snorting through the streets; their riders, barricaded in the forsaken court-house, were puffing a stream of fire and smoke from every window of court-room below and jury-room above.

The streets were a bedlam. The Stetsons were yelling themselves hoarse with triumph. The Lewallens were divided, and Rufe placed three Stetsons with Winchesters on each side of the court-house, and kept them firing. Rome, pale and stern, hid his force between the square and the Lewallen store. He was none too quick. The rest were coming on, led by old Jasper. It was reckless, riding that way right into death; but the old man believed young Jasper's life at stake, and the men behind asked no questions when old Jasper led them. The horses' hoofs beat the dirt street like the crescendo of thunder. The fierce old man's hat was gone, and his mane-like hair was shaking in the wind. Louder — and still the Stetsons were quiet — quiet too long. The wily old man saw the trap, and, with a yell, whirled the column up an alley, each man flattening over his saddle. From every window, from behind every corner and tree, smoke belched from the mouth of a Winchester. The last three or four Lewallens went down. A horse screamed; another struggled to his feet, and limped away with an empty saddle. Still another was rolling with his rider on the ground; two of the fallen men sprang into safety behind a house, and one lay still, with his arms stretched out, and his face in the dust.

From behind barn, house, and fence the Lewallens gave back a scattering fire; but the Stetsons crept closer, and were plainly in greater numbers. Old Jasper was being surrounded, and he mounted again, and all, followed by a chorus of bullets and triumphant yells, fled for a wooded slope in the rear of the court-house. A dozen Lewallens were prisoners, and must give up or starve. There was savage joy in the Stetson crowd, and many-footed rumor went all ways that night.

Despite sickness and Rome's strict order, Isom had ridden down to the mill. Standing in the doorway, he and old Gabe saw up the river, where the water broke into foam over the ford, a riderless gray horse plunging across. Later it neighed at a gate under Wolf's Head, and Martha Lewallen ran out to meet it. Across under Thunderstruck Knob, that night, the old Stetson mother listened to Isom's story of the fight with ghastly joy in her death-marked face.

XI.

ALL night the court-house was guarded and on guard. At one corner of the square Rufe Stetson, with a few men, sat on watch in old Sam Day's cabin — the fortress of the town, built for such a purpose, and used for it many times before. The prisoners, too, were alert, and no Stetson ventured into the open square, for the moon was high; an exposure anywhere was noted instantly by the whistle of a rifle-ball, and the mountaineer takes few risks except under

stress of drink or passion. Rome Stetson had placed pickets about the town wherever surprise was possible; and all night he patrolled the streets to keep his men in such readiness as he could for the attack that the Lewallens would surely make to rescue their living friends and to avenge the dead ones.

But the triumph was too great and unexpected. Two Baytons were dead; several more were prisoners with young Jasper in the court-house; and drinking began.

As the night deepened without attack, the Stetsons drank more, and grew reckless. A dance was started. Music and "moonshine" were given to every man who bore a Winchester. The night was broken with drunken yells, the random discharge of fire-arms, and the monotone of heavy feet. The two leaders were helpless; the inaction of the Lewallens puzzled them. Chafed with anxiety, they kept their eyes on the court-house or on the thicket of gloom where their enemies lay. But the woods were as quiet as the pall of shadows over them. Once Rome, making his rounds, saw a figure crawling through a field of corn. It looked like Crump's, but before he could fire, the man rolled like a ball down the bushy bank to the river. An instant later some object went swiftly past a side-street — somebody on horseback. A picket fired an alarm. The horse kept on, and Rome threw his rifle on a patch of moonlight; but when the object flashed through, his finger was numbed at the trigger. In the moonlight the horse looked gray, and the rider was seated sidewise. A bullet from the court-house clipped his hat-brim as he ran recklessly across the street to where Steve Marcum stood in the dark behind old Sam's cabin.

"Jim Hale 'll git him as he goes up the road," said Steve, calmly — and then with hot impatience, "Why don't he shoot?"

Rome started forward in the moonlight, and Steve caught his arm. Two bullets hissed from the court-house, and he fell back.

A shot sounded from the bushes far away from the road. The horse kept on, and splashed into Troubled Fork, and Steve swore bitterly.

"Hit ain't Jim. Hit 's thet mis'able Bud Vickers; 'n' he 's been a-standin' guard out'n the bushes 'stid o' the road. Thet was a spy, I tell ye, 'n' the coward let him in and let him out. They 'll know now we 're all drunk! Whut 's the matter?"

Rome's mouth was half open. He looked white and sick, and Steve thought he had been hit, but he took off his hat.

"Purty close!" he said, with a laugh, pointing at the bullet-hole through the brim, and Steve, unsuspicious, went on. "Hit was a spy, I tell ye. Bud was afeerd to stan' in the road, 'n' I 'm goin' out thar 'n' twist his neck. We 've got 'em, Rome! I tell ye, we 've got 'em! Ef we kin git through this night, and git the boys sober in the morning — we 've got 'em sure!"

The night did pass in safety, darkness wore away without attack, and morning broke on the town in its drunken stupor. Then the curious silence of the Lewallens was explained. The rumor came that old Jasper was dead, and it went broadcast. Later, friends coming to the edge of the town for the bodies of the dead Lewallens confirmed it. A random ball had passed through old Lewallen's body in the wild flight for the woods. During the night he had spent his last breath in a curse against the man who fired it.

Then each Stetson, waked from his drunken sleep, drank again when he heard of the death. The day bade fair to be like the night, and again the anxiety of the leaders was edged with fear. Old Jasper dead and young Jasper a prisoner, the chance was near to end the feud. There would be no Lewallen left to lead their enemies. But again, they were well-nigh helpless. Already they had barely enough men to guard their prisoners. Of the Marcums, Steve alone was able to handle a Winchester. Outside the sounds of the carousal were in the air and growing louder. In a little while, if the Lewallens but knew it, escape would be easy, and the Stetsons could be driven from the town.

"Oh, they know it," said Steve. "They 'll be a-whoopin down out o' them woods purty soon, 'n' we 're goin' to ketch it. I 'd like to know mighty well who that spy was last night. That cussed Bud Vickers says it was a harnt, on a white hoss, with long hair flyin' in the wind, 'n' thet he shot plumb through it. I wish I 'd hed a chance at it."

Still, noon came again without trouble, and the imprisoned Lewallens had been twenty-four hours without food. Their ammunition was getting scarce. The firing was less frequent, but the watch was as close as ever. Twice a Winchester had sounded a signal of distress. All knew that a response must come soon; and come it did. A picket, watching the river road, saw young Jasper's horse coming along the dark bushes far up the river, and brought the news to the group standing behind old Sam's cabin. The gray galloped into sight, and, skirting the woods, came straight for the town — with a woman on his back. The stirrup of a man's saddle dangled on one side, and the woman's bonnet had fallen from her head. Some one challenged her.

"Stop, I tell ye! Don't ye go near thet court-house! Stop, I tell ye! I 'll shoot! Stop!"

Rome ran from the cabin with a revolver in each hand. A drunken mountaineer was raising a Winchester to his shoulder. Springing

from the back of the gray at the court-house steps was Martha Lewallen.

"I 'll kill the fust man that lifts his finger to hurt the gal," Rome said, knocking the drunken man's gun in the air. "We hain't fightin' women!"

It was too late to oppose her, and the crowd stood helplessly watching. No one dared approach, and, shielding with her body the space of the opening door, she threw the sack of food within. Then she stood a moment talking, and, turning, climbed to her saddle. The gray was spotted with foam, and showed the red of his nostrils with every breath as, with face flushed and eyes straight before her, she rode slowly toward the crowd. What was she about? Rome stood rigid, his forgotten pistols hanging at each side; the mouth of the drunken mountaineer was open with stupid wonder; the rest fell apart as she came around the corner of the cabin, and, through the space given, rode slowly, her skirt almost brushing Rome, looking neither to the right nor to the left; and when she had gone quite through them all, she wheeled and rode, still slowly, through the open fields toward the woods which sheltered the Lewallens, while the crowd stood in bewildered silence, looking after her. Yells of laughter came from the old court-house. Some of the Stetsons laughed also, some swore, a few grumbled; but there was not one who was not stirred by the superb daring of the girl, though she had used it only to show her contempt.

"Rome, you 're a fool; though, fer a fac', we can't shoot a woman; 'n' anyways I ruther shoot her than the hoss. But lemme tell ye, thar was more 'n sump'n to eat in thet bag! They air up to some dodge."

Rufe Stetson had watched the incident through a port-hole of the cabin, and his tone was at once jesting and anxious.

"Thet grub won't last more 'n one day, I reckon," said the drunken mountaineer. "We 'll watch out fer the gal nex' time. We 're boun' to git 'em one time or t' other."

"She rid through us to find out how many of us was n't dead drunk," said Steve Marcum, still watching the girl as she rode on toward the woods; "'n' I 'm a-thinkin' they 'll be down on us purty soon now, 'n' I reckon we 'll have to run fer it. Look thar, boys!"

The girl had stopped at the edge of the woods; facing the town, she waved her bonnet high above her head.

"Well, whut in the—" he said with slow emphasis, and then he leaped from the door with a yell. The bonnet was a signal to the beleaguered Lewallens. The rear door of the court-house had been quietly opened, and the prisoners were out in a body, and scrambling over the fence before the pickets could give an alarm. The sudden yells, the crack of Winchesters, startled even the revelers; and all who could, headed by Rome and Steve Marcum, sprang into the square, and started in pursuit. But the Lewallens had got far ahead, and were running in zigzag lines, to dodge the balls flying after them. Half way to the woods was a gully of red clay, and into this the fleetest leaped, and turned instantly to cover their comrades. The Winchesters began to rattle from the woods, and the bullets came like rain from everywhere.

"T-h-up! T-h-up! T-h-up!" there were three of them — the peculiar soft, dull, messages of hot lead to living flesh. A Stetson went down, another stumbled, and another. Rufe Stetson, climbing the fence, caught at his breast with an oath, and fell back. Rome and Steve dropped for safety to the ground. Every other Stetson turned in a panic, and every Lewallen in the gully leaped from it, and ran under the Lewallen fire for shelter in the woods. The escape was over.

"Thet wuz a purty neat trick," said Steve, wiping a red streak from his cheek. "Nex' time she tries thet, she 'll git herself into trouble."

At nightfall the wounded leader and the dead one were carried up the mountain, each to his home; and there was mourning far into the night on one bank of the Cumberland, and, serious though Rufe Stetson's wound was, exultation on the other. But in it Rome could take but little part. There had been no fault to find with him in the fight. But a reaction had set in when he saw the girl flash in the moonlight past the sights of his Winchester, and her face that day had again loosed within him a flood of feeling that drove the lust for revenge from his veins. Even now, while he sat in his own cabin, his thoughts were across the river where Martha, broken at last, sat at her death vigils. He knew what her daring ride that day had cost her, with old Jasper dead out there in the woods; and as she passed him he had grown suddenly humbled, shamed. He grew heartsick now as he thought of it all; and the sight of his mother on her bed in the corner, close to death as she was, filled him with bitterness. There was no help for him. He was alone now, pitted against young Jasper alone. On one bed lay his uncle — nigh to death, There was the grim figure in the corner, the implacable spirit of hate and revenge. His rifle was against the wall. If there was any joy for him in old Jasper's death, it was that his hand had not caused it, and yet — God help him — there was the other cross, the other oath.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

John Fox, Jr.

A DREAM.

I HAD a dream of Love.
It seemed that, on a sudden, in my heart
A live and passionate thing leaped into being
And conquered me. 'T was fierce and terrible,
And yet more lovely than the dawn, and soft,
With a deep power. It roused a longing
To do I know not what — to give — ah yes!
More than myself! and failing that — to die —
(If only death were harder) could it make
One moment happier for that other soul.
This was the dream — but what is Love itself?

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

PRESENT-DAY PAPERS.

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THE ATTACK ON THE SENATE.

RELATION OF THE STATES TO THE UNITED STATES.

THAT a government theoretically founded upon the rights of man, and on the hypothesis that the object of life is the pursuit of happiness, could exist for more than a century, and be stronger than it was at the beginning, requires some explanation. For, logically, Mazzini is right in expecting that a government so founded would end in despotism or anarchy.

In commenting on the French Revolution he says: "The political theory which dominated alike the great achievements and the great legislative manifestations of that revolution was the theory of Rights; the moral doctrine which promoted and perpetuated it was the materialistic doctrine which has defined life as a search after happiness on earth. The first inaugurated the sovereignty of the Ego; the second inaugurated the sovereignty of Interests. . . .

"The rights of different individuals, or of different orders of society, when neither sanctified by sacrifice fulfilled, nor harmonized and directed by a common faith in a providential moral law, will sooner or later come into collision and lead to reciprocal shock; and each reassertion of such rights will wear the aspect of war and hatred. The absence of a law of duty, supreme over all rights, and to which all can therefore appeal, gradually and inadvertently leads men to the acceptance of *les faits accomplis;* success is gradually taken for the sign and symbol of legitimacy, and men learn to substitute the worship of the Actual for the worship of the True; a disposition which is shortly after transformed into the adoration of Force." And Force, says Mazzini, is in France translated into "administrative centralization."

And again: "The error of the French Revolution was not the abolition of monarchy. It was the attempt to build up a republic upon the theory of Rights, which, taken alone, inevitably leads to the acceptance of *les faits accomplis;* upon the sovereignty of the Ego, which leads us, sooner or later, to the sovereignty of the strongest Ego; upon the essentially monarchical methods of extreme centralization, intolerance, and violence — upon that false definition of life of which I have spoken above [of well-being as the aim of life], given by men educated

by monarchy, and inspired by a materialism which, having canceled God, had left itself nothing to worship but Force."

This government has not only endured for a century, but it has been steadier than any of the great powers existing at the time of its birth; it has changed less in form, and been subject to fewer fluctuations, and it has shown itself quite as adaptable as any of them to meet the changes in modern society. These changes have been so universal and deep as to affect all existing institutions. They are not alone the result of inventions which have revolutionized labor, production, distribution, and intercourse round the globe, but of the new spirit of this era, namely, that of associated humanity, which seems to be the providential and logical sequence of the extreme development of individualism in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. These associations are many of them only an enlargement and continuation of the struggle for rights, the conflict of classes, the formation of hostile camps; but the very fact of association, though selfish in motive, is a recognition of the interdependence of men, and in its way a dim perception that there are duties as well as rights in the social state. The United States has not only borne the strain of this revolution in modern life with quite as little disturbance of its fundamental economy as any other nation, but it has shown an elasticity and adaptability in it that is of good promise for the future.

This is the more remarkable, and the more requiring explanation, considering that we came into national being in the epoch in which individualism came to its extreme exposition in the French Revolution, when the very air was hot with the rights of man, and all minds were given up to a dream of well-being in *laissez-faire;* it requires explanation the more because we have not remained stationary with a territory and a population small and easily handled. We have increased our territory from a narrow strip on the Atlantic to the dimensions of a continent, and our population from three millions and a half to sixty millions, and meantime have been trying to assimilate a greater diversity of races, languages, and religious and irreligious conceptions than ever before were thrown together into a forming nation in the same space of time.

What is the secret of the stability and development of the United States?

It is a truism to say that no nation was ever made, out of hand, by statesmen in a closet, nor was any enduring government ever created by politicians. It is a growth, a perfectly logical growth, out of a past, and no form of government worthy the name is without traditions. The American Revolution did not create anything; it severed our connection with Great Britain, and left us free to continue our historic development. Courage and action were stimulated doubtless by a solid as well as a rhetorical consideration of the rights of man. The Declaration put these into a proclamation which was a trumpet-call throughout the world. But the Revolution over, separation attained, the instinct of nationality on historic lines began to construct not only a *modus vivendi*, but a permanent form of national life in the most practical and businesslike manner, without the slightest reference to the *doctrinaire* propositions of the Declaration of Independence.

This, then, is the first word of explanation of the perpetuity of a government popularly supposed, especially by foreign observers, to be founded on the doctrine of the rights of man and the pursuit of happiness. It was not built on phrases. Even so sympathetic an observer as Mazzini did not apprehend our political discovery, nor the freedom of development in our double political state, which in a manner corrects the tendencies of that theoretical American school "which [he says] makes of the individual the center of all things; and by its doctrine that the law is atheist, and its belief in the sovereignty of rights and interests, instils materialism, individualism, egotism, and contradiction into the minds of men."

How early a national consciousness was defined and diffused among the independent colonies, become sovereign States, it may not be possible to determine. On June 21, 1783, Congress in the city of Philadelphia was threatened by "armed soldiers in the service of the United States." This was more than two months before the recognition of our independence by Great Britain in the Treaty of Versailles, and more than four years before the adoption of the Federal Constitution. In view of the peril to Congress, a proclamation was issued summoning the delegates to meet at Princeton on June 26:

BY HIS EXCELLENCY, ELIAS BOUDINOT, ESQUIRE.

President of the United States in Congress assembled.

A PROCLAMATION:

Whereas, a body of armed soldiers in the service of the United States, and quartered in the Barracks of this city, having mutinously renounced their obedience to their officers, did, on Saturday the twenty-first day of this instant, proceed, under the direction of their Sergeants, in a hostile and threatening manner, to the place in which Congress was assembled, and did surround the same with guards. And whereas Congress, in consequence thereof, did on the same day, resolve,

"That the President and Supreme Executive Council of the State should be informed, that the authority of the United States having been, that Day, grossly insulted by the disorderly and menacing appearance of a body of armed Soldiers, about the Place within which Congress was assembled; and that the Peace of this City

being endangered by the mutinous disposition of the said Troops then in the Barracks; it was, in the opinion of Congress, necessary, that effectual Measures should be immediately taken for supporting the public Authority:" And also whereas Congress did at the same time appoint a committee to confer with the said President and Supreme Executive Council on the practicability of carrying the said Resolution into due effect: And also whereas the said Committee have reported to me, that they have not received satisfactory assurances for expecting adequate and prompt exertions of this State for supporting the Dignity of the federal Government. And also whereas the said Soldiers still continue in a state of open Mutiny and Revolt, so that the Dignity and Authority of the United States would be constantly exposed to a repetition of Insult, while Congress shall continue to sit in this City, I do therefore, by and with the advice of the said Committee, and according to the Powers and Authorities in me vested for this Purpose, hereby summon the honorable the Delegates composing the Congress of the United States, and every of them, to meet in Congress on Thursday, the Twenty-Sixth day of June instant, at Princeton, in the State of New Jersey, in order that further and more effectual Measures may be taken for suppressing the present Revolt, and maintaining the Dignity and Authority of the United States, of which all Officers, of the United States, civil and military, and all others whom it may concern, are desired to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, this Twenty-Fourth Day of June, in the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three, and of the Sovereignty and Independence of the United States the seventh.

ELIAS BOUDINOT.

Attest
SAMUEL STERETT, *private secretary*.

[NOTE. This proclamation is printed, except that in the last line "our" is erased and "the" written in before the word Sovereignty, and "of the United States" is written in after the word Independence.—C. D. W.]

The proclamation began with this title: "By His Excellency Elias Boudinot, Esquire. President of the United States in Congress assembled." It contained the phrases, "supporting the Dignity of the federal Government," "the Dignity and Authority of the United States," "all Officers of the United States, civil and military," and was dated as "of the Sovereignty and Independence of the United States the seventh" year.

If a document of this importance and notoriety, assuming the style of "President of the United States in Congress assembled," and using as comprehensible and descriptive such terms as "Dignity of the federal Government" and "Authority of the United States," passed without contemporary challenge, there must have been at least a tacit conception of nationality such as these terms imply. This is, however, a minor consideration in view of the historic consciousness in the colonies that they were set apart from the rest of the world, and were so far one that the main business of the Constitution of 1787 was to form them into "a more perfect Union."

When the convention of 1787 came together it had in hand the practical business of putting in shape a national idea, already well grown, and which could be fulfilled only in one way—that is, in a political system which should present it as a unit to the other nations of the world. It was probably not much concerned with theories, either of rights or of duties. It had to deal with facts, and these facts compelled it to construct the best political machine which had ever been devised. I am speaking here of politics in its lower sense, of a political machine which is able to keep in motion and on the track, and which, so far as we can see, is giving as fair play as any other to the great ideas that are transforming the world, bringing in that high conception of God and the human race recognized, but not much lived, in the Christian formula of "Love God supremely, and thy neighbor as thyself." I believe, indeed, that no other form of government can so easily adapt itself to the coming political conception of worship and duty as ours.

Fortunately for the result, this national idea was confronted at the outset by another idea, just as firmly fixed in the consciousness of the colonies, now become States, as the need of federal union, and that was the consciousness of State autocracy and sovereignty. Neither could be surrendered. It was like the problem in mechanics of the meeting of an irresistible body with an immovable body; or like the dogmatic pillars of foreknowledge and free will. For union there must be concession and compromise. Now compromise of principle never settles anything; but compromise of methods, where the aim is the same, is the universal law of effective human action.

The result, in brief, was the organization of a kind of government absolutely new in the world. It was neither an Amphictyonic League nor a new dominion; it was not a confederation or a democracy; and if it could best be called a republic, it was a republic of a new type. Grouped around a national necessity, already having historic traditions and substance, was a congeries of sovereignties. The Constitution declared that the powers not delegated to the United States are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people. Both the surrender and the retention became not only parts of a bargain in a constitutional compact, but integral and necessary parts of the system of government itself. That which was surrendered—and it may be larger than at the time supposed—can never be recalled, and that retained can never be absorbed by the central authority without a fundamental change in the form of government—a form on which we are justified by the experience of a century in basing our expectation of the perpetuity of

the national entity which we call the United States. The portion of sovereignty retained is as essential as the portion surrendered to the perpetuity of the central authority.

Into the nature of the growth and the organization there entered a certain elasticity. It is fortunate that from the outset different views were taken of the Constitution. This fact gave play to the centrifugal and centripetal forces, to the conservatism and the radicalism that are the necessary constituents of every vital human society or government. This conflict of views badly strained the government in our civil war; but better that conflict and strain than the death involved in an absolute acquiescence in the sole sovereignty of the Federal Nationality on the one hand, or of the sole sovereignty of the individual States on the other.

The lesson of the war, to those who can see straight and think clearly, is that we cannot have an indestructible Union except of indestructible States — that is to say, that the life of the Union is in the life of the States.

The resistance to Federal centralization, that impairs the retained dignity and privileges of the States, is not a criticism upon our Federal government as it stands in its constitutional limits. The Federal government is to-day better administered than any State government, in regard to financial integrity, and freedom from bribery, and the undue influence of powerful corporations. But one reason why it is so is found in the liberty of diverse action in the freedom of the individual States. The peculiar double government gives room for experiment, for ambition in many arenas, and saves us many a time from what would be irreparable failures if tried in an absorbing centralization. Our system from top to bottom allows immense play for the vagaries as well as for the wisdom of men; in this way the States save the Federal government, and the towns save the States. Individual initiative, which might be fatal in a consolidated government, is comparatively harmless in one in which powers and duties are so distributed.

The forces which make for progress in humanity continually swing backward and forward. It is a continual fight to keep or restore the equilibrium. In this present moment of our national life the struggle must be to preserve to the States their territorial integrity, their dignity, their equality as States in the Federal union. If the theory is correct as to the two forces that make our peculiar national life, there can be no doubt that there is danger in the impairment of either of these forces. In a historic and true sense the Federal government was a growth inevitable in the circumstances, but the States ratified the Constitution. There can be no dispute about this origin, and the origin determines forever the relation. The form of government can be changed, but it can be changed, except by revolution, only by the action of the States in the manner that they prescribed in the Constitution.

It seems to me that these simple statements cannot be made any plainer by argument and illustration. Accepting them as true as to the nature of our government, the practical question is, Whether the government would be better suited to the conditions of the people of the territory of the United States if the power and dignity of the States were abased, and the Federal authority grasped continually — for power grows by exercise — new authority and right of interference in State affairs. It is a very practical question, and vital. We are yet far from being a homogeneous people. Our territory embraces all climates, soils, industries, productions, with the consequent diversity of interests. In all these respects no two countries of Europe are more dissimilar than Maine and Louisiana, Florida and Minnesota, or the Atlantic coast and the Pacific slope. Close inspection increases the appearance of dissimilarity; it extends to habits, social and political methods of action, institutions, all educational and economic matters, and the spirit of the popular life. Nothing else is so striking in our history as this development of distinct State characteristics, in spite of similar bills of rights and general laws. Nothing should be more gratifying to the statesman who believes in the American system than the strong State pride which springs up in it the moment a new State is organized, as vigorous as it exists in any of the original thirteen.

This diversity of State development has another important aspect. It tends to make the United States interesting, and all our energies and ambitions are comparatively fruitless unless they make an interesting world for us to live in. A great part of the charm of Italy, in the outcome of both art and character, is due to the free evolution of local peculiarities in the self-governing cities and states.

It is as clear as sunlight that the harmonious expansion of the United States nation would have been impossible without this State autonomy and pride, and free play for diverse interests and character in real local self-government; and that its perpetuity and destined further expansion, in soundness and integrity, will be impossible if central authority should absorb and dominate all important State action.

I know that it is the opinion of many who would call themselves practical statesmen, that the government has already vitally changed, that it is not at all that which the founders made, and that it is fortunate that it is not; for the original Constitution was not, they say, a

working instrument, in our unexpected growth, and in the influx of new ideas and methods in modern society. It is true that every government, whether it holds by a written instrument or by custom and tradition, unless it is dead or moribund, must grow and adapt itself to the spirit of its age. But it must grow according to its nature, and it must not lose sight of its aim. We can accept great changes with equanimity so long as we adhere to the vital principle of our government, that which distinguishes it from all others. The danger is — and it is our especial danger — that we put success in the place of merit, that the immediate seeming advantage assumes greater proportions than the traditional sense of right, that a sordid materialism obscures our conception of the very foundations of our prosperity, and that more and more we have an easy-going acquiescence in *les faits accomplis*, with scarcely a protest or a struggle for the violated principle.

So powerful is the Federal government when it can be got to throw its weight on one side, and so accessible is it to a log-rolling combination of different interests, that the temptation is very strong to invoke its interference. Notwithstanding State pride, materialism has so eaten away patriotism and manliness, the desire for quick success is so exigent, the hunger for uninterrupted trade and far-reaching financial combination is so pressing, that there is a growing impatience of State limitations, and even of State lines. The same impatience is exhibited by politicians,— not by all politicians, — whose chief aim is personal gain by party success, when they find the States individually not as manageable as they fancy a more democratic and consolidated government would be. Even the Federal authority itself, in the presence of certain exigencies, like the New Orleans Italian incident, feels cramped, and inclined to take or demand new powers in the affairs of the States, apparently forgetting for the moment that the vital system of our government is of more importance to us than the opinion of any foreign nation concerning it. And these hosts of well-meaning men who have schemes of uniformity and conformity,— many of them excellent, and which the separate States ought to adopt,— unable to get State action, or even to try seriously for it (take divorce as an illustration), are rushing to the Federal government for interference, disregarding the fact that the morale and character of the nation will suffer much more from an attack upon its vital distinctive nature than from bearing these inconveniences, serious as many of them are.

The indications of impatience with State autonomy, and even with State lines, are many. These are some of them:

A lack of delicacy in the Supreme Court in reaching into State conflicts, and too great readiness to take out a kink which it were much better for the State's honor that it should take out itself, at any inconvenience.

A demand, arising every four years, after the election, for a popular election of President, disregarding State lines.

The opinion that the small States should not have the same representation as the large States in the United States Senate, nor their senatorial weight in the electoral college. A practical illustration of this is the recent action of Michigan, voting to choose Presidential electors not on a State ticket, but by congressional districts, by which the weight of the State as a unit is lost. It is one of the vagaries of democracy. Originally in the formation of the government the democratic idea opposed a strong Federal union, and insisted upon greater reserved powers in the States; now the democratic idea seems to see its prosperity in an extension of Federal power, in centralization, and in weakening the weight of the States as units.

The abolition of the United States Senate altogether; as if this democratic representation of the States had any analogy whatever to the House of Lords, which represents an aristocracy.

The demand that the Federal government shall take larger control of education and agriculture, and according to some views become actually schoolmaster and farmer.

The demand that the government shall become the factor of productions, and that it shall push certain powers — like that to regulate interstate commerce — to any extent that greed and combination on the one hand, or agrarianism on the other, may dictate.

The demand for pecuniary relief and aid in every State emergency, as if the States were merely dependents on Federal bounty.

The statement of these proposals, in view of the principles here laid down, ought to be their refutation; for each one of them tends to lessen the dignity and importance of the States, and to cultivate that centralization which it is the glory of our American system to avoid. Of course none of these arguments affect those who desire, in place of our republic of republics, a vast democracy with an absolute centralized administration. It is the testimony of history that such governments have fallen into the grasp of the strongest hand, and then have disintegrated in confusion. Those who prophesy that this great nation cannot hold together, but must ultimately separate into East, South, West, and North fragments, contradict their fears only by their hope that the individual States, retaining their dignity and independence, will give full play to diversity of temperament and of interests.

If this conception of the nature of our government is the true one, the abolition of the Senate, or its change into a body representing population instead of States, would be a long step toward degrading the States and to removing the conservative element in our system; for the Senate, representing the States, is not merely a second chamber to check hasty legislation, but, chosen just as it is, an integral part of our peculiar government. The objections to the Senate at present are two: that it is an obstructive body, and that it is becoming a club of rich and incompetent men. As to obstruction, it can be said that the double chamber is the best safeguard against hasty, immature, and class legislation. If what is alleged against the character of the senators were true (as a matter of fact, comparatively few of them are rich[1]), the deterioration would not be due to the form of our government, but to our general false, materialistic conception of life. And the character of the senators will be raised by the appreciation of the dignity and importance of the individual States, as it will be lowered by a degradation of the States. In the effort to maintain the equilibrium in a nation of home-ruled communities, it becomes imperatively necessary for the States, and especially the small States, to put forward their best men to represent them. The elevation of the State idea, therefore, contributes to the national character and greatness. It is a question in government, as it is in literature, of ideals. If the ideal is materialistic, of success without merit, no form of government can long hinder national degeneration.

The discontent with the American system,— the sovereignties limited within a sovereignty limited,— so far as it is expressed in the efforts to give the Federal government increased control over the States, is not a reasoned dislike of home rule. It mainly comes from ignorance, from a misconception of the power of legislation to better all individual material conditions. It is an ancient illusion that a change in the form of government is pretty certain to be for the well-being of all citizens. A man is unsuccessful and poor; he is in debt; he can get no help from his neighbors, for they are also in debt; business is dull; crops are poor, or crops are abundant and the market low; no help in the town, in the country, in the State. In this stagnation the man fancies that there is somewhere a power that can put new life into his affairs. Naturally he thinks of the distant, powerful Federal government. This unknown, vague power appeals to his imagination. Why does not the Federal government do something? This cry came from the West not long ago in tones of irritation, if not of threatening. It was the cry of the wagoner to Jupiter when his cart was stalled in the mire. If the Federal government had not power enough to make agriculture, manufacturing, transportation, in short all business, prosperous, then give it more power. It was the duty of the Federal government to give everybody money, and to make every speculation profitable.

In all this the political conception of the strength of our government is lost sight of, and the moral conception of what makes a great nation is wholly obscured. A great nation is made only by worthy citizens, and the American system, shorn of its distinctive feature of States tenacious of their ungranted powers and full dignity, joins the experiments that have failed.

[1] There were 88 senators in the Congress of 1892. Of them 6 could be classed as millionaires; 16 others as rich or very well off, having fortunes of from $100,000 to say $700,000. The remainder of the 88 were of very moderate fortunes, and many of them could fairly be called poor.

Charles Dudley Warner.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the above paper was written, over two years ago, there have been some changes in the personnel of the United States Senate. There have been also new causes of popular irritation against it, as an obstructive body tied to inaction and impotency by its own rules, and by its own conception of senatorial courtesy. However well founded this irritation may be, it should be directed against the individual members, and the methods by which some of them are chosen, and not against the Senate as an institution. The preservation of the Senate, with its full constitutional powers, as an integral part of our peculiar form of government, was never more necessary than at the present time of wild populist and communist agitation and misconception. The Senate is no more a rich man's club than it was when this paper was written, though it contains members who would not be there if they had not been rich, and members who were elected by methods subversive of all pure and permanent government. Even granting everything that has been charged against the Senate, a case is made out for its reformation (in material) and not for its destruction, or for any impairment of its powers and dignity. And that is a matter which rests with the people of each State, acting as a State. If the Senate at any time lacks ability and integrity, that is because the States choose to send their inferior and untrustworthy men. The voters alone are to blame. No good government can exist with ignorant and corrupt voters.

C. D. W.

WHAT GERMAN CITIES DO FOR THEIR CITIZENS.

A STUDY OF MUNICIPAL HOUSE-KEEPING.

IN Germany the community, organized centrally and officially, is a far more positive factor in the life of the family or the individual than in America. The German municipal government is not to be sharply distinguished from the municipality, and the municipality is the aggregation of human beings and human interests included within the territorial boundaries that fix the community's area and jurisdiction. There are, in the conception of a German city government, no limits whatever to the municipal functions. It is the business of the municipality to promote in every feasible way its own welfare and the welfare of its citizens. This conception must be carefully distinguished from socialism, with which it seems to have much in common, although I could easily give a great number of illustrations to show how independent of each other the two things are.

The German city holds itself responsible for the education of all; for the provision of amusement, and the means of recreation; for the adaptation of the training of the young to the necessities of gaining a livelihood; for the health of families; for the moral interests of all; for the civilizing of the people; for the promotion of individual thrift; for protection from various misfortunes; for the development of advantages and opportunities in order to promote the industrial and commercial well-being; and incidentally for the supply of common services and the introduction of conveniences. The methods it employs to gain its ends are sometimes those advocated by the socialists, and sometimes they are diametrically opposite.

PUBLIC WORKS IN GERMAN CITIES.

IT is not strange that the American observer should at first be most impressed by the splendid efficiency of German city governments in the prosecution of public works and enterprises. This is largely due, of course, to the superb and continuous organization of the executive administration. The burgomaster is actually or virtually a life incumbent, and his magisterial associates who conduct the various departments either hold their places by life tenure or else upon terms practically as permanent. The city council, representing the people's will, is renewed by instalments. The terms are long, and reëlections are so usual that the personnel of the body is transformed very slowly, and nothing like an abrupt or capricious change of policy is ever to be feared. Consequently it is possible to make long plans, to proceed without haste, to distribute burdens through periods of years, to consult minute economies, and to make an even, symmetrical progress that has far more of tangible achievement to show for every half decad than could be possible under our spasmodic American methods. A German city, let us say, decides to have well-paved streets, and to modernize its whole thoroughfare system. It proceeds to learn everything that can possibly be known about street-making. The effect of its immediate climatic conditions upon different kinds of materials is studied theoretically and experimentally. The municipal department of public works does not move a step until every detail of the problem from the engineering and from the financiering standpoint has been thoroughly solved.

All over Germany these departments are busy carrying out the mandates of their respective municipalities, and creating on permanent lines the material attributes of the well-ordered modern city. Nothing is hurried, yet nothing seems to lag when once begun. Street systems are rectified. New suburbs are judiciously laid out. Here a new water-supply, introduced from high sources, employs engineers, architects, and conduit-builders. In another city new sewers are in progress, on a plan for the complete and final drainage of the place. River frontages are undergoing magnificent improvement for purposes of water-traffic. Gas-works, electric plants, market-houses, public abattoirs, school-buildings, epidemic hospitals, bridges, wharves, subways, or whatever else the expanding requirements of the municipality may ordain — all are under construction by methods that insure the highest utility and the greatest permanence. All goes on with a combination of close economy and generous foresight such as no other nation has ever exhibited.

THE MODERNIZING OF BERLIN.

BERLIN'S new era of municipal progress may be said to date from 1861. In that year it annexed considerable suburban territory. The old city walls were torn down to give free communication with the new quarters. The emperor William I. came to the Prussian throne in 1861, and his accession marked the beginning of a

liberal policy on the part of the state toward the city of Berlin. The new *rath-haus* (city hall) was begun in that year. Prussia's advance among European powers gave Berlin an ambition to rival Paris. The influence of the Haussmann transformation of Parisian streets was felt in the German capital. The successive wars and Prussian victories of 1864, 1866, and 1870–71, ending with the formation of the German empire and the designation of Berlin as its capital, enormously stimulated the municipal life. A policy of bold initiative was entered upon. Boulevards were constructed, and the new suburbs were handsomely laid out. The royal government had always controlled the inner street-system,— together with the paving, the drainage, the Spree navigation, and the bridges,— and had allowed a private company to furnish the water-supply. A private company also controlled the gas-supply. Education was largely in private or clerical hands. But the awakened municipality acquired from the general government in 1874 the control of the streets, and set about reforming them. It entered upon projects of widening and straightening lines of main thoroughfare, and of laying good pavements. The process has gone on steadily to this day, with magnificent results. The city acquired control of the shallow and sluggish Spree, embanked it with massive walls, flanked it with broad stone quays, dredged it for heavy traffic, and replaced its old wooden bridges with modern structures of stone and steel.

In 1873 the municipality acquired control of the water-supply, and at once proceeded to create a new and improved system. It also determined to abandon the growingly dangerous practice of draining the city sewage into the diminutive Spree; and it entered not only upon a marvelous system for the disposal of sewage, but also proceeded, in the interest of the public health, to create a great series of sanitary institutions, including municipal slaughter-houses and market-halls, hospitals for infectious diseases, unified arrangements for public and private cleansing, and systematic inspection of food, houses, and all conditions affecting the public health. The beginnings of the municipal gas manufacture had dated from about 1870, and the success of the experiment led to very great enlargements in 1875. Meanwhile, education had been municipalized with an energy and thoroughness perhaps unprecedented anywhere. Manufactures and railways had been encouraged, and technical and practical education had been so arranged as to promote Berlin's development as a center of industry. Parks, recreation-grounds, and gymnastic establishments were provided for the people. Housing was at length brought under municipal regulations of a very strict character, in the interest of the working-masses; and an excellent and comprehensive system of street-railways was devised — under municipal inspiration, though under private management — for the better facilitation of local transit, and the wider distribution of the rapidly growing population. Berlin is about four times as large as it was in 1860, and the immense influx of people, chiefly of the working-classes, has been received and accommodated with an ease that seems nothing short of magical.

BERLIN'S WATER-SUPPLY AND DRAINAGE.

THE sanitary authorities at Berlin have led the world in recent inquiries into the relation of water-supply to public health, and the character of the service rendered by the Berlin waterworks is constantly improving. Science has triumphed notably over natural difficulties, and the municipality will be able, in developing the service, to keep pace with the demand. When the Berlin authorities decided to establish a metropolitan water-supply, they also determined upon another and still greater undertaking. They perceived that the modern city requires, as the complement of a good system of pure water distributed through every street and every building, an equally good system of house-drainage and of sewage-removal and -disposition. The modern ideal is a strong, pure volume of water, derived from sure and constant sources that are beyond danger of pollution, forced by ample pressure through a network of mains and pipes penetrating every abode, and then, contaminated by use and saturated with refuse from closets, kitchens, and street-drainage, collected again, and carried off in sewage tunnels to some safe destination.

Berlin had drained into the Spree, and had used vaults for solid waste instead of the modern all-receiving sewers. Good drainage was as necessary as good water, and the permanent discharge of unpurified sewage into the Spree was out of the question. Artificial purification, and the manufacture of fertilizers from the precipitated solids, would have been possible; but Berlin wisely adopted the better plan of natural purification by the irrigating of land. Immense research was bestowed upon the subject, with the result that the Berlin drainage is the most perfect in the world, and, so far as physical forms and conditions are concerned, is unquestionably that city's most notable achievement in municipal housekeeping. The city was divided into twelve drainage districts, called "radial systems," the divisions being arranged upon topographical considerations. The sewers of each district were to converge at a common center, at which would be located a receiving-

basin and steam pumping-works. A tunnel was to connect each of these district centers with the reservoirs and pumping-works of a sewage-farm some miles distant.

THIRTY SQUARE MILES OF SEWAGE-FARMS.

EXCEPTING for some thinly populated outskirts, all the houses of Berlin are now connected with the new drainage-works, which are carrying annually from 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 cubic meters of sewage to be distributed by scientific irrigation over the surface of municipal farms having an aggregate extent of more than 20,000 acres, or upward of thirty square miles. Additional land has been bought from time to time. It is interesting to note that a city the municipal limits of which include only twenty-five square miles should have acquired an outside domain of thirty square miles as a place for the discharge of its liquid waste. The Berlin sewage-farms were tracts of rather poor and sandy soil; but land is not very cheap in the vicinity of so great a city, and the purchase-money reached about 15,000,000 marks. An additional 15,000,000 marks had been spent prior to 1893 in laying out the farms, trenching and tiling them for irrigation purposes, and equipping them with the necessary buildings and improvements. At that time there had been expended upon the radial system in Berlin and the discharging-tunnels about 65,000,000 marks, making a total investment of nearly 100,000,000. With the further outlay to be made in completion of the system as a whole, the new Berlin sewage-works, including the farms and their improvements, may perhaps be said to constitute a 120,000,000-mark ($30,000,000) plant.

From an American point of view it is novel to consider a city's drainage-works as a self-sustaining or productive enterprise, like its waterworks and its gas-works; but it is in that light that Berlin regards it. Before the new system was introduced, the citizens had to pay for the removal of night-soil, etc. The city now charges a moderate sewage rate against all property that the system serves. The parts of the farms that have been brought under closest cultivation are already very profitable, although the net income from the entire thirty square miles does not yet pay the full interest on the investment, for purchase and improvement, of 30,000,000 marks. The fertilizing value of the sewage is so great, and the administration of the farms is so superb, that within a very few years the investment will have become enormously productive. On each of the farms are nurseries of young fruit-trees, and considerable areas of orchard have already begun to yield some fruitage. Prodigious crops of vegetables are grown, and the yield per acre of cereals and grass is similarly remarkable. Within a reasonable period the sewage-farms will have earned profits enough to pay back all that was invested in them, and eventually they will be a source of surplus income that will materially lessen the load of municipal taxation. Meanwhile, from the sanitary point of view, the system is an unqualified success.

HAMBURG'S NEW SYSTEM OF FILTERED WATER.

THE problems of water-supply and drainage —one or both — have in recent years forced themselves upon many other German cities besides Berlin. Hamburg's experience is especially worthy of note. The second city in the empire, with a population of 600,000, with great wealth, and vast shipping and commercial interests, Hamburg had long been aware of the need of a pure water-supply. Its situation in a flat region at the head of tidal water in the Elbe, had seemed to make necessary the continued use of the river water, in spite of its unwholesome condition. But Hamburg received a great impetus in all directions from its inclusion in the German Zollverein, a few years ago, and from the success of the joint municipal and imperial project of great harbor improvements. As had happened earlier in Berlin, a conjunction of political, commercial, and sanitary motives now stirred the Hamburg authorities to an unprecedented activity. A magnificent new city hall, to be opened this year, was entered upon as a symbol of the new municipal era. As the prime sanitary reform, it was determined to construct the greatest and most complete filtration plant in the world, to supply the city with an unlimited quantity of Elbe water purified to meet the severest tests of chemist or bacteriologist. The new works were under construction when the frightful cholera epidemic of 1892 swept away thousands of victims. It was demonstrated that the disease had been propagated through the use of Elbe water, and that filtration would remove the cholera germs. The new works were to have been ready for use in 1894; but by great effort they were completed and put into operation in May, 1893.

During last summer and autumn, the river water, when introduced into the subsidence basins and filters, contained millions of cholera germs to the cubic inch. As it emerged, and was supplied to the city, the water was as safe and wholesome as if it had been brought from high Alpine sources. The filtered water averted the return of the epidemic in 1893. So striking an object lesson in municipal health administration has never been presented before, and its effect will have been felt everywhere in Europe. Hamburg, meanwhile, is introducing various other sanitary reforms of great value.

REFORMED WATER AND DRAINAGE AT BRESLAU AND MUNICH.

BRESLAU, which ranks fifth in population among German cities, is one of the model municipalities. It lies on both banks of the river Oder, from which stream it pumps its water-supply. It has for some years successfully filtered the water, and it also has carried into full execution a system of modern sewers and *rieselfelder* (sewage-farms) which leaves little to be desired. The waterworks are a source of large net income to the city, and the farms, which are rented to tenants, seem also to be a profitable investment. The entire population is served by the waterworks, and all the house and street drains empty into the tunnels that discharge into the basins of the *riesel-felder*.

Munich had long suffered from an unenviable reputation throughout Europe for its high mortality rate, and particularly for the prevalence of malignant forms of typhoid fever. There were thousands of cases of fever every year, and the number of deaths from that cause alone was high in the hundreds, in some years exceeding a thousand. In 1883 a new water-supply from pure springs in the Alps was brought into Munich, tainted wells were closed, and the foul river water was superseded for drinking purposes. As soon as the new order of things had become fairly established, the yearly deaths from typhoid fever could almost be counted upon the fingers of one's two hands. The new water-supply of Munich was attended by other sanitary reforms, including improved sewers and the substitution of a magnificent municipal abattoir, with all modern conveniences and ample cattle-markets and yards, for about eight hundred small private slaughter-houses that had existed in different parts of the city. The introduction of Alpine water seemed a bold undertaking at the time but it has been an easy matter to make the works earn surplus profits after paying all expenses and providing for interest and sinking-fund. I should be glad if space allowed me to describe the improved water and drainage of Frankfort-on-Main and of smaller cities such as Brunswick and Dantzic.

STREET-CLEANING IN GERMANY.

CLEAN streets and alleys, and immaculate back yards, were certainly not conspicuously characteristic of German cities twenty years ago; but the recent improvements in water-supply and drainage, as well as in general sanitary administration, might naturally be expected to have the accompaniment of reformed cleansing arrangements. Moreover, clean streets had been made feasible by the smooth, new paving of roadways and sidewalks. As a rule, the streets of German cities are now kept in a state of enviable cleanliness. Berlin's thoroughfares are scrubbed and swept continually, under a system that is perfectly organized, and that costs less than $500,000 a year. It is a flexible system, which provides for the prompt increase of workmen in bad weather, and is never helpless in the presence of a sudden snow-fall. The central streets of all the leading German cities are thoroughly cleansed once a day, at night or very early in the morning, in addition to which "flying columns" of street-cleaners are on constant day duty to remove horse-manure and other accumulations. In the residence quarters of most German cities it is still the rule that street sweeping is an obligation that rests upon the property-owners or occupiers. Berlin, Dresden, Hamburg, Frankfort, and some smaller cities, provide a full municipal service, while in Leipsic, Cologne, Stuttgart, and other places, the cleansing is partly municipal and partly private.

So far as I am aware, Dresden is the most fastidiously clean of all the German cities. It extends the uniform daily cleansing to a large area. Berlin's district of daily cleansing is comparatively small; but the area the streets of which are swept from three to five times a week is large, and all the important outlying streets are well cleaned twice a week. If I should name the small sums for which Hamburg, Dresden, Bremen, Dusseldorf, Essen, and other cities obtain remarkably thorough and satisfactory results, I am afraid I should not be believed by American municipal authorities. Everywhere in Germany one notes the perfect organization of these services, and their rapid improvement as the standards of civilized life become more rigorous. The trend in Germany is toward a unified direct municipal service of street-cleansing, sprinkling, and garbage-removal; and, while much diversity of system exists at present, there is no failure in any large German town of that exercise of full municipal authority and responsibility which prescribes what shall be done, and sees that the prescription is carried out.

SUCCESS OF MUNICIPAL GAS-WORKS.

ABOUT two thirds of the larger German cities own and operate gas-works as municipal enterprises. The list of such cities numbers approximately thirty. Public lighting, under modern conditions, has grown to be a very extensive and necessary social service. Nearly a quarter of all the artificial light required by the denizens of many modern European cities is used in streets and public places. Obviously, the cities that reserve the gas-supply as a municipal monopoly are enabled to provide for public lighting at the lowest absolute cost of

manufacture. With the unlimited technical and administrative skill that they control, German cities are in my judgment at a distinct advantage over private corporations in the economical conduct of the gas business. The tendency of municipal ownership is, moreover, toward a more complete street-illumination, and a more thoroughly diffused private use of an article that is at once a civilizing agent and a police protection. As a monopoly enterprise it is of course easy to make the works pay good profits. The cities which are now supplied by private companies will probably, one after another, as franchise periods terminate, assume municipal control.

Meanwhile, most of these cities secure gas for public illumination at greatly reduced prices, and the cost to private consumers is strictly regulated. Munich is the largest of the cities that are supplied by a private company; and I remember at one time observing with satisfaction that the municipal laboratory of that city tests the illuminating power of the gas every day, in order to protect the citizens from an inferior quality. This Munich circumstance fairly illustrates the full municipal supervision that is exercised in Germany over the gas-supply, even when under private ownership. For the benefit of American cities entertaining the absurd delusion that there can be beneficial competition in the gas business, it should be remarked that only one of all the cities of Germany, namely, Frankfort-on-Main, has chartered rival private gas companies; and the price of gas is higher there than anywhere else in the country. Among the cities that own their own gas-works are Berlin, Hamburg, Breslau, Leipsic, Dresden, Cologne, Königsburg, Bremen, Dusseldorf, Nuremberg, Dantzic, Magdeburg, Chemnitz, Barmen, Stettin, and Brunswick. The principal ones supplied by private companies are Munich, Stuttgart, Frankfort-on-Main, Hanover, Strasburg, and Altona.

PUBLIC CONTROL OF ELECTRICAL PLANTS.

In the matter of municipalizing electricity, the German cities have moved somewhat slowly; but the marked tendency is toward the appropriation for the welfare of the community of all advantages and profits to be derived from the distribution of light and power from central electric stations. The governmental operation of telegraph and telephone lines, and the municipal supply of gas for lighting and for motors, would naturally have predisposed the German communities to a public control of such newer services as electric lighting and the electric distribution of power. Berlin is an exception to the rule, perhaps because the feasibility of public control was not so apparent when the Berlin Electrical Company obtained its franchise. The Berlin works were opened in 1886.

Hamburg's municipal plant was ready in 1889, and that city is peculiar among its German contemporaries, in the fact that it leases out both its gas-works and electrical works to be operated for it by a private contractor. Lubeck, Barmen, Königsberg, Metz, Darmstadt, and Duisburg were operating general municipal electrical works before the end of 1890. More recently, the five important cities of Breslau, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Altona, and Cassel have built municipal plants. And within a few months both Dresden and Stuttgart have decided to enter at once upon the same policy. Leipsic, on the other hand, has preferred a different arrangement, and has given a franchise to the Siemens & Halske Company, on terms regarded as specially favorable to the city and the public. The works are to be in operation in 1895, and at the end of the franchise period, which is a long one, they are to become municipal property without cost.

TERMS OF THE BERLIN ELECTRIC-WORKS FRANCHISE.

Although Berlin and Leipsic have given electric-light franchises to private companies, let no reader imagine that the interests of the municipalities and of the citizens were betrayed or left at any point unguarded. As an example of what is considered a suitable form of franchise in Germany, I wish I could quote the entire revised contract made in 1888 between the Berlin city authorities and the Berlin Electric Works Company. It defines the area within which the company may operate. It requires, under heavy penalties, that the area be fully provided with main wires within a brief period specified in the contract. As compensation for permission (not exclusive) to use the streets, it is agreed that the municipal treasury shall receive ten per cent. of the company's gross receipts, and, further, that whenever the company earns a net profit of more than six per cent. on its actual investment of capital, the city treasury shall receive twenty-five per cent. of such excess profits, in addition to its ten per cent. of the gross income. Still further, it is agreed that the company shall provide the magnificent electric illumination of Unter-den-Linden, together with that of the Potsdamer-platz and the Leipziger-strasse, with all expense of maintenance and attendance, at a price so low as to be nominal. Besides this, a special and favorable rate is provided for such further electric street-lighting as the municipality may desire. The city authorities retain the fullest rights of inspection both technical and financial, and all the company's affairs are open

to the knowledge of responsible public officials. The city requires the deposit of 250,000 marks as caution money, and holds the company down to the strictest rules in regard to the laying of wires and the breaking up of street or sidewalk surfaces. The company is required, moreover, to maintain a renewal fund equal to twenty per cent. of its invested capital, and this fund, in the form of Berlin municipal bonds, must be kept on deposit with the city magistrates. Accompanying the agreement was an official schedule of rates that the company was authorized to charge its private patrons. No departures from established rates can be made without consent of the city authorities. Finally, the municipality reserves the right to buy the entire plant and all its appurtenances at any time after October 1, 1895, upon a fair basis of valuation carefully provided for in the contract. The arrangement is the perfection of business lucidity and intelligence. What if New York, Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia had based all their grants of valuable municipal privileges in the past thirty years upon principles as sound as those that protect German municipal interests in contracts with quasi-public-supply corporations!

It would be interesting, if space allowed, to enter into details regarding German franchises to street-railway companies. It is enough, perhaps, to say that while the business of passenger transit in cities is far more highly developed and profitable here than in Germany, it is under incomparably closer municipal control there than here, and it is customary to pay all they are worth for privileges. Such payments in many cities are in the form of a tax of from 8 to 10 per cent. or more upon gross receipts.

THE HOUSING QUESTION AND THE BERLIN DEATH-RATE.

ALL thorough students of the problems of life in modern cities are now agreed that the housing of the people is the question that requires, from this time forth, the deepest consideration and the boldest and most serious treatment. It is a problem that has many phases. It was the unapproached excellence of their statistical work that enabled the Germans to grasp the social importance and pressing nature of this problem. Circumstances that I have recounted were, and are, causing their cities to grow very rapidly. The temptation was strong upon property-owners to make their tenement hives hold the largest possible swarms. Rear buildings were hastily run up to fill court-room spaces that ought to have been spared for necessary air and light.

German cities count and classify everything with a minuteness that Americans would think absurd. In fact, however, this statistical work is of all things the best service that German municipalities render to their citizens. It was about ten years ago that Berlin began to give the most exhaustive statistical attention to the relation of the housing of the people to their condition of health.

In 1885, in Berlin, it was found that 73,000 persons were living in the condition of families occupying a single room in tenement houses; 382,000 were living in houses (I mean by "house" the distinct apartments of a household) of two rooms; 432,000 occupied houses of three rooms; and 398,000 were quartered in the luxury of houses having at least four rooms. It was found that although the one-room dwellers were only one sixth as numerous as the three-room dwellers, their rate of mortality was about twenty-three times as high, and the actual number of deaths among them was four times as great. Compared with dwellers in houses of more than four rooms, the mortality of the one-room dwellers was at a thirty times greater rate. In a total population at that time of 1,315,000, the 73,000 people who lived in one-room tenement quarters supplied nearly half the entire number of deaths. Their death-rate per thousand for the year was 163.5, or about one sixth their entire number, while the two-room dwellers sustained a death-rate of only 22.5, the three-room dwellers escaped with the marvelously low rate of 7.5, and the well-to-do people, who had four or more rooms for their household, suffered by death only at the rate of 5.4 per thousand of population. We are wont to regard an annual city death-rate of from twenty to twenty-five per thousand of the total population as normal, and satisfactorily small. We have not, however, become accustomed to the minute analysis of such a rate, which might show that the respectable and "normal" average was made up of rates for different classes varying from 3 or 4 per thousand to 200 per thousand. Half the mortality of the Berlin one-room dwellers occurred in households where five or more persons occupied the one apartment.

SOME STATISTICAL REVELATIONS.

RESULTS of the more special inquiries set on foot in connection with the last census of Germany have within a few months become available, and some of them seem to me intensely interesting. For example, it is highly significant of the efficiency of recent municipal measures to find that the process of depopulating the congested districts in the heart of Berlin has fairly begun. Thus, while the city's total population within unchanged municipal boundaries has, in the five years from 1885 to 1890, in-

creased from about 1,300,000 to nearly 1,600,000, there has been a marked falling off in the five most central districts. In one there has been a loss of 178 families in every thousand. In two others the decline has amounted to 110 families in every thousand, or more than one tenth. Meanwhile the outer districts have grown enormously, two of them doubling their population in the five years. In general it may be said that the growth of Berlin's population has lately been concomitant with a movement from the center toward the suburbs that is proceeding at a higher velocity than the increase in total numbers. The new construction of houses conforms to the strict sanitary regulations to which I have referred, and to the broad and bold projects of the municipality for the control of population density in all the new neighborhoods.

Berlin's population as yet is almost wholly housed in tenement or apartment buildings. About half the inhabitants of the city now live in buildings containing not fewer than one hundred people. Such a system has its advantages and its disadvantages. It makes the distribution of water and gas easier, and renders perfect sewer-connections more feasible. Everything depends upon the question whether or not the building is a proper one of its kind. In 1885 about 120,000 Berliners lived in cellar or basement rooms. The actual number of such subterranean dwellers was about the same in 1890, but the relative number had decreased somewhat. It is the policy of the authorities to discourage or forbid as rapidly as possible the occupancy of unwholesome basements.

ONE-ROOM HOUSEHOLDS IN VARIOUS GERMAN CITIES.

BERLIN is not alone in the employment of measures to promote improved housing. All the other leading German cities have made similar statistical investigations, and most of them are endeavoring to reform the evils that they now fully comprehend. Breslau's population is the most seriously congested in all Germany, the number of one-room families being almost incredible. Including some forty thousand people who enjoy the privilege of a *zubehör* (a small unwarmed, closet-like appurtenance of a room), there were in 1885 not less than 150,000 people, out of a total Breslau population of 287,000, who lived in houses of only one warmable room. It should be remarked that besides the 73,000 Berliners who lived on the absolutely one-room family basis, there were 498,000 who had only one main living room per household, but were lifted somewhat above the status of the 73,000 by possessing the boon of one or two of those precious zubehör. Dresden appears to the visitor so spacious and lovely that it is hard to believe that its working-classes are huddled miserably into one-room tenement apartments. Yet it was true, in 1885, that 110,000 people out of a total Dresden population of 228,000 were living in the condition of families occupying one main room. Fortunately, most of these Dresden people were able to command the advantage of a zubehör, as a possible retreat from the otherwise absolute necessity of being born, eating, sleeping, suffering, and dying within the four walls of one stuffy room. Among the smaller cities, the housing conditions of Magdeburg and Görlitz have been notably bad. Considerably more than half of Magdeburg's population has belonged to the status of the one-room dwellers. Hamburg has housed a full quarter of its population on this dense plan, and its compact neighbor Altona has had to confess a much worse condition of affairs. Leipsic and Munich, the third and fourth cities of Germany, afford strikingly better accommodations for their working-people.

Happily, in all the cities the worst is already past. The conditions revealed in 1885 have led to municipal policies that are making appreciably for a better average quantity and quality of house room.

MUNICIPAL MEASURES AGAINST EPIDEMICS.

BERLIN'S sanitary system has been growing more and more perfect for many years. Isolation in crowded tenement-houses being practically impossible, the city has constructed, on the most elaborate scale, great hospitals for the treatment of all forms of epidemic malady. Disinfection stations also, fitted up with huge apparatus for the treatment of clothing, bedding, and various movables from homes where cases of infection have been found, are in constant use. Berlin has no further fear of inability to cope with any hitherto dreaded form of contagious or infectious disease, for its health-appliances are in readiness for the most dire emergency that experience has taught its medical and bacteriological experts to anticipate as possible. It has for many years enjoyed the services and advice of Professor Virchow as a member of the municipal government, and its health department is manned or immediately counseled by a brilliant array of scientific talent. Moreover, in the rank and file of the various sanitary services are many skilled, highly trained officials. Recent tests have shown that Berlin can defy even the cholera; and as for typhus, smallpox, and other dreaded scourges, they seem near the point of total extermination. Even consumption has been marked for governmental conquest by Germany's militant men of science.

Hamburg's sanitary equipment was sadly imperfect up to 1893, the bad water-supply being the grossly vulnerable point. I have already explained how that most grievous fault has been remedied. At the same time, the general service of cleansing and scavenging has been vastly improved; house-to-house sanitary inspection has become thorough; disinfection stations equal to those of Berlin have been established; hospital accommodations and transport facilities have been made well-nigh perfect; the official inspection of food-supplies has been rendered far more complete and rigid, and housing conditions have, as never before, been made a matter of municipal solicitude and regulation. A new era has begun for that great city. Munich, Dresden, Leipsic, and various other German cities, have established similarly complete services for the protection of their people against the epidemic spread of infection.

ABATTOIRS, MARKET-HALLS, AND FOOD INSPECTION.

THE great municipal central slaughter-house and cattle-market, superseding hundreds or thousands of private butcher-shops, and managed in such a way as to protect the public health, is now the rule in the cities of Germany.

It is also the German policy to bring under official oversight so far as possible all articles of ordinary food consumption. To this end the ancient custom of open public market-places is just now being metamorphosed into a marvelous modern system of vast municipal market-halls, erected in the populous quarters of the greater cities, and at a convenient central point in smaller places. Berlin has of late been adding rapidly to the number of its housed markets, and its debt on account of the recent cost of land and buildings for this one purpose has reached about 25,000,000 marks. The value of the total investment is considerably greater than the outstanding bonded indebtedness. It is the policy of the market-hall administration to rent stalls and stands on a purely commercial basis, and to make the business profitable. The markets are on an admirable financial footing, and already help to lighten rather than to increase the burdens of the general city treasury. There is perhaps no function that the German cities would more unanimously consider as belonging within the sphere of good municipal housekeeping than the anxious and aggressive oversight of the food-supply. This is a service that the private family, especially the poor family, cannot possibly secure on its own account. It is therefore proper that the authorities should intervene. The abattoir monopoly is conducted under rules requiring that it shall pay its way, but shall not earn profits.

A MODEL SYSTEM OF POOR-RELIEF.

FOR the care of the poor and the relief of all forms of distress, whether temporary or permanent, the German cities are superbly organized. The policy under which relief is administered has the advantage of being a national and uniform one. Thus, while the practical working of the policy belongs to the municipal administration, there is perfect harmony of method, not only throughout Prussia, but also throughout the whole German empire, with the exception of Bavaria and Alsace-Lorraine. Let us glance at the organization of Berlin, for example, as a typical city. There is a strong central department of the city government with a magistrate at its head, and with competent specialists and general advisers attached to it. But the practical work of relief is administered by about 250 local committees, the city being divided for purposes of poor-relief into that number of districts. Each district committee has attached to it, ex officio, a member of the municipal council, and a physician who has been appointed as the regular city physician for that neighborhood. In addition to these officers, the local committee contains from five to twelve citizens who reside in the district, and who have been appointed on the ground of character and trustworthiness.

To be designated a member of one of these local committees for the relief of the poor is regarded as a mark of respect, and is esteemed a substantial honor. It shows that a man has good standing with his neighbors, and also that he possesses the confidence and regard of the ruling authorities of Berlin. No man would dream of refusing to serve on such a committee. Moreover, refusal would carry with it the penalty of increased taxes, and, under certain circumstances, a suspension of civil and political privileges. No remuneration is attached to these appointments, and the duties connected with them are far from nominal, and may not be shirked. Each district is subdivided so that every citizen-member of the local committee is made responsible for a certain number of families and houses. He is expected to know the condition of his little parish. He is fully authorized to administer prompt relief in pressing cases, and is under obligation to examine thoroughly into all cases which require continued assistance.

Germany has not been satisfied, however, with the establishment of a more satisfactory method of poor-relief than any other country has put into practice. It has seemed to German administrators and philanthropists that the whole modern plan of public alms ought to be superseded by a system of publicly managed insurance against sickness, accidents, permanent invalidism, and the feebleness of old age

— a system aiming at nothing else than the ultimate abolition of poverty. Toward this ideal the Germans have been very bravely and creditably making their way for some years. The business of insurance against sickness has now for a decad or more been carried on by numerous German municipalities, in order to supplement the various relief funds of the trades-unions, and of the volunteer benefit-associations existing in the different wards and localities of all the larger German towns. It has been the policy both of the general government, and also of the municipal authorities, to encourage and protect in every way the formation of these neighborhood and trade societies for insurance against illness or accident. The system as a whole, whether municipal or otherwise, has had very great development throughout Germany; and at length the German empire has added the crowning touch by enacting a law for the insurance of the working-classes against the helplessness of old age.

THE MUNICIPALITY AS THE PEOPLE'S BANKER AND PAWNBROKER.

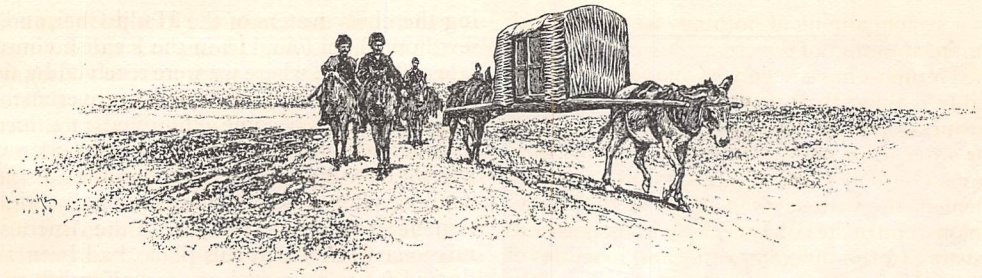
MUNICIPAL savings-banks are a venerable institution in Germany, and are to be found almost without exception in all the large towns of the empire. In most of the important German towns, the number of depositors in the publicly managed savings-banks considerably exceeds the whole number of families. The rules and methods of municipal savings-banks differ considerably in matters of detail. Most of them pay an interest of about three per cent. The convenience of depositors is served in the larger places by the maintenance of a great number of branch offices scattered through the different wards and neighborhoods. Thus the Berlin savings-bank system has seventy-five or more receiving offices, and the Hamburg system has about forty. Berlin has more than 400,000 depositors, with total deposits at the present time approaching 150,000,000 marks. The Hamburg deposits had passed the 100,000,000 point several years ago, and were rapidly growing in volume. Dresden makes the remarkable showing of nearly 200,000 outstanding depositors' books, with total deposits well exceeding 50,000,000 marks. Leipsic, Magdeburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Hanover, Königsburg, and Dusseldorf carry, in proportion to their population, marvelously large sums in the municipal savings-banks, distributed among very great numbers of depositors. Altona and Bremen show statistics almost incredible; and it would seem that in Aachen (Aix) almost every man, woman, and child in the city holds a bank-book.

Municipal pawnshops (*Leihhaüser*) are quite as general in the German cities as the municipal savings-banks. These, like the savings-banks, are a venerable institution in Germany. Thus the public loan-office of Augsburg dates from the year 1601; Nuremberg's was founded in 1618, and Hamburg's in 1650. Those of Dresden, Munich, Breslau, Frankfort-on-Main, and several smaller cities, are now more than a hundred years old. Berlin's was established just sixty years ago. Leipsic and Cologne began the business early in this century, as did Strasburg and a dozen other cities. On the other hand, a considerable number of the rapidly growing industrial centers of Germany have established municipal pawnshops as a part of the new municipal activities of the last ten or fifteen years. Experience has fully satisfied the German cities as to the feasibility, and the practical benefit to the poor, of an assumption by the municipality itself of the function of loan agent.

PRACTICAL TRAINING AS A MUNICIPAL TASK.

THE conception entertained in Germany of the community's duty toward the child is a broader one than that which prevails in our American cities. Every thoughtful man in the empire has recognized the fact that the industrial and commercial, as well as the military and political, future of Germany depends upon the universality of the best kind of education. The German cities have been trying to make their school systems fit the necessities of their population. They have made elementary education universal and compulsory. They have introduced much manual training and physical culture into their school courses, and are many years in advance of our American cities in adapting the quality of instruction to the practical ends that common-school education ought to serve. The fresh and practical character of popular education in German cities owes very much to the fact that, in addition to the permanent school-officials who supervise the entire educational system of any given municipality, there are numerous local school-boards upon which a great number of competent citizens are asked to serve. This service is required upon principles similar to those which call citizens of character to the work of administering poor-relief. Thus in Berlin there are some thousands of reputable citizens who are responsibly and intimately connected with the city's educational system. Here again we find a safeguard against the mechanical and perfunctory tendencies of routine officialism. I am sure that, so far as elementary education is concerned, our American cities have much to learn from the methods and results attained by German cities.

Albert Shaw.



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

THE CONVEYANCE OF A PERSIAN OFFICIAL TRAVELING IN DISGRACE TO TEHERAN AT THE CALL OF THE SHAH.

ACROSS ASIA ON A BICYCLE.

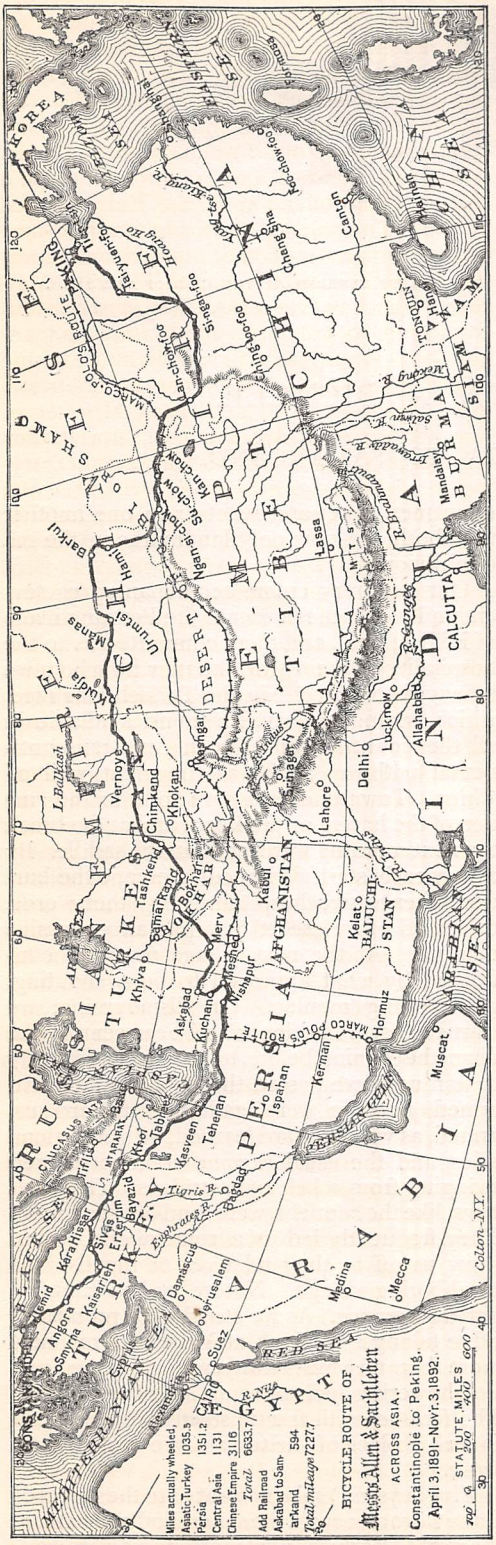
III. THROUGH PERSIA TO SAMARCAND.

"IT is all bosh," was the all but universal opinion of Bayazid in regard to our alleged ascent of Ararat. None but the Persian consul and the mutessarif himself deigned to profess a belief in it, and the gift of several letters to Persian officials, and a sumptuous dinner on the eve of our departure, went far toward proving their sincerity.

On the morning of July 8, in company with a body-guard of zaptiehs, which the mutessarif forced upon us, we wheeled down from the ruined embattlements of Bayazid. The assembled rabble raised a lusty cheer at parting. An hour later we had surmounted the Kazlee Gool, and the "land of Iran" was before us. At our feet lay the Turco-Persian battle-plains of Chaldiran, spreading like a desert expanse to the parched barren hills beyond, and dotted here and there with clumps of trees in the village oases. And this, then, was the land where, as the poets say, "the nightingale sings, and the rose-tree blossoms," and where "a flower is crushed at every step!" More truth, we thought, in the Scotch traveler's description, which divides Persia into two portions — "One desert with salt, and the other desert without salt." In time we came to McGregor's opinion as expressed in his description of Khorassan. "We should fancy," said he, "a small green circle round every village indicated on the map, and shade all the rest in brown." The mighty hosts whose onward sweep from the Indus westward was checked only by the Grecian phalanx upon the field of Marathon must have come from the scattered ruins around, which reminded us that "Iran was; she is no more." Those myriad ranks of Yenghiz Khan and Tamerlane brought death and desolation from Turan to Iran, which so often met to act and react upon one another that both are now only landmarks in the sea of oblivion.

Our honorary escort accompanied us several miles over the border to the Persian village of Killissakend, and there committed us to the hospitality of the district khan, with whom we managed to converse in the Turkish language, which, strange to say, we found available in all the countries that lay in our transcontinental pathway as far as the great wall of China. Toward evening we rode in the garden of the harem of the khan, and at daybreak the next morning were again in the saddle. By a very early start we hoped to escape the burden of excessive hospitality; in other words, to get rid of an escort that was an expensive nuisance. At the next village we were confronted by what appeared to be a shouting, gesticulating maniac. On dismounting, we learned that a harbinger had been sent by the khan, the evening before, to have a guard ready to join us as we passed through. In fact, two armed *ferashes* were galloping toward us, armed, as we afterward learned, with American rifles, and the usual *kamma*, or huge dagger, swinging from a belt of cartridges. These fellows, like the zaptiehs, were fond of ostentation. They frequently led us a roundabout way to show us off to their relatives or friends in a neighboring village. Nature at last came to our deliverance. As we stood on a prominent ridge taking a last look at Mount Ararat, now more than fifty miles away, a storm came upon us, showering hailstones as large as walnuts. The ferashes with frantic steeds dashed ahead to seek a place of shelter, and we saw them no more.

Five days in Persia brought us to the shores of Lake Ooroomeeyah, the saltest body of water in the world. Early the next morning we were wad-



ing the chilly waters of the Hadji Chai, and a few hours later found us in the English consulate at Tabreez, where we were received by the Persian secretary. The English government, it seemed, had become embroiled in a local love-affair just at a time when Colonel Stewart was off on "diplomatic duty" on the Russian Transcaspian border. An exceptionally bright Armenian beauty, a graduate of the American missionary schools at this place, had been abducted, it was claimed, by a young Kurdish cavalier, and carried away to his mountain home. Her father, who happened to be a naturalized English subject, had applied for the assistance of his adopted country in obtaining her release. Negotiations were at once set on foot between London and Teheran, which finally led to a formal demand upon the Kurds by the Shah himself. Upon their repeated refusal, seven thousand Persian troops, it was said, were ordered to Soak Boulak, under the command of the vice-consul, Mr. Patton. The matter at length assumed such an importance as to give rise, in the House of Commons, to the question, "Who is Katty Greenfield?" This, in time, was answered by that lady herself, who declared under oath that she had become a Mohammedan, and was in love with the man with whom she had eloped. More than this, it was learned that she had not a drop of English blood in her veins, her father being an Austrian, and her mother a native Armenian. Whereupon the Persian troopers, with their much disgusted leader, beat an inglorious retreat, leaving "Katty Greenfield" mistress of the situation, and of a Kurdish heart.

In Tabreez there is one object sure to attract attention. This is the "Ark," or ancient fortified castle of the Persian rulers. High on one of the sides, which a recent earthquake has rent from top to bottom, there is a little porch whence these Persian "Bluebeards," or rather Redbeards, were won't to hurl unruly members of the harem. Under the shadow of these gloomy walls was enacted a tragedy of this century. Babism is by no means the only heresy that has sprung from the speculative genius of Persia; but it is the one that has most deeply moved the society of the present age, and the one which still obtains, though in secret and without a leader. Its founder, Seyd Mohammed Ali, better known as Bab, or "Gate," promulgated the doctrine of anarchy to the extent of "sparing the rod and spoiling the child," and still worse, perhaps, of refusing to the ladies no finery that might be at all becoming to their person. While not a communist, as he has sometimes been wrongly classed, he exhorted the wealthy to regard themselves as only trustees of the poor. With no thought at first of acquiring civil power, he and his rapidly increasing

following were driven to revolt by the persecuting mollas, and the sanguinary struggle of 1848 followed. Bab himself was captured, and carried to this "most fanatical city of Persia," the burial-place of the sons of Ali. On this very spot a company was ordered to despatch him with a volley; but when the smoke cleared away, Bab was not to be seen. None of the bullets had gone to the mark, and the bird had flown — but not to the safest refuge. Had he finally escaped, the miracle thus performed would have made Babism invincible. But he was recaptured and despatched, and his body thrown to the canine scavengers.

Tabreez (fever-dispelling) was a misnomer in our case. Our sojourn here was prolonged for more than a month by a slight attack of typhoid fever, which this time seized Sachtleben, and again the kind nursing of the missionary ladies hastened recovery. Our mail, in the mean time, having been ordered to Teheran, we were granted the privilege of intercepting it. For this purpose we were permitted to overhaul the various piles of letters strewn over the dirty floor of the distributing-office. Both the Turkish and Persian mail is carried in saddle-bags on the backs of reinless horses driven at a rapid gallop before the mounted mail-carrier or herdsman. Owing to the carelessness of the postal officials, legations and consulates employ special couriers.

The proximity of Tabreez to the Russian border makes it politically, as well as commercially, one of the most important cities in Persia. For this reason it is the place of residence of the Emir-e-Nizam (leader of the army), or prime minister, as well as the Vali-Ahd, or Prince Imperial. This prince is the Russian candidate, as opposed to the English candidate, for the prospective vacancy on the throne. Both of these dignitaries invited us to visit them, and showed much interest in our "wonderful wind horses," of the speed of which exaggerated reports had circulated through the country. We were also favored with a special letter for the journey to the capital.

On this stage we started August 15, stopping the first night at Turkmanchai, the little village where was signed the famous treaty of 1828 by virtue of which the Caspian Sea became a Russian lake. The next morning we were on the road soon after daybreak, and on approaching the next village overtook a curious cavalcade, just concluding a long night's journey. This consisted of a Persian palanquin, with its long pole-shafts saddled upon the back of a mule at each end; with servants on foot, and a body-guard of mounted soldiers. The occupant of this peculiar conveyance remained concealed throughout the stampede which our sudden appearance occasioned among his hearse-bearing mules, for as such they will appear in the sequel. In our first article we mentioned an interview in London with Malcolm Khan, the representative of the Shah at the court of St. James. Since then, it seemed, he had fallen into disfavor. During the late visit of the Shah to England certain members of his retinue were so young, both in appearance and conduct, as to be a source of mortification to the Europeanized minister. This reached the ears of the Shah some time after his return home; and a summons was sent for the accused to repair to Teheran. Malcolm Khan, however, was too well versed in Oriental craft to fall into such a trap, and announced his purpose to devote his future leisure to airing his knowledge of Persian politics in the London press. The Persian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Musht-a-Shar-el-Dowlet, then residing at Tabreez, who was accused of carrying on a seditious correspondence with Malcolm Khan, was differently situated, unfortunately. It was during our sojourn in that city that his palatial household was raided by a party of soldiers, and he was carried to prison as a common felon. Being unable to pay the high price of pardon that was demanded, he was forced away, a few days before our departure, on that dreaded journey to the capital, which few, if any, ever complete. For on the way they are usually met by a messenger, who proffers them a cup of coffee, a sword, and a rope, from which they are to choose the method of their doom. This, then, was the occupant of the mysterious palanquin, which now was opened as we drew up before the village caravansary. Out stepped a man, tall and portly, with beard and hair of venerable gray. His keen eye, clear-cut features, and dignified bearing, bespoke for him respect even in his downfall, while his stooped shoulders and haggard countenance betrayed the weight of sorrow and sleepless nights with which he was going to his tomb.

At Miana, that town made infamous by its venomous insect, is located one of the storage-stations of the Indo-European Telegraph Company. Its straight lines of iron poles, which we followed very closely from Tabreez to Teheran, form only a link in that great wire and cable chain which connects Melbourne with London. We spent the following night in the German operator's room.

The weakness of the Persian for mendacity is proverbial. One instance of this national weakness was attended with considerable inconvenience to us. By some mischance we had run by the village where we intended to stop for the night, which was situated some distance off the road. Meeting a Persian lad, we inquired the distance. He was ready at once with a cheerful falsehood. "One farsak" (four miles), he replied, although he must have known at

the time that the village was already behind us. On we pedaled at an increased rate, in order to precede, if possible, the approaching darkness; for although traditionally the land of a double dawn, Persia has only one twilight, and that closely merged into sunset and darkness. One, two farsaks were placed behind us, and still there was no sign of a human habitation. At length darkness fell; we were obliged to dismount to feel our way. By the gradually rising ground, and the rocks, we knew we were off the road. Dropping our wheels, we groped round on hands and knees, to find, if possible, some trace of water. With a burning thirst, a chilling atmosphere, and swarms of mosquitos biting through our clothing, we could not sleep. A slight drizzle began to descend. During our gloomy vigil we were glad to hear the sounds of a caravan, toward which we groped our way, discerning, at length, a long line of camels marching to the music of their lantern-bearing leader. When our nickel-plated bars and white helmets flashed in the lantern-light, there was a shriek, and the lantern fell to the ground. The rear-guard rushed to the front with drawn weapons; but even they started back at the sound of our voices, as we attempted in broken Turkish to reassure them. Explanations were made, and the camels soon quieted. Thereupon we were surrounded with lanterns and fire-brands, while the remainder of the caravan party was called to the front. Finally we moved on, walking side by side with the lantern-bearing leader, who ran ahead now and then to make sure of the road. The night was the blackest we had ever seen. Suddenly one of the camels disappeared in a ditch, and rolled over with a groan. Fortunately, no bones were broken, and the load was replaced. But we were off the road, and a search was begun with lights to find the beaten path. Footsore and hungry, with an almost intolerable thirst, we trudged along till morning, to the ding-dong, ding-dong of the deep-toned camel-bells. Finally we reached a sluggish river, but did not dare to satisfy our thirst, except by washing out our mouths, and by taking occasional swallows, with long intervals of rest, in one of which we fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. When we awoke the midday sun was shining, and a party of Persian travelers was bending over us.

From the high lands of Azerbeidjan, where, strange to say, nearly all Persian pestilences arise, we dropped suddenly into the Kasveen plain, a portion of that triangular, dried-up basin of the Persian Mediterranean, now for the most part a sandy, saline desert. The argillaceous dust accumulated on the Kasveen plain by the weathering of the surrounding uplands resembles in appearance the "yellow earth" of the Hoang Ho district in China, but remains sterile for the lack of water. Even the little moisture that obtains beneath the surface is sapped by the *kanots*, or underground canals, which bring to the fevered lips of the desert oases the fresh, cool springs of the Elburz. These are dug with unerring instinct, and preserved with jealous care by means of shafts or slanting wells dug at regular intervals across the plain. Into these we would occasionally descend to relieve our reflection-burned — or, as a Persian would say, "snow-burned" — faces, while the thermometer above stood at 120° in the shade.

Over the level ninety-mile stretch between Kasveen and the capital a so-called carriage-road has recently been constructed close to the base of the mountain. A sudden turn round a mountain-spur, and before us was presented to view Mount Demavend and Teheran. Soon the paved streets, sidewalks, lamp-posts, street-railways, and even steam-tramway, of the half modern capital were as much of a surprise to us as our "wind horses" were to the curious crowds that escorted us to the French Hotel.

From Persia it was our plan to enter Russian central Asia, and thence to proceed to China or Siberia. To enter the Transcaspian territory, the border province of the Russian possessions, the sanction of its governor, General Kuropatkine, would be quite sufficient; but for the rest of the journey through Turkestan the Russian minister in Teheran said we would have to await a general permission from St. Petersburg. Six weeks were spent with our English and American acquaintances, and still no answer was received. Winter was coming on, and something had to be done at once. If we were to be debarred from a northern route, we would have to attempt a passage into India either through Afghanistan, which we were assured by all was quite impossible, or across the deserts of southern Persia and Baluchistan. For this latter we had already obtained a possible route from the noted traveler, Colonel Stewart, whom we met on his way back to his consular post at Tabreez. But just at this juncture the Russian minister advised another plan. In order to save time, he said, we might proceed to Meshed at once, and if our permission was not telegraphed to us at that point, we could then turn south to Baluchistan as a last resort. This, our friends unanimously declared, was a Muscovite trick to evade an absolute refusal. The Russians, they assured us, would never permit a foreign inspection of their doings on the Afghan border; and furthermore, we would never be able to cross the uninhabited deserts of Baluchistan. Against all protest, we waved "farewell" to the foreign and native throng which had assembled to see us off, and on October 5 wheeled out of the fortified square on the "Pilgrim Road to Meshed."



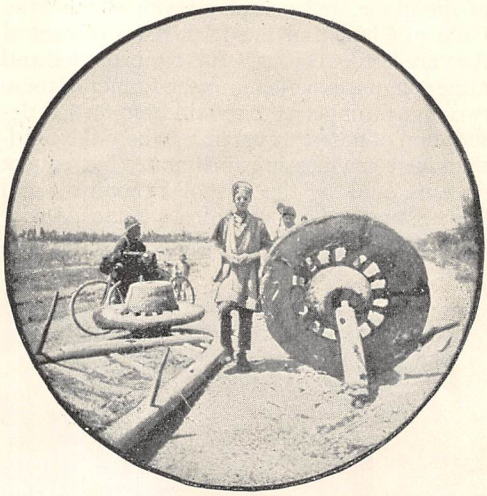
HARVEST SCENE NEAR KHOI.



LEAVING KHOI.



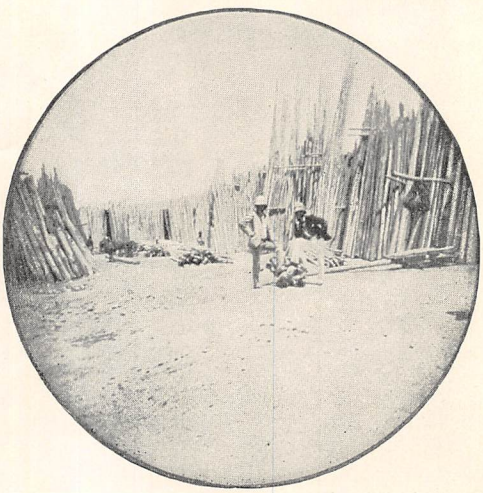
ENTERING DIZAI KHALIL.



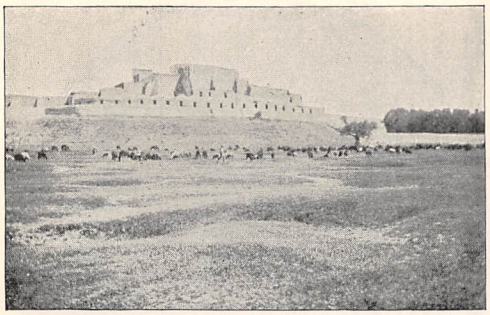
A PERSIAN REPAIRING THE WHEELS OF HIS WAGON.



YARD OF CARAVANSARY AT TABREEZ.



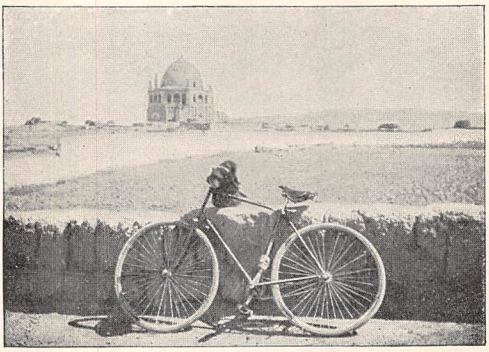
LUMBER-YARD AT TABREEZ.



AN OLD CASTLE NEAR SULTANIA.

Before us now lay six hundred miles of barren hills, swampy *kevirs*, brier-covered wastes, and salty deserts, with here and there some kanot-fed oases. To the south lay the lifeless desert of Luth, the "Persian Sahara," the humidity of which is the lowest yet recorded on the face of the globe, and compared with which "the Gobi of China and the Kizil-Kum of central Asia are fertile regions." It is our extended and rather unique experience on the former of these two that prompts us to refrain from further description of desert travel here, where the hardships were in a measure ameliorated by frequent stations, and by the use of cucumbers and pomegranates, both of which we carried with us on the long desert stretches. Melons, too, the finest we have ever seen in any land, frequently obviated the necessity of drinking the strongly brackish water.

Yet this experience was sufficient to impress us with the fact that the national poets, Hafiz and Sadi, like Thomas Moore, have sought in fancy what the land of Iran denied them. Those



OLD MOSQUE AT SULTANIA.

"spicy groves, echoing with the nightingale's song," those "rosy bowers and purling brooks," on the whole exist, so far as our experience goes, only in the poet's dream.

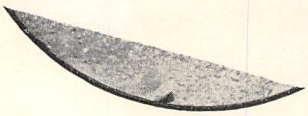
Leaving on the right the sand-swept ruins of Veramin, that capital of Persia before Teheran was even thought of, we traversed the



LEAVING TEHERAN FOR MESHED.



BAS-RELIEF IN A CLIFF NEAR THE WALLS OF ANCIENT RHEY.



"TOWER OF SILENCE" NEAR ANCIENT RHEY.

pass of Sir-Dara, identified by some as the famous "Caspian Gate," and early in the evening entered the village of Aradan. The usual crowd hemmed us in on all sides, yelling, "Min, min!" ("Ride, ride!"), which took the place of the Turkish refrain of "Bin, bin!" As we rode toward the caravansary they shouted, "Faster, faster!" and when we began to distance them, they caught at the rear wheels, and sent a shower of stones after us, denting our helmets, and bruising our coatless backs. This was too much; we dismounted and exhibited the ability to defend



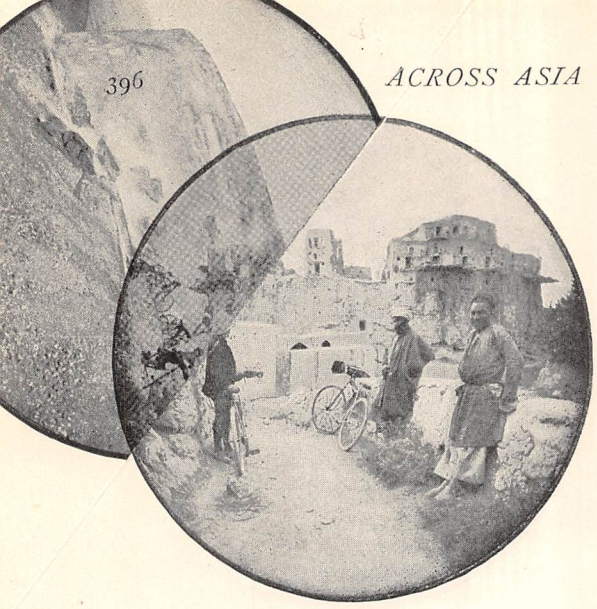
PILGRIMS IN THE CARAVANSARY AT DEHI NEMEK.

ourselves, whereupon they tumbled over one another in their haste to get away. But they were at our wheels again before we reached the caravansary. Here they surged through the narrow gangway, and knocked over the fruit-stands of the bazaars.

We were shown to a room, or windowless cell, in the honeycomb structure that surrounded an open quadrangular court, at the time filled with a caravan of pilgrims, carrying triangular white and black flags, with the Persian coat of arms, the same we have seen over many doorways in Persia as warnings of the danger of trespassing upon the religious services held within. The cadaverous stench revealed the presence of half-dried human bones being carried by relatives and friends for interment in the sacred "City of the Silent." Thus dead bodies, in loosely nailed boxes, are always traveling from one end of Persia to the other. Among the pilgrims were blue and green turbaned Saids, direct descendants of the Prophet, as well as white-turbaned mollas. All were sitting about on the *sakoo*, or raised platform, just finishing the evening meal. But presently one of the mollas ascended the mound in the middle of the stable-yard, and in the manner of the muezzin called to prayer. All kneeled, and bowed their heads toward Mecca. Then the horses were saddled, the long, narrow boxes attached upright to the pack-mules, and the *kajavas*, or double boxes,



FEMALE PILGRIMS ON THE ROAD TO MESHED.



CASTLE STRONGHOLD AT LAZGIRD.

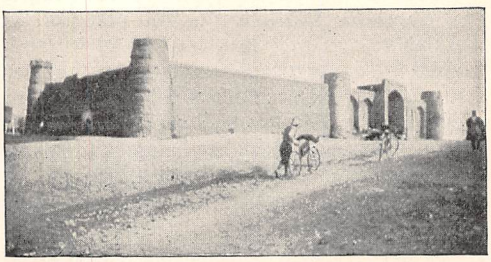
adjusted on the backs of the horses of the ladies. Into these the veiled creatures entered, and drew the curtains, while the men leaped into the saddle at a signal, and, with the tri-cornered flag at their head, the cavalcade moved out on its long night pilgrimage. We now learned that the village contained a *chappar khan*, one of those places of rest which have recently been provided for the use of foreigners and others, who travel *chappar*, or by relays of post-horses. These structures are usually distinguished by a single room built on the roof, and projecting some distance over the eaves.

To this we repaired at once. Its keeper evinced unusual pride in the cleanliness of his apartments, for we were asked to take off our shoes before entering. But while our boastful host was kicking up the mats to convince us of the truth of his assertions, he suddenly retired behind the scenes to rid himself of some of the pests.



A PERSIAN WINE-PRESS.

Throughout our Asiatic tour eggs were our chief means of subsistence, but *pillao*, or boiled rice flavored with grease, we found more particularly used in Persia, like *yaourt* in Turkey. This was prepared with chicken whenever it was possible to purchase a fowl, and then we would usually make the discovery that a Persian fowl was either wingless, legless, or otherwise defective after being prepared by a Persian *fuzul*, or foreigner's servant, who, it is said, "shrinks from no baseness in order to eat." Though minus these particular appendages, it would invariably have a head; for the fanatical Shiah frequently snatched a chicken out of our hands to prevent us from wringing or chopping its head off. Even after our meal was served, we would keep a sharp lookout upon the unblushing pilferers around us, who had called to pay their respects, and to fill the room with clouds of smoke from their chibouks and gurgling kalians. For a fanatical Shiah will sometimes stick his dirty fingers into the dishes of an



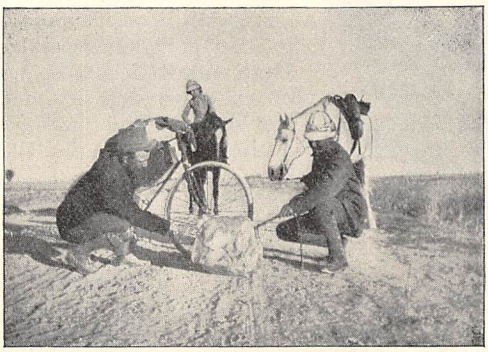
CARAVANSARY AT FAKIDAOUD.

"unbeliever," even though he may subsequently throw away the contaminated vessel. And this extreme fanaticism is to be found in a country noted for its extensive latitude in the profession of religious beliefs.

A present from the village khan was announced. In stepped two men bearing a huge tray filled with melons, apricots, sugar, rock-candy, nuts, pistachios, etc., all of which we must, of course, turn over to the khan-keeper and his servants, and pay double their value to the bearers, as a present. This polite method of extortion was followed the next morning by one of a bolder and more peremptory nature. Notwithstanding the feast of the night before at our expense, and in addition to furnishing us with bed-clothes which we really ought to have been paid to sleep in, our oily host now insisted upon three or four prices for his lodgings. We refused to pay him more than a certain sum, and started to vacate the premises. Thereupon he and his grown son caught hold of our bicycles. Remonstrances proving of no avail, and being unable to force our passage

through the narrow doorway with the bicycles in our hands, we dropped them, and grappled with our antagonists. A noisy scuffle, and then a heavy fall ensued, but luckily we were both on the upper side. This unusual disturbance now brought out the inmates of the adjoining *anderoon*. In a moment there was a din of feminine screams, and a flutter of garments, and then — a crashing of our pith helmets beneath the blows of pokers and andirons. The villagers, thus aroused, came at last to our rescue, and at once proceeded to patch up a compromise. This, in view of the Amazonian reinforcements, who were standing by in readiness for a second onset, we were more than pleased to accept. From this inglorious combat we came off without serious injury; but with those gentle poker taps were knocked out forever all the sweet delusions of the "Light of the Harem."

The great antiquity of this Teheran-Meshed road, which is undoubtedly a section of that



GIVING A "SILENT PILGRIM" A ROLL TOWARD MESHED.

former commercial highway between two of the most ancient capitals in history — Nineveh and Balk, is very graphically shown by the caravan ruts at Lasgird. These have been worn in many places to a depth of four feet in the solid rock. It was not far beyond this point that we began to feel the force of that famous "Damghan wind," so called from the city of that name. Of course this wind was against us. In fact, throughout our Asiatic tour easterly winds prevailed; and should we ever attempt another transcontinental spin we would have a care to travel in the opposite direction.

Our peculiar mode of travel subjected us to great extremes in our mode of living. Sometimes, indeed, it was a change almost from the sublime to the ridiculous, and vice versa — from a stable or sheepfold, with a diet of figs and bread, and an irrigating-ditch for a lavatory, to a palace itself, an Oriental palace, with all the delicacies of the East, and a host of servants to attend to our slightest wish. So it was at Bostam, the residence of one of Persia's most influential *hakims*, or governors, lit-



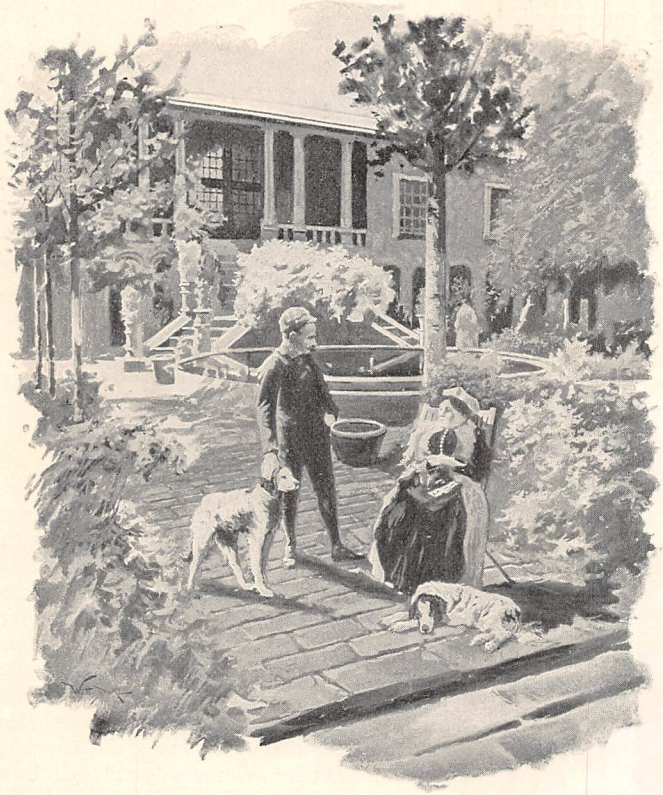
IN A PERSIAN GRAVEYARD.

erally, "pillars of state," who was also a cousin to the Shah himself. This potentate we visited in company with an English engineer whom we met in transit at Sharoud. It was on the evening before, when at supper with this gentleman in his tent, that a special messenger arrived from the governor, requesting us, as the invitation ran, "to take our brightness into his presence." As we entered, the governor rose from his seat on the floor, a courtesy never shown us by a Turkish official. Even the politest of them would, just at this particular moment, be conveniently engrossed in the examination of some book or paper. His courtesy was further extended by locking up our "horses," and making us his "prisoners" until the following morning. At the dinner which Mr. Evans and we were invited to eat with his excellency, benches had to be especially prepared, as there was nothing like a chair to be found on the premises. The governor himself took his accustomed position on the floor, with his own private dishes around him. From these he would occasionally fish out with his fingers some choice lamb *kebabh* or cabbage *dolmah*, and have it passed over to his guests — an act which is considered one of the highest forms of Persian hospitality.

With a shifting of the scenes of travel, we stood at sunset on the summit of the Binalud mountains, overlooking the valley of the Kashafrud. Our two weeks' journey was almost ended,



PILGRIM STONE HEAPS OVERLOOKING MESHED.

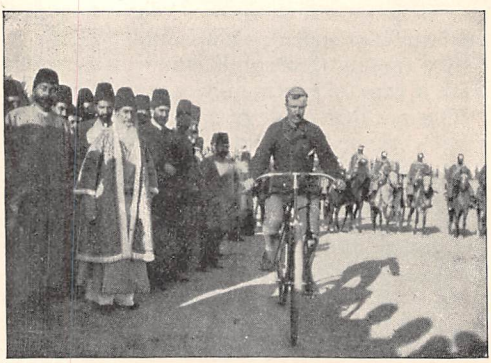


IN THE GARDEN OF THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE AT MESHED.

for the city of Meshed was now in view, ten miles away. Around us were piles of little stones, to which each pious pilgrim adds his quota when first he sees the "Holy Shrine," which we beheld shining like a ball of fire in the glow of the setting sun.

While we were building our pyramid a party of returning pilgrims greeted us with "Meshedi at last." "Not yet," we answered, for we knew that the gates of the Holy City closed promptly at twilight. Yet we determined to make the attempt. On we sped, but not with the speed of the falling night. Dusk overtook us as we reached the plain. A moving form was revealed to us on the bank of the irrigating-canal which skirted the edge of the road. Backward it fell as we dashed by, and then the sound of a splash and splutter reached us as we disappeared in the darkness. On the morrow we learned that the spirits of Hassan and Hussein were seen skimming the earth in their flight toward the Holy City. We reached the bridge, and crossed the moat, but the gates were closed. We knocked and pounded, but a hollow echo was our only response. At last the light of a lantern illumined the crevices in the weather-beaten doors, and a weird-looking face appeared through the midway opening. "Who 's there?" said a voice, whose sepulchral tones might have belonged to the sexton of the Holy Tomb. "We are *Ferenghis*," we said, "and must get into the city to-night." "That is impossible," he answered, "for the gates are locked, and the keys have been sent away to the governor's palace." With this the night air grew more chill. But another thought struck us at once. We would send a note to General McLean, the English consul-general, who was already expecting us. This our interlocutor, for a certain *inam*, or Persian bakshish, at length agreed to deliver. The general, as we afterward learned, sent a servant with a special request to the governor's palace. Here, without delay, a squad of horsemen was detailed, and ordered with the keys to the "Herat Gate." The crowds in the streets, attracted by this unusual turnout at this unusual hour, followed in their wake to the scene of disturbance. There was a click of locks, the clanking of chains, and the creaking of rusty hinges. The great doors swung open, and a crowd of expectant faces received us in the Holy City.

Meshed claims our attention chiefly for its famous dead. In its sacred dust lie buried our old hero Haroun al Raschid, Firdousi, Persia's greatest epic poet, and the holy Imaum Riza, within whose shrine every criminal may take refuge from even the Shah himself until the payment of a blood-tax, or a debtor until the



RIDING BEFORE THE GOVERNOR AT MESHED.



AN INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL KUROPATKINE AT THE RACES NEAR ASKABAD.

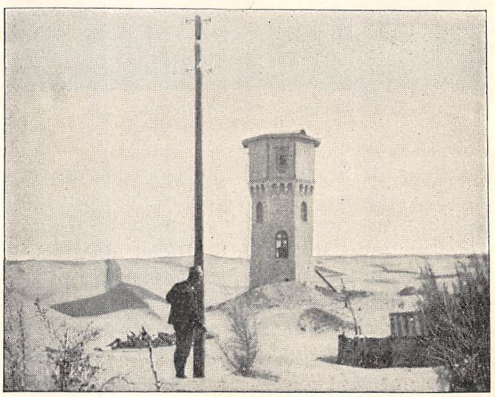
giving of a guarantee for debt. No infidel can enter there.

Meshed was the pivotal point upon which our wheel of fortune was to turn. We were filled with no little anxiety, therefore, when, on the day after our arrival, we received an invitation to call at the Russian consulate-general. With great ceremony we were ushered into a suite of elegantly furnished rooms, and received by the consul-general and his English wife in full dress. Madame de Vlassow was radiant with smiles as she served us tea by the side of her steaming silver samovar. She could not wait for the circumlocution of diplomacy, but said: "It is all right, gentlemen. General Kuropatkine has just telegraphed permission for you to proceed to Askabad." This precipitate remark evidently disconcerted the consul, who could only nod his head and say, "*Oui, oui*," in affirmation. This news lifted a heavy load from our minds; our desert journey of six hundred miles, therefore, had not been made in vain, and the prospect brightened for a trip through the heart of Asia.

Between the rival hospitality of the Russian and English consulates our health was now in jeopardy from excess of kindness. Among other social attentions, we received an invitation from Sahib Devan, the governor of Khorassan, who next to the Shah is the richest man in Persia. Although seventy-six years of age, on the day of our visit to his palace he was literally covered with diamonds and precious stones. With the photographer to the Shah as German interpreter, we spent half an hour in an interesting conversation. Among other topics he mentioned the receipt, a few days before, of a peculiar telegram from the Shah: "Cut off the head of any one who attempts opposition to the Tobacco Regie"; and this was followed a few days after by the inquiry, "How many heads have you taken?" A retinue of about three hundred courtiers followed the governor as he walked out with feeble steps to the parade-ground. Here a company of Persian cavalry was detailed to clear the field for the "wonderful steel horses," which, as was said, had come from the capital in two days, a distance of six hundred miles. The governor's extreme pleasure was afterward expressed in a special letter for our journey to the frontier.

The military road now completed between Askabad and Meshed reveals the extreme weakness of Persia's defense against Russian aggression. Elated by her recent successes in the matter of a Russian consul at Meshed, Russia has very forcibly invited Persia to construct more than half of a road which, in connection with the Transcaspian railway, makes Khorassan almost an exclusive Russian market, and opens Persia's richest province to Russia's troops and cannon on the prospective march to Herat. At this very writing, if the telegraph speaks the truth, the Persian border-province of Dereguez is another cession by what the Russians are pleased to call their Persian vassal. In addition to its increasing commercial traffic, this road is patronized by many Shiah devotees from the north, among whom are what the native term the "silent pilgrims." These are large stones, or boulders, rolled along a few feet at a time by the passers-by toward the Holy City. We ourselves were employed in this pious work at the close of our first day's journey from Meshed when we were suddenly aroused by a bantering voice behind us. Looking up, we were hailed by Stagno Navarro, the inspector of the Persian telegraph, who was employed with his men on a neighboring line. With this gentleman we spent the following night in a telegraph station, and passed a pleasant evening chatting over the wires with friends in Meshed.

Kuchan, our next stopping-place, lies on the almost imperceptible watershed which separates the Herat valley from the Caspian Sea. This city, only a few months ago, was entirely destroyed by a severe earthquake. Under date of January 28, 1894, the American press re-



WATCH-TOWER ON THE TRANSCASPIAN RAILWAY.

ported: "The bodies of ten thousand victims of the awful disaster have already been recovered. Fifty thousand cattle were destroyed at the same time. The once important and beautiful city of twenty thousand people is now only a scene of death, desolation, and terror."

From this point to Askabad the construction of the military highway speaks well for Russia's engineering skill. It crosses the Kopet Dagh mountains over seven distinct passes in a distance of eighty miles. This we determined to cover, if possible, in one day, inasmuch as there was no intermediate stopping-place, and as we were not a little delighted by the idea of at last emerging from semi-barbarism into semi-civilization. At sunset we were scaling the fifth ridge since leaving Kuchan at daybreak, and a few minutes later rolled up before the Persian custom-house in the valley below. There was no evidence of the proximity of a Russian frontier, except the extraordinary size of the tea-glasses, from which we slaked our intolerable thirst. During the day we had had a surfeit of cavernous gorges and commanding pinnacles, but very little water. The only copious spring we were able to find was filled at the time with the unwashed linen of a Persian traveler, who sat by, smiling in derision, as we upbraided him for his disregard of the traveling public.

It was already dusk when we came in sight of the Russian custom-house, a tin-roofed, stone structure, contrasting strongly with the Persian mud hovels we had left behind. A Russian official hailed us as we shot by, but we could not stop on the down-grade, and, besides, darkness



AVENUE OF POPLARS LEADING TO THE TOMB OF TAMERLANE.

was too rapidly approaching to brook any delay. Askabad was twenty-eight miles away, and although wearied by an extremely hard day's work, we must sleep that night, if possible, in a Russian hotel. Our pace increased with the growing darkness until at length we were going at the rate of twelve miles per hour down a narrow gorge-like valley toward the seventh and last ridge that lay between us and the desert. At 9:30 P. M. we stood upon its summit, and before us stretched the sandy wastes of Kara-Kum, enshrouded in gloom. Thousands of feet below us the city of Askabad was ablaze with lights, shining like beacons on the shore of the desert sea. Strains of music from a Russian band stole faintly up through the darkness as we dismounted, and contemplated the strange scene, until the shriek of a locomotive-whistle startled us from our reveries. Across the desert a train of the Transcaspian railway was gliding smoothly along toward the city.



MOSQUE CONTAINING THE TOMB OF TAMERLANE AT SAMARKAND.

A hearty welcome back to civilized life was given us the next evening by General Kuropatkine himself, the Governor-General of Transcaspia. During the course of a dinner with him and his friends, he kindly assured us that no further recommendation was needed than the fact that we were American citizens to entitle us to travel from one end of the Russian empire to the other.

From Askabad to Samarkand there was a break in the continuity of our bicycle journey. Our Russian friends persuaded us to take advantage of the Transcaspian railway, and not to hazard a journey across the dreaded Kara-Kum sands. Such a journey, made upon the railroad track, where water and food were obtainable at regular intervals, would have entailed only a small part of the hardships incurred on the deserts in China, yet we were more than anxious to reach, before the advent of winter, a point whence we could be assured of reaching the Pacific during the following season. Through the kindness of the railway authorities at Bokhara station our car was side-tracked to enable us to visit, ten miles away, that ancient city of the East. On November 6 we reached Samarkand, the ancient capital of Tamerlane, and the present terminus of the Transcaspian railway.

(To be continued.)

Thomas Gaskell Allen, Jr.
William Lewis Sachtleben.

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

A FORTNIGHT AT BAR HARBOR.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Paul Patoff," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

I.

"I'M going to stay with the three Miss Miners at the Trehearnes's place," said Louis Lawrence, looking down into the blue water as he leaned over the rail of the *Sappho*, on the sunny side of the steamer. "They 're taking care of Miss Trehearne while her mother is away at Carlsbad with Mr. Trehearne," he added, in further explanation.

"Yes," answered Professor Knowles, his companion. "Yes," he repeated vaguely, a moment later.

"It 's fun for the three Miss Miners, having such a place all to themselves for the summer," continued young Lawrence. "It 's less amusing for Miss Trehearne, I dare say. I suppose I 'm asked to enliven things. It can't be exactly gay in their establishment."

"I don't know any of them," observed the professor, who was a Boston man. "The probability is that I never shall. Who are the three Miss Miners, and who is Miss Trehearne?"

"Oh — you don't know them!" Lawrence's voice expressed his surprise that there should be any one who did not know the ladies in question. "Well — they 're three old maids, you know."

"Excuse me; I don't know. Old maid is such a vague term. How old must a maid be to be an old maid?"

"Oh, it is n't age that makes old maids. It 's the absence of youth. They 're born so."

"A pleasing paradox," remarked the professor, his exaggerated jaw seeming to check the uneasy smile as it attacked the gravity of his colorless thin lips.

His head, in the full face view, was not too large for his body, which, in the two dimensions of length and breadth, was well proportioned. The absence of the third dimension, that is, of bodily thickness, was very apparent when he was seen sideways, while the exaggeration of the skull was also noticeable only in profile. The forehead and the long delicate jaw were unnaturally prominent; the ear was set much too far back, and there was no development over the eyes, while the nose was small, thin, and sharp, as though cut out of letter-paper.

"It 's not a paradox," said Lawrence, whose respect for professorial statements was small. "The three Miss Miners were old maids before they were born. They 're not particularly old, except Cordelia. She must be over forty. Augusta is the youngest — about thirty-two, I should think. Then there 's the middle one, — she 's Elizabeth, you know, — she 's no particular age. Cordelia must have been pretty in a former state. Lots of brown hair and beautiful teeth. But she has the religious smile — what they put on when they sing hymns, don't you know? It 's chronic. Good teeth and resignation did it. She 's good all through, but you get all through her so soon! Elizabeth 's clever — comparatively. She 's brown, and round, and fat, and ugly. I 'd like to paint her portrait. She 's really by far the most attractive. As for Augusta —"

"Well? What about Augusta?" inquired the professor, as Lawrence paused.

"Oh, she 's awful! She 's the accomplished one."

"I thought you said that the middle one — what 's her name? — was the cleverest."

"Yes; but cleverness never goes with what they call accomplishments," answered the young man. "I 've heard of great men playing the flute, but I never heard of anybody who was 'musical' and came to anything, especially women. Fancy Cleopatra playing the piano, or Catherine the Great painting a salad of wild flowers on a fan! Can you? Or Semiramis sketching a lap-dog on a cushion!"

"What very strange ideas you have!" observed the professor, gravely.

Lawrence did not say anything in reply, but looked out over the blue water at the dark-green islands of the deep bay as the *Sappho* paddled along, beating up a wake of egg-white froth. He was glad that Professor Knowles was going over to the other side to dwell among the placid inhabitants of Northeast Harbor, where the joke dieth not, even at an advanced age; where there are people who believe in Ruskin and swear by Herbert Spencer, who coin words ending in "ism," and intellectually subsist on the "ologies" — with the

notable exception of theology. Lawrence had once sat at the professor's feet, at Harvard—unwillingly, indeed, but not without indirect profit. They had met to-day in the train, and it was not probable that they would meet again in the course of the summer, unless they particularly sought each other's society.

They had nothing in common. Lawrence was an artist, or intended to be one, and had recently returned from abroad, after spending three years in Paris. By parentage he belonged to New York. He had been christened Louis because his mother was of French extraction, and had an uncle of that name, who might be expected to do something handsome for her son. Louis Lawrence was now about five and twenty years of age, was possessed of considerable talent, and of no particular worldly goods. His most important and valuable possession, indeed, was his character, which showed itself in all he said and did.

There is something problematic about the existence of a young artist who is in earnest, which alone is an attraction in the eyes of women. The odds are ten to one, of course, that he will never accomplish anything above the average, but that one-tenth chance is not to be despised, for it is the possibility of a well-earned celebrity, perhaps of greatness. The one last step out of obscurity into fame is generally the only one of which the public knows anything, sees anything, or understands anything; and no one can tell when, if ever, that one step may be taken. There is a constant interest in expecting it, and in knowing of its possibility, which lends the artist's life a real charm in his own eyes and the eyes of others. And very often it turns out that the charm is all the life has to recommend it.

The young man who had just given Professor Knowles an account of his hostesses was naturally inclined to be communicative, which is a weakness, though he was also frank, which is a virtue. He was a very slim young man, and might have been thought to be in delicate health, for he was pale and thin in the face. The features were long and finely chiseled, and the complexion was decidedly dark. He would have looked well in a lace ruffle, with flowing curls. But his hair was short, and he wore rough gray clothes and an obtrusive tie. The highly arched black eyebrows gave his expression strength, but the very minute dark mustache which shaded the upper lip was a little too evidently twisted and trained. That was the only outward sign of personal vanity, however, and was not an offensive one, though it gave him a foreign air which Professor Knowles disliked, but which the three Miss Miners thought charming. His manner pleased them, too; for he was always just as civil to them as though they had been young and pretty and amusing, which is more than can be said of the majority of modern youths. His conversation occasionally shocked them, it is true; but the shock was a mild one and agreeably applied, so that they were willing to undergo it frequently.

Lawrence was not thinking of the Miss Miners as he watched the dark-green islands. If he had thought of them at all during the last half-hour, it had been with a certain undefined gratitude to them for being the means of allowing him to spend a fortnight in the society of Fanny Trehearne.

Professor Knowles had not moved from his side during the long silence. Lawrence looked up and saw that he was still there, his extraordinary profile cut out against the cloudless sky.

"Will you smoke?" inquired Lawrence, offering him a cigarette.

"No, thank you — certainly not cigarettes," answered the professor, with a superior air. "You were telling me all about the Miss Miners," he continued; for though he knew none of them, he was of a curious disposition. "You spoke of a Miss Trehearne, I think."

"Yes," answered the young man. "Do you know her?"

"Oh, no. It 's an unusual name, that 's all. Are they New York people?"

Lawrence smiled at the idea that any one should ask such a question.

"Yes, of course," he answered. "New York — since the Flood."

"And Miss Trehearne is the only daughter?" inquired the professor, inquisitively.

"She has a brother — Randolph," replied Lawrence, rather shortly; for he was suddenly aware that there was no particular reason why he should talk about the Trehearnes.

"Of course they are relatives of the Miners," observed the professor.

"That 's the reason why Miss Trehearne has them to stay with her. Excuse me — I can't get a light in this wind."

Thereupon Lawrence turned away, and got under the lee of the deck saloon, leaving the professor to himself. Having lighted his cigarette, the artist went forward, and stood in the sharp head-breeze that seemed to blow through and through him, disinfecting his whole being from the hot, close air of the train he had left half an hour earlier.

Bar Harbor, in common speech, includes Frenchman's Bay, the island of Mount Desert, and the other small islands lying near it — an extensive tract of land and sea. As a matter of fact, the name belongs to the little harbor between Bar Island and Mount Desert, together with the village, which has grown to be the center of civilization since the whole place

has become fashionable. Earth, sky, and water are of the north — hard, bright, and cold. In artist slang, there is no atmosphere. The dark-green islands, as one looks at them, seem to be almost before the foreground. The picture is beautiful, and some people call it grand, but it lacks depth. There is something fiercely successful about the color of it, something brilliantly self-reliant. It suggests a certain type of handsome woman — of the kind that need neither repentance nor cosmetics, and are perfectly sure of the fact; whose virtue is too cold to be kind, and whose complexion is not shadowed by passion, nor softened by suffering, nor even washed pale with tears. Only the sea is eloquent. The deep-breathing tide runs forward to the feet of the over-perfect, heartless earth, to linger and plead love's story while he may; then, sighing sadly, sweeps back unsatisfied, baring his desolate bosom to her loveless scorn.

The village, the chief center, lies by the water's edge, facing the islands, which inclose the natural harbor. It was and is a fishing-village, like many another on the coast. In the midst of it, vast wooden hotels, four times as high as the houses nearest to them, have sprung up to lodge fashion in six-storied discomfort. The effect is astonishing; for the architect, gesticulating in soft wood and ranting in paint, as it were, has sketched an evil dream of medievalism, incoherent with itself and with the very commonplace facts of the village street. There, also, in Mr. Bee's shop window, are plainly visible the more or less startling covers of the newest books, while from on high frowns down the counterfeit presentment of battlements and turrets, and of such terrors as lent life interest when novels were not, neither was the slightest idea of the short story yet conceived.

But behind all and above all rise the wooded hills, which are neither modern nor ancient, but eternal. And in them and through them there are secret sweetness, and fragrance, and much that is gentle and lovely — in the heart of the defiantly beautiful earth-woman with her cold face, far beyond the reach of her tide-lover, and altogether out of hearing of his sighs and complaining speeches. There grow in endless greenness the white pines and the pitch-pines, the black spruce and the white; there droops the feathery larch by the creeping yew, and there gleam the birches, yellow, white, and gray; the sturdy red-oak spreads his arms to the scarlet maple, and the witch-hazel rustles softly in the mysterious forest breeze. There, buried in the wood's bosom, bloom and blossom the wild flowers, and redden the blushing berries in unseen succession, from middle June to late September — violets first, and wild iris, strawberries and raspberries, blueberries and blackberries; short-lived wild roses and tender little bluebells, red lilies, goldenrod, and clematis, in the confusion of nature's loveliest order.

All this Lawrence knew, and remembered, guessing at what he could neither remember nor know, with an artist's facility for filling up the unfinished sketch left on the mind by one impression. He had been at Bar Harbor three years earlier, and had wandered among the woods and pottered along the shore in a skiff. But he had been alone then, and had stopped in the medieval hotel, a rather solitary, thinking unit amidst the horde of thoughtless summer nomads, designated by the clerk at the desk as "Number a hundred and twenty-three," and a candidate for a daily portion of the questionable dinner at the hotel table. It was to be different this time, he thought, as he watched for the first sight of the pier when the *Sappho* rounded Bar Island. The Trehearnes had not been at their house three years ago, and Fanny Trehearne had been then not quite sixteen, just groping her way from the school-room to the world, and quite beneath his young importance, even had she been at Bar Harbor to wander among the woods with him. Things had changed, now. He was not quite sure that in her girlish heart she did not consider him beneath her notice. She was straight and tall — almost as tall as he, and she was proud if she was not pretty, and she carried her head as high as the handsomest. Moreover, she was rich, and Louis Lawrence was at present phenomenally poor, with a rather distant chance of inheriting money. These were some of the excellent reasons why fate had made him fall in love with her, though none of them accounted for the fact that she had encouraged him, and had suggested to the Miss Miners that it would be very pleasant to have him come and stay a fortnight in July.

The *Sappho* slowed down, stopped, backed, and made fast to the wooden pier, and as she swung round, Lawrence saw Fanny Trehearne standing a little apart from the group of people who had come down to meet their own friends, or to watch other people meeting theirs. The young girl was evidently looking for him, and he took off his hat, and waved it about erratically to attract her attention. When she saw him she nodded, with a faint smile, and moved one step nearer to the gangway to wait until he should come on shore with the crowd.

She had a quiet, business-like way of moving, as though she never changed her position without a purpose. As Lawrence came along, trying to gain on the stream of passengers with whom he was moving, he kept his eyes fixed on her face, wondering whether the expression

would change when he reached her and took her hand. When the moment came, the change was very slight.

"I like you — you 're punctual," she said. "Come along!"

"I 've got some traps, you know," he answered, hesitating.

"Well, there 's the expressman. Give him your checks."

II.

"THEY 've all gone out in Mr. Brown's cat-boat, so I came alone," observed Miss Trehearne, when the expressman had been interviewed.

"Who are 'all'?" asked Lawrence. "Just the three Miss Miners?"

"Yes; just the three Miss Miners."

"I thought you might have somebody stopping with you."

"No. Nobody but you. Why do you say 'stopping' instead of 'staying'? I don't like it."

"Then I won't say it again," answered Lawrence, meekly. "Why do you object to it, though?"

"You 're not an Englishman, so there 's no reason why you should n't speak English. Here 's the buckboard. Can you drive?"

"Oh — well — yes," replied the young man rather doubtfully, looking at the smart little turn-out.

Fanny Trehearne fixed her cool gray eyes on his face with a critical expression.

"Can you ride?" she asked, pursuing her examination.

"Oh, yes — that is — to some extent. I 'm not exactly a circus-rider, you know; but I can get on."

"Most people can do that. The important thing is not to come off. What can you do, anyway? Are you a good man in a boat? You see, I 've only met you in society. I 've never seen you do anything."

"No," answered Lawrence; "I 'm not a good man in a boat, as you call it, except that I 'm never sea-sick. I don't know anything about boats, if you mean sail-boats. I can row a little; that 's all."

"If you could 'row,' as you call it, you 'd say you could 'pull an oar'; you would n't talk about 'rowing.' Well, get in, and I 'll drive."

There was not the least scorn in her manner at his inability to do all those things which are to be done at Bar Harbor, if people do anything at all. She had simply ascertained the fact as a measure of safety. It was not easy to guess whether she despised him for his lack of skill, but he was inclined to think that she did, and he made up his mind that he would get up very early, and engage a sailor to go out with him, and teach him something about boats. The resolution was half unconscious, for he was really thinking more of her than of himself just then. To tell the truth, he did not attach so much importance to any of the things she had mentioned as to feel greatly humiliated by his own ignorance.

"After all," said Miss Trehearne, as Lawrence took his seat beside her, "it does n't matter. And it 's far better to be frank, and say at once that you don't know, than to pretend that you do, and then try to steer and drown me, or to drive and then break my neck. Only one rather wonders where you were brought up, you know."

"Oh, I was brought up somehow," answered Lawrence, vaguely. "I don't exactly remember."

'It does n't matter," returned his companion in a reassuring tone.

"No. If you don't mind, I don't."

Fanny Trehearne laughed a little, without looking at him, for she was intent upon what she was doing. It was a part of her nature to fix her attention upon whatever she had in hand, a fact which must account for a certain indifference in what she said. Just then, too, she was crossing the main street of the village, and there were other vehicles moving about hither and thither. More than once she nodded to an acquaintance whom Lawrence also recognized.

"It 's much more civilized than it was when I was here last," observed Lawrence. "There are lots of people one knows."

"Much too civilized," answered the young girl. "I 'm beginning to hate it."

"I thought you liked society—"

"I? What made you think so?"

This sort of question is often extremely embarrassing. Lawrence looked at her thoughtfully, and wished that he had not made his innocent remark, since he was called upon to explain it.

"I don't know," he replied at last. "Somehow I always associate you with society, and dancing, and that sort of thing."

"Do you? It 's very unjust."

"Well, it 's not exactly a crime to like society, is it? Why are you so angry?"

"I wish you would n't exaggerate! It does not follow that I 'm angry because you 're not fair to me."

"I did n't mean to be unfair. How you take one up!"

"Really, Mr. Lawrence — I think it 's you who are doing that."

Miss Trehearne, having a stretch of clear road before her, gave her pair their heads for a moment, and the light buckboard dashed

briskly up the gentle ascent. Lawrence was watching her, though she did not look at him, and he thought he saw the color deepen in her sunburnt cheek, although her gray eyes were as cool as ever. She certainly was not pretty, according to the probable average judgment of younger men. Lawrence himself, who was an artist, wondered what he saw in her face to attract him, since he could not deny the attraction, and could not attribute it altogether to expression, or to the indirect effect of her character acting upon his imagination. He did not like to believe, either, that the charm was fictitious, and lay in a certain air of superior smartness, the result of good taste and plenty of money. Anybody could wear serge, and a more or less nautical hat and gloves, just in the fashionable degree of looseness or tightness, as the case might be. Anybody who chose had the right to turn up a veil over the brim of the aforesaid hat, and anybody who did so stood a good chance of being sunburnt. Moreover, as Lawrence well knew, there is a quality of healthy complexion which tans to a golden brown, very becoming when the gray eyes have dark lashes, but less so when, as in Fanny Trehearne's case, the lashes and brows are much lighter than the hair — almost white, in fact. It is not certain whether the majority of human noses turn up or down; there was, however, no doubt that Fanny's turned up. It was also apparent that she had decidedly high cheek-bones, a square jaw, and a large mouth, with lips much too even and too little curved for beauty. After all, her best points were perhaps her eyes, her golden-brown complexion, and her crisp, reddish-brown hair, which twisted itself into sharp little curls wherever it was not long enough to be smoothed. With a little more regularity of feature, Fanny Trehearne might have been called a milkmaid beauty, so far as her face was concerned. Fortunately for her, her looks were above or below such faint praise. It was doubtful whether she could be said to have charm, but she had individuality, those terms being in common use to express gifts which escape definition.

A short silence followed her somewhat indignant speech. Then, the road being still clear before her, she turned and looked at Lawrence. It was not a mere glance of inquiry, it was certainly not a tender glance, but her eyes lingered with his for a moment.

"Look here, are we going to quarrel?" she asked.

"Is there any reason why we should?" Lawrence smiled.

"Not if we agree," answered the young girl, gravely, as she turned her head from him again.

"That means that we sha'n't quarrel if I agree with you, I suppose," observed the young man.

"Well, why should n't you?" asked Fanny, frankly. "You may just as well, you know. You will, in the end."

"By Jove! You seem pretty sure of that!" Lawrence laughed.

Fanny said nothing in reply, but shortened the reins as the horses reached the top of the hill. Lawrence looked down toward the sea. The sun was very low, and the water was turning from sapphire to amaranth, while the dark islands gathered gold into their green depths.

"How beautiful it is!" exclaimed the artist, not exactly from impulse, though in real enjoyment, while consciously hoping that his companion would say something pleasant.

"Of course it 's beautiful," she answered. "That 's why I come here."

"I should put it in the opposite way," said Lawrence.

"How?"

"Why, it 's beautiful because you come here."

"Oh, that 's ingenious! You think it 's my mission to beautify landscapes?"

"I thought that if I said something pretty in the way of a compliment, we should n't go on quarreling."

"Oh, were we quarreling? I had n't noticed it."

"You said something about it a moment ago," observed Lawrence, mildly.

"Did I? You 're an awfully literal person. By the by, you know all the Miss Miners, don't you? I 've forgotten."

"I believe I do. There 's Miss Miner, the elder, to begin with —"

"The eldest — since there are three," said Fanny, correcting him. "Yes; she 's the one with the hair — and teeth."

"Yes; and Miss Elizabeth — is n't that her name? The plainest —"

"And the nicest. And Augusta, she 's the third. Paints wild flowers and plays the piano. She 's about my age, I believe."

"Your age! Why, she must be over thirty!"

"No; she 's nineteen still. She 's got an anchor out to windward — against the storm of time, you know. She swings a little with the tide, though."

"I don't understand," said Lawrence, to whom nautical speech was incomprehensible.

"Never mind. I only mean that she does not want to grow old. It 's always funny to see a person of nineteen who 's really over thirty."

Lawrence laughed a little.

"You 're fond of them all, are n't you?" he asked presently.

"Of course; they 're my relatives. How could I help being fond of them?"

"Oh, yes," answered Lawrence, vaguely. "But they really are very nice — people."

"Why do you hesitate?"

"I don't know. I could n't say 'very nice ladies,' could I? And I should n't exactly say 'very nice women,' and 'very nice people' sounds queer, somehow, does n't it?"

"And you would n't say 'very nice old maids'—"

"Certainly not."

"No; it would n't be civil to me, nor kind to them. The truth is generally unkind and usually rude. Besides, they love you."

"Me?"

"Yes. They rave about you, and your looks, and your manners, and your conversation, and your talents."

"The dickens! I 'm flattered. But it 's always the wrong people who like one."

"Why the wrong people?" asked Fanny Trehearne, not looking at him.

"Because all the liking in the world from people one does n't care for can't make up for the not liking of the one person one does care for."

"Oh, in that way. It 's rash to care for only one person. It 's putting all one 's eggs into one basket."

"What an extraordinary sentiment!"

"I did n't mean it for sentiment."

"No; I should think not! Quite the contrary, I should say."

"Quite," affirmed Fanny, gravely.

"Quite?"

"Yes — almost quite."

"Oh — 'almost' quite?"

"It 's the same thing."

"Not to me."

The young girl would not turn her attention from her horses, though in Lawrence's inexpert opinion she could have done so with perfect safety just then, and without impropriety. The most natural and innocent curiosity should have prompted her to look into his eyes for a moment, if only to see whether he were in earnest or not. He would certainly not have thought her a flirt if she had glanced kindly at him. But she looked resolutely at the horses' heads.

"Here we are!" she exclaimed suddenly.

With a sharp turn to the left the buckboard swept through the open gate, the off horse breaking into a canter which Fanny instantly checked. The near wheels passed within a foot of the gate-post.

"Was n't that rather close?" asked Lawrence.

"Why? There was lots of room. Are you nervous?"

"I suppose I am, since you say so."

"I did n't say so. I asked."

"And I answered," said Lawrence, tartly.

"How sensitive you are! You act as though I had called you a coward."

"I thought you meant to. It sounded rather like it."

"You have no right to think that I mean things which I have n't said," answered the young girl.

"Oh, very well. I apologize for thinking that what you said meant anything."

"Don't lose your temper — don't be a spoiled baby!"

Lawrence said nothing, and they reached the house in silence. Fanny was not mistaken in calling him sensitive, though he was by no means so nervous, perhaps, as she seemed ready to believe. She had a harsh way of saying things which, spoken with a smile, could not have given offense, and Lawrence was apt to attach real importance to her careless speeches. He felt himself out of his element from the first in a place where he might be expected to do things in which he could not but show an awkward inexperience, and he was ready to resent anything like the suggestion that timidity was at the root of his ignorance, or was even its natural result.

His face was unnecessarily grave as he held out his hand to help Fanny down from the buckboard, and she neither touched it nor looked at him as she sprang to the ground.

"Go into the library, and we 'll have tea," she said, without turning her head, as she entered the house before him. "I 'll be down in a moment."

She pointed carelessly to the open door, and went through the hall in the direction of the staircase. Lawrence entered the room alone.

The house was very large, for the Trehearnes were rich people, and liked to have their friends with them in considerable numbers. Moreover, they had bought land in Bar Harbor in days when it had been cheap, and had built their dwelling commodiously, in the midst of a big lot which ran down from the road to the sea. With the instinct of a man who has been obliged to live in New York, squeezed in, as it were, between tall houses on each side, Mr. Trehearne had given himself the luxury, in Bar Harbor, of a house as wide and as deep as he could possibly desire, and only two stories high.

The library was in the southwest corner of the house, opening on the south side upon a deep veranda, from which wooden steps descended to the shrubbery, and having windows to the west which overlooked the broad lawn. The latter was inclosed by tall trees. The winding avenue led in a northerly direction to the main road. At the east end of the house the offices ran out toward the boundary of the Trehearnes's land, and beyond them, among the

trees, there was a small yard inclosed by a lattice of wood eight or ten feet high.

The library was the principal room on the ground floor, and was really larger than the drawing-room, which followed it along the line of the south veranda, though it seemed smaller from being more crowded with furniture. As generally happens in the country, it had become a sort of common room in which everybody preferred to sit. The drawing-room had been almost abandoned of late, the three Miss Miners being sociable beings, unaccustomed to magnificence in their own homes, and averse to being alone with it anywhere. They felt that the drawing-room was too fine for them, and by tacit consent they chose the library for their general trysting-place and tea-camp when they were indoors. Mrs. Trehearne, who was, perhaps, a little too fond of splendor, would have smiled at the idea as she thought of her gorgeously brocaded reception-rooms in New York; but Fanny had simple tastes, like her father, and agreed with her old-maid cousins in preferring the plain, dark woodwork, the comfortable leathern chairs, and the backs of the books, to the dreary wilderness of expensive rugs and unnecessary gilding which lay beyond. For the sake of coolness, the doors were usually opened between the rooms.

III.

THE weather was warm. By contrast with the cool air of the bay he had lately crossed, it seemed hot to Lawrence when he entered the library. Barely glancing at the room, he went straight to one of the doors which opened upon the veranda, and, going out, sat down discontentedly in a big, cushioned straw chair. It was very warm, and it seemed suddenly very still. In the distance he could hear the wheels of the buckboard in the avenue, as the groom took it round to the stables, and out of the close shrubbery he caught the sharp, dry sound of footsteps rapidly retreating along a concealed cinder path. The air scarcely stirred the creeper which climbed up one of the pillars of the veranda, and festooned its way, curtain-like, in both directions to the opposite ends. On his right he could see the broad, sloping lawn, all shadowed now by the tall trees beyond. Without looking directly at it, he felt that the vivid green of the grass was softened, and that there must be gold in the tops of the trees. The sensation was restful, but his eyes stared vacantly at the deep shrubbery which began at the foot of the veranda steps, and stretched away under the spruces at his left.

He was exceedingly discontented, though he had just arrived, or, perhaps, for that very reason, among many other minor ones. He had never had any cause to expect from Fanny Trehearne anything in the way of sentiment, but he was none the less persuaded that he had a moral right to look for something more than chaff and good-natured hospitality, spiced with such vigorous reproof as "Don't be a spoiled baby."

The words rankled. He was asking himself just then whether he was a "spoiled baby" or not. It was of great importance to him to know the truth. If he was a spoiled baby, of course Miss Trehearne had a right to say so if she liked, though the expression was not complimentary. But if not, she was monstrously unjust. He did not deny that the accusation might be well founded; for he was modest as well as sensitive, and did not think very highly of himself at present, though he hoped great things for the future, and believed that he was to be a famous artist.

The more he told himself that he had no right to expect anything of Fanny, the more thoroughly convinced he became that his right existed, and that she was trampling upon it. She had ordered him into the library, in a very peremptory and high-and-mighty fashion, to wait for her, regardless of the fact that he had traveled twenty-four hours, and had acquired the prerogative right of the traveler to soap and water before all else. No doubt he was quite presentable, since the conditions of modern railways had made it possible to come in clean, or comparatively so, from a longish run. But the ancient traditions ought not to be swept out of the way, Louis thought, and the right of scrubbing subsisted still. She might at least have given him a hint as to the whereabouts of his room, since she had left him to himself for a quarter of an hour. She had not been gone four minutes yet, but Louis made it fifteen, and fifteen it was to be, in his estimation.

Presently he heard a man's footstep in the library behind him, and the subdued tinkling of a superior tea-service, of which the sound differs from the clatter of the hotel tea-tray, as the voice, say, of Fanny Trehearne differed in refinement from that of an Irish cook. But it irritated Lawrence, nevertheless, and he did not look round. He felt that when Fanny came down again he intended to refuse tea altogether, presumably by way of proving that he was not a spoiled baby after all. He crossed one leg over the other impatiently, and hesitated as to whether, if he lighted a cigarette, it would seem rude to be smoking when Fanny should come, even though he was really in the open air on the veranda. But in this his manners had the better of his impatience, and, after touching his cigarette case in his pocket in a longing way, he did not take it out.

At last he heard Fanny enter the room. There was no mistaking her tread, for he had noticed that she wore tennis shoes. He knew

that she could not see him where he sat, and he turned his head toward the door expectantly. Again he heard the tinkle of the tea-things. Then there was silence. Then the urn began to hiss and sing softly, and there was another sort of tinkling. It was clear that Fanny had sat down. She could have no idea that he was sitting outside, as he knew, but he thought she might have taken the trouble to look for him. He listened intently for the sound of her step again, but it did not come, and, oddly enough, his heart began to beat more quickly. But he did not move. He felt a ridiculous determination to wait until she began to be impatient, and to move about and look for him. He could not have told whether it were timidity, or nervousness, or ill temper which kept him nailed to his chair, and just then he would have scorned the idea that it could be love in any shape, though his heart was beating so fast.

Suddenly his straining ear caught the soft rustle made by the pages of a book turned deliberately and smoothed afterward. She was calmly reading, indifferent to his coming or staying away — reading while the tea was drawing. How stolid she was, he thought. She was certainly not conscious of the action of her heart as she sat there. For a few moments longer he did not move. Then he felt he wished to see her, to see how she was sitting, and how really indifferent she was. But if he made a sound, she would look up, and lay down her book, even before he entered the room. The veranda had a floor of painted boards, — which are more noisy than unpainted ones, for some occult reason, — and he could not stir a step without being heard. Besides, his straw easy-chair would creak when he rose.

All at once he felt how very foolish he was, and he got up noisily, an angry blush on his young face. He reached the entrance in two strides, and stood in the open doorway, with his back to the light. As he had guessed, Fanny was reading.

"Oh!" he ejaculated with affected surprise as he looked at her.

She did not raise her eyes or start, being evidently intent upon finishing the sentence she had begun.

"I thought you were never coming," she said absently.

He was more hurt than ever by her indifference, and sat down at a little distance, without moving the light chair he had chosen. Fanny reached the foot of the page, put a letter she held into the place, closed the book upon it, and then at last looked up.

"Do you like your tea strong or weak?" she inquired in a business-like tone.

"Just as it comes; I don't care," answered Lawrence, gloomily.

"Then I 'll give it to you now. I like mine strong."

"It 's bad for the nerves."

"I have n't any nerves," said Fanny Trehearne, with conviction.

"That 's curious," observed Lawrence, with fine sarcasm.

Fanny looked at him without smiling, since there was nothing to smile at, and then poured out his tea. He took it in silence, but helped himself to more sugar, with a reproachful air.

"Oh, you like it sweet, do you?" said Fanny, interrogatively.

"Peculiarity of spoiled babies," answered Lawrence in bitter tones.

"Yes, I see it is."

And with this crushing retort Fanny Trehearne relapsed into silence. Lawrence began to drink his tea, burnt his mouth with courageous indifference, stirred up the sugar gravely, and said nothing.

"I wonder when they 'll get home," said Fanny, after a long interval.

"Are you anxious about them?" inquired the young man, with affected politeness.

"Anxious? No. I was only wondering."

"I 'm not very amusing, I know," said Lawrence, grimly.

"No, you 're not."

The blood rushed to his face again with his sudden irritation, and he drank more hot tea to keep himself in countenance. At that moment he sincerely wished that he had not come to Bar Harbor at all.

"You 're not particularly encouraging, Miss Trehearne," he said presently. "I 'm sure, I 'm doing my best to be agreeable."

"And you think that I 'm doing my best to be disagreeable? I 'm not, you know. It 's your imagination."

"I don't know," answered Lawrence, his face unbending a little. "You began by telling me that you despised me because I 'm such a duffer at out-of-door things; then you told me I was a spoiled baby, and now you 're proving to me that I 'm a bore."

"Duffer, baby, and bore!" Fanny laughed. "What an appalling combination!"

"It is, indeed. But that 's what you said —"

"Oh, nonsense! I was n't as rude as that, was I? But I never said anything of the sort, you know."

"You really did say that I was a spoiled baby —"

"No. I told you not to be, by way of a general warning —"

"Well, it 's the same thing —"

"Is it? If I tell you not to go out of the room, for instance, and if you sit still, is it the same thing as though you got up and went out?"

"Why, no; of course not. How absurd!"

"Well, the other is absurd too."

"I 'll never say again that women are n't logical," answered Lawrence, smiling in spite of himself.

"No; don't. Have some more tea?"

"Thanks; I 've not finished. It 's too hot to drink."

Thereupon, his good temper returning, he desisted from self-torture by scalding, and set the cup down. Fanny watched him, but turned her eyes away as he looked up and she met his glance.

"I 'm so glad you 've come," she said quietly. "I 've looked forward to it."

Perhaps she was a little the more ready to say so because she was inwardly conscious of having rather wilfully teased him, but she meant what she said. Lawrence felt his heart beating again in a moment. Resting his elbows on his knees, he clasped his hands, and looked down at the pattern of the rug under his feet. She did not realize how easily she could move him, not being by any means a flirt.

"It 's nothing to the way I 've looked forward to it," he answered.

She was silent, but he did not raise his head. He could see her face in the carpet.

"You know that, don't you?" he asked in a low voice, after a few moments.

Unfortunately for his information on the subject, the butler appeared just then, announcing a visitor.

"Mr. Brinsley."

It was clear that the man-servant had no option in the matter of admitting the newcomer, who was in the room almost before his name was pronounced.

"How do you do, Miss Trehearne?" he began, as he came swiftly forward. "I 'm tremendously glad to find you at home. You 're generally out at this hour."

"Is that why you chose it?" asked Fanny, with a little laugh and holding out her hand. "Do you know Mr. Lawrence?" she continued, by way of introducing the two men. "Mr. Brinsley," she added, for Louis's benefit.

Lawrence had risen, and he shook hands with a good grace. But he hated Mr. Brinsley at once, both because the latter had come inopportunely, and because his own sensitive nature was instantly and strongly repelled by the man.

There was no mistaking Mr. Brinsley's Canadian accent, though he seemed anxious to make it as English as possible, and Lawrence disliked Canadians; but that fact alone could not have produced the strongly disagreeable sensation of which the younger man was at once conscious, and he looked at the visitor in something like surprise at the strength of his instantaneous aversion. Brinsley, though dressed quietly, and with irreproachable correctness, was a showy man, of medium height, but magnificently made. His wrists were slender, nervous, and sinewy; his ankles — displayed to advantage by his low russet shoes — were beautifully modeled, whereas his shoulders were almost abnormally broad, and the cords and veins moved visibly in his athletic neck when he spoke or moved. The powerful muscles were apparent under his thin gray clothes, and Lawrence had noticed the perfect grace and strength of his quick step when he had entered. In face he was very dark, and his wiry, short, black hair had rusty reflections. His skin was tanned to a deep brown, and mottled, especially about the eyes, with deep shadows, in which were freckles even darker than the shadows themselves. His beard evidently grew as high as his cheek-bones, for the line from which it was shaved was cleanly drawn and marked by the dark fringe remaining above. His mustache was black and heavy, and he wore very small, closely cropped whiskers, like those affected by naval officers. He had one of those arrogant, vain, astute noses which seem to point at whatever the small and beady black eyes judge to be worth having.

At a glance Lawrence saw that Brinsley was an athlete, and he guessed instantly that the man must be good at all those things which Louis himself was unable to do. He was a man to ride, drive, run, pull an oar, and beat everybody at tennis. But neither was that the reason why Lawrence hated him from the first. It had been the touch of his hard, dry hand, perhaps, or the flash of the light in his small black eyes, or his self-satisfied and all-conquering expression. It was not easy to say. Possibly, too, Louis thought that Brinsley was his rival, and resented the fact that Fanny had betrayed no annoyance at the interruption.

But Brinsley barely vouchsafed Lawrence a glance, as the latter thought, and immediately sat down much nearer to Miss Trehearne and the tea-table than Louis, in his previous rage, had thought fit to do.

"Well, Miss Trehearne," said Brinsley, "how is Tim? Is n't he all right yet?"

"He 's better," answered Fanny. "He had a bad time of it, but you can't kill a wire-haired terrier, you know. He would n't take the phosphate. I believe it was sweetened, and he hates sugar."

"So do I. Please don't give me any," he added quickly, watching her as she prepared a cup of tea for him.

Lawrence's resentment began to grow again. It was doubtless because Mr. Brinsley never took sugar that Fanny had seemed scornfully surprised at the artist's weakness for it.

IV.

Louis Lawrence was exceedingly uncomfortable during the next few minutes, and, to add to his misery, he was quite aware that he had nothing to complain of. It was natural that he should not know the people in Bar Harbor, excepting those whom he had known before, and that he should be in complete ignorance of all projected gaieties. Of course no one had suggested to the Reveres, for instance, to ask him to their dance; because they were Boston people, they did not know him, and nobody was aware that he was within reach. Besides, Louis Lawrence was a very insignificant personage, though he was well-connected, well-bred, and not ill-looking. He was just now a mere struggling artist, with no money except in the questionable future, and if he had talent, it was problematical, since he had not distinguished himself in any way as yet.

He remembered all these things, but they did not console him. In order not to seem rude, he made vague remarks from time to time, when something occurred to him to say, but he inwardly wished Brinsley a speedy departure and a fearful end. Fanny seemed amused and interested by the man's conversation, and she herself talked fluently. Now and then Brinsley looked at Lawrence, really surprised by the latter's ignorance of everything in the nature of sport, and possibly with a passing contempt which Lawrence noticed and proceeded to exaggerate in importance. The artist was on the point of asking Fanny's permission to go and find the room allotted to him, when a sound of women's voices, high and low, came through the open windows. There was an audible little confusion in the hall, and the three Miss Miners entered the library one after the other in quick succession.

"Oh, Mr. Brinsley!" exclaimed Miss Cordelia, the eldest, coming forward with a pale smile, which showed many of her very beautiful teeth.

"Mr. Brinsley is here," said Miss Elizabeth, the ugly one, in an undertone to Miss Augusta, who possessed the accomplishments.

Then they also advanced and shook hands with much cordiality, the remains of which were promptly offered to Lawrence. Mr. Brinsley did not seem in the least overpowered by the sudden entrance of the three old maids. He smiled, moved up several chairs to the tea-table, and laughed agreeably over each chair, though Lawrence could not see that there was anything to laugh at. Brinsley's vitality was tremendous, and his manners were certainly very good, so that he was a useful person in a drawing-room. His assurance, if put to the test, would have been found equal to most emergencies. But on the present occasion he had no need of it. It was evidently his mission to be worshiped by the three Miss Miners and to be liked by Miss Trehearne, who did not like everybody.

"I 'm sure we 've missed the best part of your visit," said Miss Cordelia.

"Oh, no," answered Brinsley, promptly; "I have only just come — at least it seems so to me," he added, smiling at Fanny across the tea-table.

Lawrence thought he must have been in the room more than half an hour, but the sisters were all delighted by the news that their idol meant to stay some time longer.

"How nice it would be if everybody made such speeches!" sighed Miss Augusta to Lawrence, who was next to her. "Such a charming way of making Fanny feel that she talks well! I 'm sure he 's really been here some time."

"He has," answered Lawrence, absently, and without lowering his voice enough, for Brinsley immediately glanced at him.

"We 've been having such a pleasant talk about the dogs and horses," said the Canadian, willing to be disagreeable to the one other man present. "I 'm afraid we 've bored Mr. Lawrence to death, Miss Trehearne; he does n't seem to care for those things as much as we do."

"I don't know anything about them," answered the young man.

"I 'm afraid you 'll bore yourself in Bar Harbor, then," observed Mr. Brinsley. "What can you find to do all day long?"

"Nothing. I 'm an artist."

"Ah? That 's very nice. You 'll be able to go out sketching with Miss Augusta — long excursions, don't you know? All day —"

"Oh, I should n't dare to suggest such a thing!" cried Miss Augusta.

"I 'm sure I should be very happy, if you 'd like to go," said Lawrence, politely facing the dreadful possibility of a day with her in the woods, while Brinsley would in all likelihood be riding with Fanny or taking her out in a catboat.

But Miss Augusta paid little attention to him so long as Brinsley was talking, which was most of the time. The man did not say anything worth repeating, but Lawrence knew that he was far from stupid in spite of his empty talk. At last Lawrence merely looked on, controlling his nervousness as well as he could, and idly watching the faces of the party. Brinsley talked on and on, twisting to pieces the stem of a flower which he had worn in his coat, but which had unaccountably broken off.

Lawrence wondered whether Fanny, too, could be under the charm, and he watched her

with some anxiety. There was something oddly inscrutable in the young girl's face, and in her quiet eyes, that did not often smile, even when she laughed. He had the strong impression, and he had felt it before, that she was very well able to conceal her real thoughts and intentions behind a mask of genuine frankness and straightforwardness. There are certain men and women who possess that gift. Without ever saying a word which even faintly suggests prevarication, they have a masterly reticence about what they do not wish to have known, whereby their acquaintances are sometimes more completely deceived than they could be by the most ingenious falsehood. Lawrence was quite unable to judge from Fanny's face whether she liked Brinsley or not, but he was wounded by a certain deference, if that word be not too strong, which she showed for the man's opinion, and which contrasted slightly with the dictatorial superiority which she assumed toward Lawrence himself. He consoled himself as well as he could with the reflection that he really knew nothing about dogs, horses, or boats, and that Brinsley was certainly his master in all such knowledge.

As an artist he could not but admire the perfect proportions of the visitor, his evident strength, and the satisfactory equilibrium of forces which showed itself in his whole physical being; but as a gentleman he was repelled by something not easily defined, and as a lover he suspected a rival. He had not much right, indeed, to believe that Fanny Trehearne cared especially for him, any more than to predicate that she was in love with Brinsley. But being in love himself, he very naturally arrogated to himself such a right without the slightest hesitation, and he boldly asserted in his heart that Brinsley was nothing but a very handsome "cad," and that Fanny Trehearne was on the verge of marrying him.

The conversation, meanwhile, was lively to the ear if not to the intelligence. It was amazing to see how the three spinsters flattered their darling at every turn. Miss Cordelia led the chorus of praise, and her sisters, to speak musically, took up the theme, and answer, and counter-theme of the fugue, successively, in many keys. There was nothing that Mr. Brinsley did not know and could not do, according to the three Miss Miners, or if there was anything, it could not be worth knowing or doing.

"You 'll flatter Mr. Brinsley to death," laughed Fanny, "though I must say that he bears it well."

A faint shade of color rose to Miss Cordelia's pale cheeks, indicative of indignation.

"Fanny," she cried reprovingly, "how rude you are! I 'm sure I was n't saying anything at all flattering."

"I only wish people would say such things to me, then," retorted the young girl.

"We 're all quite ready to, I 'm sure, Miss Trehearne," said Brinsley, smiling in a way that seemed to make his heavy dark mustache retreat outward, up his cheeks, like the whiskers of a cat when it grins.

Fanny turned and met Lawrence's eyes.

"You seem to be the only one who is ready," she said, laughing again. "'One is n't a crowd,' as the little boys say."

"Where do you get such expressions, my dear child?" asked Cordelia. "I really think you 've learned more slang since you 've been here this summer, though I should n't have believed it possible."

"There!" said Fanny, turning to Brinsley; "that 's the kind of flattery my relatives lavish on me from morning till night. As if you did n't all talk slang the whole time!"

"Fanny!" protested Augusta, whose accomplishments made her sensitive and conscious. "How can you say so?"

"Well, dialect, if you like the word better. I 'll prove it to you. You all say 'won't' and 'sha'n't', and most of you say 'I 'd like'; for instance, Mr. Brinsley says 'ain't,' because he 's English —"

"Well, what ought we to say?" asked Augusta. "Nobody says 'I will not,' and all that."

"You ought to. It 's dialect not to, and the absurd thing is that people who go in for writing books generally write out all the things you don't say, and write them in the wrong order. We say 'would n't you', don't we? Well, does n't that stand for 'would not you?' And yet they print 'would you not,' always. It 's ridiculous. I read a criticism the other day on a man who had written a book, and who wrote 'will not you' for 'won't you,' and 'would not you' for 'would n't you,' because he wanted to be accurate. You 've no idea what horrid things the critic said of him; he simply stood on his hind legs and pawed the air! It 's so silly! Either we should speak as we write, or write as we speak. I don't mean in philosophy and things,— the steam-engine, and the descent of man, and all that,— but in writing out conversations. But then, of course, nobody will agree with me — so I talk as I please."

"There 's a great deal of truth in what you say, Miss Trehearne," observed Brinsley, assuming a wise air. "Besides, I beg to differ with Miss Miner on one point: I venture to say that I don't dislike your slang, if it 's slang at all. It 's expressive, of its kind."

"At last!" cried Fanny, with a laugh. "I get some praise — faint, but perceptible."

"Faint praise is n't supposed to be complimentary," observed Lawrence, laughing too.

"That 's true," answered Fanny. "It 's just

the opposite — the thing with a 'd.' I won't say it, on account of Cordelia. She 'd all frizzle up with horror if I said it,—would n't you, dear? There 'd positively be nothing left of you — nothing but a dear little withered roseleaf with a dewdrop in the middle, representing your tears for my sins."

"I 'm afraid so," answered Cordelia, with a little accentuation of her tired smile.

It was not a disagreeable smile in itself, except that it was perpetual, and was the expression of patiently and cheerfully borne adversity, rather than of any satisfaction with things in general. For the lives of the three Miss Miners had not been happy. Sometimes Fanny felt a sincere and loving pity for the three, and specially for the eldest. But there were also times when Cordelia's smile exasperated her beyond endurance.

Mr. Brinsley rose to go rather suddenly, after checking a movement of his hand in the direction of his watch.

"You 're not going, surely?" cried one or two of the Miss Miners. "You 're coming to dinner."

"Stay as you are," suggested Fanny, greatly to Lawrence's annoyance.

"You 're awfully kind," answered the Canadian, "but I can't to-night. I wish I could. I 've asked several people to dine with me at the Kebo Valley Club. I 'd cut any other engagement, to dine with you, indeed I would. I 'm awfully sorry."

Many regrets were expressed that he could not stay, and the leave-taking seemed sudden to Lawrence, who stood looking on, still wondering why he disliked the man so much. At last he heard the front door closed behind him.

"Who is Mr. Brinsley?" he asked of Fanny Trehearne, while the three Miss Miners were settling themselves again.

"Oh, I don't know. I believe he 's a Canadian Englishman. He 's very agreeable, don't you think so?"

"He 's the most delightful man I ever met!" sighed Augusta Miner, before Lawrence had time to say anything.

"Did you notice his eyes, Mr. Lawrence?" asked Miss Elizabeth. "Don't you think they are beautiful?"

"Beautiful? Well — it depends," Lawrence answered with considerable hesitation, for he did not in the least know what to say.

"Oh, but it is n't his eyes, nor his conversation," put in Cordelia, emphatically: "it is that he 's such a perfect gentleman. You feel that he would n't do anything that was n't quite — quite — don't you know?"

"I 'm not sure that I do," replied Lawrence in some bewilderment. "But I understand what you mean," he added confidently.

"My dear," said Augusta to her elder sister, "all that is perfectly true, as I always say. But those are not the things that make him the most charming man I ever met. Oh, dear, no! Ever so many men one knows have good eyes, and talk well, and are gentlemen in every way. I 'm sure you would n't have a man about if he was n't a gentleman, would you?"

"Oh, no; in a wider sense, all the men we have to do with are of course —"

"Well," argued Augusta, "that 's just what I 'm telling you, my dear. It n't those things. It lies much deeper. It 's a sort of refined appreciation — an appreciative refinement — both, you know. Now, the other day, do you remember — when I was playing that mazurka of Chopin — did you notice his expression?"

"But he always has that expression when anything pleases him very much," said Miss Elizabeth.

"Yes, I know; but just then it was quite extraordinary. There 's something almost childlike —"

"If you go on about Mr. Brinsley in this way much longer you 'll all have a fit," observed Fanny Trehearne.

"My dear," answered Cordelia, gravely, "do you know what a 'fit' means? Really, sometimes you do exaggerate —"

"A fit means convulsions — what babies have, you know. They used to say it was brought on by looking at the moon."

Lawrence felt a strong inclination to laugh at this moment, but he controlled it, and only smiled. Then, to his considerable embarrassment, they all appealed to him, probably in the hope of more praise for Brinsley.

"Do tell us how he strikes you, Mr. Lawrence," said Cordelia.

"Yes, do!" echoed Elizabeth.

"Oh, please do!" cried Augusta, at the same moment.

"I should be curious to know what you think of him," said Fanny Trehearne.

"Well, really," stammered the unfortunate young man, "I 've hardly seen him — I 've not had time to form an opinion — you must know him, and you all like him, and — it seems to me — that settles it. Does n't it?"

While Lawrence was speaking, Miss Cordelia stooped, and picked up something from the floor. He noticed that it was the leafless stem of the flower which Brinsley had been twisting in his fingers. She did not throw it away, but her hand closed over it, and Lawrence did not see it again.

(To be continued.)

F. Marion Crawford.

AN UNEXPECTED LEGACY.



HE Little place was eastward from the village of Groversville. The Reverend Ephraim Little had not been much of a farmer, but the fields around him were good hay-fields, and after their father's death the Little girls found that the yearly sale of their hay provided for all necessities. Their clothes wore well, and they had little use for money.

But when their uncle, Daniel Little, a prosperous merchant in Concord, died and left them five hundred dollars, they hardly knew what disposition to make of it.

The letter announcing their good fortune reached them one morning in early spring, and that evening at an unusually late hour the elderly sisters were still sitting in the neat kitchen. Jane Little objected when her sister spoke of putting more wood into the small kitchen-stove.

"There 's no occasion for us to be wasteful, Eliza," she said gravely, and Eliza made no reply.

"It 's considerable money; I always felt money must be a responsibility," Miss Jane continued, with a sigh; "still, I hope we sha'n't shirk it."

"I 'd always calculated on Uncle Daniel's leavin' us something, an' I d' know as five hundred dollars is such a great sight, after all. I 've heard that Colonel Sprigg's folks spend more 'n that every summer, jest goin' about. Now we could go somewhere, if we wanted to, an' stay all summer, an' then have 'nough left to last a spell," said Eliza, hopefully.

Miss Jane looked at her sister. "Eliza, I never heard such childishness. What 's money for? We must put it right into the savings bank, so 's to have it to take comfort with when we 're old."

"I shall be fifty, come June," ventured Miss Eliza, and, as the elder sister did not notice the statement, she went on:

"It ain't as if there was anybody dependin' on us or lookin' to us, an' this money 's sort of unexpected like, an' I should like to see a little of the world with it. I 've never been to Boston except when I was too young to sense it, an' I was a-thinkin' that we 'd go down there, an' sort of look 'round; stop at a hotel, p'r'aps, and"—here Miss Eliza stopped as if to gain courage, and then went on more firmly—"stop at a hotel, and go to the theater."

There was a silence in the room. The Reverend Ephraim Little had been dead for seven years, but both sisters felt a guilty consciousness of his presence at that moment.

"You don't know what you 're talkin' about, Eliza," said Miss Jane, with a little quiver of curiosity in her voice.

"Yes, I do too."

"It 's a dreadful undertakin' to start off on a journey like that, Eliza. And where 'd we stay? We ain't got a relation there."

"We 'd go right to a hotel; I guess we could get accommodations well 'nough," said Eliza, briskly.

"Well, I d' know. I guess I 'd better have Mr. Sanders put the money right into the bank to-morrow. Land of gracious, Eliza! do you see the time?" said Miss Jane, pointing at the old clock. "Here 't is after nine; we 'd better go to bed."

The next morning the investment of their money was again the chief subject of their thoughts.

"I s'pose we could go to Boston an' stay some time for less 'n fifty dollars," suggested Miss Jane, as the two sisters were carefully putting away the breakfast dishes.

Miss Eliza stopped on the way between the sink and the pantry with her hands full of china.

"Be you a-thinkin' of the hay-money, Jane, or of Uncle Daniel's? Because, if we go to Boston, there ain't goin' to be no question of expense about it. We 're goin' to the best hotel, an' not question as to price."

"You might a-dropped those dishes, Eliza," said Miss Jane, reprovingly.

"I s'pose we should need considerable many new things before we started; we should have to go over to the Junction—that is, if we go," said Miss Jane, as the sisters sat together that afternoon.

"There's my black alpaca," responded Eliza; "it 's just as good as new, an' so 's yours; we ain't wore 'em none to speak of; we should n't have to wait to have no dresses made."

"I ain't got no wear out of that dress. I 've got through tradin' with Simpson, anyway. He told me that was good wearin' material, an' it 's sleazy as sleazy."

"You 've got considerable wear out of it," ventured Eliza, meekly, "an' I 'm sure it looks real well now."

"It ought to," replied Miss Jane, with repressed indignation; "I ain't had it out of the closet since year before last, when Mis' Peters died—I wore it to her funeral."

"If we 're goin' to the Junction we might ask something about the trains for Boston," again ventured Miss Eliza.

"I ain't made up my mind about it; we may

go, but 't ain't likely," said Miss Jane, settling herself back in the creaking rocking-chair.

But the next day found the two ladies on their way to the Junction with a small list of the things they considered necessary for their journey; and early one pleasant morning a week later the Misses Little stood on the narrow platform of the station awaiting the train for Boston.

A shiny new zinc-covered trunk was on the baggage-truck, and Miss Jane kept an anxious eye over it.

Miss Eliza had charge of the somewhat old-fashioned, but still stout and serviceable, carpet-bag which their father had been wont to carry on his few journeys from home.

The train came puffing into the station, and they hurried toward the car nearest to them.

"Pullman for Boston," shouted the alert, smiling-faced darky, taking the bag from Eliza's unwilling clasp, and hurrying them up the steps.

Miss Jane, the usual business head of the family, had apparently not recovered her direction of affairs since Eliza's scheme for visiting Boston was suggested; and she now felt a reckless irresponsibility as to the adventures which might befall them.

Miss Eliza paid the extra two dollars with vague misgivings. "I s'posed our tickets gave us a right to seats," she said with faint dignity, and the porter's prompt, "Yes, ma'am," left her still uncertain.

When the train reached Boston, both ladies were tired and a little nervous. They had discussed the question of hotels with some trepidation.

"S'pose we just say to the man that drives the carriage to take us to the best house there is?" ventured Miss Eliza.

"Like as not there won't be no carriage at the depot; it 's after dark now," said Miss Little, as the train came to a stop, and the passengers gathered up their belongings and left the car.

"I 've been talkin' to the darky, an' he 's goin' to get us a carriage; said 't would n't be no trouble to him; I think I 'd better give him some change, don't you, Jane?"

The porter helped them out, and almost before the sisters realized it they were in a comfortable carriage, and heard the rattle and rasp of their trunk being fastened on behind.

Miss Eliza bestowed a number of small coins on the good-natured porter as she bade him a polite "Good evening."

"How much d' you give him?" asked Miss Jane.

"There was eight cents; I s'pose five would ha' been all he 'd 'a' looked for, but I did n't want to appear mean."

Their conversation was interrupted by the driver helping another passenger into the carriage.

"Where to, ladies?" Before the Misses Little could ask his advice, the new passenger had given an address, the carriage-door slammed, and they were rattling off.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Miss Jane; "he don't know where we want to go, he did n't give us a chance to ask him about any hotel."

The new passenger was a small woman, with thick dark hair, and a kindly face. "Are you strangers in the city?" she asked pleasantly, and the sound of a friendly voice was most welcome to the elderly travelers.

"If you are, and want to go to a nice, quiet boarding-house, I can recommend the address I just gave. It is under the charge of an association of women, and strangers are always made welcome. My name is Mrs. Amanda P. Walton," concluded the stranger.

"We had thought of goin' to a hotel," suggested Miss Eliza.

"Yes? Hotels are very expensive. Now, this place I was speaking of is very quiet; you would feel just as if you were at home. I could introduce you to the matron."

"My sister and I will be very glad to find such a stoppin'-place as you describe. Our name is Little — Miss Jane and Miss Eliza Little. We were obliged to come to Boston for a few days on — on business." Miss Jane's voice was firm. The reins of government were again in her charge.

Eliza made a feeble effort for freedom. "But, Jane, we was thinkin' of—"

"Never mind, Eliza," replied the elder sister; and Miss Eliza, silent but rebellious, was borne onward by resistless fate.

That night as the sisters sat together in the narrow, chilly room, Miss Eliza said:

"Jane, we come to Boston a-purpose to stop at a hotel, an' I know jest as well as I want to that if we say anything 'bout theater, that Mis' Walton 'll have a fit."

Miss Jane was struggling with the fastenings of their trunk. "There 's to be an entertainment here to-morrow," she said finally; "Mis' Walton 's to read a paper."

"I can read the paper myself, far as that goes," said Eliza. "Be you a-goin' to unpack the trunk, Jane?"

"Of course; why, what 'd we bring our best things for?"

"I d' know, I 'm sure," answered Eliza, with some little emotion.

"I 'm glad I brought the hay-money along," said Miss Jane, after the trunk-fastenings had yielded to her patient investigation; "I guess 't will be all we shall need to use."

The morning after their arrival Mrs. Walton tapped at their door to inquire if they had rested well. "I thought perhaps you would like to visit the sewing-class with me this morning," she said

pleasantly. So, directly after breakfast, the two sisters went across the street to a small hall where a number of women were busily engaged. "They are all at work for our annual fair," explained Mrs. Walton. Miss Jane listened politely, but Eliza looked out of the window with a vague envy of the moving throngs on the street.

The morning drifted wearily by. Miss Jane gave Mrs. Walton a slight account of the Reverend Ephraim Little's work, and of the prosperity of her Uncle Daniel.

"I hope he remembered you in his will," responded Mrs. Walton, sympathetically.

"He left us five hundred dollars," replied Miss Jane. "It 's been something of a question in our minds as to what use we should put it to."

"I suppose your dear father would have advised you to use it for others, would he not?" suggested Mrs. Walton.

They were late for lunch that day, but were ready when Mrs. Walton came to escort them to the sitting-room, where she was to read her paper. Eliza attempted a faint resistance, but was overcome by Miss Jane's firm determination to be polite to a stranger who had done so much for them.

"I 'd a great sight ruther be home in my own rockin'-chair than stuck up on this settee," ventured Miss Eliza. "Here 't is 'most dark, an' we ain't seen nothin' yet," she continued; but Jane made no reply.

The next morning Mrs. Walton said that she wanted to introduce them to one or two of the directors. The directors proved to be very cordial, pleasant women, with whom Miss Jane was greatly impressed.

In the afternoon Jane had a long talk with Mrs. Walton, while Eliza impatiently waited in the little room that looked out upon a narrow court. It was evening before the two sisters were alone together.

"I ain't been out of the house to-day," announced Eliza in an aggrieved tone. "What be we goin' to do to-morrow, Jane?"

"Mis' Walton says she should like to have us look over the reports of their work for the library fund in the morning, and —"

"Well, I sha'n't look over no nothin'. I shall set right in this room; I wish that Mis' Walton would let us alone a minute. I did n't come to Boston to visit with her," said Eliza.

The fourth day of their pleasure trip dawned bright and clear, but found Eliza nearly discouraged. She had not suggested returning home, as she hoped that each day might bring a chance to see something of the city of which she had dreamed. Even Miss Jane began to wonder if they would not have enjoyed their visit better at a hotel.

"Seein' as we 're in Boston, I dunno but what I should like to see Bunker Hill monument, after all," she confided to Eliza. "I 've heard father tell considerable 'bout it."

Miss Eliza looked up hopefully. "Well, why don't we go *an'* see it?" she urged. "There 's cars a-goin' by to all points of the compass, an' if we are a-goin' anywheres, it 's about time we made a start, Jane; we 've been here four days. To be sure, Bunker Hill ain't the theater, but it 's *somewheres*."

"Has Mis' Walton said much to you about that library fund they 're tryin' to raise?" asked Miss Jane. The sisters were alone in the narrow room. The door was securely fastened, but Miss Jane lowered her voice to a whisper, and without waiting her sister's answer continued: "She was a-sayin' to me last night, that five hundred dollars would complete the amount needed. It seems to be for a good cause, Eliza."

"I s'pose we should have to allow some time, a good part of a day, mebbe, if we was calculatin' on visitin' Bunker Hill," remarked Miss Eliza, with a fine disregard of her sister's question.

"I s'pose so. I was a-thinkin', Eliza, that p'r'aps, seein' you was so set on it, we might go to the theater; we could go up an' see the Common in the morning, an' go to the Museum to-morrow night; that is," concluded Miss Jane, "if we could manage it without causing unnecessary talk."

Miss Eliza's face brightened. "You jest leave it to me, Jane; don't you charge your mind with it at all. An' about that library fund, I may say that Mis' Walton 's said a good deal to me about it. She seems to feel jest as if father's bein' a minister sort of bound us to give that money. I declare, I did n't like to tell her that if it had n't been Uncle Daniel's leavin' it to us, we should n't ha' thought of Boston."

The next morning, after their early breakfast, Jane and Eliza hurried to their room, put on their bonnets, and, coming softly down the stairs, opened the front door and stepped out.

It was a bright spring morning, and the country-bred women were keenly sensitive to the crisp, salt-touched air.

"I declare to it, I don't feel more 'n seventeen," said Eliza, joyfully. "I was afraid Mis' Walton would n't want us to go out alone; but I s'pose she did n't see no way to prevent it," she finished, with a little laugh.

"You 're sure you know the way, ain't you, Eliza?" questioned Miss Jane, anxiously.

"Land, yes; we jest keep down this street a little way, and then turn to the right, and there we be; but I jest want to step into this store a minute, Jane."

The elder sister followed meekly. In the pursuit of pleasure she felt herself a secondary power. A bright-faced, good-natured girl came forward to meet them. "Would you be kind

enough to direct us the nearest way to the Museum?" asked Miss Eliza.

"The cars go right by here," answered the girl; "you just wave to them, and they 'll stop. You tell the conductor to leave you at the Museum."

Both the ladies thanked her, but outside the shop Miss Jane said, "We don't want to go to no Museum now, Eliza."

"Yes, we do; we want to get reserved seats, so 's to be sure 'bout to-night," replied her sister, as she hurried Jane toward a horse-car.

"I've got to meet Mis' Walton at ten o'clock, Eliza, so we won't mind 'bout the Common this forenoon," said Jane in an almost apologetic manner, as they came down the long flight of stairs that led from the ticket-office.

Miss Eliza made no objections. Two tickets for the evening performance were in her grasp. The charms of the Common were of little importance.

"I don't s'pose you feel willin' we should give that money to the fund, do you, Eliza?" ventured Miss Jane. "The fact is, I told Mis' Walton that we 'd consider the subject, an' I thought, if you agreed, that I 'd pay for these tickets with the cranberry-money."

At that moment five hundred dollars seemed a matter of small consequence to Miss Eliza. She was in Boston, she was going to the theater that night. The sun shone, and along the borders of an old cemetery she could see the yellow gleam of the crocus.

"I dunno as I care, Jane. I s'pose it 's puttin' it to a good use," she answered.

Miss Jane said nothing, but it was her triumphant moment. She felt that, after all, the cranberry-money had not been spent in vain. She pictured to herself the scene when she should formally present the money to the board. She flushed at the thought of their admiring thanks, and smiled at her own modest acceptance of their appreciation.

Although the walk home was a silent one, both sisters remembered it as the most pleasant part of their visit.

Mrs. Walton met them at the door. She was sorry, but she must ask Miss Little to postpone their little talk until afternoon. There was to be a meeting of the directors that evening in regard to the library fund. She hoped Miss Little would feel like coming down; at any rate, she would see her directly after lunch.

Miss Jane agreed cheerfully. "I shall have something pleasant to tell you, Mis' Walton," she said; and, shaking off Eliza's warning hand, she continued, "my sister and I have at last agreed —" Mrs. Walton gave utterance to a hopeful, short-breathed "Yes?" and Miss Jane went on, "I will tell you our decision this afternoon."

When they were alone, and Jane was preparing for the afternoon meeting, Eliza spoke: "Now, you be careful, Jane, or we 'll have to go to that meetin' to-night. I know just as well as I want to that Mis' Walton would think we 'd ought to put the money in the mission-box instead of goin' to the theater with it. You be firm, Jane. You can give 'em that five hundred dollars if you want to, but don't you let her have the chance to stop us goin' to the theater now the tickets are bought."

It was, therefore, a somewhat difficult task for Miss Jane to respond to her sister's questioning look when they met at supper.

"'T ain't no use, Eliza; we 've got to go to that board meeting to-night. We 've got to sign papers 'bout givin' that money; and I — well, 't wa' n't no use to say nothin' 'bout our goin' out to Mis' Walton," said Jane, weakly.

"What be we a-goin' to do with those theater-tickets? They 're bought an' paid for," said Eliza.

"I can't help it. There ain't no way but for us to go to that board meeting to-night," answered her sister.

It is a week later, and the Misses Little are again at home. In the frame of the small mirror in Eliza's room are stuck two narrow slips of blue pasteboard, the only purchase she had made while in Boston.

They are sitting together in the kitchen, Miss Eliza occupied in vain endeavors to sew up a long slit in an old rubber, while Jane's needle speeds busily back and forth weaving in a neat darn in the front breadth of her black alpaca.

The elder sister's face is calm and placid, but Eliza's thoughts are evidently not of a satisfactory nature.

"You ain't read the notice 'bout our givin' the money to the library fund in that paper Mis' Walton sent, have you, Eliza?"

"Yes, I read it. It read well 'nough. Sounds well to give five hundred dollars to 'most anything; but I sha'n't have no new rubber shoes next fall now the cranberry-money 's spent. I ain't begrudgin' the money, Jane, but when I think of our buyin' those theater-tickets an' not goin', an' not seein' the Common, nor goin' to Bunker Hill, an' not stoppin' at no hotel, all just because Mis' Walton happened to ride in the same carriage we did, I declare, it makes me feel as if I wished Uncle Daniel had n't left us a cent."

Miss Jane's placid expression fades a little, and she says: "We shall have to plan pretty close this year to pay for it, but I guess if we 're careful we shall be 'bout 's well off in a year or two as we was 'fore we had money left us."

Alice Turner.



AWAITING THE TRAIN.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SEA.

WITH PICTURES BY I. W. TABER.

EARLY in the seventies the steam sloop-of-war *Resaca* was detailed for duty as the depot ship of the naval expedition employed upon the Pacific side in that optimistic survey of the Isthmus of Panama which was to reveal a tide-water canal route to the Atlantic. The climate was villainous, the work rigorous, the surroundings most depressing. Even in the preliminary stages so many denials had to be enforced that at last, as a concession to the civilized side of the men engaged in the labor, an opportunity was offered them to send home and receive letters through agencies less uncertain than the pestilent bungoes which traded coastward from the Gulf of San Miguel. Into these denials entered many essentials such as clean linen and mess stores, so when it was announced that the sailing-launch, adequately equipped and manned, was to go to Panama, there were arrayed such a mail, personal and official, and such lists of stores necessary for the successful pursuit of the elusive routes, that the departure of the craft took on a fine air of ceremonious congratulation. When the boat shoved clear of the ship's side, the men crowding the rail, and the officers gathered aft, sped her in a hearty cheer the warmest of God-speeds; the ship's dog barked, the landsmen swore at their bondage, and the forecastle cat glared silently from the pivot-port. For hers was an absorbing interest, as among the launch's crew was that very tender-hearted blue-jacket whose affection for the cat had made him go the length of sporting her tattooed portrait, in the primary colors so dear to Jacky, upon a stalwart forearm, where a very weeping willow and an impossible tomb divided the muscles with a quaint distich out of a sailor's hornbook.

The cat gazed long and uncannily from the pivot-port rail, her tail waving a protesting adieu, and her whiskers rigged out with the rigidity of a Greek brig's bowsprit. When the boat turned a bend in the river, and was shut in by a lush fringe of mangrove, the cat jumped spitefully to the deck, walked forward (back arched and tail swollen like a magnified frankfurter), spat at the yellow dog we had — conveyed, the wise call it — up-river, and then disappeared — forever.

Whether she dropped overboard in the swift tide-stream of the Tuyra, or was astrally translated, none of us ever learned after the closest inquest; but that surely was the end of cat number one, as we despairingly called her.

Two nights afterward, when inshore, fairly well up Panama way, the launch, spitted by a squall from no-man's-land, turned turtle, belched mail, and coin, and linen, and all the rest of it, to the sharks, and one man, the cat's particular adoption, was drowned.

Six months later, and after a deal of trying work, the *Resaca* gained a well-earned anchorage off the murky coast of Callao. Here we met an American, a civil engineer of exceeding promise, who was engaged as chief of division in the survey of that cloud-assailing route which started from Lima, skirted the Rimac, and then zigzagged over the hills at an elevation deadly to the plain-reared gringo. He was low in his clever mind, hipped, sapped by fever and anxieties, and pathetically hungry for home and American faces and ways. We stumbled into his story through a lucky pitfall, though this may have no place here. It opened our hearts, however, for he was a stranger in a freebooting zone, and we were his countrymen, and surely that was enough to make the mess beg him to come on board for a chance at the sea breezes and a sure hit at American ways and faces.

The night he crawled over the gangway the ship's new cat slipped overboard, but with such pitiful mewings and clawings that the rush of rescuers nearly swamped the lowered boat. By the flare of signal torches and deck lanterns Tom was seen in the nick of time, and to everybody's content was hauled safely inboard.

Our visitor found a tonic in the breeze, and the rest and novelty of the life, made a most receptive target for the mess-worn stories, and all around proved such a good sort of American that when, ten days later, he announced his intention of striking the beach for the afternoon, a howl of growls went up, which had a sane echo in the calm and strong protest of the surgeon. It seemed, however, that he had to go, for one of his inventions, upon which depended the immediate support of his old people at home, was then under examination by the authorities.



ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

MERMAIDS.

He remained ashore after sundown, came off in the damp boat of a drunken fletero, who raised a row half-way to the ship about the fare, and when he climbed the gangway was so worn out with the running about and heat and worry that he had to be helped to his state-room. Just as two bells struck in the first watch (nine at night), and tattoo had its echo in taps beaten, the doctor came on deck to tell us that the engineer was in a bad way; but in the middle of his explanations we heard a scramble on the housed awning, saw a tangle of flying feet and clawing paws, and heard a splash, a wailing mew of despair, answered by the bleat of a belated seal paddling toward San Lorenzo, seaward. Cat number two was overboard, this time for good and all; for though the nearest boat went into the water by the run, and willing fingers gripped oar-looms and handles, it was too late. The cat had slipped into the darkness, and was borne shoreward on the flood, surging riotously.

When the ebb was making about two in the morning of the second day, the young engineer stretched out a faltering hand to the doctor and to the rest of us gathered about him,



ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

INDIANS SACRIFICING TOBACCO TO APPEASE THE SPIRIT OF THE WAVE.

tried to tell us something about his invention, and died.

After long days at sea, and longer ones in stunted Peruvian and Chilian ports, the *Resaca* anchored one breezy morning off the town of Talcahuano, which offers such large possibilities to sailors. Here some one was given a wonderful kitten, yellow and gray, with curious interlacings of black and tawny rings. It was a breed strange to the country, so everybody said, and no one pretended to account for it save Lafferty, a Californian, who ran the Fourth of July hotel. This tavern was much frequented by sailors of all degrees, and here one day, in the captain's room, religiously tabooed to all save master-mariners and naval officers, Lafferty told in an ornamental lie how the kitten's mother had appeared suddenly after a rainfall, and how she proved to be, not a Dago cat, but one of an Indian breed, born on the silent, yellow pampas, which stretched over the hills for miles and miles out Argentine way.

The kitten grew into a very gentle cat, took kindly to all hands, though it adopted as its special ward the senior watch-officer, who, by the way, was the only man in the mess that had a wife and baby to keep him out of mischief.

Those were busy days for the ship off that nook-shotten coast, and so after another six months the *Resaca* was one morning at sea, standing up the shore, bound for Payta, when the senior watch-officer came on deck and learned that the cat was dead. In a mad chase after a rat, diving into a chain-pipe, it had made a jump from the topgallant forecastle, struck its head on the cable, and ended thus untimely its career. After his manner, the senior watch-officer fell into sad forebodings. When the day broke, the gear was laid up, decks were swept, and preparations made for washing down. Hardly had the hickory brooms begun their swishing when White — John White, captain of the starboard watch of the after-guard — staggered against the bulwarks, and said, "I feel bad, sir," and then gripping his throat, continued; "all throttled here." Two hands were ordered to help White forward, the doctor was called, the apothecary aroused.

Just as the gray dawn silvered into clear day the doctor came — in pajamas — with a leap and a bound on deck, asked what the row was, and started forward; but in the center of a silent crowd of sailors of the watch gathered at the weather-gangway he stopped. It was too late; White was dead.

After the captain of the after-guard had been buried, and the ship had gathered way on her old course northward, the petty officers came to the mast, and asked to see the captain. When he appeared, the senior sailorman, cap in hand, forelock properly patted, spoke up manfully and quietly. The burden of his request — this most gravely considered, most earnestly granted — was that the ship's company begged that no more cats be allowed on board. He went on to prove that they brought bad luck; black cats

and strange, foreign cats especially, and while the people forward were not superstitious, still, queer things had happened of late, and he felt it to be only fair that the captain should know how the men looked at it.

Lafferty's pampas cat was the last we shipped that cruise, and the rats had a fine run of the holds thereafter, until one day Bill Clarke, late champion light-weight of South Australia, and then proprietor of a snug English pub and dog-pit in Callao, came off to the ship by contract, and, baiting his traps with melon rinds, caught in two nights more rats than may be chronicled here.

This, of course, is an over-long yarn to reel off in order to prove that superstition is still foolishly potent with sailors. It is as easy as fudging a day's work to show that, in the case quoted, coincidences were mistaken for causes, and that the evidence needed a link or two; but it was another curious coincidence that no more men died suddenly that cruise after we gave up enlisting cats.

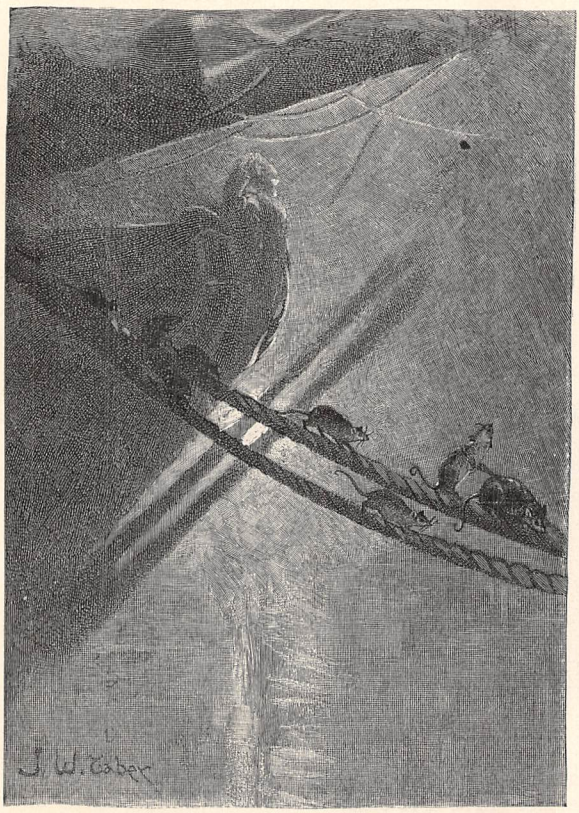


THE FLYING DUTCHMAN. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

After studying them fairly well, I doubt if modern sailors are more superstitious than any other class with equal training and opportunities. I believe that everybody is leavened with superstition, notably the noisiest scoffers, and those mountebanks, the Thirteen Clubs, for these gentry protest too much. It seems to be a human instinct, modified by racial inheritances and developments. In the youth of the world its manifestations were the earliest recorded utterances of men concerning the visible phenomena of the universe, and its grip on simple words was an outgrowth of the fear of the unknown. Of all people sailors must deal at first hand, and helplessly to some degree, with the most unknowable, uncontrollable of material problems, the sea, and it is only natural that their folk-lore should be, in part, land stories fitted with sea meanings, and in part blind explanations of sea phenomena — both being maintained valorously by the gruesome conservatism of the seaman, even after rational causes come to the rescue.

In earlier days superstition was as much a part of every ship as the water she was to float in: for it entered with the wood scarfed into her keel, and climbed to the flags and garlands waving at her mastheads; it ran riotously at her launching, controlled her name, her crew, and cargoes; it timed her days and hours of sailing, and convoyed her voyages. It summoned apparitions for her ill fortune, and evoked portents and signs for her prosperity; it made winds blow foul or fair, governed her successful ventures and arrivals, and, when her work was done, promised a port of rest somewhere off the shores of Fiddler's Green, where all good sailors rest eternally, or threatened foul moorings deep in the uncanny locker of Davy Jones of ballad memory.

In many countries stolen wood was mortised into the keel, as it made the ship sail faster at night; though if the first blow struck in fashioning this keel drew fire, the ship was doomed to wreck upon her maiden voyage. Silver (usually a coin) placed in the mainmast-step went for lucky ventures, and misguided indeed was the owner who permitted any of the unlucky timbers to enter into the construction. Something of the ceremonious character given to launchings survives to this day; where of old ships were decked with flowers and crowns of leaves, flags now flutter; the libation poured on the deck, the purification by the priest, the anointing with egg and sulphur, find their exemplars in the well-aimed and wasted magnums which are shattered on the receding cutwater as the craft, released from the ways, slips, well-greased, into the sea; the jar of wine put to his lips by the captain, and then emptied on deck, the cakes and ale set before the crew, the stoup of wine offered to passers-by on the quay, and the refusal of which was an evil omen—all are realized in these sadder lustrums by the builder's feast in the mold-loft.



ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

RATS LEAVING A SHIP.

Lawyers, clergymen, and women are ever looked at with disfavor on sailing-ships as sure to bring ill luck—lawyers, undoubtedly, from the antipathy of sailors to the class, a dislike so pronounced that "sea-lawyer" is a very bitter term of reproach, and "land-shark" is a synonym. Clergymen—priests and parsons—are unlucky, probably because of their black gowns and their principal duty on shipboard,—that of consoling the dying and burying the dead,—though possibly because the devil, the great storm-raiser, is their especial enemy, and sends tempests to destroy them. Women—who may reason out their unpopularity?—save that a ship is the last place for them, or perhaps because of the dread of witches; for of all spell-workers in human form none is so dreaded as the female brewers of hell-broth. Like the priests of the middle ages, they can raise a prime quality of storm by tossing sand or stones in the air, and, like Congreve's Lapland sorceress, are supposed to live by selling contrary winds and wrecked vessels.

Russian Fins—or "Roosian" Fins, as Jacky has it—were, and are yet, wizards of high degree. Hurricanes blew, calms beset, gales roared, as they willed, and their incantations began to operate by the simple sticking of a knife in the mast. If they wished to drive the rats out of a vessel, they shoved the point of a snicker-snee into the deck, and every rat ran for the sharp blade, and willy-nilly performed *hara-kiri*. No one ever saw, in sailor lore, a penniless Russian Fin, for by slipping his hand into his pocket he can always produce a gold doubloon—why a gold doubloon, no one seems to know, but it is always that coin; his rum bottle, often consulted silently and alone, is never full nor empty—a gentle plashing of tide—half-tide bringing fat content, and woe be to the incautious mariner who bites the weather-side of his thumb at him, for harm will surely follow.

Certain families could never get sea employment under their own surnames, not even such members as were born with cauls, for they were tabooed, barred; and many animals—hares, pigs, and black cats, for example—could neither be carried nor mentioned on shipboard, save under very stringent conditions. Scarborough wives kept a black cat in the house to assure their husbands' lives at sea; but on voyages every black cat carried a gale in her tail, and if she became unusually frolicsome a storm was sure to follow. Years ago, on board the flagship *Franklin*, up the Mediterranean, we had a yarn that illustrated a survival of this antipathy



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE PHANTOM BURNING SHIP.

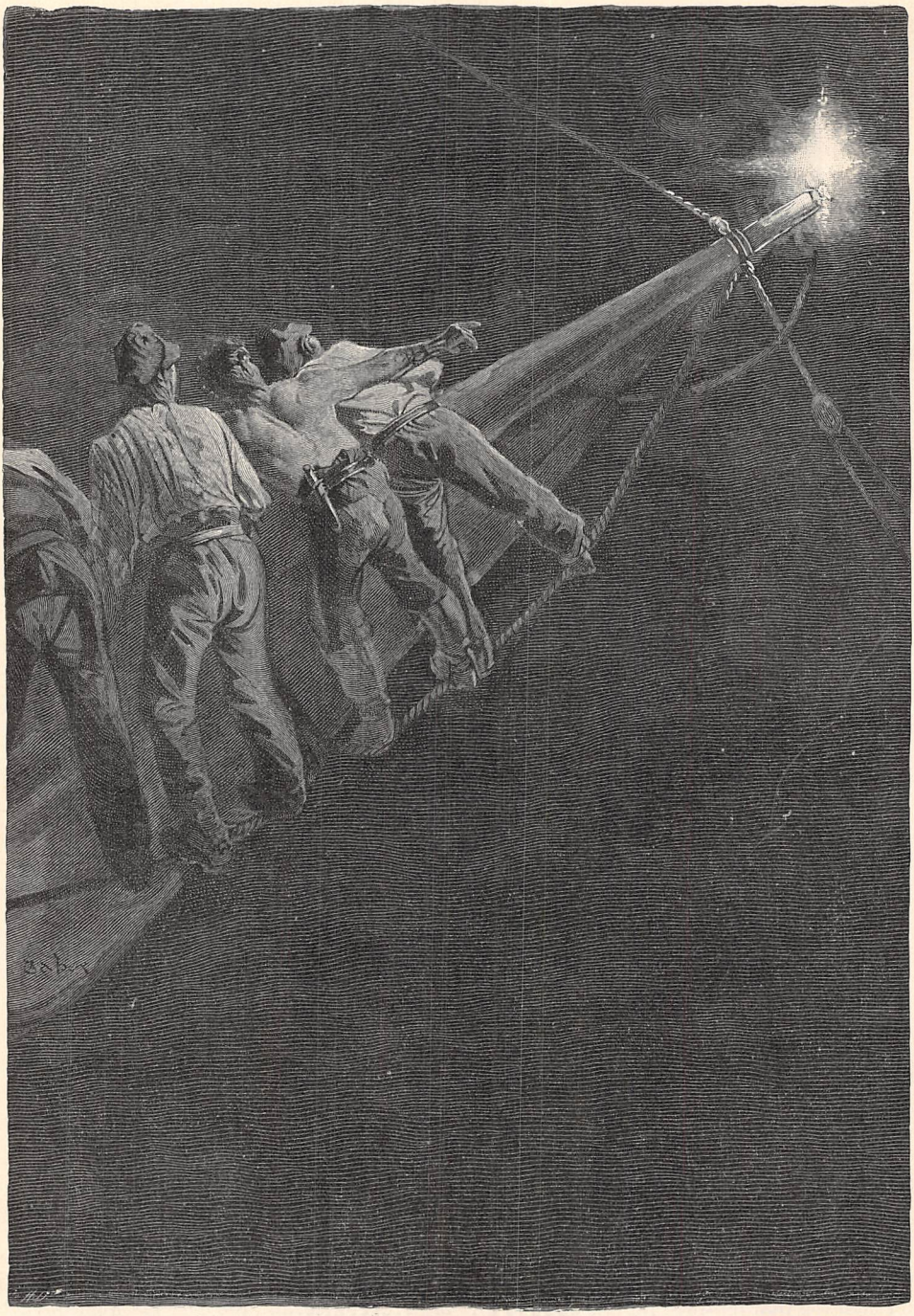
to certain forms of animal life. Two old quartermasters were heard during the morning watch exchanging in the cockpit dismal experiences of their dreams the night before. One was particularly harrowing, for the narrator wound up with, "And I say, Bill, I was never so afeared in my life; when I woke up it seemed as true as day, and I was all of a tremble like an *asp on a leaf*."

"What 's that?" said the other. "Pipe down; don't mention that rep-tile; he 's a hoodoo on shipboard."

Whistling — and let us honor this sweet tradition — is very much against the proprieties of sea-life. You may, in a calm, if not a landsman, woo with soothing whistle San Antonio or Saint Nicholas, and a lagging wind may be spurred in consequence by these patron saints of the mariner; but once the ship is going, never, wise and wary passenger, whistle if you fear keel-hauling, for, like the Padrone in the Golden Legend, you may find

> Only a little while ago,
> I was whistling to Saint Antonio
> For a cap-full of wind to fill our sail,
> And instead of a breeze he has sent a gale.

Figureheads were at first images of gods, and later of saints and sea-heroes, and were held in high reverence, and the eyes glaring from each bow of a Chinese junk enable the boat to voyage intelligently — for "no have two eyes, how can see? No can see, how can do?" is the shibboleth of their sailors. Ships' bells were blessed, and to-day if a mistake in their striking is made by a stupid messenger-boy, they are struck backward to break the spell. In one ship to which I was attached the bell had



ST. ELMO'S FIRE. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

come down to us from the *Ticonderoga*, through the *Thetis*, I think, and was supposed to be under the special control of a blue spirit of mischief. Why the blue spirit should indulge in such vagaries is hidden, but in the middle of deep-sea nights, when the moon rode in an auspicious quarter, and the wind blew with the force, and from the direction, necessary for the spell, the blue bell was bound to make a complete circle, and ring out nine bells stridently. Of course no one ever heard or ought to hear nine bells at sea, for eight bells are as fixed in limit as

the decalogue; but this was promised. Whether the conditions failed to coördinate, I cannot say, but though the bell was watched by all sorts and conditions of men, the occult ceremony was never performed for our benefit. Is it necessary to add that by report it was a common event in the other ships mentioned?

The proverbial desertion of sinking ships by rats is founded upon reason, and undoubtedly occurs, for as rats like to prowl about dry-footed, and will stick to one place so long as food is plenty, it is probable that the ship they leave is so leaky and unseaworthy that their under-deck work is too wet to suit them.

Most of the ceremonies of ship-life are of long descent, but, I believe, none is more ancient or more honored in the observance than those attendant upon crossing the line, whether it be the equator with deep-water ships, or the arctic circle with whalers. The details of the performance vary even among the ships of the same waters; but it is always a tribute to Neptune exacted of the officers, crew, and passengers new to the waters entered. Bassett gives a description, taken from Marryat's "Frank Mildmay," which is true of our ships in essentials. With us the ship is usually hailed from the supposed depths of the sea the evening before the line is to be reached, and the captain is given the compliments of Neptune, and asked to muster his novices for the sea-lord's inspection. The next day the ship is hove-to at the proper moment, and Neptune, with his dear Amphitrite and suite, comes on board over the bow or through a bridle-port, if the weather permits.

> Neptune appears [writes Marryat] preceded by a young man, dandily dressed in tights and riding on a car made of a gun-carriage drawn by six nearly naked blacks, spotted with yellow paint. He has a long beard of oakum, an iron crown on his head, and carries a trident with a small dolphin between its prongs. His attendants consist of a secretary with quills of the sea-fowl; a surgeon with lancet and pill-box; a barber with a huge wooden razor, with its blade made of an iron hoop, and a barber's mate, with a tub for a shaving-box. Amphitrite, wearing a woman's nightcap with seaweed ribbons on her head, and bearing an albicore on a harpoon, carries a ship's boy in her lap as a baby, with a marlinspike to cut his teeth on. She is attended by three men dressed as nymphs, with currycombs, mirrors, and pots of paint. The sheep-pen, lined with canvas and filled with water, has already been prepared. The victim, seated on a platform laid over it, is blindfolded, then shaved by the barber, and finally plunged backward into the water. Officers escape by paying a fine in money or rum.

To this day it is the roughest sort of rough man-handling, but it is a short shrift for those who take it good-naturedly, and, like bear-baiting, affords great amusement to the spectators.

On Good Friday, in many ports, Roman Catholic sailors cockbill their yards, slack their gear, and scourge Judas, as signs of mourning. In the harbor of New York I have seen the effigy of Judas hanged to a yard-arm until sunset, then lowered, and so belabored and beaten, so cuffed and kicked, that it seemed a mercy when it was burned to a charred mass in the galley, and the ashes were scattered with contumely on the water. Spanish sailors, on certain days of the week or month, lay aloft at sunset, and beat the sheaves and pins of the blocks — pulleys, as shore people call them. This is driving the devil out of the gear, and a fine din it makes, for the Spaniards put their brawn into it. After all, it is nothing more than a general order popularized, and is the result of a certain disaster, when a Spanish squadron, surprised at a long occupied anchorage, could not make sail to engage the enemy because the pins and sheaves of all the principal blocks had rusted in their seatings.

Nothing was more common at sea in the old days than apparitions, from horned and monstrous seamen, through saints and red-bearded Norse-gods, to that dreadful specter of the Cape, Adamaster, who is sometimes seen even yet, in the twilight, hovering in cloud and mist over the white folds of the Devil's Tablecloth mantling the headland of Good Hope. More picturesque than any other, perhaps, is the Flying Dutchman, whose tale is told with variations in nearly every maritime country, and whose sad mishaps have formed the burden of many a song and story. Jal gives the accepted version thus:

> An unbelieving Dutch captain had vainly tried to round Cape Horn against a head gale. He swore he would do it, and when the gale increased, laughed at the fears of his crew, smoked his pipe, and drank his beer. He threw overboard some of the crew who tried to make him seek a port. The Holy Ghost descended upon the vessel, but, firing his pistol at the apparition, he pierced his own hand and paralyzed his arm. He cursed God, and was then condemned to navigate always without putting into port; only having gall to drink, and red-hot iron to eat, and a watch to keep that should last forever. He was to be the evil genius of the sea, to torment Spanish sailors; the sight of his storm-tossed bark to carry presage of ill-fortune to luckless beholders. He sends white squalls, disasters, tempests. Should he visit a ship, wine sours, and all food becomes beans; should he bring or send letters they must not be touched on pain of death and damnation. His crew are all old sinners of the sea, sailor thieves, cowards, and murderers, who suffer and toil eternally, and have little to eat and less to drink.

Cooper tells us that the vessel is said to be a double-decker, always to windward, sometimes in a fog during clear weather, often under all

sail in a gale, and on occasions veering and hauling among the clouds. The ship's history has been chronicled with the particularity of a great war, and in the late Lieutenant Bassett's book will be found many curious particulars of her woful fate and of her Heaven-cursed skipper.

To the adventurous globe-trotter who has climbed the rock-path to the sailors' church of Notre Dame de la Garde, dominating the Phenician port of Marseilles, the potent influence of sacrifices and offerings for perils passed and to come must be no old story. There is a pathos, even for the worldly, in the quaint ships and galleons, in the rusting marlinspikes and shattered tiller-heads, swinging to the mistral, in reverential offering before the shrines. These graces after danger, these insurances against evil to come, circle the world. No people have escaped the influence of such hopes and thanks. Our Indians were fettered by them, and no ceremonious offerings were more common than those which went to appease the angry Spirit of the Waters. On the upper tributaries of the Mississippi, the Indians, with occult rites, gave tribute of tobacco from a beetling cliff to the Great Spirit of the River, and to the winds that smote the waters with blasts from the caverns of the jealous gods. Algonquins in the North, Aztecs, sons of Atahualpa and Marco Capac, in the South — all blew incense out of their pipes, and strewed upon the currents and tide ways just such offerings of tobacco as, in our more subjective days, we give with lost meanings to the minor gods who rule the man's hour in our feasts.

But not alone did apparitions, or votive offerings which must be made, crowd to daunt the sailor, for in his voyages ghostly lights would gleam suddenly from yard-arms or masthead, and at the bowsprit-cap spectral flames might cast weird reflections upon the water.

> High on the mast, with pale and lurid rays,
> Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze,

is the manner in which Falconer sang of it, though among the Latin seafaring races the St. Elmo's Fire or the corposant is, specially if seen double, the best of omens, and is hailed as evidence of Heaven's care for ship and crew. Dampier described it as a small, glittering light, like a star when it shines at the masthead, like a glow-worm when it appears on deck. He believed it to be some kind of a jelly, but we know now that it is an electrical manifestation which occurs in rarified conditions of the atmosphere, and adheres to the iron of the spars, as the metal is the best conductor available.

Many modern sailors will reject this explanation as incomplete, and in the older days it would have been scoffed at, and banned by bell, book, and candle, for it was one of the commonest and most cherished of superstitions held by the men who went down to the sea in ships and saw the supernatural everywhere.

J. D. Jerrold Kelley.

THE PASSING OF DAY.

BLUE bloom is on the distant hill;
Mystic grays the mid-air fill.
The low winds say:
"Farewell to Day;
Evening is on her way."

She walks the waters and the land,
She and Quiet, hand in hand.
The low winds say,
"Sweet sounds, obey;
Soft colors, fade away."

And all the lovely colors go;
All the sounds; and very low
The winds say on —
Do they say on?
No whisper. Day is gone.

John Vance Cheney.

A BACHELOR MAID.

By Mrs. Burton Harrison,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," "Bellhaven Tales," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY IRVING R. WILES.



JUDGE IRVING.

MR. JUSTICE IRVING was in the act of putting on his overcoat to leave the Antediluvian Club. He was feeling reasonably cheerful, for he had beaten his favorite adversary, Bob Crouch, at billiards; so cheerful, indeed, that he made a mental note of a fleeting resolve to give Crouch, to console him, the next appointment he should have of a commissioner in lunacy.

It was, therefore, a smiling countenance his honor turned upon a young man already equipped for the street, who came up to offer him a hand with his coat.

"Ha, Gordon! That you? Have n't seen you before this evening."

"No; I have just come in, hoping to catch you — and to walk home with you, if I may."

"Glad of your company, my dear boy," the judge said, as they emerged under the sparkling heaven of a mild winter's night in New York. "Wanted to speak to you about the sale of Romaine's books. What the deuce he means by selling them, I can't make out. Twenty good years of a man's life put into a collection that can't be beat for choiceness, and here they are to be scattered for a freak. You must manage to be there, my dear lad; there are one or two tidbits my mouth has been watering for this age. You must appear for me, as usual, and mind you secure them, if I am to die in peace. And I 've got a copy of the new Prayer-Book, édition de luxe, to show you, with a story attached to it as good, almost, as my luck in getting it half price. Did n't see you at the Grolier last night, by the way. Were you and Marion quarreling, as usual, at our house? Can't think where that daughter of mine gets her way of flying off the handle about little things not quite to her taste."

"She has flown off the handle for good and all, so far as I am concerned," said the young lawyer. "She has broken our engagement."

"Broken — your — oh — good heaven, Gordon, you are thirty years old — you are not taken in by stuff like that? Broken — the girl 's mad; I always said so; that woman's college I was fool enough to send her to — to 'finish her education,' forsooth! — has put more silly rot into her head than it ever did ideas. Ever since she quitted it, four years ago, she has gone on following one fad after the other, till I 'm only thankful she has n't brought me to be an open laughing-stock before the town. And what this means, I don't believe anybody knows. She took you of her own free will; you 've been engaged a year; and I had every hope of seeing her married, and settled, and out of mischief, in the spring — and —" here his honor emitted a naughty word, and struck his stick upon the pavement so fiercely that a policeman, accidentally in his place upon the block, looked around with languid interest to see what was "up" — "she *shall* marry you in the spring, or I 'll know the reason why."

"Marion would not be the prize I have thought her," said the young man, modestly, "if she could be forced into marrying against her will."

"What 's her will? What does a girl know about what she wants, and what she does n't want?" pursued the irate father. "If there 's anything on God's earth troublesome to deal with at the breakfast-table, or on the witness-stand, it 's a woman. Troublesome? Exasperating? *Devilish!* If ever I lost my temper, it would be with the whimwhams miscalled wo-

man's ideas. This age is going to pot with 'em. The creatures write (and, what 's worse, print!), and howl and shriek on platforms, and struggle for equality with us in a perfectly disgusting way. It 's some one of that gang that 's got hold of Marion, you may depend; that 's persuaded her she has a mission above matrimony. If that were the case, and I had my way, I 'd like to sentence the offender to be ducked as a common scold."

Gordon had foreseen the effect of his communication. He waited quietly, adjusting his long strides to the somewhat shorter and heavier ones of his senior, until the first access of anger had talked itself out, and then took up the tale in the same even, self-controlled voice in which he had begun it.

"I don't suppose it 's worth while for me to tell you how long I 've wanted Marion. She is five-and-twenty now, and I took my love for her into the law-school with me, and have never wavered in it since. I did not ask her till a year ago, because I had n't enough to offer her till then."

"Egad, man, you 've made a hit at our bar second to none of your contemporaries; and I 'm blessed if I know one of them that 's got an eye and a *flair* like yours for a good book. You are the only man alive I 'd wish to have come in for my library when I 'm gone. I have left it to you in my will, as you know, with the stipulation it 's to be kept together."

"That can now no longer be my duty, sir," answered Gordon.

"Alec, what are you thinking of? Why, if twenty Marions threw you overboard, you 'd still have *the books!*" exclaimed his honor, with heartfelt emphasis. "But, come, tell me about this business quietly; don't excite yourself. In such matters nothing is gained by losing our grip on our tempers. When did she give you this precious piece of information? Broken her engagement, eh? I 'll be hanged if I 'll put up with such scurvy treatment of her father's wishes. Am I nobody in my own house, I 'd like to know? Am I a cipher, a petticoat-ridden judge, at the mercy of a spoiled girl infected with all the worst notions about woman's independence in our day — a — ?"

"I received, yesterday, a note from her," Gordon said, taking advantage of a pause during which the judge was fortunately obliged to blow his nose, "telling me that she was thoroughly unhappy in the existing relations — which, indeed, I have perceived. She asked me to go to her last evening, and I went. We talked over the subject in every aspect possible. I said everything a man in my circumstances could say. She looked more beautiful than I have ever seen her, and she was neither overexcited, nor exaggerated in her speech —"

"Marion *is* like me, they tell me," interpolated the father, grimly smiling in the dark.

"But there was no deceiving myself. Marion's ideas have undergone a change. She has come to this conclusion deliberately. She did not need to remind me that she, unlike most girls, had begun her life in society without holding marriage as its chief goal —"



GORDON.

"Stuff and nonsense! If you can find anything in the world as dismal and depressing as a woman, outside of a sisterhood, who devotes herself, through conviction, to a single life — they 're bad enough, and vexatious enough, married; but as old maids — and if I 've got to pass the remainder of my days in the cage with one of them! I won't do it, Gordon; I won't do it! I 'll box up the books, send them to a safety deposit company, let my house, take rooms near the club, and allow Miss Irving to enjoy her single blessedness where she will."

"Don't decide now, sir," said Gordon, who, not in the least surprised at the father's attitude, pursued the even tenor of his way. "What I want to ask you — as a favor to me, if you consider that I am at all injured or aggrieved by the turn affairs have taken — is to say nothing to Marion. I told her that I would tell you of her dismissal of me."

"It 's the first time I ever knew her to be a coward!"

"She is no coward; and you do not think so," Gordon said, a little rise in his temperature making itself manifest in his voice. "She is as brave a girl as ever drew breath, and as true. I asked her leave to tell you — I want you to prove your friendship for me, sir — that I 've never had cause to doubt — that is my honor and my pride — "

"You 'd have been the son I 'd have chosen, Alec, to make up for the boy I lost," said the older man, and the two gripped hands on it.

"You won't scold her — you won't visit it on her in any way? You will accept it, as I do, as final? You will gratify any wish of hers to shape her life according to the ambition she now has?"

"You ask a good lot of me, Alec. I did not see her this morning. Come to think of it, they said she had a headache, and Marion never has headaches; and I dined at the club with Crouch and a couple of Western lawyers he has on hand. Crouch plays a pretty good game at billiards, Alec, eh? Not many men in the Antediluvian who can lay him out. Well, I beat him three times running to-night. Poor return for his capital dinner, eh? By George, that chef can cook little ruddy ducks! Outside, a beautiful, even brown, and the blood following the knife — cooked to a charm. And with them we had a glass of Chambertin just the right temperature. Say what you will, those things tell. Give me rather a chop and a bottle of beer if I can't get ducks roasted right, which you never can in your own house, I 've found. I 'm the easiest fellow to please in all the world, but when that woman of Marion's sends up wild ducks overdone! You were saying you want me not to haul Marion over the coals. Why, Alec, you know if there 's anything I don't do, it is to let myself loose when anything vexes me."

"I know," ventured Gordon, soothingly. "But as this is rather more vexing than usual, I want to be sure Marion does not suffer because I have been telling tales on her. Let her speak to you first, if speak of it you must, between you. Allow everything to go on as before. If you could think of some one to invite to make her a visit at this time, it would take her out of herself, and break up her solitude, which can't be good for her just now."

"Solitude? What does she expect? She 's mistress of a good house, with plenty of servants, leave to go and come, a carriage and a maid to take her into society. She has more invitations than she cares to accept. I can't fill up the house with chattering women to please her. Good Lord! They 'd be turning over my neckties, and even handling the books, before you 'd know it! But I 'll agree to say nothing. That I can do. It 's no sacrifice to me not to speak my mind out."

"Thank you," said Gordon, briefly. They were now stopping in front of the judge's house, a broad, comfortable mansion of red brick a few doors from Fifth Avenue, in an old-fashioned, pleasant quarter not far from the Marble Arch. While the judge was feeling for his latch-key, Gordon managed to look up unobserved at the windows of the third story above him. From the angle made by the curtains in one of these, upon a shade illuminated from within, he saw a shadow withdraw. He knew this room to be the special belonging of his lately affianced wife, and he recognized the stately outline of her figure. She, then, had been waiting and watching for her father, when all the rest of the quiet house was in darkness. Gordon remembered, with a pang of sympathy for her, that in all the world outside that sleeping house she had no friend but himself who knew her as she was, who was familiar with the daily trials of her lot, who could stand between her and them. And now she had voluntarily put him from her, to live alone and to fight her own battles with what he believed to be a world of shadows summoned by her over-vivid imagination to people the loneliness of her life.

Not anger, but a vast pity for Marion, took fresh possession of him.

"Good night, then, Alec, if you won't come in and look at that catalogue of Romaine's books," said the judge in his loud, clear, self-satisfied voice.

"Not to-night. I think if you or Marion could think of any place where she might like to go for a little change — any one going abroad whom she might join —"

"Go abroad! Not by a jugful," said his honor, vexed into a slang phrase. "I 've no patience with these female vagrants who leave the houses provided for them, and the duties of their proper sphere, to go wandering around in foreign parts amusing themselves like tramps. Marion knows that, when I am able to get off, she goes with *me*, under *my* charge, to do the things *I* think best for her; and with that she has got to be content. Oh, these women, Alec — these women nowadays! They never are content; they are as mischievous an element in our society as anarchists. Look at my mother — wife of a country parson, brought up six sons in a Massachusetts village, toiled and

struggled for them, never thought of herself, I believe, till she lay down to rest in the old graveyard. Look at Marion's mother — ill health from the time Marion was born, and she never let me know it, except in a general way, until she died. Those *were* women; Marion 's degenerate —"

"I won't keep you in the draft of the open door," Gordon went on, with the quiet persistence that was a part of him. "But I hope, if Marion has any friend she desires to visit her, you will think well of providing her with a companion. Just now she needs distraction for her thoughts. She will be safer with some outlet."

"Well, well, I 'll think of it. Good night. Come over on Sunday afternoon as usual, and stop to dinner, and we 'll go over Romaine's catalogue carefully. You are not going to let this girl's folly rob me of you, my boy?"

"Good night, sir," the young man said. He had grown into the habit of thus addressing him as a father.

Again they shook hands, the front door closed, and Gordon ran down the steps to the sidewalk. Instead of going home, however, he crossed the street, walking up and down, and looking from time to time over at the window of Marion's sitting-room. When the lights there were extinguished, he turned into the Avenue, and made his way to his quarters in Washington Square.

In the corridor leading to his rooms he met a man of his acquaintance, likewise on his way into retreat.

"Hullo, Gordon! Saw you leaving the Antediluvian a while ago arm-in-arm with your father-in-law elect. I stopped behind to enter my third remonstrance on one subject in the complaint-book. There 's a plot among the club-servants to smile whenever I make observations about the ventilation of the rooms; and by George, if the governors don't take some notice of it, I 'll resign out of the club. Been seeing his honor home, eh? Soft thing you have there, old fellow; not to speak of the references that drop into your path like 'the gentle dew from heaven.' When are you going to hang up your hat for good upon Irving J.'s hat-rack?"

"Miss Irving's engagement to me is at an end, Clarkson," said Gordon, pausing at his own door, and speaking deliberately, while holding his handsome head erect, and looking his interlocutor full in the face.

"*What?*" said Clarkson, genuinely surprised.

"Yes," answered Gordon.

"Is there — if any one asks me the reason, what would you like me to say, old man?"

"Say that it has been dissolved by mutual consent. Good night to you." And, opening his door, Gordon disappeared abruptly from the view of his acquaintance, who was left upon the mat, whistling softly.

"FATHER, I have been sitting up for you," Marion had said, following the judge into his library, whither he went directly upon entering his home.

This room, containing the apple of Judge Irving's eye, was at the back of the house, in an extension built to receive it over the dining-room. Upon its walls, everywhere — save for the projecting jamb of a great chimneypiece of carved oak, and a bay-window, the upper half of thin glass veined with delicate traceries of lead, the lower curtained with amber silk, making sunshine in the gloom — were seen the mellow bindings of "the books." The books, Marion's rivals, were best loved, as she knew, for their outer integument, for their rare press-marks, for the fact that another collector had failed to secure them. Into these had gone a liberal part of the income insured to Mr. Irving during his life by his wife's will, setting aside for her daughter, after she should have reached the age of twenty-five, an annual allowance of three thousand dollars.

Marion, having just passed the period indicated, had not as yet touched her inheritance. Her father had reluctantly acceded to his wife's desire so to dispose of her own belongings. Although he would have furiously repudiated the idea of having influenced his spouse in the matter of a will so largely in his favor, poor meek Mrs. Irving, going to her grave at a gallop, took care to obtain from her husband information as to the exact age at which he was willing their daughter should begin to enjoy an independence of the purse; and somehow or other, twenty-five was the age given to the lawyer who drew up the document.

"I am glad you fixed upon five and twenty, Angela," the judge had said approvingly, after the poor lady's last will and testament had been duly signed and witnessed. "It is an evidence of your excellent judgment, my dear. You know very well that no young woman, before that age, should be regarded as a responsible being, or have tools for folly or mischief-making put into her hands. Yes; I am glad you thought of it — very glad."

Whereon he had stooped over her couch, and kissed her, going out of her room in such fullness of vigor and manly good-looks that she felt, in the heart already gripped by death, a gentle palpitation of her old adoring love for him. A little later she went to her reward, satisfied that she had done her best by the daughter left in the care of such an infallible being.

These things had passed when Marion was a child of twelve. At eighteen she had been

a woman, ardent, thoughtful, speculative, but ever since had lived the life of an infant in leading-strings, so far as her father was concerned. The curriculum he had allowed her to take at a woman's college in a neighboring State had been her one opportunity to stand alone, to test the little budding wings of her intellect, to speak upon any subject of the outer world without the certainty that she would be crushed, or smiled down upon, according to his mood.

Thus the engagement with Alec Gordon, entered into by her with hesitation in response to his fervent pleadings, was poisoned at its source. She had learned to look upon man as an oppressor of woman; to mistrust him as morally weak when physically most attractive; to resent the domestic law-giver; to dread giving up liberty, even comparative, for the positive slavery of marriage. Her father's favorite saying, in response to any remark of hers he found it inconvenient to answer,—"When Gordon gets hold of you, he will take all that nonsense out of you, my dear,"—had grown to be the nightmare of her engagement. And at last, little by little, the solitary self-tormenting of the girl had worn away her power to discriminate in character. She could see in her lover only her father's instrument. In her despair she wrote to a friend who had been a professor in the college, and told her the case as if it had been that of some one else. Of the answer we will quote this phrase:

> In sum, I should say to your friend that if her God-sent intentions were followed out by all women who experience them, we should be moving with quick strides to the future we pray for, when man through woman shall be made to know himself.

"I am not sure I know what she advises," quoth poor Marion, who had been reading seven pages preceding the sentence quoted. "But she feels for me. If I could talk with her in person, I should be easier. Oh, what in my place would the higher woman do?"

What Marion did we have learned from Alec Gordon's lips. It now remained for her to meet the storm of her father's wrath. She came into the library, swiftly, tragically, her tall form carrying the sweep of a loose white robe edged with brown fur. A band of the same fur, clasping her throat, repeated the tint of her massive hair parted in an exquisite clean line, and twisted in a coil behind. This, as did everything about the physical woman of Marion Irving, illustrated nature unspoiled by conventionality. Her taper waist, her small bust, her grand arms, her free movements, were the delight of a sketch-class of girls to which she belonged. When she would consent to sit for them, there was a general exclamation—a long-drawn "Oh!" of satisfaction, deep, not loud. Once, draped in cheese-cloth dampened and dried into the beautiful pliability beloved by an artist, she had posed for them in the attitude of the "Winged Victory of Samothrace." Her superb appearance on the platform in this guise was followed by an enthusiastic burst of applause from the class that covered the model with a veil of blushes.

Of the bewitchments of ordinary feminine beauty she possessed few. She had no coquetry, no desire to test her power on men. Her father's unfeigned contempt of all varieties of female supremacy had made her mistrust her ability either to charm or to command. She was singularly simple, direct, outspoken, and by men of society, so called, was rather eschewed than otherwise.

As she now descended upon her father, she found him warming himself, with his back to a cozy little fire, its flame many times repeated in a setting of yellow tiles. On the table beside his deep arm-chair cushioned with old-blue corduroy (these blues and yellows carefully chosen by himself) stood a reading-lamp, and a tray with a small cut-glass decanter of spirits and a plate of biscuits. The butler had seen, according to custom, that everything was in place. The judge meant to sit there for a quiet half-hour before retiring, to enjoy the consciousness of good health, good looks, good digestion, good repute, and a good balance at the bank.

Marion's appearance surprised him unpleasantly. A domestic whirlwind, in the wee sma' hours, when a man has nowhere to flee from it, is indeed a fearsome sight. Why in the dickens, he asked himself, could not the girl have put off this business till morning, when it is always possible to cut short the heat of any discussion by opening the front door? He frowned, therefore. His eyes surveyed her with the cold displeasure she so easily aroused. He was the Mr. Justice Irving Marion knew best, not the clever, genial Mr. Justice Irving known to the bar and public.

"You know I cannot endure having any one sit up for me. You have repeatedly heard me say so to the butler and the maids."

"I know, father, I know. I will never do so again. But I felt I could not go to sleep another night not having told you that I have broken with Alec Gordon."

"You may spare yourself the words, and me the annoyance. Gordon walked home with me and told me. If I had to hear it, it was better coming from a man who can tell a straight story than from a woman who dresses the whole thing up to suit herself—"

"Stop!" she cried. "Not that! In all my life I never told you a lie."

"There you go, taking offense at trifles, as usual. I meant, of course, that you would nat-

urally want to put the best face on this shameful business."

"There is no shame in refusing to marry a man I am afraid I may grow to hate. The shame would be standing at the altar by him, and swearing false oaths. I want to put no face on it except the true one. I have searched my heart, father, for the love a wife ought to bear her husband, if married life is to be supportable—"

"Come, come!" said the judge, rather scandalized.

"I have found there nothing but a cold, hard crust of indifference. I like Alec as a friend; I tried to love him: but I love no one. Father—" she paused, a mighty swelling of the heart took away her speech for a moment; she drew near and, rare act, laid her hand upon his shoulder—"father, you *do* understand me, don't you? You loved once—did n't you?"

The judge, uncertain whether to be angrier than he already was, or to treat the matter as a very insignificant joke, moved away from her hand.

"I—why, Marion, I am astonished at you—I—bless my soul, what won't women try to investigate in these days—I believe your mother had no cause of complaint against me as a husband. But then *she* was one of the kind who take things as they find them, who don't tear the passions to tatters, and go back to the fundamental basis of created things when a hasty word is spoken. She was an admirable woman, and her loss—er—ah—" here the judge, catching sight of a newly arrived express-parcel upon the table, expanded into a positive smile of rapture. "By the Great Horn Spoon! if there 's not the 'Gesta Romanorum' from that Boston sale!"

"May I finish, father?" said Marion, her arms falling dead, as her father seized, gloatingly, upon his prize.

"If it 's *quite* the same to you, my dear Marion, we 'll remit the rest until breakfast-time to-morrow. I had made an offer for this, but feared Lewis, who was on the spot, would outbid me. Oh, by the way, on Saturday I shall have leisure—you shall have your bank-book and check-book, and I 'll explain to you how to use them. And, Marion," he added, turning over affectionately the saffron-hued leaves of the little volume, "that reminds me, if you would like to have a visit from any friend—how would it do to invite my brother Joe's girls over from Philadelphia for a week?"

"They have gone to Montreal, father," she said listlessly. Even the threat of a visit from her Uncle Joe's girls—pretty, flippant creatures, forever agog after men and finery—could not shock her now.

"Then think for yourself—there must be somebody," he suggested, already a little out of patience, and longing to be alone.

"I have a friend—a widow; she was for a time a teacher in our college, and left it to be married. She is now in Washington, unoccupied and very poor, I believe."

"And, pray, what is her name?" he said, turning over the leaves as before.

"Stauffer—Madame Stauffer, they call her, since her husband was a foreigner. She is not old, and rather nice-looking. She would interest me, I think."

"Then for Heaven's sake ask her, and be done with it. Only, when she gets here, mind, I breakfast alone, and dine at the club whenever the fancy takes me."

"I understand."

She waited a minute, but he did not again notice her. Marion left the room, in spite of herself, a trifle lighter of heart than when she came into it. She remembered Sara Stauffer's gift of sympathy. She was at last to have some one, all her own, unshared by her father, uninfluenced by his views and wishes.

Before going to bed, she glanced again at the letter received from Sara a few days before. She decided that she would not wait to write, but early next morning would send a telegram inviting Madame Stauffer to be her guest.

Marion, warmed with new hope, was still thinking of Sara Stauffer when, by extinguishing the gas, she did what, unknown to her, was the signal for Alec Gordon to turn away from his watchman's beat on the pavement over the way, and to go back to his quarters, carrying the keenest disappointment of his life.

II.

A FEW days after the permission given to his daughter in the first glow of satisfaction at acquiring an almost unique copy of the "Gesta Romanorum," Judge Irving, coming home to dinner, stumbled, upon his own threshold, over an expressman carrying in a little trunk.

"Here, you! There 's some mistake. That is not for this number," he called out to the man, who was blocking the way ahead of him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," interposed the footman, who held open the heavy old mahogany door with its side-lights, fan-light, and brass knocker, bespeaking the antique respectability intrenched behind it. "It 's the luggage of the furren lady that 's come to visit Miss Irving. Hurry up, my man!" he added in a lower tone. "Look sharp for the gas-fixture, and carry that there little article to the third-story back. Maid 's on the stairs to show you."

"Third-story back?" repeated the master of the house, who was all ears for everything that went on inside of it. "That is Miss Irving's own bed-room, Hilary."

"Them was Miss Irving's orders, sir. Miss

Irving have moved into the small room for the present."

"Very extraordinary," muttered the judge, rather pleased with a grievance to cover the extreme annoyance he had felt at sight of the little trunk.

An impertinent little trunk — small, cramped-looking, not by any means of the appearance to justify its ascent of *his* front stairs — the kind of trunk habitually delivered after night-fall by cheap expressmen at the basement door, almost immediately, to Miss Irving's sitting-room, where the ladies has been talkin' ever since."

"I remember, now," said his master, frowning upon his affability. "It *was* to-day she — that pers — the lady, was to arrive. Hilary, I shall dine at the club. You can mention it to Miss Irving, just before dinner is served, so that she may not wait for me."

"Very good, sir," said Hilary, hanging up the judge's coat, and smiling more freely as the



MARION.

as appertaining to one of the ladies of divers nationalities who arrive at one's home, and remain for a time, 'until suited,' with their clothes in a paper parcel.

Mr. Justice Irving, whose appearance on the bench presented a majesty felt alike by lawyers, clients, and court-officers, had a dim idea that he had detected on the countenance of his servant, when the offending box had come under his august observation, an expression of pleased appreciation.

"So Miss Irving has changed her bed-room? And this lady — when did she arrive?"

"About four-thirty, sir. Walked over from the elevated, sir, I understood. I took tea in,

broad back of his master ascended the stairs to his dressing-room.

But, after all, what was there to smile at? Any man in Judge Irving's circumstances would have had just cause for a desire to flee. His privacy invaded, the silence of his home broken, by a little Madame Nobody, who had been trumped up by his daughter when in one of her hysterical moods. A little person — that she was little he decided from her trunk — who would require civility, before whom he must needs curb his tongue into the platitudes expected by women at meal-times. A "queer" person he was sure; a genius of the provinces; a bore, in short — a fearful, unmitigated bore!

And add all this to the natural unwillingness of the male sovereign to face in his domestic kingdom a stranger who would expect him to live up to his reputation for dignity and agreeability. He thought, while tying his white cravat, of the occasion when Charlotte Brontë had arrived to dine with Thackeray, and *that* great man was discovered by his daughters in the act of escaping from the house to seek the seclusion of *his* club. No; this was really too much for even Marion's selfishness to impose on him, and he should take care not to delay in making her understand the ordeal was not to last.

MEANWHILE the afternoon that Marion felt to be an epoch in her existence had flown by, for the women, on happy wings. Sara, arriving by some mischance unexpectedly, had been met, greeted, installed by Marion in her own easiest chair in her own sanctum, petted, looked after, in a way that expanded the stranger's heart with wonder.

What a transition for Madame Stauffer — from the hall-bedroom of a dingy boarding-house in Washington to the heart of this broad, luxurious, esthetic home, where life ran on well-oiled wheels, where flowers and sunshine banished winter, where the delicious scent of burning hickory arose from the fireplaces, where books and pamphlets, old and new, were scattered on all sides!

Sara, who by nature dearly loved easy-chairs and sweet odors and warm sunshine, and by theory as well as necessity renounced them, was for a moment staggered, at the outset of her visit to her old pupil.

She had not, for some reason, counted upon all this. Marion, always simple in her dress and habits, had been, while in college, under the yoke of a period of self-denial. Everything not absolutely necessary had been by her vowed to students poorer than herself, to philanthropic or charitable enterprises nurtured among them. And, since Miss Irving's father had never thought it wise to give her the control of funds, her scanty pocket-money had not gone far in the directions indicated. Her want of finery had often been discussed among her fellows. She was, in fact, regarded as one of the students kept in college by an effort on the part of their parents or guardians.

Madame Stauffer, after weighing against the price of board in Washington the expense of a railway journey to New York, had decided that the affair, even if Marion's way of living were rather pinched, would be "worth while." A two weeks' stay would justify her outlay. And for many reasons Sara had long and ardently desired a visit to the great metropolis. She was of the army of modern thinkers who declare, "Better a garret in New York" than a first-floor bedroom in the "half-baked" cities elsewhere to be found in America — an expression for which Madame Stauffer's class must stand responsible.

In the short time that had elapsed since her arrival, Sara had been put into possession of the chief facts of her friend's recent experience of the heart; of Marion's doubts, fears, and ambitions for a more fully developed intellectual existence; of her difficulty in finding true sympathy with her aims among the people she was cast with; of her conviction that there was a key to the higher philosophy of living, if she could only lay hand on it; of her longing to be something — if it were but a unit — in the great cause of the evolution of true womanhood.

Madame Stauffer, a slight, pleasing woman of thirty-one or two, with dark, diamond-bright eyes and an irradiating smile, looked down from her throne among the cushions on the corner of Marion's divan next the fire, at the noble, earnest, dilating creature seated upon a low stool at her feet. They had dressed for dinner, and returned to wait in the morning-room till that meal should be announced.

In her room — Marion's room vacated for her — Sara, left alone, had sped from object to object of its luxurious furnishings, examining them curiously. She had even turned up a corner of the old Genoese coverlet of flowered cotton edged with antique lace, to see the silk lining underneath.

"Cotton on top, silk underneath! That is the real thing! When could I have afforded such?" she said, with a pang of envy. "Every thread of silk in my life has done duty before the public — exhibited for all it was worth!"

The couch, the writing-table, the sundry mirrors, the bath-room opening out of Marion's bower, had seemed to her unbelievable.

"A porcelain tub, all to myself, with white tiles underfoot, has always seemed to me something intended for the angels," she murmured whimsically. "And towels like those! Long, fine, hem-stitched, abundant! Oh, it is too much; I must shut the door, and not think of the bath-room, or my brain can't be depended upon to do its duty and pay for the privilege of using all this!"

She had put on the one best gown of the traditional poor heroine, and, opening the door into the corridor, had found Marion waiting there for her, with a fresh bunch of purple violets. There is no heart, however cold, case-hardened, worldly, that cannot be touched by the humanizing offer of a bunch of fresh violets. They are the open sesame to every woman's affections; on their breath arise the most tender beseechings to loving-kindness; under their influence the recipient longs to do, say, be, something delightful to the giver.

Sara Stauffer almost cried when she took

these from the hand of Marion. It was the finishing touch to her newly erected dream-temple of comfort and beauty combined. She kissed the tall girl, inclining her face upward to do so, and, twining her arm round her waist, exclaimed, as they went downstairs:

"O Marion, how perfectly happy we are going to be!"

And now Marion, whom nothing could long divert from her intense purpose, had reverted to asking Sara's advice.

"Do you mean that you want to go in for public utterances?" Sara answered, vaguely thinking how hard it would be to leave this nest of cushions by the fire in behalf of the suffering sisterhood.

"For speaking?" said Marion, a little startled, yet dazzled visibly. "Oh, I should never be allowed, *never!* After you have seen, you will know."

"Writing over your own name? As your father's daughter, that would mean much."

"Even if I dared to think of that, Sara — for you are not madame to me, are you, any longer? You are my friend, my teacher; you are going to be my sister spirit. Think of a woman of twenty-five saying, 'If I dared do what my conscience tells me is right!' But as long as I live here under his roof, supported by my father, I can do so little: I could write anonymously, I suppose."

"There are so many who write well whose names don't count," answered Sara, as if with an effort. She had just caught sight of Marion's beautiful, shapely foot extended upon the hearth-rug; of its casing of fine black silken openwork, its high-heeled slipper of patent leather, with a small buckle of brilliants. And Sara, who had a charming foot of her own, did so love pretty shoes and stockings, and had had so few of them! "Perhaps we can work out between us some method for you to serve the cause."

"Oh, how gladly would I do so! If I might, how gladly would I give up all this cramping luxury, to go out and work for and with my sisters, as you have done!"

"It is a hard life. I have lectured so much in the last year, and traveled so far, that my physician ordered me to rest in the comparatively mild climate of Washington," said Madame Sara, with a faint sigh.

"Poor thing!" said Marion, with a heartfelt sigh. "And so you divined at once that, in the hypothetical crisis my first letter laid before you, I was stating my own case?"

"Yes, dear child," answered Sara, caressingly. "And, to tell you the candid truth, I was a little afraid to handle it freely, as you asked me to do."

"Well, it is all settled now. You can speak out now. As I told you a little while ago, I am already happier to be free from the torment of wondering if I loved him enough to accept, for his sake, the further limitations marriage would set around me."

"Is he — is he — good-looking, dear child?" Sara asked, burying her little nose in her violets, as if she could not get enough of their fragrance.

"I suppose you would think so," answered the girl. "He is on rather a large scale; but most people call him handsome."

"And successful — sure to rise?"

Marion was a little surprised. In the college days Sara had affected to scorn mere externals in mankind, to hold them as naught beside the gold of heart and mind.

"I believe people say he is," she said almost coldly.

"I was only trying to gage the depth of your renunciation, my love. In these days what they call a good match is so hard to find, and the world is so hard upon women struggling for themselves, it is almost heroism to renounce a safe marriage. But you — what am I thinking of? Your future is secure beyond peradventure. You, no matter what knocks and thumps you may get from the public, will have the sinews of war provided. You have only to be brave and steadfast, and in time all things will come to you."

"*Do* you think so?" cried Marion, exultingly.

"I do. Just now, while you are still young and nominally under your father's control, you can work for the 'Woman Question' alone. By and by you will reach, and be able to handle, the broader phase of it, the 'Marriage Question,' which is, after all, or is sure to absorb, the 'Woman Question.'"

"I don't quite understand," said Marion, her sweet, innocent eyes a little clouded by bewilderment.

"No; but there is time enough for that," said Sara, nestling down with fresh abandonment among the pillows. "Those of us who are victims of the horrible mistake of marriage with men whom we could not possibly know as they were may be left in charge of that branch of the subject. I see you are too much afraid of wounding me to ask if that was, indeed, my case. Some day I will tell you at length my experience, luckily brief. My husband, a German professor, whom I met at a friend's house in Chicago and married three weeks later, died of yellow fever in the South at the end of a year, six months of which we had spent apart. From these dates you may see my bondage did not long endure. But it has left in me an ineffaceable sense of wrong, and, having told you so much, I will not darken the enjoyment of the hour by elaborating on the theme."

"Don't tell me, you poor dear!" cried Marion. "I am sure that, whoever was wrong, you

were right; that you did everything noble, grand, and true."

At this juncture the door opened. Madame Stauffer, who had paused to adjust an answer to Marion's enthusiastic speech was prevented from uttering it by the appearance of Hilary, conveying the judge's message to his daughter.

"Not going to dine with us!" exclaimed the new arrival, in what Hilary decided to be "a forward way, considerin'."

"Of course you understand, dear girl," the lady went on, as they, directly afterward, walked down to dinner, "that, having come here as special physician in your case, I am all impatience to possess myself of it in every detail. Until I know your father, and see you with him, I cannot pretend to say how far you ought to venture in maintaining our ideas about free womanhood. Until now my time has been almost exclusively occupied with wives, not daughters. My mission is to overcome the isolation of the married woman, to reclaim her into an understanding of her rights, to show her there are other things to absorb her every waking thought than the mere subserviency to a husband — the mere bringing into the world, and up in the world, of children. Your case, being novel, interests me greatly. Yours is a thraldom from which even your liberal education has not been able to free you —"

At this moment Madame Stauffer dipped her spoon into her soup, and a mouthful of velvety *crème de céleri* found its way to her palate.

The Swedish dame who presided over the stew-pans of Mr. Justice Irving was, in her way, a gem. In spite of his animadversions upon her habit of misunderstanding the divine canvasback, he knew, and everybody knew, she could be trusted to send up dinners not to be outdone at any of his clubs. For the two ladies she had prepared a few selected *plats* only; but they were cooked to perfection, and served by the butler and Hilary on the silver dishes bearing the Irving crest. The little round snowy table in the middle of the big crimson-hung dining-room, the shaded candle-light upon the silver vase of white orchids in the center, the "feel" of the large fine damask napkins across her knees, renewed in Sara the gentle cerebral intoxication she had experienced over the porcelain bath-tub in her dressing-room. After she had sipped half a glass of good claret, the color rose into her pale cheeks, her diamond eyes sent forth more brilliant rays, she talked dashingly of many themes, but said no more, that night, of advancing the day when woman shall count all dross save the effort of her intellect to dominate slowly-awakening man.

When they returned to the drawing-room, she sat down at the piano and played so exquisitely as to finish the subjection of Marion.

"You must play for my father," cried the girl. "He loves music. If I could play like you, I believe he would have loved me," she added, with sudden pathos.

"You must make him honor your courage, your consistency," remarked Sara, her white fingers twinkling over the keys. "It is a great mistake for woman to suppose that she is dependent on man's love for her earthly happiness. Great Heaven! When one thinks how many things there are *besides* men! Are not we two, for instance, perfectly cheerful, comfortable, well entertained by each other? Why on earth should we hang our hopes and fears upon man's frowns and smiles, as most women do? A woman who has the world's applause, the world's indorsement, will she not often throw it all at the feet of some good-looking animal, and be wretched if he does not approve of her, and then crawl up like a spaniel to receive a pat of his hand? A girl like you who has brains, beauty, wealth, position, power to come and go, why should her life be blighted because the man nature has chanced to place in charge of her, unsolicited by her, refuses to smile on her unless she is the abject echo of his opinions!"

"Why, indeed?" exclaimed Marion, kindling.

"And, all said, what is man as we know him in our generation? I pass over the so-called man of the world, except to ask you if a season passes, in your society, when you don't see parents ready and willing and anxious to give their young daughters in marriage to the heroes with whose 'gallant' adventures the newspapers have been filled for years? Is there ever a time when you don't hear this rich bridegroom's gifts of jewels, and horses, and houses, publicly extolled before other young girls as an incentive for them to go and do likewise, if they can? Let such things go. I speak particularly of the man of our homes, the average man we are called on to honor and obey. Is n't he a petty creature when you see him behind the scenes? A captious, whimsical being, unjust, and unwilling to admit himself in the wrong. Are his purpose, achievement, fair play, to be all devoted to outer affairs, and left down-town in his office, to hang behind the door there till he puts them on again next day? Why must he be wheedled — as God knows all women have to wheedle — in order to purchase peace at home? This is the cry of thousands of quiet home-keeping women, if they only dared voice it. This is one of the things we are trying to help them to speak out — and the time is coming when speak they surely will."

"Do you believe that all marriages end in this, if they end in nothing worse?" said Marion, with a shade of regret in her honest voice.

"My dear, if Asmodeus could lift the roofs of all the houses of all your acquaintances to-night, to jot down statistics of woman's dissatisfaction in his note-book, I 'm afraid there would be few from which he would go away carrying a blank page."

She struck into a bit of Chopin that might have been composed by Asmodeus on his return from such a statistical round as she described. Marion shivered, as if with cold, and Sara, jumping up, shut the lid of the piano-forte, abruptly.

"Come over to the fire," she said. "Do you mind my taking your tongs, and playing with your log? For so long I have dreamed of a wood-fire with liberty to poke at it unchecked."

"But, Sara, you have not answered me. Do you believe all marriage is a bar to the intellectual development of woman?"

"My dear, do you know what a Girton girl remarked not long ago? 'All might yet be well with us, if we could only have three generations of single women.'"

"I am not prepared to say that. I have too much tenderness for the memory of my mother." Marion looked over wistfully at an oil-painting of a pale, slender lady in a robe of velvet and sable fur, hanging upon the wall. "That was done by Cabanel from an old photograph some years ago, and my father thinks it very like her. She was an invalid, in charge of nurses, for years before she died; and I was not allowed to be much with her. But I remember certain expressions of her face when I came into the room — yearning expressions, as I now interpret them. She seemed to be wanting to save me from something that had overtaken her. The son she lost just before her own death was her joy and comfort. She had no fears of any kind for him."

"Do you not see?" exclaimed Sara. "She wanted you to be spared the inevitable disappointments of marriage and maternity. So long hovering on the threshold of another world, may not she have had power to see what was in store for a girl of your strength of character? She, I take it, was of a yielding character."

"Entirely so, I think. The gentlest, timidest of women. I remember that when, just before she died, she called me to her, and said she had arranged, by will, that I should have an independent income upon reaching the age of twenty-five, she uttered the word 'independent' in a whisper, looking about her to see that no one was in the room. And then she added: 'It is not that I do not feel your dear father will do all that is just and best for you, my child. His judgment is so much better than mine that you lose little in losing me. But perhaps you will marry, and there are moments when every woman likes to feel she has it in her power to supply her own needs — to give as she likes. Since I have been married, your father has been good enough to lift every care of my property from me. With my health, indeed, what could he do, else? I have had only to sign the papers. But you may not get such a husband as I have had, my dear.' A nurse came in just then, and ordered me away. I was a wide-eyed, serious child of twelve, and my mother's words sank deep. Two days later, I saw her again — in her coffin. After she was carried out in it, my life went on with my new governess almost as before. I scarcely missed my mother; but this was not my fault."

"No, poor darling!" said Sara. "But I trust the governess was able in some degree to supply her place?"

"Miss Ainslie was an Englishwoman of the most conventional pattern. She had brought up a Lady Maud and a Lady Sylvia, so that my father congratulated himself upon having secured her on her first arrival to seek a far higher salary in New York than her noble employers had given her in England. But not knowing our customs in America, not allowing for the impulse of revolt against authority in our air, she made my life,— as I made hers, no doubt,— a wretched one for six long years. A devotee to duty, she never left me. I knew every one of her maxims by heart. A-h-h! Do you wonder I rejoiced in going to our college, where I expanded like a cellar-bred plant in the sunshine?"

"And what became of Miss Ainslie?"

"Her father's death recalled her to England. I have often wondered how she has adapted herself to the new order of things over there — the new education for women, the university training, that was to her like a red rag to a bull when I mentioned it, here. She must be a much astonished woman."

"I am surprised your father consented to let you come to us at Somerville."

"You could not have been more surprised than I. I was eighteen, just ready to go into society, when Miss Ainslie quitted us. My father waked up to confront that fact with genuine dismay. When he was asked by my Uncle Joseph's wife if he meant to give me a coming-out ball, or a reception, I wish you could have seen his face. Then I took my courage in both hands, and pleaded to be sent to Somerville. I have always felt I owed the permission he granted to my Aunt Joseph's offering to come over with her girls, and arrange the details, and chaperon the affair of my début."

"Your father, then, has an aversion to society?"

"Not at all. He is one of the men most sought after for dinners, where, I am told, he is the life of the table. Sometimes, when we dine out together, I peep across at him between the lights and flowers, and wonder if he

can be the same man I see, but don't dare interrupt by speaking to, behind his morning or evening newspaper. I am proud of his looks, of his wit, of his youth, for he is younger than most of his confrères — barely fifty now. Then I hope some other hostess will take pity on me, and invite me with him, so that I too can be charmed by him."

"I understand," said Sara, sympathetically.

"Oftentimes the older women of society say to me, '*What* a lucky girl you are, to have that delightful creature to yourself.' I fancy what he would say if I told him he was called 'a delightful creature.'"

"And where, in this life you have been leading since you left Somerville, did the man come in to whom you have just ceased to be engaged?"

"Alec? I have known him always. Better since, after his graduation at the law-school, and a year of study in Germany, he became one of the 'juniors' in my father's law firm. For my father is in his first term, as you know, and has not been long upon the bench."

"I think I rather like your Mr. Alec Gordon," said Sara.

"I 'm sure *I* do. He is far and away the best friend I ever had. He understands me as well as a man can understand a woman. Not as you do, dear; that could not be. Intuition like yours is not born into man."

"It must have cost you something to give him up," said Sara, narrowing her diamond eyes after a little nearsighted fashion not unattractive.

"Yes. I wounded him. I disappointed him. For a time he will feel very sore. But, feeling as I do, I am not fit to marry. I can't tell at what moment I should say or do something that would turn him away from me completely. I had rather keep his friendship than ultimately lose his respect."

"It is too late to-night to discuss that most interesting question. I shall have to study you all before I can say whether I indorse your action thoroughly. But, after all, you should, at your age, be your own mistress."

"Yes; and on Saturday I come into uncontrolled possession of an income, not large according to values in New York, but a boon to me — three thousand dollars a year, left me, as I told you, by my mother."

"Three thousand dollars a year!" cried Sara Stauffer, sitting upright. "Not large? Oh! what could not I do with three thousand a year, safe, secure, coming in regularly? No struggle to pay rent, to pay board, to journey from place to place, to strain after new, whole clothes. Why, you who are cradled in eider-down have no conception what other women live on — what the world you are so anxious to go out and confront is to us who are at its mercy. Try to fancy yourself always, for instance, in one of those crowds going off a ferry-boat or pushing into the car of an elevated train. That 's *my* world of every day!"

"It shall never be said, when I have the means, that I forget others less fortunate," answered Marion, simply.

"I am not afraid of you. Forgive my vehemence," said Sara, relapsing into her old pose. And so they talked, till the fire on the andirons sank into the singing stage, and Madame Stauffer, gracefully covering a tiny yawn, announced that she would like to go to bed.

As they mounted the stairs, the butler, who had just finished adjusting his master's little arrangements for a comfortable closing of the evening, came out of the library.

"What a lovely room!" exclaimed Sara. "Might I take one little peep?"

"I rarely go in," said Marion, while nervously preceding her friend across the threshold.

"Poor Fatima!" laughed Madame Stauffer. "I believe if, after finding her predecessors hanging in a gory row, she had had courage to face Bluebeard, and threaten to report him to the police, there would have been no need of the brothers riding up to deliver her. In *our* version, if there are any deliverers, they shall be sisters. Ah, what treasures of bindings! Now I happen to know something about good bindings."

"What do you not know?" asked Marion, one ear alert for her father's latch-key in the door below.

"I see we had better not stay. What if, some day, he asks us to come in here and visit him?"

"He will never do that, Sara."

Sara was not so sure. Still, it was very well for Miss Ainslie's pupil to preserve her illusions on this as on many other subjects.

At this moment they both heard the click of the latch-key in the lock of the front door.

"Shall we go up?" asked Marion, catching her breath a little.

"Just as you like," her guest answered carelessly. As the two moved along the corridor, Judge Irving mounted the stairs. It seemed impossible that he should not have been aware of their presence, but he gave no sign — opening the library door, and retiring within, with the magisterial dignity of his usual movements.

"You do resemble him strongly," remarked Madame Stauffer, who, through those narrow deep-fringed eyes of hers, managed to take in much of the fleeting show of life.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.

PAINTING AT THE FAIR.

THE great bugaboo of art that chases us half-way around the globe is decadence. It dogs our footsteps in the National Academy, in Burlington House, in the French Salon, in Munich, Rome, China, and Japan. It induces us to question of every international exposition, Is this indicative of progress or decline? And after we have forgotten the good works, and remembered the bad ones, we are disposed to favor the gloomy suggestion of decline. Then we hear periodic regrets expressed about the present work, and sad tales told of the good old times, just as if time were ever so old or so good as to-day, and presently we come to believe that the age of art has passed, and that modern painting is merely the final splutter in the socket.

But the specter of decadence is largely a specter, and the bright star of progress largely a will-o'-the-wisp. Their appearances are more local than general. The law of art is the law of the running brook, and its character is not so much progress or decline as change. There are rapids in the brook where the water breaks in brilliant light and color, there are pools where it lies in deep somber silence, there are places where it disappears from view under tangled brush, or sinks into the sand only to reappear farther on in some new land. It is ever shifting its position, and changing its depth, or hue, or quality, but it does not go out in utter darkness. When art disappeared from Greece and Rome, it rose to the surface in renascent Italy; when it ran out in Italy, it appeared in Spain, Holland, and Flanders; when they too stagnated or ran shallow, the stream suddenly showed in France. If art is now ebbing away from France, as some of our writers are prone to believe, we have only to look for its appearance elsewhere. It may not show soon, but it will surely rise again in some new form, in some new land. In fact, there were indications in the World's Fair Exhibition that it is even now rising in two places at once — America in the west and Scandinavia in the north.

The World's Fair was not the best lookout point from which to judge the world's painting. The representation was uneven, and in no case was the average high, except perhaps with our own country. We were on the ground, and a good showing was possible, yet no one who knows American art but regretted the absence of many notable pictures that would have materially helped our exhibit. The European nations were less fortunate. The good painters of Italy at the present day may be counted on one's fingers, but they were not represented at the Fair with the exception of Boldini, who is Italian only by the accident of birth. Just so with Spain, Austria, and, in measure, with Germany. English painting was out in considerable force, but Scotland and the Glasgow-Edinburgh painters had nothing at all. France and Holland held up indifferently well, and Denmark, Sweden, and Norway did not appear so strong as at Paris in 1889. Still, from the Chicago exhibit one could gain a tolerably correct idea of the tendency of modern painting especially if he had been fortunate enough to see the Paris Exposition of 1889, together with the recent Berlin and Munich exhibitions.

In the nature of things it was not to be supposed that much excellence of painting could come out of Italy. As well expect fine marbles from modern Greece or bas-reliefs from Mesopotamia. The flower is blown, and even the stalk is in a dry rot. The art genius of Italy typified itself in countless forms during the Renaissance. It spent its force, culminating with Titian, and dying with Tiepolo, in an art peculiar to its age and people. The present race cannot repeat the triumphs of the past, nor have they the versatility or strength to produce a new art in keeping with new tastes. The attempts of most of the moderns are pitiful in their weakness. Pictures of the Roman Campagna with ruined aqueducts, pictures of the Pyramids, St. Peter's, the Forum, Pompeian flower-girls at fountains, monks, fruit-sellers, beggars — how much better are they than the tourist pictures of castled Chillon, or the Jungfrau with an Alpine glow collar around its top! Penelope's suitors with the bow of Ulysses, and the modern Italians with the palette of Titian! What could they do that would not seem petty by comparison? That which is Italian is mediocre in quality, and that which is very good is not Italian. Boldini, Michetti, Tito, Nono make a charming mingling of Fortuny and Paris; Morelli is cultivating the obsolete ideal of Dusseldorf, while Segantini is seeking to revive the archaism of the Giottesque. For the rest (those who made up the bulk of the exhibit at Chicago), they compound pictures to their own humiliation. The stream of art has passed through Italy, heading northwest. It is not likely that it will ever return to its source by the old channel.

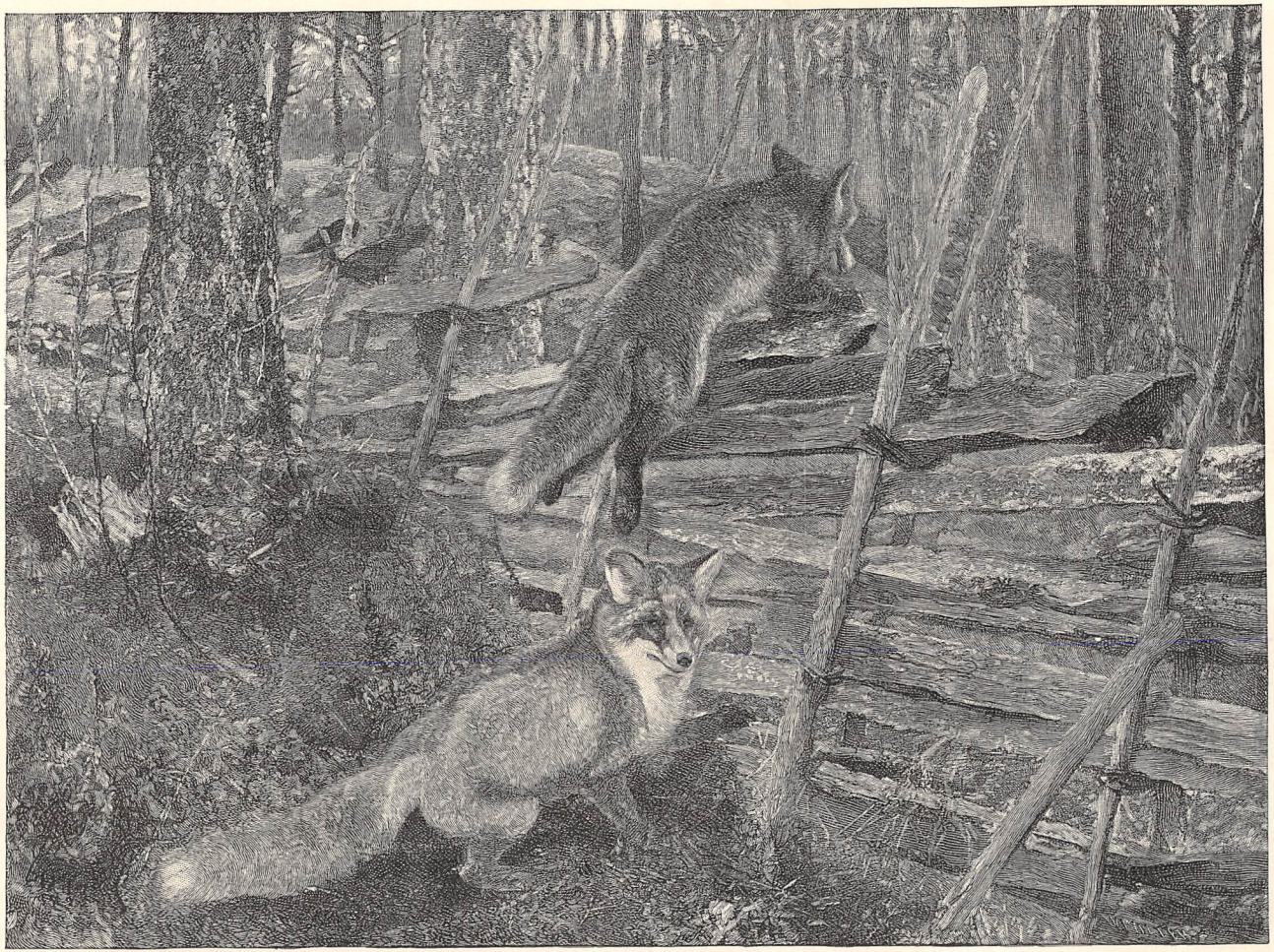
There is little more encouragement to be extracted from Spanish than from Italian art. It came originally from Italy, and found its greatest representative in Velasquez. Religion was its mainspring, to begin with, but when Velasquez came it grew realistic in a broad sense, and

after his death it sank rapidly. At the end of the last century Goya lent it a fevered flush accompanied by some delirium, and about 1860 Fortuny created something of a revival with a bright, vivacious art of color and light. The example of Fortuny has had great weight with the modern men, and has produced a glittering, ornate art, in both genre and historical work, that is more interesting at first sight than at any time afterward. The best Spanish painters have been drawn to Paris, where they have adopted Parisian methods. Madrazo, Rico, and Palmaroli were not represented at the Fair, but had they been, their works would have shed no light on Spanish art. Alvarez and Villegas were to be seen in indifferent examples only. Two pictures out of about two hundred were conspicuously good, the "Hospital Ward" by Luis Jiminez Aranda, and "Another Marguerite" by Sorolla. There was no reason why these pictures should not have been hung in the French section, because they were typical Parisian art, and had little to do with Spain. What may be the future of Spanish painting no one can predict, but there seems little reason for supposing that it will improve upon modern Italy.

For years all the art roads have led to Paris. It is to-day the center of the art world, a model of taste, skill, and knowledge as well as a hotbed of eccentricities, mannerisms, stilted affectations, and small trickeries. It takes in the world, takes credit for all its virtues, and is saddled with all its vices. It is ruled by the quips and cranks of what at times seems outrageous fortune; it is magnified and belittled; it is overpraised and underpraised; it seems to be rising to lofty heights at times, and then, again, to be sinking into the mire. It is at once the best and the worst art-center in the world, a crucible where all elements mix, all become alloyed, and yet all average up a respectable grade of amalgam. That which keeps it from hopeless debasement is the art genius of the French people. Has that art genius ever yet reached its apogee? Has it fulfilled its mission, and voiced the finer feeling of France as painting once did in Italy and Spain? Did we accept the exhibit at the World's Fair as a criterion, we might think her day was about finished, that her artists had said all there was for them to say; but the representation was inadequate. The French stand sponsor for all the academic emptiness displayed there, for all the studio recitation, all the exaggerated realism, all the tawdry sentiment, and yet at heart they have little sympathy with them. The academic was foisted upon them early in life by the example of Italy, and the misdirected energy of royalty. Poussin or Lebrun was no more French in thought or method than Corneille. The monarchy upheld the academic because it smacked of heroism, and the empire because it fostered the military spirit; but the republic has barely tolerated it, and the radicals have always hated it. It is the *bête noire* of French art against which there has been a long series of revolutions. Why, if not that it fails to represent the French? They are fond enough of talking about such loyalists as Poussin, David, Ingres, and Cabanel, but the men they love are the rebels, Watteau, Fragonard, Delacroix, Millet, Corot, Courbet, The vivacious, the decorative, the emotional, the sentimental, the positive — all these they love because they are national characteristics; but the mock-heroic, the grandiloquent, the bombastic, have been more the result of foreign imitation than the outcrop of French feeling.

One wonders whether painting in France has ever yet been French painting except in periods of revolt. In the other countries of Europe (England, Holland, Spain, Italy) the course of national art has run smooth, but in France it has been a history of quarrels, an eternal struggle for freedom of expression. Shackling traditions within, and the influx of opposing notions and people from without, have had weight to drag down effort, and to breed fretfulness, eccentricity, mannerism, dull conservatism. This was noticeable at the Fair in the attempts at "smartness" or oddity, in the Beaux-Arts pictures painted for the Salon, in the time-honored nudes or classical themes of the academicians, in the small buttons and cocked hats of the realists. But this, instead of representing France, represents the Old Man of the Mountain she is carrying on her back. The incubus is of her own growing, but it is not the more enjoyable for that. Those painters who might stand for power, sentiment, decorative color, originality,— men like Dagnan-Bouveret, Laurens, Puvis de Chavannes, Ribot, Roybet, Cormon, Degas, Besnard, Boudin, Monet,— were represented but slightly or not at all. There were some good portraits by Carolus-Duran, Gervex, and Bonnat, but they were not sufficient to redeem the many mediocrities. Nearly a thousand pictures, and half of them unworthy of a second study! Such was the display that misrepresented France by showing the capricious, or mannered, efforts of her studios instead of the heart of her people. Judging from this alone, one might well think her art in decline; but the Paris Exposition of 1889 is still fresh in mind, and those who saw it know well the power of her better painters, and have faith to believe that she will rise even higher in the arts in the future. She is the last of the Latin race that has left so deep an impression on the art of Europe, and it is not likely that her light will go out with the end of this century.

In art, England and Germany have never had the excuse of dissension. They have not been great centers of art, such as Paris is to-day; they have not been the stamping-ground of cosmo-



PAINTED BY BRUNO LILJEFORS (SWEDEN).

FOXES.

ENGRAVED BY W. MILLER.

politanism; they have not had to harmonize a score of discordant voices — an ungrateful task that has brought reproach upon France, artistically, as upon these United States, politically. There has been unity of thought and method in both England and Germany; they have expressed themselves and their peoples, and if we do not like their art expression, we must seek the cause elsewhere than in their lack of opportunity. The shortcoming — and there is shortcoming — lies in the nature of the peoples. The English and Germans are readers, thinkers, reasoners. They gather ideas by words (sound), and put them together by thought (logic). They are not observers, and they do not gather ideas by forms and colors (sight), and put them together by taste (feeling). This, for art production, seems to be a radical defect in organization, and results in the application to painting of the wrong senses. For the primary requisite of the painter is that he shall be an observer, and record what he observes with taste or feeling. But the English and Germans have not looked at it in that way. From the very beginning, painting with them was made largely dependent upon literature. Dürer, Holbein, Hogarth, though doing purely pictorial work, were great illustrators, designers for wood- and steel-engraving. The success of Hogarth's satires lay more in the fact that they were adapted to engraving, and would point a moral, than in their picturesque qualities. The idea that painting was illustration, not creation, — an epitome of a sermon, a history, or a novel, rather than a revelation of independent visual beauty, — has obtained with them for years. It is to-day apparent in the tell-a-story pictures — the five sequential canvases corresponding to the five acts of a play, the deaths of Arthurs and Tannhäusers, the rides of Brunhildes, and Guineveres, the loves of Byrons and young Werthers. Even the British landscape-painter who paints a field of waving grain with a blue sky over it is afraid to let it stand as a harmony of blue and gold. He puts to it the title of

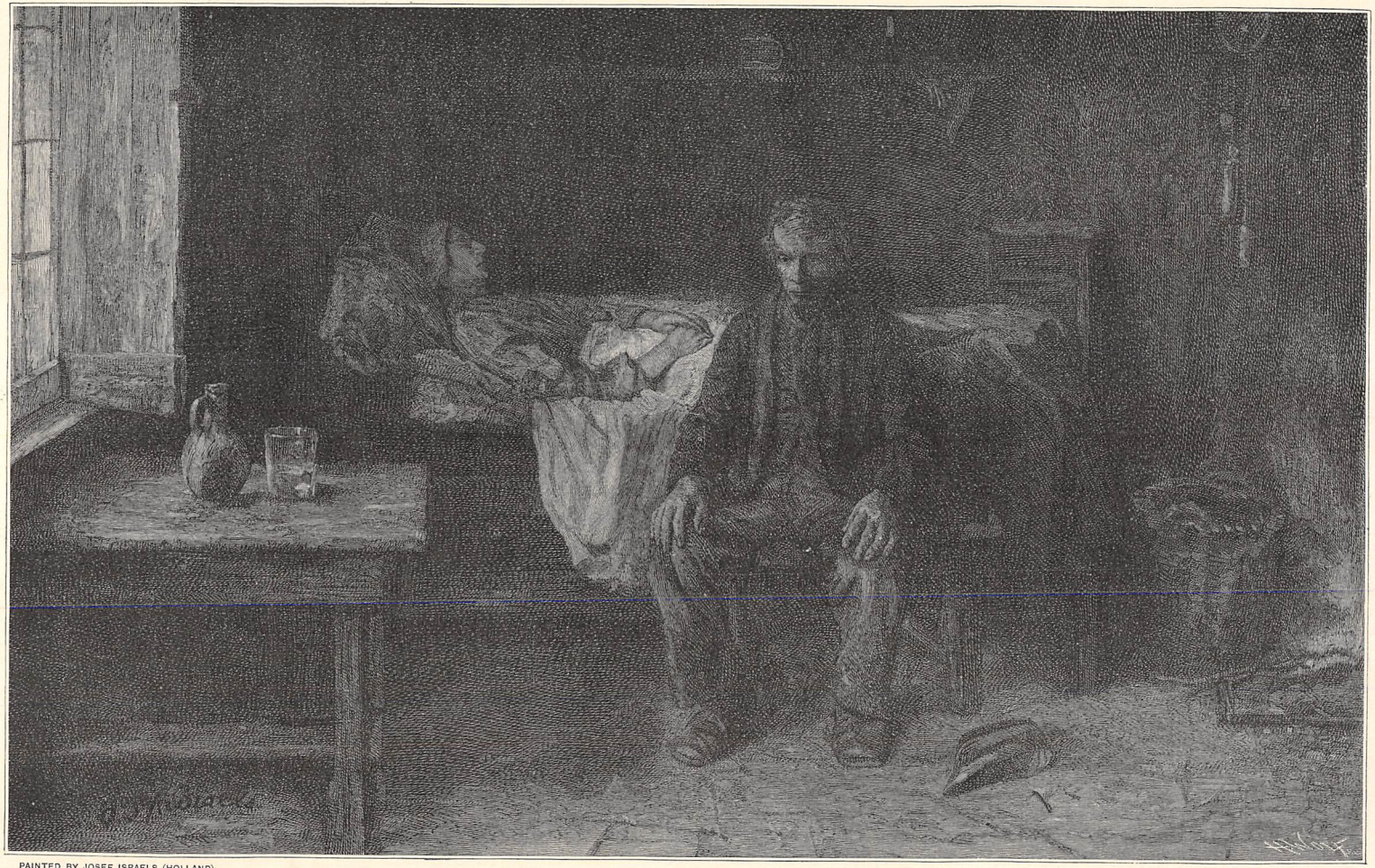
> the happy autumn fields,
> And thinking of the days that are no more,

and hands it out as an illustration of Tennyson.

And what becomes of the pictorial, where every nerve is strained to convey the literary? Where are the mysteries of light and shade, the harmonies of color, the rhythm of line, the translucent veil of atmosphere? These qualities, which are beautiful in themselves, are slurred, overlooked, despised, in favor of the story. Lack of use brings lack of knowledge, and as a result we have hot color, weak drawing, false values, and heavy painting. Where they have to observe the model, as in portraiture, they very often do well. Nothing could be much finer than Mr. Watts's "Portrait of Walter Crane," or Lenbach's "Doctor Döllinger." There are Englishmen, — Watts, Leighton, Millais, Orchardson, — and there are Germans, — Menzel, Leibl, Liebermann, Thoma, Lenbach, — who discriminate between the literary and the pictorial, and produce works of much merit, but they are the few out of the many. The prevailing Briticism or Germanism of painting as illustrated literature bears down the majority, and lends a flavor to the whole product. There is no hope that this defect will ever be totally remedied. It is racial. The English and Germans are successful as writers, poets, philosophers. They have never been very successful as artists, and to expect great painting from them is as visionary as to look for great poetry from France or Spain. The exhibits at the Fair were good of their kind, that of England being specially representative, but neither of them was an exhibit of the pure art of painting, barring exceptional work. It is to be regretted that there was no representation of the Scotch painters from Glasgow and Edinburgh. Their work would have pointed the distinction between the pictorial and the literary more strongly than any words could possibly convey it.

From the English to the Dutch section at the Fair was something more than crossing the North Sea. It was a transition from form and color as a means to form and color as an end. The one slurred the means for a factitious result; the other sought no result save that which lay in the beauty of hue or air or sea or sky, in the sentiment of these, or in the sentiment of their producer. The pictures of Israels, the Maris, Neuhuys, Bosboom, Mesdag told the tale of appearance. A woman and child sitting by a window with diffused light and air, cattle standing in the meadows by water with the silvery light of a clouded sky, the nave of a church with its vast spaces of light and shade and broken color, the surge of the yellow sea at the base of the dunes. No more — no need for more. Painting is not a matter of extent, but essence; not so much a matter of subject as of feeling; and surely the Dutch have excelled in these qualities. Their past is perhaps more glorious than their present. For some years there has been no new development; yet in an age not too favorable to the arts they have managed to hold their own with honor.

It was not so long ago that all the art genius of Europe was supposed to rest with the Latins. Louis XIV. thought so at least, and heartily despised the Dutch "maggots." Even those who cared for Dutch painting were inclined to think it odd that art should spring from such a source. The Teutons might be



PAINTED BY JOSEF ISRAELS (HOLLAND).

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

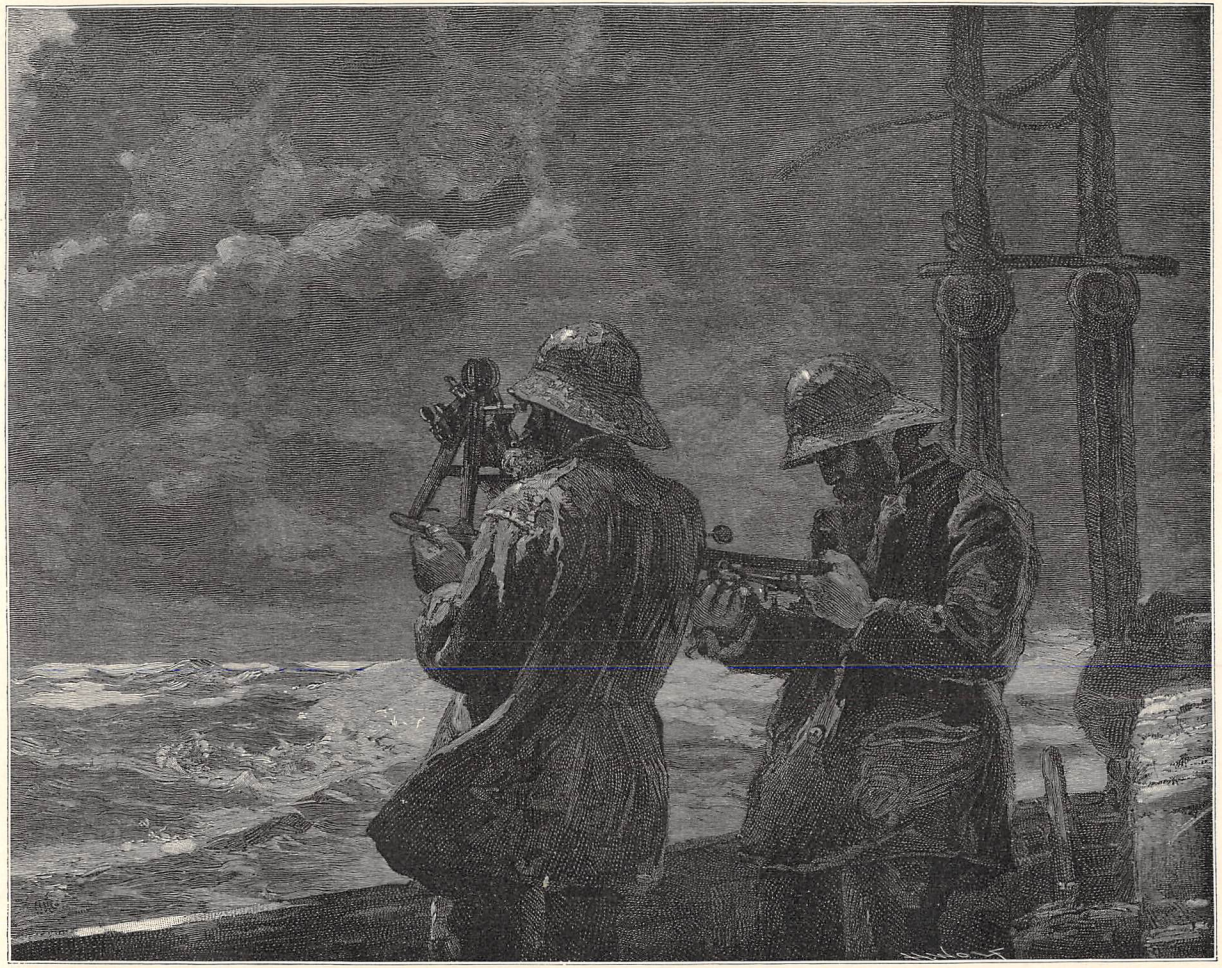
good musicians, and the Anglo-Saxons good poets, but only the Latins could build, carve, and paint. The history of the past gives some warrant for such a parceling out of the arts. Greece and Italy have been the great art-teachers of Europe. Spain, France, and Flanders have been their aptest pupils, and all the other art-producing nations borrowed what they could of Italian example. The teachers are long dead. The stream of art has passed them with most of their pupils, but where now does it begin to emerge to the light in new form? Not with any Latin descendant, but with the Scandinavians at the North.

Denmark, Norway, and Sweden have not had an art history of much importance. They have never been considered as great art-producers, and the rather sudden appearance of good painting among them is noteworthy. It comes from a body of new men, who, for the main, have been students at their own academies, though often a painter appears who has supplemented an education at home by study in Paris, and, indeed, most of them are acquainted with Parisian art. France has taught them something, has smoothed away their rough edges, helped their technic, but has not as yet disturbed their local character. The color is usually very high — warm reds, yellows, and greens mingling with sharp blues. This leads one at first to imagine that the Scandinavians are impressionists, following the methods of Paris; but the color-motive apparently springs from a different cause. The scientific knowledge that light is prismatic color in a translucent form led the Parisians to use prismatic color with the hope of obtaining light. It was more scientific than optical knowledge with them; but with the Scandinavians it would seem to be exactly the reverse. The Northern summers, with their long sunsets and sunrises, diffuse light through the media of the lower atmosphere with the result of much color brilliancy. Red sunsets are not an unusual thing, and it takes no great faith to believe that Larsson's "Ulf in the Sunset" and Wallander's "Putte," shown at the Fair, were taken directly from nature, though they were sharp and harsh with reds. Again, at other seasons of the year, under a different light, the clearness of the air gives wonderful depth and luminosity to the blue skies, and admits of their intense reflection in calm water. There is no improbability about Prince Eugen's lake views or the water-pieces by Thegerström, Olsen, and Thaulow, though they appear almost prismatic in their color brilliancy. These men have simply painted what was before them, and if their views look strange to us, it may be because our eyes are accustomed to a different light.

The Scandinavians are among the simplest of the modern painters, composing in large groups, handling color in large masses, painting with the flat of the brush, and grasping the great essentials at the expense of the trivialities. Simplicity is met with in all the elementary stages of art; but we must not reason from this that the Scandinavians are mere children at painting. True, their years are few, and they have much to learn, but their point of view and craftsmanship are knowing, considering the experience they have had. A people possessed of integrity and capacity, they produce that which is within them in the faith that it is good. That is the basis of true national art.

It is something new, this stream of art under the northern lights. Ten years ago there were only a few painters from the North seen in the Salons. Kröyer, Petersen, Larsson, Edelfelt, and some others had won recognition, and Zorn was a young man just beginning. In the Paris Exposition of 1889 there was an appearance of many canvases that attracted attention. It was a notable exhibition, the first one of importance, and particularly acceptable because of its originality and freshness. The exhibition at Chicago was perhaps less representative, yet every weary wanderer there knows how welcome was the Scandinavian section after viewing the other pictures. It was a breath of pure air after the hot-house studio, something unique, something new. To some it indicated progress, and to others doubtless decline, but it was neither the one nor the other except as regards Scandinavia. It was a change. The old stream of art had put on a different phase, and in a new land was reflecting the beauty of Northern skies, and lakes, and forests. What may be the future of this art it would be unwise to predict. Perhaps it is sufficient that we enjoy it in the present. Its strength lies in its truth, its sincerity, its provincialism, if you please to put it that way. So long as it is true to its own, so long as it reflects the North in thought, method, and spirit, so long as it keeps by itself, it is likely to flourish. The evil that lies ready to ensnare it is cosmopolitanism — the equalizing of all thought and method by a world standard, and the negation of nationality.

Fifteen years ago America had little painting to boast of; certain it is that to-day we have a painting full of much skill, energy, and sentiment, with considerable originality. Fifteen years ago there was a lamentable lack of technical knowledge. Such painters as we had were, with some exceptions, poor workmen. They did not know how to draw, model, or paint. The young men could not get the instruction at home that they desired, and so began the outpouring to Munich and Paris schools. They have been returning to us now for some years, and the present result is a body of young men learned in all the modern knowledge of the brush; but



PAINTED BY WINSLOW HOMER (AMERICA). OWNED BY THOMAS B. CLARKE. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY WINSLOW HOMER. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

EIGHT BELLS.

in gaining foreign methods they have acquired foreign ideas, tastes, feelings, sentiments.

Thus we are at the start influenced by foreign elements. The influence is to our gain in craftsmanship, but it is to our loss in originality. Parisian ideas and notions of art may be better than our own, but the point is, they are not our own, and, if we repeat them, we are playing the parrot, imitating, and not creating. American painters are not disposed to be servile followers. On the contrary, the effort is toward being distinctly and individually themselves, but artistically they are hampered by many Gallicisms or world-isms, just as politically a good piece of American legislation is checked by forced consideration for some foreign vote. In both cases there is a compromise not altogether pleasing to either party. We see this compromise in the pictures at the Fair in the profound regard shown for Cazin's tone effects, or Mauve's sheep, or Carolus-Duran's method of handling drapery, or Liebermann's lighting of an interior. "If I could only paint like Velasquez," sighs young Pictor. And the first sitter he gets, he makes it apparent that he can paint just enough like Velasquez to make a nonentity of Pictor. And he is a good American at heart, too. Americanism prevails in his work, but it is indecisive, half-hearted, apologetic. It temporizes, would please the Old World and his own, and in standing on two stools comes near falling down between them. With less technical skill than some of our younger men, Winslow Homer stands by himself, a painter of strength whose works command attention everywhere, largely because they are American without preface or apology. They breathe of the soil and the sea, tell of their place of origin, give the American point of view. Just so with the landscapes of Mr. Inness. They are peculiarly our own in every respect, and would be recognized as such in any country. Many of the older painters, contemporaries of Mr. Inness, such as Mr. Martin, the late Mr. Wyant, and others, men who have not been turned aside by foreign ideas, make up to-day our strongest landscape art. They know what they wish to paint, and they paint it.

We come nearer to having an American school of art in landscape than elsewhere. There is a decisive note even from the younger men. Mr. Platt, Mr. Tryon, Mr. Twachtman, have an individual way of stating their ideas, and some of the painters given to schemes of high light and color are branching out in new and unexpected ways. In fact, there is much hope to be placed in the large band of young landscape-painters at present working in this country. They have skill, and as they grow older they will gain the conviction that our pictorial view is the only one for them. It might be added, without national pride, that, as regards landscape, it is the best one now extant in the schools, and that it has little or nothing to gain from the view of others.

Policy as well as patriotism should induce an American to be an American, for there is little advantage in trying to be anything else. Of course there are brilliant painters — Mr. Whistler and Mr. Sargent for instance — who, so far as art is concerned, show no particular nationality. We cannot claim them any more than London or Paris. They are men who would doubtless appear brilliant under any circumstances by virtue of inherent genius. But they are the exceptions, not the rule. The chief value of a nation's art, aside from its being good art, lies in its nationality, its peculiar point of view, its representation of a time, a clime, and a people. We shall never have any great art in America unless it is done in our own way and is distinctly American. We shall never be accounted great because of our doing something like some other people, nor by fashioning that which is best in others into an eclectic cosmopolitanism.

Happily our younger painters are rousing to the necessity of individuality in their work. Year by year their styles deepen, one in refined color, another in pure line, another in brush work, another in largeness of conception, another in delicacy of sentiment. It is these added individualities that produce nationality in art when there is homogeneity in fundamental thought and aim. We have not just now so much of the latter as could be wished for, but we are likely to come to it by degrees. That there is to be great production in painting in this country during the next quarter of a century is almost a foregone conclusion, and it cannot be doubted that our painters will find American life their strongest inspiration.

The pictures at Chicago simply intensified the impression made by the pictures at Paris in 1889. Art in the present, as in the past, is reflecting its surroundings, and throwing out new phases of light and color corresponding to new movements in life. In the older countries of Europe the changes have been few, but with Scandinavia at the north, and America in the west, they have been sudden and rather brilliant. Following the track of civilization, painting writes the color history of the people, and when the land and the people are young, the record is full of aspiration, hope, and energy. Fortunately for the Scandinavians and ourselves, the period is that of youth. The book of our art has just been opened, and no one knows what bright deeds of beauty may be written upon its pages in the years to come.

John C. Van Dyke.

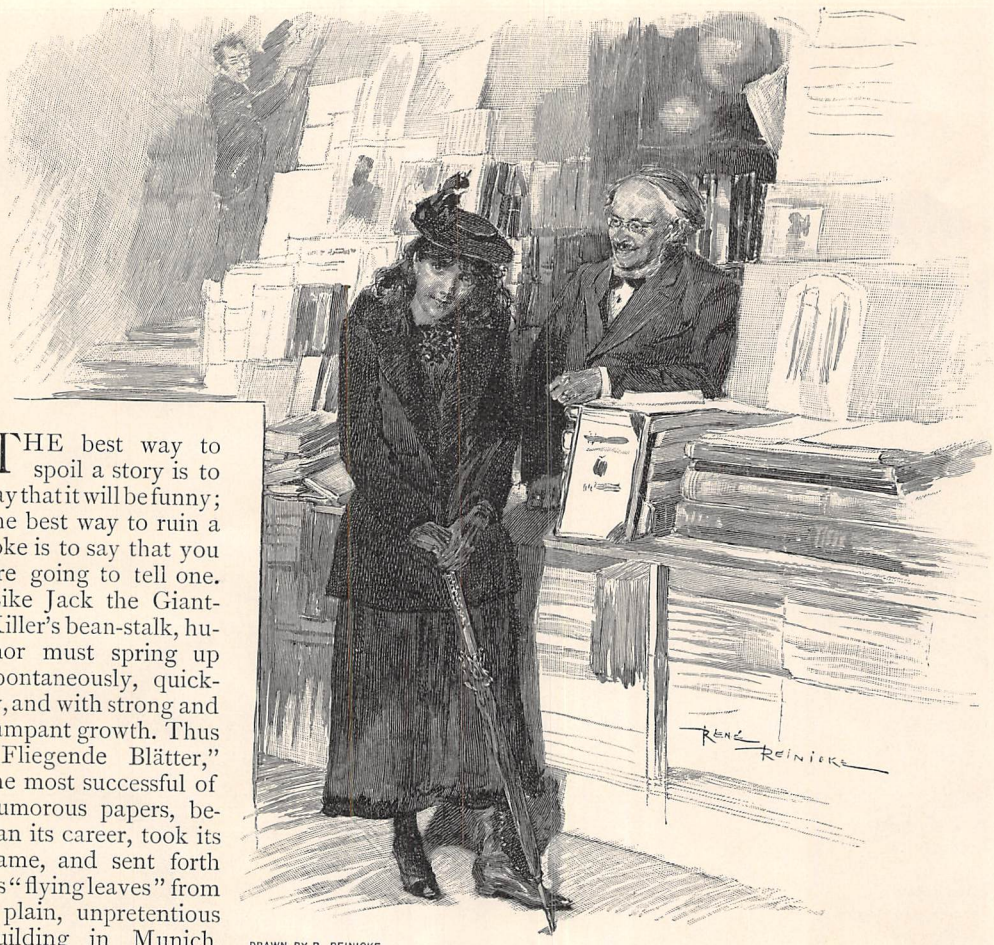


PAINTED BY AGNES STEINEGER (NORWAY). OWNED BY R. DE FOREST. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

A PORTRAIT.

A GERMAN COMIC PAPER.

(FLIEGENDE BLÄTTER.[1])



DRAWN BY R. REINICKE.

BOOKSELLER: "What would you like, miss?"
YOUNG GIRL: "I want all of the 'Sorrows of Werther.'"

THE best way to spoil a story is to say that it will be funny; the best way to ruin a joke is to say that you are going to tell one. Like Jack the Giant-Killer's bean-stalk, humor must spring up spontaneously, quickly, and with strong and rampant growth. Thus "Fliegende Blätter," the most successful of humorous papers, began its career, took its name, and sent forth its "flying leaves" from a plain, unpretentious building in Munich, without blare of trumpets or flare of pride. And the great German world, which had seldom seen printed laughter before, enjoying the pictures and the humor, at once took the leaves to its heart, and week by week, from year to year, still welcomes them.

It is a strange thing that among a people famed for thoughtfulness in times of peace, and for fierceness in times of war, this paper of jokes, which does not pretend to deep thought, and from the pages of which all political reference is strictly banished, should have lasted unchanged for fifty years. Nations have fallen and risen, philosophies have been supplanted, and science has discovered new realms of thought, but still "Fliegende Blätter" has lived on, passed from father to children, quite unchanged, except that the leaves fly freer and farther, as trees grow and multiply, and as children outnumber their parents. The title is the same, the illustration which surrounds it is still unchanged, and shows the queer little people—the jester, poet, and fool, entertaining both peasant and lady—just as years ago. The eldest sons of the founders are now in charge, and many of the original artists illustrate new jokes on old subjects. Its old home is its present home, and the fundamental character of the journal is unaltered. "The thing which hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done, is that which

[1] The pictures in this article are taken from "Fliegende Blätter," by permission of the publishers, Braun & Schneider, Munich.

shall be done." So may it ever be with "Fliegende Blätter."

It was in 1844 that the first number of the journal was issued from the Maximilian-platz in Munich. "Punch" had been introduced to London three years before, but it is doubtful whether the English paper exerted any influence over the German periodical, or whether the founders of the latter had ever heard of "Mr. Punch." At all events, "Punch" "knew a rickety infancy and hours of peril," had suffered "neglect and starvation," and was resuscitated only at the last critical moment, as history tells — certainly not an encouraging example for "Fliegende Blätter." But "Punch," for all his jokes, began with, and still professes, a serious purpose. There is method in his madness, and he makes it his aim to play the rôle of the old court-jesters who, under cover of wit, could speak home-truths, and, while they capered and cavorted, could also criticize and condemn. "Fliegende Blätter" in its infancy had no such lofty purpose. Its first aim was to amuse, and if there was any other object it must have been artistic rather than moral. Moreover, there were no prior discoverers to teach it how the goose of humor might be made to lay eggs that stand on end with natural joyousness, and are golden in the eyes of a publisher.

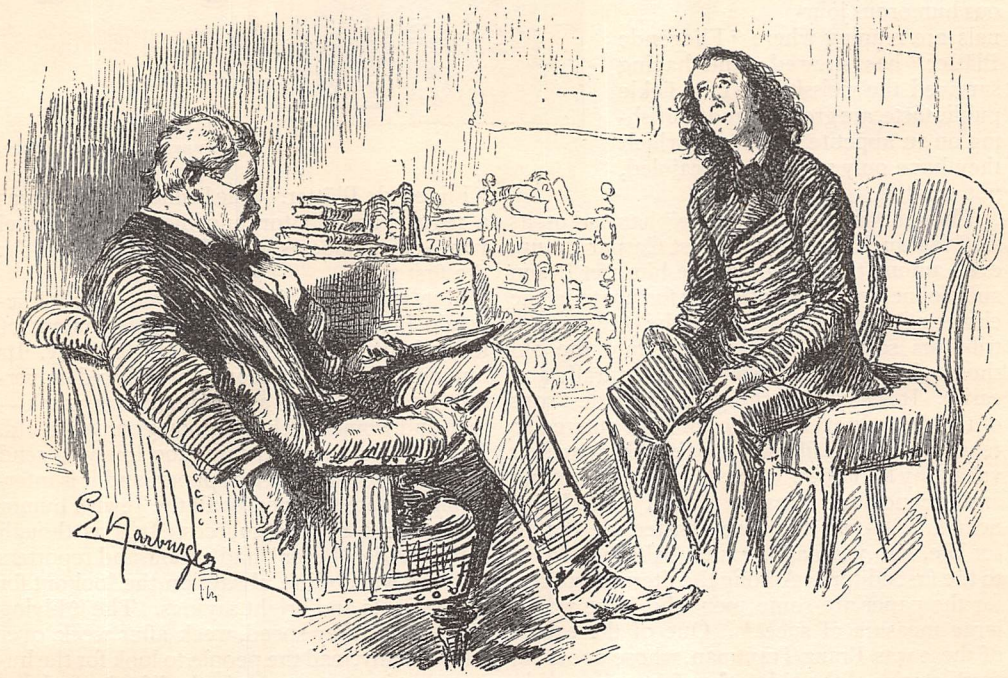
The founders of the German periodical were Caspar Braun and Friedrich Schneider. Braun



DRAWN BY H. SCHLITTGEN.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE SPRING FASHIONS OF 1893.

was an artist. He was born at Aschaffenburg in 1807, studied painting in Munich, and afterward wood-engraving in Paris. When he was thirty-two years old he returned to Munich, and there started a wood-engraving establishment which soon acquired an enviable reputation. In 1843 he became associated with Friedrich Schneider of Leipsic, and from that time the fame of their work spread rapidly. In 1844 they started "Fliegende Blätter," and the paper was then bought by the public mainly for its illustrations. Braun, in those early days, did some of the best work that has ever been done for it, and his pictures were the more successful because they disclosed to Germany a new world of humor. No predecessor had shown the spirit that is in these drawings, and they not only became very popular, but



DRAWN BY E. HARBURGER.

PUBLISHER AND POET.



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DRAWN BY H. ALBRECHT.

AN AMERICAN COW-BOY STORY,

have since served as models for innumerable later artists. At the same time, Schneider touched a popular note with his poems; and his verses, illustrated by Braun, gave to "Fliegende Blätter" that immediate success which has been denied to its many imitators in Germany, England, and America. And yet to-day these various humorous journals are reaping where "Fliegende Blätter" has strewed; and having survived the vicissitudes of a fickle public taste, are growing and flourishing on an appetite for humor which they have only successfully cajoled, not created.

Though "Fliegende Blätter" has had on its staff few such artists as the first Caspar Braun, even among those who imitate him, yet Braun and Schneider were uniformly fortunate in the choice of their associates, and the present contributors seem to have slipped into the old shoes of their predecessors most naturally and easily. It is a curious thing that the eldest sons of the first editors should each have entered so readily, and have filled so capably, the place left vacant by his father. The editors are still Braun and Schneider,—Caspar Braun and Julius Schneider,—and they are assisted by Professor Ille, who, years ago, was a subaltern assistant to the first editors. Among the literary workers for the paper are some men who have won a large measure of success. One of the earlier of these was Franz Trautman, whose good-natured stories of the olden time first appeared in "Fliegende Blätter." The brilliant Crassus was a regular contributor, and many of Emanuel von Geibel's poems were therein published for the first time.

But, in general, it may be said that "Fliegende Blätter" is remarkably independent of individuals. Its staff includes all Germany. Its humor is thus spontaneous, natural, and universal. Its contributors are found in every rank—men and women, rich and poor, young and old. None is too wise and none too lowly to send the joke of the day to this paper, and it is interesting to note that nearly all the Jewish humor comes from Semitic sources. It is as though "Fliegende Blätter" had a thousand reporters in every walk of life, always on the lookout for funny sights and bright sayings. The "Flying Leaves," as they speed, week after week, over all Germany, lead the people to look for the humor that is ever present in the life about them.



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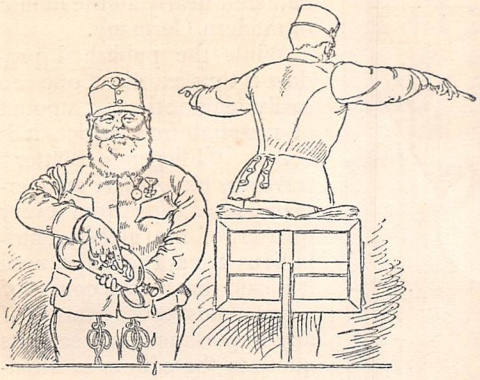
AS RETOLD BY FLIEGENDE BLÄTTER.

Sorrow is an old, familiar friend; Humor but a chance acquaintance, whom we fain would meet oftener; yet watch Sorrow from behind, and you may sometimes see a merry smile under her tragic mask. And so, wherever Sorrow stalks through all this vale of tears, a thousand watchers peep behind her mask, or seek for sudden gleams of merriment when the mask is cast aside. And all these gleams and all these smiles the writers catch, and forward to the paper, and artists paint them, or clever writers tell of them, and the "Flying Leaves" carry them forth through all Germany, and the world besides, until a rainbow of smiles breaks through the people's tears, and the whole earth seems bright and gay. By popular coöperation "Fliegende Blätter" has thus been made a concentration—a consensus, a school—of German humor, and the ninety-nine volumes now completed form a storehouse into which has been gathered nearly all the humor of modern Germany.

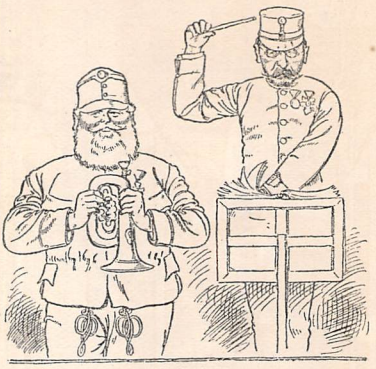
While the published product is thus excellent, one can easily imagine the vast amount of material from which it is culled. "Fliegende Blätter" travels as far as there are Germans, and thus from every quarter of the globe contributions are apt to come, until it is said that, in the course of years, almost every country of any importance has sent its quota to the editors in Maximilian-platz, Munich. No doubt strange stories could be told of these contributions, of the curious drawings that come with some, and the often ridiculous notes that accompany others. As to the rejected poems, one does not care to imagine what they must be. As in all successful journals, skilful and laborious editing is required in sorting the material; and the sifting and revising of jokes, in lots of scores or hundreds, is a thankless task which makes the life of the man who "never smiled again" hilariously merry by comparison.

It often happens that jokes are sent which have already been published in "Fliegende Blätter," or which, indeed, may even have originated in the office. The work of revision, therefore, requires constant and careful study of the files, though in spite of this many a "shop-worn" item must needs be found pictured as a novelty. An old German joke might be cited as a good commentary on all jokes: To a man twirling his thumbs, his companion remarks, "Do you always do that?" "No," is the answer, while the twirl is reversed; "sometimes I do this." And many a joke is similarly reversed, revised, or rejuvenated till the father thereof would hardly know his offspring.

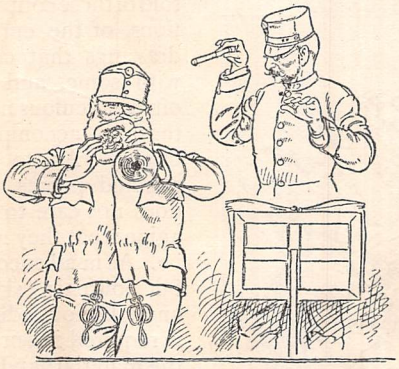
A curious circumstance that could be noticed only in such an office, but is there not infrequently remarked, is the traveling capacity of a joke. A joke may come first from Berlin; after a few days it is sent in from Dresden; in



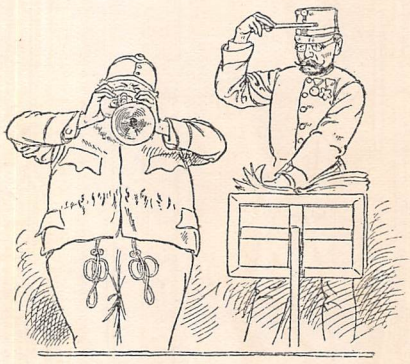
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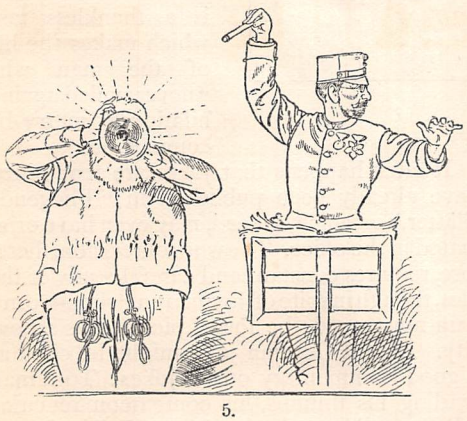
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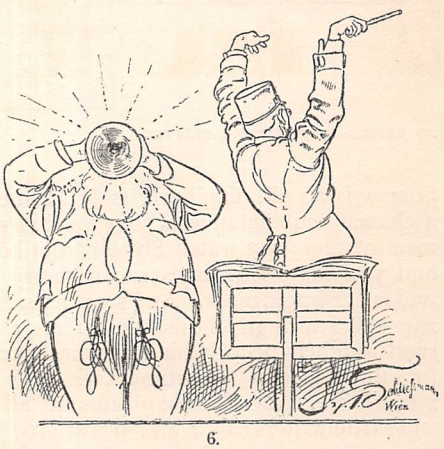
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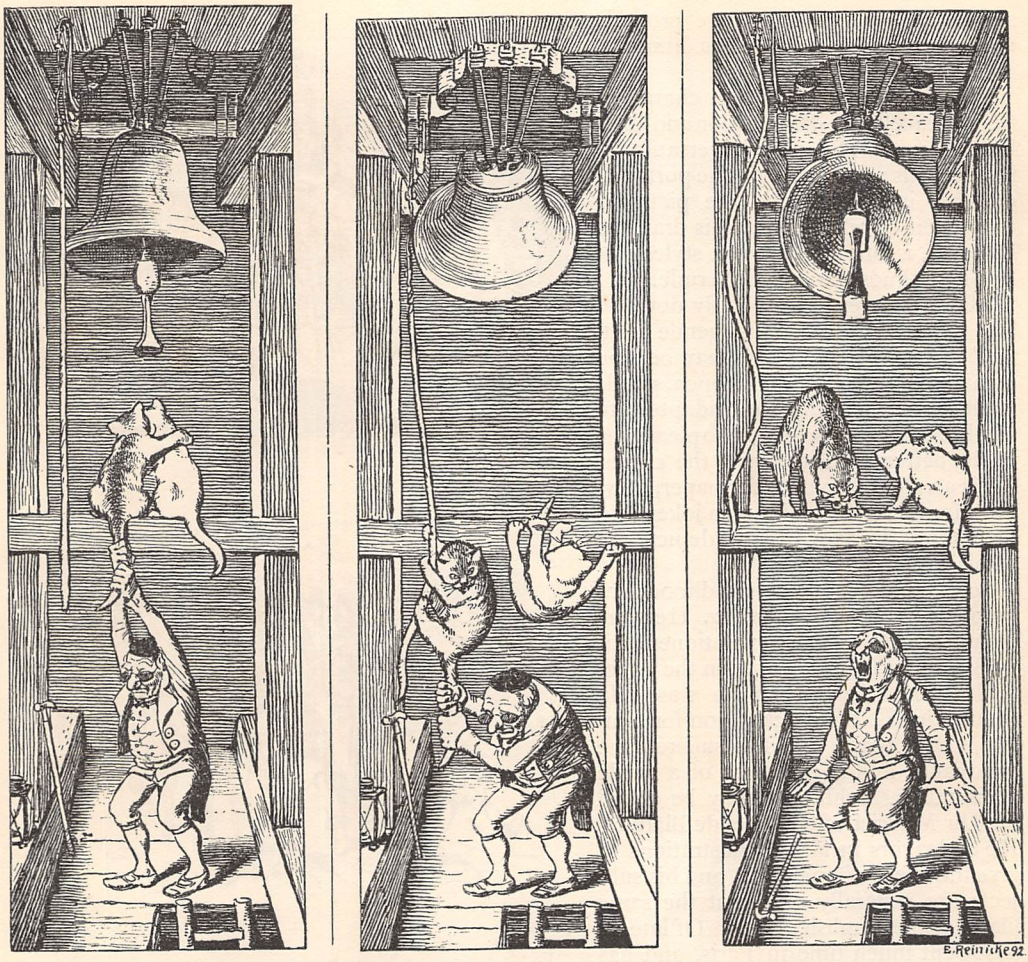


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DRAWN BY SCHLIESSMANN.

A CORNET SOLO.

the course of two or three weeks — a month, perhaps — it comes from some quiet village on the Rhine; and some have even been known to go around the world in an incredibly short period. After each batch of jokes has been carefully read by several men, and the old ones, the poor ones, and those ruled out because they treat of politics or religion, have been cast aside, the fairly good jokes that remain are sent to Julius Schneider to be finally passed upon. Some of these must be rewritten, some must be thrown away, some must be illustrated, and some may stand alone upon their merits; and this final judgment requires the discretion and the indefatigable industry which the editor of "Fliegende Blätter" so fully possesses.



DRAWN BY E. REINICKE. THE NEAR-SIGHTED SACRISTAN.

In assigning each joke to the artist best fitted to illustrate it, Julius Schneider is assisted by his brother Hermann and by Caspar Braun. Though an artist of much merit, Hermann Schneider, as an illustrator, has done but little for "Fliegende Blätter." In judging the powers of his colleagues, however, he is almost without a rival, and his work in this line has gone far toward giving the paper the artistic position which it now holds, and which, to a paper of its kind, is worth so much.

As to the artists in whom this journal finds its greatest strength, any one who knows the paper can name half a dozen, out of the two hundred and seventy, more or less, who have drawn for it, whom he especially regards, and whose work is particularly associated with it. Yet, from the culling of an acre of roses, who would wish to be limited to the choice of half a dozen blooms? If one were only looking over the files of a year or two he would doubtless pick out six or eight names, and say, "Oberlander, Harburger, Meggendorfer, Schlittgen, Ludwig Bechstein, Reinicke, and Wagner are the chief men whose work gives 'Fliegende Blätter' its artistic character."

Of these, the first four, together with Hengeler and some others, form the group known as "the Munich humorists." Of "the Munich humorists" Oberlander is easily first and best known, and the wealth of his humor is apparently limitless. The casual reader will doubtless say that he is the better half of the journal. He was born in Regensburg in 1845, but came to Munich as a child, and his devotion to art has been almost uninterrupted. "Like a second Hogarth, he lashes at the follies of the times, and, with the weapon of humor, strives against modern weakness and immorality. His pictures are not only humorous but full of earnest warning. His drawings are characterized by harmonious finish, even to the smallest detail; by complete symmetry of artistic expression, as well as by deep thought and a warm grasp of the

subject. These qualities have properly made him known as the first humorist of Germany."

Harburger's drawings are characterized by excellence of execution and kindliness of spirit. His genius is versatile, for he succeeds equally well in the portrayal of aged inebriates, and the picturing of women of refinement. His drawing, however, is of so vigorous a style as to be often almost coarse and crude.

Meggendorfer has probably done his best work outside of "Fliegende Blätter," in juvenile books, as may be said of many another artist. His open, simple manner is especially well adapted to children, and seems, indeed, to please the public better than it pleases the critics. He is a valuable man to the paper, however, for he thinks up his own jokes, and the strange ideas which he depicts are of his own invention.

Schlittgen, ever since childhood, has supported himself by drawing. He is the youngest of the artists mentioned, his work having first appeared in the paper twelve years ago, when he was only twenty-three. He quickly won for himself a high place, and has suffered the annoyance and compliment of a horde of imitators. Schlittgen may be called the Du Maurier of "Fliegende Blätter." He endeavors in all his illustrations to give the effect of a painting, and his subjects are generally on about the same plane as the English artist's. Of late he has spent much time in Paris, and has been a less frequent and perhaps less satisfactory contributor than formerly.

Bechstein made a reputation with his series of "costume" pictures; and Wagner is known for the romantic nature of his subjects, and for the prettiness of his girls, who are sweet and refined, from the roses in their hair to their daintily slippered feet.

But in addition to its literary and artistic sides, the paper has commercial features, and some of these should prove of interest even to the most soulful artist or the most hardened reader of jokes. "Fliegende Blätter," so far as one can see, publishes no sworn statement of circulation, but its friends are not diffident in claiming the globe as its field, and the claim seems to be justified. At any rate, there appears to be no doubt as to Austria or Germany, for subscriptions are received not only at any bookstore, but at any post-office. The real income, however, of any paper comes from its advertisers, and in its advertising department "Fliegende Blätter" is believed to be unique. It issues, separately bound, an advertising supplement with every copy, refusing, under any circumstances, to insert an advertisement into the paper itself. To a foreigner these advertising pages are almost as entertaining as the more pretentious part of the journal. They are profusely illustrated, and include occasional draw-

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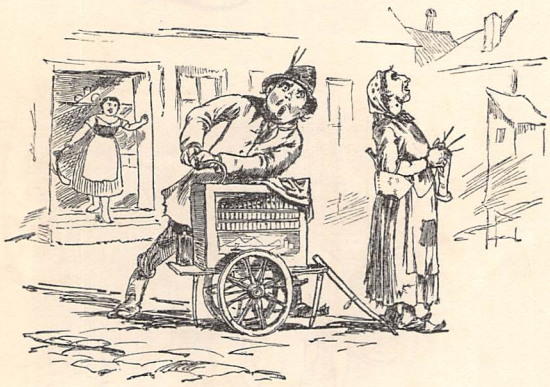
DRAWN BY H. ALBRECHT.

THE NEW

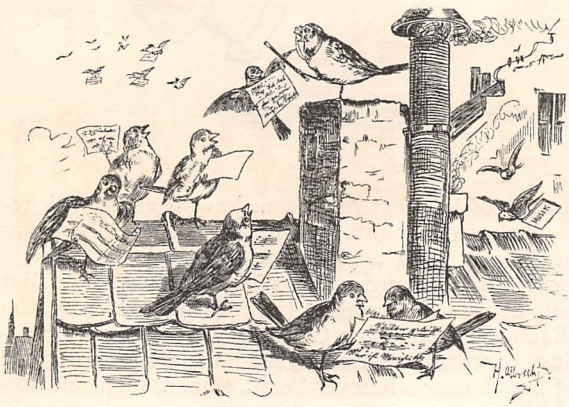
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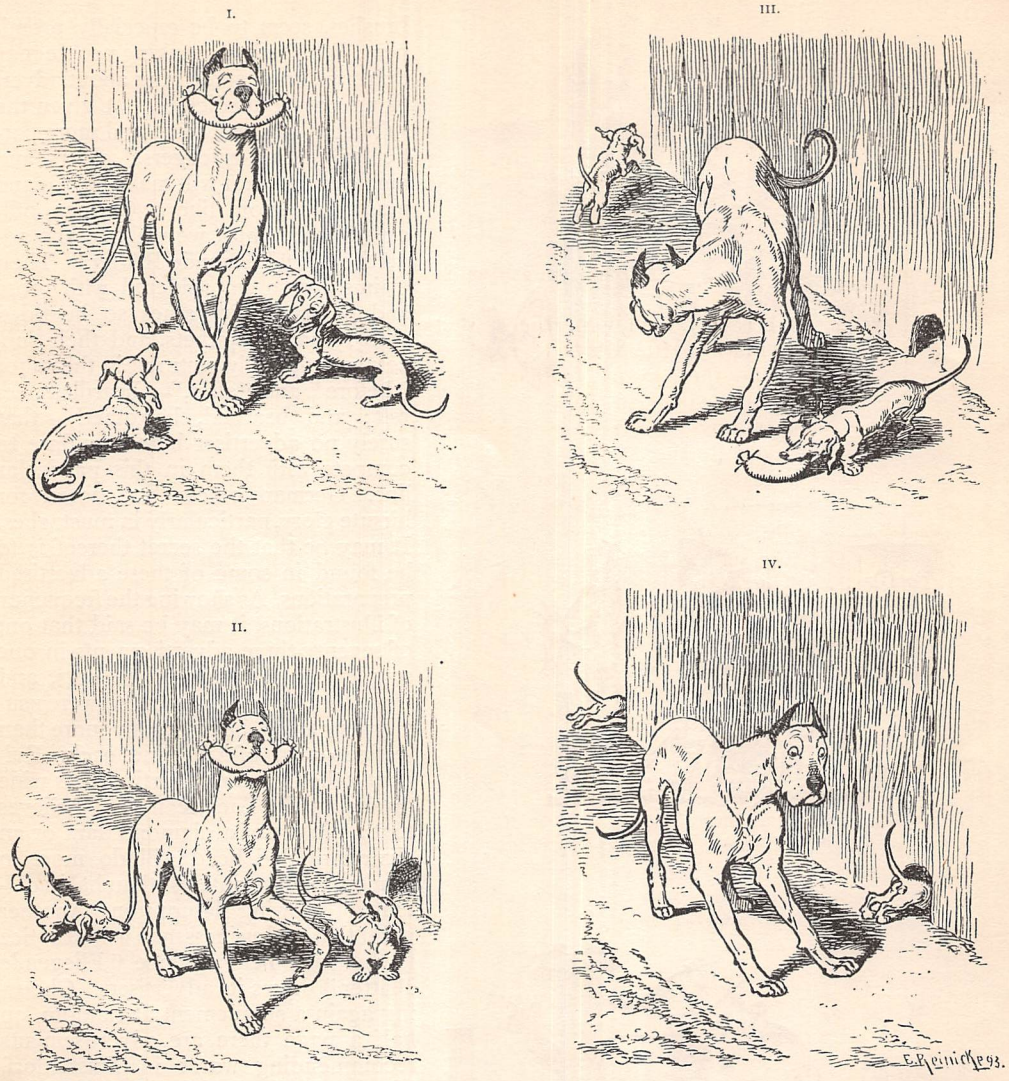
OPERETTA.

ings of genuine merit, and always (by way of a banner) one illustrated joke in the upper left-hand corner of the first page of each supplement, of which there may be half a dozen with a single copy of the paper. The subjects advertised are amusing. They cover a wide field, though the beer-brewers, the jewelers, and the manufacturers of patent hair-restorers, combs, and brushes, seem to be especially prominent. We English-speaking people may think we know something about advertising patent medicines, but given the subject of hair-restorers, and more particularly "bart-erzeugers," elixirs, and medicaments that will make beards and mustaches grow like a German officer's, therein must we yield to the advertisers in "Fliegende Blätter." Their claims are so embroidered with prose and poetry, their names so heralded with romantic epithets, and their success so artistically pictured in the suitor "before" and "after,"—beardless, bereft; and bearded, betrothed,—that surely no advertiser here may dare to compete with them in this particular line. German officers are noted for hirsute glory, particularly in mustaches. It may be that the secret thereof is to be found in some of these advertised preparations. As showing the frequency of illustrations, it may be said that out of seventy-three advertisements in one supplement forty-eight had cuts, and those that were not illustrated were usually very small, being hardly more than business cards of a few lines each. Evidently the German advertiser is as wide awake as the American, and believes that a picture of a diamond tiara or an elixir-sprinkled head will do more to awaken popular interest than half a column of glowing description. Another point that the business man would notice is the wide field whence "Fliegende Blätter" draws its advertisers. Choosing again a supplement at random, on half a page there are advertisements recommending wares in Dusseldorf, Munich, Berlin, Zurich, Mayence, Dresden, Cologne, Stuttgart, Hanover, and France, England, and America besides.

The story of "Fliegende Blätter" is almost told, for it is never safe to dwell too long on a joke, much less on a collection of jokes. A writer for "Punch" years ago solved for his readers a mathematical problem to show the good that his paper did. He thought that each copy gave to some reader five minutes of pleasure, and the formula can be reproduced here as applying to "Fliegende Blätter."

$$5 \times 52 \times 50 \times y = x$$

The five represents the minutes of pleasure, the fifty-two the weeks of the year, the fifty the years of the life of "Fliegende Blätter," and y its circulation; and the result x must be, repre-



DRAWN BY E. REINICKE.

THE OUTWITTED MASTIFF.

sented in time, what "a girdle of smiles around the earth" would be in miles.

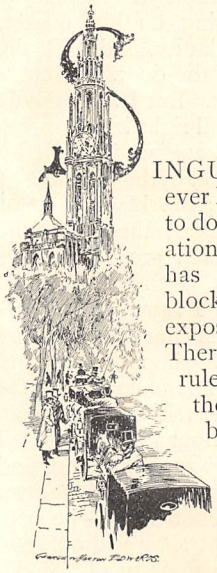
There is no need to discuss the value of humor, or to compare the various ways in which laughter may be brought to the people —by the stage, by books, or by papers. Each way has its admirers, and "Fliegende Blätter" is deserving of notice because it is one of the best and first of its kind, and because it is only of late that Americans have begun to ask regarding those "Flying Leaves" which, coming from a distant nation, and printed in a foreign language, yet find a welcome here. But the whole world is kin, and there are many who still remember Germany as the dear old "Vaterland," and many more besides who welcome humor wherever found, since trouble and sorrow so readily seek out their own victims.

William D. Ellwanger.
Charles Mulford Robinson.

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH IN ANTWERP.

(ARTISTS' ADVENTURES.)

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



INGULARLY enough, whenever I have particularly wished to do anything in my peregrinations over Europe, that wish has almost invariably been blocked by the conspicuously exposed sign, "C'est défendu." There were exceptions to this rule; that is to say, wherever the sign was missing, and I began to believe that here at last was a spot where the official notice was honored in the breach, just so sure would a more or less gaudily uniformed official appear, and utter the expected words. It really seemed as if the authorities, anticipating the natural desires of the stranger, passed all their time in devising insurmountable "défendus" for his mortification. There was a time, however, when I was ignorant of the existence of the défendu; when as yet the significance of the uplifted arms, hands, and eyebrows of the gendarme was unknown, and I fancied myself free to go and come as I chose. In this way I was upheld by those luckless ones whom I had undertaken to guide through the realms of the effete monarchs, with the help of Baedecker.

It had been a warm day in Antwerp that 4th of July, 1882, and we had done little sightseeing. Our salon at the corner of Ham street and Green place was cool and cozy; we had selected one of a pile of new Tauchnitz volumes, and had read aloud by turns until the band began to play in the kiosk, before the statue of Rubens. Good music it was, and the Antwerpians, peasant and bourgeois, thronged the place, the former walking arm in arm up and down in the middle of the street, the latter comfortably sitting at small tables, before the cafés and estaminets, drinking their Münchener in conscious rectitude. Now the light began to fail, the silvery chimes in the cathedral rang a few bars, and the bourdon struck the hour of nine. In my trunk, carefully wrapped in paper, I had brought three Roman candles,— long ones,— with plenty of shells in them — fifteen, the wrapper said, and I don't doubt the statement, although I did not count them. "See here," said one, "this is the Fourth of July. Why not let off one of those Roman candles out of the window? It will make a fine show, and really we ought to do something by way of celebrating the day." It took but a moment to get the package, and in another I was holding a candle out of the window, unrolling the little fuse at the top, and applying a sputtering match to it. There was an instant's pause during which I had time to take a rapid glance at the scene. In the square below moved the black mass of people, dotted with the white lace caps of the women, and there sounded a curious rhythmic ring of sabots on the stones. The musicians were packing up their instruments in the kiosk; the cabs were returning to the stand opposite; at the right a man was putting up the shutters of a glove-shop over which hung a huge vermilion hand with outstretched fingers. Overhead were orange flecks of cloud in the pale green and violet sky, pierced by the lovely lace-like mass of stone, the cathedral spire. All this I saw in a twinkling, before the outpour of fire that followed — such an outpour of fire, such a belching of blue, yellow, violet, crimson, and green balls of fire, such torrents of golden stars, descending upon the heads of the astounded natives, such a lighting up of the square as perhaps had not been seen since the entry of Charles V. I cannot remember a Roman candle with such richness of contents. The manufacturer of the candle not only was a genius, but he had been prodigal of his chemicals to a degree that, if persisted in, must inevitably have brought him to bankruptcy. It seemed to me as I gazed upon the sea of upturned faces, now red, now green, and again pale violet, that there was no end to that particular candle. Indeed, I became somewhat alarmed as dimly in my inner consciousness dawned an intuitive sense of what I afterward recognized as the impending défendu. This was increased, as I threw the smoking tube among the crowd, by a hoarse hum such as one hears upon the operatic stage, as evidence of the surprised displeasure of the mob. I had never before heard it in real life,

and now I began to feel somewhat alarmed. The mob was gazing up at me. Soon there came, faintly at first, then louder, the sound of the tramp of men's feet moving in unison; the crowd parted at the corner, a file of soldiers appeared, a word of command was given, and muskets fell sharply upon the pavement. I closed the swinging window, and sat down. There was evidently going to be trouble, as I explained to my party. I had not given the matter thought or I might not have set off the candle. However, I said that as it was the Fourth of July, and as we were all American citizens, of course it was all right for — There came a vigorous rat-tat-tat upon the street door, followed by another, delivered with an impatient command to open at once. I opened the window and leaned out. An officer in a long cloak was in the act of hammering on the door with the hilt of his sword. Some of the mob cried out at sight of me, and gesticulated in that rude manner that foreigners sometimes show when one transgresses their défendus. I withdrew. A light flashed under the door, and I heard the slippered feet of our landlord descending; then came a heavy tramping on the stairs, and a knock at my door. I opened, resolving that I would appear ignorant of any save my native tongue. The officer, upon seeing ladies present, saluted, and addressed some words to me in German. I shook my head. He seemed surprised, and made a remark in Dutch. I stared at him. His eyebrows went a little higher as he evolved a sentence in Italian; then he turned to mine host, who was quaking in his slippers, and dropping grease all over himself from the guttering candle, and said something rude in Flemish. Then I thought it time to assert myself.

"Why do you come here to disturb us in our little celebration? We would have you to understand that we are good American citizens, enjoying ourselves as we are permitted and authorized to do under the provisions of this document," saying which I extracted from my pocket my passport, emblazoned with the eagle.

"Ah," he said, "Anglais!"

"No," I said, "American."

"Peut-être," he replied; "c'est la même chose. Whoo-y to you let thee farewerk?"

"Oh, that," I said, with a shrug unsurpassed by any foreigner,—"that was only a little celebration of the Declaration of Independence, the Fourth of July, you know," I concluded affably.

"The force of Jooly? No, no," he said; "not so; thee day is the 14th to anniversaire."

"No, no," I said impatiently; "it 's nothing of the kind."

"Eh, bien," he said indifferently, "c'est défendu de—" Here followed a rigmarole which he read from a document incased in shiny black covers, ending with a stamp of his foot, which brought into view two soldiers, one of whom went up-stairs with heavy tread to my room, while the other stood at ease in the doorway, his hands resting on his musket. The officer saluted the ladies, and with the men withdrew. I closed the door. "Here 's a pretty mess," I thought. But I said aloud: "Never mind; it will be all right in the morning. I 'll see the consul, and we 'll fix it up all right. They cannot do anything to us." I threw open the window; the black mob of people thronged the square; there was the hum of many voices, which grew louder as they caught sight of me. I thought best to retire, but in the interval I saw a soldier stationed opposite at the cab-stand, one in the dark doorway of the glove-shop, and another at our own door below. The chimes rang the half-hour, and the moon was shining. I had an unpleasant quarter of an hour with the excited landlord, who alternately wrung his hands and called down maledictions upon the American for bringing the police upon him — he who for twenty years had kept shop without, etc. He explained to me the majesty of the défendu — explained it with unnecessary and offensive vehemence, and intimated that it would cost him dear in fines to the city, and *pour-boire* for the sentinels outside, adding that his trade (that of a tobacconist) would be ruined, and all for the sake of a *sacré nom d'un Americain*, or something to that effect, which I thought it expedient, in view of all that had happened, to ignore.

That night I did not sleep. I had visions of the oubliettes of the Steen Museum. The awfulness of the défendu stalked by my bedside, clothed in the red garments of the Inquisitors.

In the morning I tried to go out for a cigar, but found my way was gruffly barred by a gendarme, who said, "Défendu," in a very unpleasant manner, indeed. After breakfast was served, at which, in view of the doom soon to be visited upon us, all tried to be as pleasant and light-hearted as possible, our officer of the night before again entered our salon, saluted, read once more the défendu from his pocket-book, and invited me to follow. I complied with the request, bidding my companions be of good cheer. Followed by a mob, which seemed to have remained beneath our window all night, I was hauled before the commissioner of police. The office of the commissioner was a cold, barren, whitewashed room, lighted by two long narrow windows, between which was a tall, black crucifix. Before this, at a high sort of desk, sat the commissioner. I was placed



THE FIRST OUTBURST OF FIRE.

between two gendarmes, and was told to be seated, and at once was asked to stand up again. The commissioner addressed me in French. I pretended not to understand. Then he said, "You are an Englishman?" "American," I said.

With a sort of défendu motion of his head and shoulders, he replied, "Eet ees ze same theeng." I attempted at some length to explain the difference, but he cut me short by reading a long document containing a bewildering number of défendus, and then read from another paper as follows: "You arrive on the Red Star steamer *Pennland* on June thairtieth—you and your famille. You go to the Hôtel des Flandres; dair you remain for doo tays; you begage appartements of un homme Deetjen, rue du Jambon. You make many skits in leetle book in the city. You write much letters, and in the soir d'hier you what you

call shoot signal in the square publeek—eh, what you say to a' theese?"

I explained the custom in America of celebrating the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and the fact that I was ignorant of the existence of a défendu prohibiting such celebration in the city of Antwerp, adding that I regretted exceedingly having transgressed this particular défendu, and ending by waving under his nose the crackling parchment passport, and demanding, in the name of the President of the United States, to be set free instanter. Up jumped a little Hebrew-looking person with a red head, who conversed at length with the officer who arrested me, and he in turn exercised his shoulders, as if to say, "Well, here 's a large-sized défendu which has been trampled upon by this American. Shall we then admit that our défendus are to be violated with impunity, or shall we make an example of him?" Finally they arrived at some sort of an understanding, and the little red-headed man addressed me: "You, sare, have gomidded an offense gontra la loi of Anwers—Antverp. Bod ve theenk dat you are nod to mage thee zignal for any unlawvul burbose, bod zimply for to mage thee zelepration of your Fête Nazionale. Deerfore, az thiz iz pairhap possible and do thee pelief of M. le Gommissaire, and that gonsidering that you do bromise that you leaf Anwers—Antverp—le bludo bossible, I shall say that you are bairmit to pe discharsh. What you vil say do thees?" To which I replied: "Convey to M. the Commissaire the assurances of my distinguished consideration. Say to him that I regret I was so unfortunate as to shock the proprieties; that I had not the slightest idea of the presence of a défendu in way of the innocent pyrotechnic celebration to which I plead guilty; that equally I regret the trouble to which I have put the authorities; and that if my life is spared, and no other défendus intrude, I will depart from the town of Antwerp with such celerity that my retreat will not be visible to the naked eye for the ensuing dust." How this elaborate and technical information was conveyed to the commissioner I do not know, but obviously the reference to dust bothered the interpreter not a little. That he attempted to convey the confused idiom I am sure, for I caught the French word for dust, and a frown of incredulity upon that officer's face.

"Eh, bien," concluded my ruddy interpreter. "I haf explain to M. le Commissaire all that you haf say, ant 'e ees please to bairmit your discharsh; 'e knows the consul Americain,—ver' goot vriendt,—bod it eet ees understand that you mage the depart le bludo bossible, n' est-ce pas?"

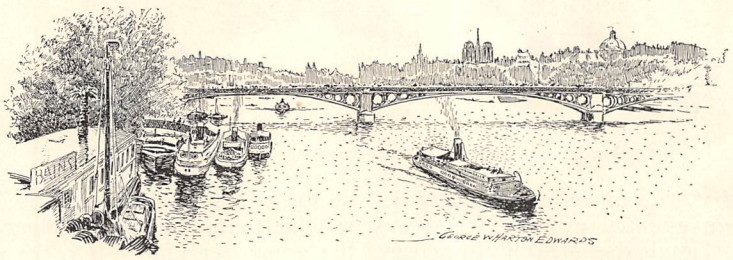
I was free. I departed. I hastened through the crowd of peasants and idlers, and rejoined my party. I explained to them that I had upheld the majesty of the United States, and incidentally that we had better proceed to pack our luggage, and wend our way hence to Paris. They pointed out the soldier in the glove-shop, and with some emotion explained that when they would have gone outside to make some purchase while I was gone, their way was barred by a soldier and a défendu. It was then that I waxed wroth. Should it be said that I was afraid? No. Here we would remain until such time as it pleased us to depart. There was a little town some distance down the Scheldt which I had resolved to make a sketch of—a long green bank with a red-tiled roof showing here and there among the gray willows and poplars, and at each end a windmill, with velvety brown arms waving against the sky. In ten minutes I was on the wharf armed with my sketch-book and stool, had made arrangements with a wherryman for a five-franc piece, and was dropping down the stream with the current. We tied up to the braided basket-work which protects the dike, my wherryman lighted his pipe, my sketch was getting on famously, when up in the green bank, against the sky, appeared a row of heads. The heads popped up here and there for an interval, when suddenly a green door, which I had not noticed, opened in the bank, and a file of soldiers in red breeches, headed by a corporal, came out like a string of hornets, and galloped down the hill toward me. After an instant it dawned upon me that this was a fortification, and that I was transgressing the largest défendu of all,—sketching a fortification,—and was about to be taken red-handed in the act. We were in midstream, and my faithful wherryman, beaded with perspiration from his efforts to get out of reach of the corporal's guard now running wildly along the bank at our right, was well nigh exhausted. Said he, "Mynheer, ven de boot is at de Hoofd van't Vlaanderen we git ketched." "Very well," I replied; "we won't go to the Hoofd. Ten francs to you if you land me." "Mynheer, der is stoom-boot behind; ve git on him, and do de Katendyk basin go." The captain of the tug-boat who caught our line was an Englishman, and to him I explained the case in a very few words. With a low whistle he intimated that this was trouble indeed, but he would do all he could to get me out of it. He advised me to throw away the sketch-book, and when I refused, shrugged his shoulders, and offered a bottle of Bass and a cigar. We could still see the soldiers running along the dike at a dog-trot as we turned into the great Katendyk basin, and they lost sight of us among the high hulks of the mighty merchantmen. Breathless, I climbed the stairs to

our salon. "In ten minutes," I whispered hoarsely, "we must be at the railroad depot. In ten minutes. Get the luggage ready while I call a cab." The door opened, and the officer appeared, and, saluting, explained that our luggage must be examined again, demanded our keys, and departed, leaving a gendarme in our salon, who proceeded to examine the backs of all the pictures, and ended by pulling up the carpet, amid the excited expostulations of old Deetjen. The officer appeared again with my two remaining Roman candles in his hand, read a défendu out of his shiny black book, saluted the ladies, who were somewhat alarmed, and withdrew with his men. I saw the cab which I had engaged at the door. When our luggage was stowed upon its top, I paid mine host Deetjen a week's rent in advance, and away we rattled. I saw once or twice a man dressed in black, with sharp features, running along beside us on the footway. We missed our train because of several minor défendus connected with the arrival of passengers with which I was unfamiliar. We sat in the waiting-room while I examined and studied with care the conspicuous défendu signs, and entertained my companions with lively and somewhat incoherent fancies of our arrival in Paris, while keeping an eye upon the party in black, with the sharp features, who sat opposite and watched our every movement. The train bell rang, I gathered up our loose bundles — we were in a first-class carriage of the express for Paris. I caught sight of the hatchet-faced chap in black talking excitedly with a gendarme, who was making notes in a shiny black book. I caught his eye; I leaned out of the window as the train started to make him a chaste, if ironical, salute. "Tenez, m'sieur!" ("Hold, sir!") said a guard, rapidly running along the foot-board. "You must not put your head out of the window. C'est défendu."

I learned afterward that our luggage, which was detained in Antwerp for weeks, had been examined for possible proof of complicity in a celebrated assassination case that was convulsing Belgium; that we were thought to be military spies conspiring against the peace of the state; that the bureau in Paris was notified of our arrival in that capital; and that finally we were under police surveillance for several months.

I have been abroad many times since these occurrences, but I have now a wholesome regard for the proprieties of the défendu.

George Wharton Edwards.



HER MOTHER'S SUCCESS.

WITH PICTURES BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

"WHERE 'S Bonner going?" said the leading man to the comedian as the two stood on the sidewalk, picking their teeth.

"The *Juliet* of the future is going to the depot to meet her ma," said the comedian. "Ma," he continued, "is coming up from Kentucky to see us play-act. It 's probably the first time ma has been to a show since 'befo' de wah.'"

Lila Bonner was twenty, and she was beginning her theatrical career as the old woman, technically speaking, of the "Brother and Sister" company. At the station she anxiously watched an incoming train from the South until her eyes fell upon a certain almost youthful, small figure toward which other eyes than her own were pleasantly turning; then she ran swiftly along the platform, and with a half sob caught the little mother in her arms. Lila, when she was a girl, had said with a child's pretty pride that she could always tell where her mother was in a crowd because that was the way people were looking.

People still looked at Mrs. Bonner, and the fact was to the credit of their taste; it was a tribute to a perfection of gentle beauty and gen-



THE LEADING MAN, THE STAGE-MANAGER, AND THE COMEDIAN.

tle bearing that with unconscious felicity defeated its own essential expression and was conspicuous. Time had seemed only to increase her most characteristic charms as she began to let the fashions pass her by, and the soft, smooth bands of chestnut hair rippling over the tips of her little ears came to seem less a convention old or new, and more simply a happy expression of her own sweet personality and pretty, modest taste. She was a revelation of ladyhood — a revelation well worth noting; for surely, as we have to pay for all gains by some loss, it told of an exquisite phase of humanity that is passing away. The next generation will undoubtedly know great women, high-bred women, in a sense, sweet-natured women; many desirable kinds of women, but just what a lady was when she was a lady first, and more than anything else in the world, it will be obliged to learn, I fear, at second hand. That was the kind of lady Mrs. Bonner was, and that was what she looked. The stage-manager — who had now joined the leading man and the comedian on the sidewalk — remarked it while the three watched the mother and daughter pass through the grimy "entrance" into the grimy hotel: "My great Jehoshaphat! but don't she look the part! It 'd be worth while writing a piece with the old woman in the lead if you could get anybody to play it that looked like that."

"Well, you never will," growled the comedian, surlily. "Can't you ever get the blooming show business off what you call your mind? That 's a real lady you saw just now, if you want to know."

"That 's what I said," cried the stage-manager; but the other, who as an old and established practitioner in one of the most curiously conservative professions in the world was a privileged person, with the rudeness that privilege usually begets in our pleasing race, had walked away.

In her ugly room up-stairs Lila Bonner was taking off her mother's bonnet, her wraps, even her gloves for her; and all the time, despite her

will, the tears kept gathering in her dark eyes. Her mother looked at her with a little troubled bewilderment; it was altogether as if the daughter were the elder.

"My daughter, you are not happy, I 'm afraid," she said hesitatingly, looking up into the tall girl's face.

"Yes, I am, mama," and Lila got the better of her tears; "it 's been hard being away from you, and traveling so, you know. It 's been hard for you, too,"— she laid her cheek down against the other's head,— "but I 've made my start, and that 's everything; and now it almost seems as if there were a chance for me to play *Bertha*,— a better part, a great deal better,— young,— you 'll see when you see the piece. And if I get it I 'll have the chance to play it in New York. The girl that 's had it is going to leave week after next. I played *Bertha* once, when she was sick, out West."

"Yes, I know; and the papers praised you so. I have the piece; I know you did it beautifully, my baby child."

Lila remembered that the article her mother treasured (she had all notices of the company sent her) was exactly copied from another paper — thanks probably to the advance-agent — in which it had appeared weeks before; she said only: "I think I did pretty well. I had to take it up very suddenly. It would help me on a great deal if I could do it in New York. It would help me about next year," she sighed. "I wish I could." She sat down on the foot of the bed.

"Why, of course you will," said the little mother, going to the girl's side, and patting the massy brown hair, like her own in color, and so unlike it in character.

"I 'm not sure at all, mama; everything is very uncertain on the stage; I 've learned that. Never mind, let us not talk about it now — tell me about home."

"The bishop was with us last week; I don't think I wrote you about it, I was going to see you so soon. Mary's little Ellen was confirmed. He came to see me just as he always did. He took tea with us; Aunt Viley waited very well. I talked to him about you. I said: 'It 's just as strange to me, bishop, to have my child on the stage as it is for any of my friends; but I know my child: she has gone out into the world for my sake and for her little sister's more than for her own; a more delicate, reserved, truly feminine girl never lived,' — that 's all I said, dear, about you. I 'm sure it 's more than true, and if your mother does not know, who should? Yes; then I did just say that withal you were a most high-spirited nature, for, of course, that is how you are different from other girls. I said, 'She 's too much her father's daughter to eat the bread of dependence, and she has talent, dramatic talent, and I believe God will bless her in the use of it.'" Mrs. Bonner wiped the unshed tears from her long-lashed, gentian-blue eyes.

Lila was silent; she had gone to the window. The mother went on, able, with mother-tact, despite her childlike need of speech, vaguely to sympathize with and ignore Lila's lack of graciousness in a conversation that played upon sensitive nerves.

"I told him you had no foolish ideas of leaping into success all at once, though I have not the least doubt but you have more ability now than Miss —— I did not say that to him, darling, indeed I did not." She had interrupted herself as the girl turned quickly and impatiently toward her, crying, "O mama!" "I only said how practical you are. I wish I 'd known and could have told him you were going to get a better part."

Lila was again looking out of the window, but she said, gently this time: "Mama, mama, I 'm afraid you 'll be disappointed about that. I 'm afraid I won't get it. Don't set your dear heart on it. Let 's not talk about it now."

"The bishop said he wished you the best good fortune, whatever that might be; he said he could but wish your choice had been a different one. Of course he had to say that, but he was in every way very sympathetic. I told him I knew nothing about the stage, but I knew my child, and that when you went on it I knew I must always have been unfairly prejudiced in my ideas." Mrs. Bonner brought forth this conclusion with the charming triumph of one who does not often use the severe weapon of logic, and so feels it the greater victory when she wields it successfully.

In the mean while, in another room of the hotel, the question of Lila Bonner's immediate professional opportunities was being discussed and decided upon by the manager and the star.

"Helen, what 's the girl ever done to you, anyhow? What difference does it make to you that you 've got to set in and kick the roof off about a little thing like that, that would save me a heap of trouble?"

So spoke the manager, walking about with his hat on the back of his head, his hands in his pockets, and worry and anger disturbing his hard, shrewd features.

Helen, a big, dark woman with something decadently Greek in her soft and splendid beauty, sat by a window, an elbow on the sill and her chin in her palm, looking out gloomily upon the same ugly street that was occupying Lila Bonner's eyes. The man took another turn across the room; she did not move. Beginning his sentence with an oath, he again spoke:



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"'I 'M GOING DOWN TO DINNER DISGUISED AS A LADY.'"

"I don't know whether I 'll knuckle under about this thing or not. I 'm not the man to stand much bullying. You know that, don't you, my girl?" He stopped before her, looking at her with both curiosity and menace in his face. She looked up at him from beneath her long, low, straight brows:

"You know you can do just as you like, don't you?" She spoke just audibly, in a contralto voice.

He turned on his heel, then turned back, saying:

"I 'll do you the justice to say you ain't often as bad-tempered as you 've been about this business. I wish you 'd let the girl play the part. I can't see what it is to you; but naturally, I 'd rather get some one out from New York than to have a row with you."

Evidently with a man's philosophy, deciding to yield, he aimed at yielding gracefully, not caring to pay the double toll of a defeat and a quarrel. He threw himself down on a chair in front of the woman; he threw an arm over the back, crossed his legs, and looked at her

with a good-natured, quizzical half smile, and with the effort to read her in his keen, half-shut eyes.

"You made the best exit in that third act last night I 've seen yet. The yokels did n't catch on very well, but I 'm not caring so much about them now — that 's the way I want you to do it in New York."

The actress slowly turned her perfect head till her lovely eyes, eyes as simple and inscrutable as an animal's, rested on him; but she said nothing.

After a moment's silence he spoke again: "I say, Helen, I 've seen a good deal of women, but age can't wither nor custom stale my interest in their infinite variety. Now you 've beat me, it 's only fair you tell me what it is you 've got against poor Bonner."

Helen's gaze returned to the window. "She looks down on me," she said, with an odd simplicity of intonation.

"Hey? On *you*. Well, I like that. The girl ain't quite an idiot. She would n't show that up in the company."

"She tries not to, but she does. She thinks I 'm bad."

"Aw, Helen — you talk like a fool," said the man, roughly, with a queer touch of embarrassment. He got up, and, taking a cigar from his pocket, occupied himself lighting it.

Helen looked out of the window again. "I 'll show her about badness," she said. "I 'll show her I 'm worse than she thinks. She acts as if she 'd never thought of my having any say about her parts. She 's the fool."

The manager whistled softly. "Well, you 're all queer cattle. You that —" the woman raised her eyes quickly to his; after a barely perceptible break in his sentence he finished it — "always seemed beyond all that sort of affectation, that 's a woman of the world, here you are up on your ear about what a little country girl thinks, a girl that has n't been on the stage long enough to get the hay-seed out of her hair. Her mother 's come to see her, did you know?"

"Come here?"

"Yes; going on to Columbus with us. Yes; I 've seen her; just saw her as she came in from the train."

"What 's she look like?"

"She 's a right stunning-looking old girl; a sort of a cross between a saint and a first-class 'Two Orphans' countess, only she 's little."

Helen got up and moved idly toward the dressing-case. She rested both hands on it, and looked in the mirror; she took up a comb, and parted and pushed back the short locks of soft, lusterless black hair from her low forehead. Then she began taking the big diamonds out of her ears.

"What are you up to?" said the man. "It is nearly dinner-time."

"I 'm going down to dinner disguised as a lady," said Helen, without emphasis. To this variation of a standard theatrical joke the man said:

"All right, anything for a change," adding, as he resettled his hat on his head: "I 'll bet on you. I 'm going around to see how that donkey is getting on with the supers."

When the star entered the dining-room the other members of the company were already seated; they were together at one table, and a place for her with them was left vacant, it not being her way, they all admitted, to give herself airs.

Lila Bonner and her mother were seated with the rest, and an unwonted air at once formal and graciously social pervaded the scene. Heads were turned in her direction when the star appeared, and a shade of anxiety could be seen on several faces. A moment before one of the men had said, *sotto voce*, to another:

"Wonder if Madison knows. Hope she and Springer won't come in together." Looking up now, he said: "Get on to St. Clara Vere de Vere, will you? She 's all right; she 's gotten herself up for Mrs. Bonner's particular benefit, ain't she?"

The leading man sat opposite Mrs. Bonner, and with his very best society-play manner was saying to her: "In all my travels, Mrs. Bonner, I 've never seen any other spot in the world to compare with the blue-grass region of Kentucky."

Mrs. Bonner listened with soft pleasure; just then she raised her eyes and saw Miss Madison standing at the head of the table, and she gave her the tribute of a little start. There was an instant's silence, and then, before Lila could speak, the leading man, with a pleasing little flutter disturbing his usual brazen grace of manner, constituted himself master of ceremonies, and said: "Miss Madison, let me introduce you to Mrs. Bonner, who — whose visit we have all been so looking forward to."

Mrs. Bonner bowed, while her sweet eyes spoke her admiration; she too, in her day, had belonged to a world which in its way bowed as profoundly to beauty as do the satellites and speculators of the stage; then she turned her grateful, gracious smile back to the leading man, and from him she gave a tender glance to the daughter at her side. How kindly toward her and appreciative of her they all must be to greet her mother so — that was what the glance said.

And Lila? Her face wore that peculiar look of significant blankness which comes when conflicting sentiments meet in the consciousness, one neutralizing the other in the play of expres-

sion; but she too acted her part, and responded in kind to the unwonted cordiality and social ceremonial about her.

Were these players really profoundly impressed by the quaint, pure sweetness of this old-fashioned provincial gentlewoman? They were always facilely impressible; to be so was, one may say, their trade (such impressionability, in the nature of things, can exist only with an equal elasticity in recovery); and Mrs. Bonner was apt to attract the admiring regard of the most stolid.

Even after dinner was over, and she had gone up-stairs in the company of Miss Madison and Lila, the leading man remained helplessly perched on the pinnacle of polite dignity which he had mounted for her benefit. He strolled out upon the sidewalk, neglecting his customary toothpick, and stood looking before him with the scowl of meditation on his handsome brow. One of the other men asked him for a match, and then he roused himself to light his own cigar, saying, as he did so:

"That lady is a perfect flower of Southern civilization. In the South woman occupies the true place that —"

"Aw, come off, Anderson; she 's gone now. Save the rest till you see her again," interrupted the comedian.

"Put it in your play, old man," cried another, who habitually echoed the comedian; but a young fellow who spoke only three lines in the piece declared with the emphasis of a preliminary oath, "Anderson 's right; it 's so. She 's my idea of aristocracy." This indorsement of his sentiments seemed to bring about a reaction in Anderson; he turned his back on the speaker, slapped the comedian on the back, and said:

"Come, have a drink, and then get out your chips."

Up-stairs the three women with whom this bit of history deals had gone into the dreary hotel parlor. Miss Madison, a shade of shyness softening yet more the exquisite modelings of her face, sat on the haircloth sofa with Mrs. Bonner. Lila walked about the room and looked out of the windows.

Miss Madison talked very little, but her manner was excellent; it was as if she felt her part, but did not know the lines, as if she could not trust her invention far enough to improvise speeches for the scene. This quietness exactly suited Mrs. Bonner's ideas of the conduct most becoming a beautiful young lady; she said to Lila afterward that she had rather expected to find such an actress as Miss Madison different — "talking more, taking the lead more, you know, dear, as if she were an older woman, or even as if she were perhaps a little — a little frivolously gay; but she, why, she has all that retiring instinct — that bloom on the fruit — that I hate to see girls lose. I feel that I have done her and, doubtless, others an injustice."

That afternoon Miss Madison said to Springer: "Lila Bonner hated to have her mother talk to me, I believe. I wonder what she thought I 'd do to her." And though resenting it, she seemed to find nothing anomalous in the girl's instinct to shield her mother from contact with the world in which she herself was struggling. After a minute's silence Miss Madison spoke again. "She 's an angel, that 's what she is. She told me I made her think of Miss Sally Warton when she was the greatest belle in the South, from Louisville to New Orleans. Did you ever hear of her? She belonged to one of the real old families, did n't she?"

The next day, after Mrs. Bonner's predestined pleasure in the performance and admiration of the performers had found expression in many a nicely turned little compliment, and she and Lila, again alone, had turned to the ever-suppressed, ever-recurring subject of the girl's chance for advancement, she startled her daughter by saying:

"My darling, I believe I 'm more of a diplomat than you are. My father used always to say, 'When you want anything of a man go to a woman.' I 'm going to talk to Miss Madison about your having that part!"

Lila looked at her with wide eyes, and said nothing.

"You had n't thought of that, had you, dear?" said Mrs. Bonner, half mystified by Lila's gaze. "But you see —"

"She has nothing to do with the management — she ought n't to have," said Lila.

"Oh, I dare say not, daughter, but she 's a very lovely, sweet woman, and she 's certain to have some influence; such a woman in her position must." Mrs. Bonner spoke for once with the confidence of an elder.

"I think her influence is against me," Lila murmured, turning away to hide her weary tears.

"What did you say, darling?"

"Nothing, mama; I only said I don't know what her influence could do."

"No, that 's just it; you don't know, and you know you 've always said that to leave no stone unturned was your motto; that — that 's the way to do when you don't know which one may be the right one. You see, your poor old mama is n't so bright as you are, my baby, but she can apply your lessons sometimes when you don't think of them. I 've learned better than you have yet how accidentally things go in this world. Your father used to say, 'Except in mathematics you are never beyond the possible empire of the emotions.' I 've heard him say it to other lawyers when they were talking about cases, and he meant that little

feelings influence people, too. Now, perhaps it all may be very uncertain in Mr. Springer's mind, and Miss Madison might turn the current if she 'd say a word; she 'd know if she could do any good by speaking or not. I 'm going to talk with her about it."

"She never liked me," said Lila, faintly.

"O daughter, don't get in that way of feeling about people," said Mrs. Bonner; "it 's a most unfortunate habit; it 's — why, really, it is n't ladylike!"

"It seems to me, mama, to be a question of fact rather than feeling."

"Lila, daughter!" exclaimed the little mother piteously, as if this were a personal and most unkind observation; and Lila sighed and said, "I beg your pardon, mama," as if it were.

"Are you opposed, dear, to my speaking to Miss Madison?" asked the mother, with a touch of inconsequent deference in her manner.

Lila came and stood behind her, and again rested her cheek upon the pretty head. "Mama," she said at last, "I 'm afraid it won't do any good; I 'm afraid she may be rude to you, wound —"

"Lila! rude to me! Miss Madison!"

There was such a ring of pained astonishment in these exclamations, that Lila, perhaps thinking that the unpleasant possibilities of Miss Madison's conduct were the lesser evil as compared with the certainty of the hurt she herself was inflicting, said:

"I may be wrong, mama."

"Why, Lila, daughter, these people have been most pleasant, really attentive to me; they are not quite always what we are accustomed to: but then, Northern people, I suppose, are always a little — a little odd. I 've heard people who admired them very much say they sometimes lacked polish, and Miss Madison — why, Miss Madison would be admired, her manners would be admired, in the South! Lila, is anybody rude to you, ever? Tell me; I 've been afraid you were not quite happy, as happy as you should be, — that is, as you could be, — going about like this. Are you keeping things back?"

"Oh, mama," cried Lila, "what a suspicious mama! Do you think the whole company has conspired to deceive you? There 'd be a world of kindness in such a plot to conceal unkindness, would n't there?" She laughed and kissed her, and the conspiracy she outlined was so grotesquely improbable that Mrs. Bonner's mind was set at rest.

"I don't know Miss Madison as well as the rest, that 's all," said Lila. "You know she 's so quiet. I dare say I 've been a brute to suggest that she could be a brute. Ask her, do; I 've changed my mind about it. I think I 've thought over this thing till I 've lost all judgment."

"My poor baby girl!" murmured the mother, the blue eyes swimming again in tender tears. Mrs. Bonner suggested that she go at once to Miss Madison's room. Lila insisted that she wait till she saw her at dinner, and ask her permission to call upon her; and despite her impatience to be upon her mission, Mrs. Bonner fell in easily with the more formal course.

When Lila next found herself alone she shut the door, stretched her arms above her head, dropped them with a quick, loud sigh, and flung herself face down upon the bed.

A few moments after Mrs. Bonner left the star's room, the star herself swept down the hall, and rang the one bell the floor boasted. She rang more than once, and many minutes passed before a sulky youth, wearing a dirty white apron, put his head over the stairway railing. Guests at this hotel were not encouraged to meddle with bells.

Miss Madison held out her hand with a significant gesture, palm downward, and said: "I want you to go find Mr. Springer, our manager, for me. Tell him Miss Madison wants to see him right away."

The youth illustrated the facile perceptions of the American people by his ready response to a pantomime of which he had small experience, and yet, at the same time, demonstrated the independence of our national spirit by looking sulkier than ever as he pocketed his silver.

When Springer entered her room, Miss Madison stood in the middle awaiting him, and as he looked at her something worth seeing happened: a deep flush, a blush, overspread the brown oval of her face, and she glanced down with what looked like embarrassment at the girdle cord she twisted in her fingers.

"By George, Helen," Springer began, but Helen interrupted him, dropping in front of her the hands that still stretched the cord between them, and, lifting her head and her eyes:

"Have you got a girl to play that part?"

"Why, no, not yet; they 'll get some one; Daisy Farnham, I hope."

"No," said Helen; she took a step toward the man, and laid a hand on his arm. "Charley, I 'm going to give up to you; telegraph you don't want anybody. Give the part to Bonner."

"And you 're going to play that on me as giving up," he cried, and threw his head back in a big laugh.

She dropped her hand, but still stood there with the simple waiting look one so often sees in the faces of women and dogs and children when their natural superiors are giving expression to accepted incomprehensibilities.

Springer caught her arm with a little shake, laughed again, and went across the room and sat down. "Now tell me why you 've given up to me," said he.

"I 've done it for her mother," said Helen, abandoning without a perceptible pang of consciousness the theory of submission.

"Hello! Have you reminded her of any more ancient history Kentucky belles?"

"She thinks I 'm just as good as they were." Helen still stood quietly in the middle of the room, exhibiting that superb unconscious command of noble pose on which Springer counted to help make his fortune.

Now he looked at her, started to speak, but remained silent.

"I ain't," Helen continued after a moment's pause, "but it 'll never hurt her that she thought so. If Lila Bonner has any sense she 'll keep her away from the company in Columbus. She — Mrs. Bonner — said to-day she felt as if she ought to beg my pardon for having thought bad of the stage before Lila went on. She put it in nicer words than that" — Helen still spoke with a childlike seriousness. She too sat down now in her chair by the window, saying, "You better send that telegram."

When Springer departed, Helen again made use of the bell in the hall, and sent a messenger for Lila Bonner. She met her with a constrained antagonism which at first she carried off with a touch of the hauteur of a star, an arrogance she rarely assumed.

"I told your mother I 'd do what I could," she began, "that I could not tell how it would be. That was a lie, but she never guessed it. I knew how it was, and how it would be. It 's settled now. I kept you out of it before, but now you 're to have the part. No, don't you thank me; you 've got your mother to thank; she 's — I never knew anything like her before. I never even saw an angel like that till yesterday. You 've had her all your life. Maybe you think you 're as good as she is, but I can tell you you 're not."

Helen was speaking now with the deep excitement of a slow nature. "You ought to be better than I am. Maybe you don't know that I 'm better than I used to be, than I was brought up to be — though it would be strange if you had n't heard. I 've raised myself. Maybe you 're smarter than she is, but it 's her not being smart that 's fixed you this time. Mr. Springer 'll talk to you about it when he gets ready."

"I will thank you for loving my mother," said Lila, taking a step toward her, and putting out both hands.

"No; let 's not begin what we don't want to keep up," was the answer; but it was softly spoken, though with a backward movement.

"I 'm not talking about loving your mother. I would n't; and what I 've got to say is, I don't want to see her any more — no more than I can help, anyhow; it worries me. Take her somewhere away from us all in Columbus. They 'll all get tired acting up to her after awhile. They all see she 's an angel, but —" a pause and a change of tone — "lots of things would bother her that ain't any harm. We 've all put ourselves out to please her; you see to it that she gets home satisfied. You make her happy. Good day, Miss Bonner."

Viola Roseboro'.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

SOFT Sleep, the benediction of the day,
Death, that all life o'ershadows: mysteries
Alike, and yet how strangely different, these!
Sleep, when reality has sunk away,
Can charm with dreams, as when musicians play,
Hid in the summer dusk, rich melodies.
Has Death such grace, life-longings to appease,
The dread of Stygian darkness to allay?
Sleep to the pangs of love surcease can bring
Without annihilation — like a fire
Drowsed in rose-embers. But the funeral pyre
'Neath ashes cold leaves no warmth smoldering.
Friendly is Sleep: in Death we fear a foe.
Sleep is but seeming — oh, that Death were so!

Henry Tyrrell.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The New Woman-Suffrage Movement.

THE recent active agitation in the State of New York of the question of Woman Suffrage was the result of an opportunity, namely, the Constitutional Convention. Those who so earnestly protested against a condition of wrong did not, we believe, claim that the "wrong" was an increasing one. In fact, it is generally admitted that the condition of woman, as such, before the laws, and as to her education and her general opportunities in the community, is, on the whole, becoming more favorable. Women are not declared to be getting fewer and fewer "rights" and advantages, but rather more and more, with advancing civilization. It was, then, not a new condition so much as a new opportunity that occasioned this special movement.

The difference of the new movement from similar agitations was in the character and social position of many of the women and men who were among the leaders. Men and women of ability and character have not been absent from the previous "crusades," but no previous one, in this part of the country, has had so much leadership or so much following of a supposedly conservative sort. To be sure, some of the old champions sounded again a certain familiar note,— the note which a generation ago met with the ridicule of the wise and the approval of the light-headed,— and this note was not so rare as some adherents must have wished in the new discussion — the old voice and proclamation of feminine revolt! The new crusaders, however, mainly based their claim on natural rights and absolute justice, on their new application of the principle of no taxation without representation, on the probable betterment of the position of women as wage-earners, on the good that would accrue to women and to the community by their enforced education in political duties, and on the improvement of laws and their administration to be caused by the admission of women to the suffrage.

While the entire movement was deeply deprecated by many thoughtful persons as having tendencies, and as being sure of effects, of an unfortunate character, yet so much study of, and thinking on, the fundamental principles of government, and on the relation of the sexes to each other, to society, and to the State, had not been done in this neighborhood for generations. It is not, then, a matter of surprise that a counter-movement should have sprung up among women, and that the earnest protest of women and men against the proposed change should have gone forth. Owing to this, and to the arguments presented on both sides, and to the intense attention attracted to the subject, many have been able to take a stronger hold upon the principles underlying all government, and upon some of the greatest problems of life.

The argument has at times been hot; it may have seemed at times not in all respects entirely frank. The most inescapable condition of humanity is sex; it is the element most carefully to be considered in the question at issue, yet it has appeared at times that this aspect of the question was evaded by some of the most eloquent champions of a scheme which would plunge all womanhood into the welter of universal suffrage and partizan politics. The question involved is not only the right to vote, but also "the right not to vote"; for, at heart, the question is this: Shall men, at the request of some women, load upon all women, equally with men and in addition to their present burdens, the duties and obligations of civil government?

Other allied questions of a fundamental character also arise: Is complete Woman Suffrage the next logical step in the advance of civilization, or would it be an unfortunate *non sequitur?* Would the proper function, and use, and power of woman in the State be increased or impaired by so-called "equal rights," *i. e.*, equal suffrage? Will the suffrage be equal if extended to a sex that cannot physically endure the strain of duties implied in the suffrage? Could suffrage be called "equal" suffrage when mothers of families — upon whom the State depends in a peculiar sense for its very existence — would be under special disabilities as compared with single or childless women? Would it elevate or degrade the ideal of the suffrage to attempt to extend it to a class that could not, as a class, fulfil all of its duties and obligations, military, constabulary, juridical, and political? Should the system of government tend to build up or to impair the family and the home, and what effect upon the institution of the family would follow the extension of the suffrage to women? How can it be absolutely predicted that women's wages will be affected by this revolutionary device more than by economical conditions? And even if they should be affected favorably, would this device, under all the circumstances, still be desirable?

There are other questions more immediately "practical," perhaps; such as the effect upon the general suffrage,— and upon the present affliction of spoils and of bosses,— of the enormous increase of the suffrage along exactly the same lines as now; but we do not care to go into the subject at present with more detail, especially as in the August number of THE CENTURY many of the arguments *pro* and *con* will be given at length — by Senator Hoar in the affirmative and by the Rev. Dr. Buckley in the negative.

To-day women are not compelled as a class by our laws and our political system to the assumption of duties for which there is any suspicion of their unfitness. It is our own profound belief that women's work should continue to expand naturally along the lines of education, philanthropy, and the housekeeping interests of our local communities, and along the line of their general influence in the arts and sciences, and in society at large; and that her energies should not be compelled into a domain of untried and physiologically impossible civil obligations.

Some things are sure: if there is anywhere "oppression" other than through the laws of nature, and if this oppression can be lifted by human device, it

must, and will, be in some way; but above all, it is sure that there can be no conflict of interests between men and women. The development of one is the elevation of the other; the good of one is the good of both. But let no one be deceived by false analogies and evasions of the deepest facts of humanity, because the compulsion of all womanhood into the political arena (what the law *allows* to all at once becoming the *duty* of all) would be a revolution of greater magnitude and effect than any the world has yet witnessed.

A Martyr of To-day.

THE recent murder of Robert Ross by political roughs during a municipal election in the city of Troy occurred under peculiar circumstances of more than local significance. For years the government of that city has been a byword of national reproach for the audacity with which the criminal element has dared to defy the simplest and most fundamental principles of justice. So absolute was the control of the local boss,— now the junior Senator from the great State of New York,— that he is said to have boasted that he could elect a Chinaman as mayor of the city if he should so desire. The efforts of law-abiding citizens to punish frauds upon the ballot have been in vain — not for lack of conclusive evidence, but because of it. Grand juries have been unfairly chosen for the purpose of defeating indictments, and even the police have refused to serve warrants. In the face of all obstacles, the patriotic citizens of Troy did not relinquish their fight for the vital principle of honest elections, but knowing well the brutal element with which they had to deal they courageously faced the issue. The death of Ross in the discharge of the highest duty of citizenship has revealed to the American people an example of civic devotion and of self-sacrifice which should inspirit decent citizens everywhere, while it should startle the indifferent into a realization of the desperate and dangerous character of the new generation of political spoilsmen.

Robert Ross was in an eminent sense a martyr to liberty. No man that fell at Lexington or Sumter gave his life to his country with more willingness or for a better principle. He knew the type of political rough he would have to deal with in undertaking his duty as a guardian of the election, for he and his brothers had been warned that their lives were threatened. That duty he undertook solemnly and without bravado. He was not inspired by partizanship, for he was a Republican advocating the election of a Democrat; nor by race prejudice, for he was a Scotchman advocating the election of an Irishman; nor by religious bigotry, for he was a Protestant advocating the election of a Roman Catholic. He was simply inspired by the most patriotic desire for good government, and it was in defense of this cause — the cause of every American citizen — that he was brutally murdered. Nothing is clearer than that he was the victim of the accursed Spoils System, which is daily bringing disgrace upon the American nation, and is spreading a blight of misgovernment upon every community over which it holds sway. The responsibility for this murder lies at the doors of those who have fostered or consented to the conditions which by an inevitable logic lead to such deeds. In these days of lawlessness it will not do to hold one's peace when a Senator of the United States permits, as it is well known he might prevent, those encroachments upon the rights of citizens which make justice a mockery and representative government a jest. It is not a question of partizanship, but one of national self-preservation.

In what way is Ross's sacrifice to be given its proper accent and honor? His townsmen have already provided for a suitable memorial for his grave, and it is to be hoped that the spot upon which he died may also be marked in a way appropriate to its significance. But his service was to the nation, and it deserves another sort of recognition. What more appropriate and useful than to perpetuate his name in organizations to defend the purity of the ballot? The danger of the ascendancy of the criminal element in politics is a danger to men of all parties, and there is hardly a city of the United States where there is not need of a non-partizan body of picked men whose duty it shall be to exalt the sanctity of the now degraded suffrage: to agitate for the most perfect election laws, and for more severe penalties for their violation; to bring the force of public opinion to bear on the selection of registry and election boards; to scan and purify the lists of voters; to study the rights of citizens at elections, and to defend them at the polls; to become familiar with the personnel of the districts in which they are to serve as watchers, and to exert the whole power of the law on election day to insure the free casting and faithful counting of the vote. An appropriate name for such a body would be "The Robert Ross Association." In the June CENTURY was recounted what has been accomplished by a few determined citizens in the redemption from ring-rule of the city of Montreal. The overthrow of the Brooklyn ring, and the conviction of McKane and his associates, were due to volunteer work of a similar character. The imprisonment of twenty-nine offenders against the election law in New York city was accomplished by exactly the sort of work which might be undertaken by these associations. Bearing the name of Robert Ross, they would at once be a challenge to evil-doers, and a solemn proclamation of the serious nature of their mission.

For it is undeniable that within the past few years a new depth of political unscrupulousness and violence has been revealed. Wholesale bribery, cheating, and counting out, thefts of legislatures and downright murder, make an alarming record. These very crimes have revealed a sound state of latent public opinion; but what is needed is that public opinion should be not latent, but vigilant. Beside the question whether representative government shall perish through the perversion of the very machinery by which it operates, all financial and economic questions seem trifling.

> For what avail the plough or sail,
> Or land or life, if freedom fail?

If the standard weights and measures of public opinion be tampered with, how shall we discover the will of the people? The Spoils System is a deadly upas-tree, which the nation has long been nourishing; its leaves are dropping upon us as never before; here and there we have broken a twig or lopped off a branch; but the time has come to root it up entirely. To do this, in nation, State, city, and village, is a purpose to which every good citizen should devote himself. The death of Robert Ross will not have been in vain, if it

shall lead his countrymen to ponder the fundamental principle for which he died.

The Latest Cheap-Money Experiment.

IN THE CENTURY'S series of articles on cheap-money experiments in the world's history,— now published in book form,[1] — there was none of later date than that of the Argentine Republic, which began in 1884 and ended in 1890. We have now the opportunity of recording one which has come to an end during the present year, and in which the kind of cheap money involved was silver, a fact which makes the details of the case especially interesting and instructive to us at this time.

A few months ago Professor James Laurence Laughlin of Chicago University, author of the "History of Bimetallism in the United States," was invited by the government of the republic of San Domingo to visit that country, and devise for it a currency system. He spent some time on the island, and returned to Chicago in April last. He found on his arrival at San Domingo that the finances of the country were in a chaotic condition. The only circulating medium was the Mexican silver dollar, which had fallen in value with the price of silver till it was worth only forty-eight cents. This was the only money in the country, and the inhabitants had no choice about using it, though they did so at a constant loss. They sold their products, and bought goods, in the markets of Europe and America, where gold was the standard. Yet when they came to retail the purchased goods at home they had to sell them at silver prices. The constant fluctuations in the price of silver made exchange so uncertain that the bankers conducting it guarded themselves against loss by deducting a heavy percentage. This is always the case when international trade is carried on under such conditions. The nation using an inferior or cheap form of money always must pay a tax for doing so. As Daniel Webster said eighty years ago, in a passage which we have quoted in a former article: "The circulating medium of a commercial community must be that which is also the circulating medium of other commercial communities, or must be capable of being converted into that medium without loss. It must be able, not only to pass in payments and receipts among individuals of the same society and nation, but to adjust and discharge the balance of exchanges between different nations." When this is not the case, the exporter of produce from a country having a fluctuating and cheaper form of money to countries having the gold standard, or a stable and dearer form, must calculate on a possible decline in the value of the home money, and deduct a percentage therefor from the price he pays for the goods to be exported. Bankers and other dealers in exchange under such conditions also charge an increased percentage for the same reason.

The effect of these conditions in San Domingo was the same as it has always been under like conditions everywhere else. "The price of all commodities," says Professor Laughlin, "began to rise, although the scale of wages remained the same. While a laborer did not receive any less money for his work, its purchasing power diminished one half. Consequently the distrust of silver money permeated all classes, and the necessity for devising some better monetary system was universally felt."

Professor Laughlin's remedy was a very simple one. It was to lift the country at once to the gold standard. He drew a law making the unit of value one dollar in gold, of the same weight and fineness as the gold dollar of the United States. The gold coins were to be in five-, ten-, and twenty-dollar pieces. As a subsidiary coinage, for ordinary currency use, silver dollars of 380 grains, with halves and quarters of proportionate weight, were to be coined. The Mexican silver dollar has 377.4 grains and the American 371½. This silver currency was made redeemable in gold in amounts from five dollars upward, and was receivable in customs duties. Being based upon the gold standard, the silver currency will circulate as freely as gold so long as the government redeems it on demand. As an incentive to prompt redemption, the government was enabled to make a profit of fifty cents on the seigniorage of each silver dollar only by keeping the silver circulation at a par with gold by a system of redemption. In order to rid the country of Mexican dollars, their acceptance at the custom-house was permitted only at their bullion value, less five cents. This deduction is two cents greater than the cost of shipping these dollars from San Domingo to New York, so that it will be more profitable for bullion dealers to ship them out of the country than to dispose of them in San Domingo.

In commenting on his plan, which is likely to be accepted and put in practice before this number of THE CENTURY is published, Professor Laughlin says, as reported by the Chicago "Inter Ocean":

> I regard the situation in San Domingo as a clear refutation of the position taken by some financiers in favor of the unlimited coinage of silver. Under the most favorable conditions it failed signally. It was the only money in the country, and the people were willing to use it, if possible. Notwithstanding this universal toleration, it proved unstable. Every fluctuation of the silver market made this money change its value, and it might have been as useful in an uncoined state. Not until it has a gold basis back of it will it answer for money, and only then when it is understood that it does not represent the exchange of ultimate redemption. The people of San Domingo, having experienced the ills of an unstable currency, were anxious to adopt a gold basis. With this new currency system I expect to see commerce revive in San Domingo, and a tide of prosperity set in that will make it the most prominent of the West Indian Islands.

The moral of all this is as plain as a pikestaff, and is the same one that has been drawn from all other cheap-money experiments. It is that no country, however large or however small, that has commercial dealings with other countries can prosper with any monetary standard save that which other nations of the world have. The experience of civilized nations, through many centuries, has convinced them that gold is the best standard thus far discovered, and upon that all nations must agree, in their domestic and international dealings, until a better one shall be found. The nation which, alone, attempts to set up a different standard must do so at great loss to itself.

[1] See "Cheap-Money Experiments," THE CENTURY CO.

OPEN LETTERS.

"The Anti-Catholic Crusade."

A REPLY BY THE SUPREME VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE A. P. A.

THERE is nothing in this country too good to escape criticism, nor so bad that it should be misrepresented. The American Protective Association, like every other movement ancient or modern, has its friends and its foes. When the search-light of investigation is turned on, men will be enamored of its beauty or disgusted with its ugliness. In the criticism of this movement in Dr. Gladden's article in the March CENTURY, we think there is unintentional injustice and misrepresentation. That Dr. Gladden would be willing to wrong a great body of his fellow-men, no one who knows him will for a moment think; but that he has done so we hope to prove. Painful, therefore, as the task must be, in the spirit of fairness attention will be called to its glaring inconsistencies.

The writer is Supreme Vice-President of the A. P. A., and is, ex officio, supposed to know something of its teachings and history. He will give the public some facts which can easily be verified, and will quote only such truths as all may understand, *and only truths*.

The A. P. A. was born in Clinton, Iowa, about six years ago, and not in the year of the Parliament of Religions, as stated in the "Anti-Catholic Crusade." Henry F. Bowers of the place named can verify this statement. It is a strictly political non-partizan order, and not a religious or semi-religious organization. It interferes with no man's religious notions. Men may worship God when and how they please, as provided by the Constitution of the United States, or they need not worship him at all. This is its "exoteric" and its "esoteric" teaching, and they are one and the same. Who otherwise teaches or interprets, misinterprets and falsely teaches. This point is made clear by the action of the Iowa State Council, the proceedings of which are in part recorded in the "Keokuk Gate City" of March 9, 1894.

Some of the Councils, it seems, had made the mistake of hiring ex-priests, who discussed the Roman Church from a religious standpoint. The Executive Board called the attention of State President Jackman to the fact, and he recommended the following, which was unanimously approved, and given to the public:

> I am heartily in favor of this action of the State Executive Board. The average ex-priest is simply a leech sucking the life-blood of the Councils, for their own enrichment. We claim in our principles that we attack no man's religion, and make no warfare on the religious tenets of the Roman Catholic Church; and yet we hire these hermaphrodite priests to abuse all of the peculiar observances of this Church, and to vilify and make fun of those observances: we hereby stultify ourselves, and bring reproach upon the order and its principles.

The Council unanimously indorsed the resolution and the president's reference to it. So did the Wisconsin State Council. This is official.

What Dr. Gladden quotes as the platform of the A. P. A. is considered among its basic principles. He thinks, however, that men play hypocrite easily, and so have a teaching for the public, and one for the inner circle. Then he proceeds to read an essay on human meanness, and calls it A. P. A. He takes only two points from which to condemn a great organization, and those two points are admitted by all to have been brought to light by the Columbus politicians, and distributed on Saturday evening just before the election. He must surely place a very low estimate on the intelligence of his neighbors to think that they would swear to sustain, and then to violate, the Constitution of the United States in the same breath. It would require "a good dose of inconsistency to do this." "The depth and density of such ignorance would certainly be pitiful.

The terms "curia" and "throne" are used appropriately when speaking of the Roman hierarchy; savoring, as they do, of temporal power they are fraught with deep meaning to the A. P. A., and give a reason in part for its existence. Our critic says that Roman Catholic scholars dispute the interpretation as to the temporal power of the Pope. But Roman Catholic scholars will have only heresies to teach until a plenary council, with the Pontiff's approval, sanctions such teachings. When that happens the A. P. A. will have no reason for further existence; but until then we are here to stay.

If allegiance to the Pope does in no way affect the Romanist in his duty as a citizen, an explanation of the condition of affairs in Germany, Italy, and old Mexico would be gratifying and instructive; also a word as to Emperor William's recent visit to Rome. Caprivi, King Humbert, or President Diaz could write an article on this subject that would be read with avidity in almost any magazine.

Bogus encyclicals, instructions, and forgeries are all credited to the A. P. A., no names, no dates, nor particulars being given. Let us examine a few of them. They are all from A. P. A. official newspapers; but the A. P. A. has no official newspaper, and has no power to control any organ. The country is full of newspapers, and individuals running private enterprises are publishing what pays them best, and are answerable only to the public. Dr. Gladden quotes probably from these, and calls them A. P. A. authorities. He quotes from a country doctor, whose quackery had probably ruined the nerves of his "small town," and charges that to the A. P. A. A preacher bought a gun to defend himself against the Romanists; the cowardly parson had doubtless read Father Sherman's last manuscript. It is claimed that harmonious A. P. A. doctrines, exposed through independent sources, differed only in verbal variations, yet the same exposé was published first in one paper, and then copied by all who had room for a sensation. A man who criticizes ancient manuscript, and preaches sometimes on the evidences of Christianity, calls this evidence from independent sources. The public is asked to judge.

Mayor Van Horn of Denver, Colorado, is the principal witness in this matter. The mayor was visited by an

A. P. A. committee. He himself had been a member of the order, and, being mayor of a town even in the far West, would be presumed to possess ordinary intelligence. This committee notified the mayor that because he appointed a Roman Catholic chief of police, his picture would be draped in black, inscribed "Traitor" and "Perjurer," and the same sent to "every supreme council, supreme lodge, supreme camp, and grand commandery within the jurisdiction of the United States."

These terms are to us unknown. There is one and only one Supreme Council, and in each State one State Council, and there are what are called Subordinate Councils. Who the deceiver was in this case, we know not, but Dr. Gladden seems certainly to have been imposed upon. It never occurred to him that this would be unusual power for a committee of three from a Subordinate Council, and that such foolish and wicked proceedings could scarcely have taken place where the Mafia and Molly McGuires were born. We think a blizzard must have struck the mayor's picture on the way, for it has never yet arrived in Ohio. "Are American Protestant graduates of our public schools expected to believe this?"

As to the arms and drilling and the uprising: all the fear of these things was happily averted by a circular sent out by Dr. Gladden and his timid colleagues some months since; borne on the wings of peace, its reassuring message was welcome to the Doctor's country town. Since then Bismarck has drunk wine with the Kaiser, Diaz has driven out the Jesuits, and Tammany Hall is a broken column; no ruler of power sits on a Romanist throne, and the old Church keeps step with modern civilization: we have naught to fear.

Hints to organizers are given, and the documents which are usually serviceable are named. An accredited organizer with whom I am acquainted uses "Thompson's Civil Power and the Papacy," McGlynn's "Pope in Politics," and his lecture on the public schools, and reads the newspapers continually. Foreign flags on American city halls, nuns teaching in public schools, a war upon history, a complaint of unreasonable taxation for the support of schools — all these are the most constant stimulants to a member of the A. P. A. He often mentions the fate of Mayor Hewitt of New York, and sometimes even suggests that the 17th of March be substituted for Washington's birthday or the 4th of July.

There are many people in Columbus who would like to become acquainted with the gentleman who belongs to the A. P. A., and who said that the county offices were all held by Romanists, and that the teachers in the public schools were all Romanists. Let his name be called Ananias A. P. A.

Dr. Gladden must despise and pity the A. P. A. of his mind, but the people will feel grateful to know that he is a child of the Doctor's fertile imagination.

A word as to the mayor of Rockford, Illinois. If he removed a worthy man from office to make room for an inferior one, he violated almost every principle and obligation of the Association, and brought himself and it into disrepute.

As to the Roman Catholic spilling his blood upon many of our battle-fields, it is all true. Has any Church but the Romanist ever made such a boast, or has any defender of his Church claimed credit for protecting the flag that gave him protection?

The Pope desires and possesses temporal power, and his claim to spiritual leadership makes his temporal claims none the less. If he is the Vicar of Christ, he should claim an oversight over the whole world; if he is not, then he is an imposter and only a foreign potentate meddling in affairs that do not concern him; and the A. P. A. knows it.

As to the matter of secrecy, secrecy does not make a thing virtuous or vicious. Secrecy may be a question of expediency in this case.

The spirited subjects who resented the Pope's interference in Irish politics please our author; in this he commends disobedient subjects as the best citizens; in other words, the inference is, the more disobedient the Romanist, the better the citizen.

It is a pity that the whole curia does not see fit to declare itself according to Dr. Gladden's idea.

"If the ministers would only speak out, the plague would soon be stayed or abated." The opposite has, in fact, been true. Dr. Gladden and Father Sherman are the A. P. A.'s most successful recruiting-sergeants.

COLUMBUS, O. *Adam Fawcett.*

REJOINDER BY DR. GLADDEN.

NO statement was made in my article as to the date of the birth of the A. P. A. It was simply said that "an outbreak of religious rancor" occurred last year. How long this outbreak had been festering I do not pretend to know.

Mr. Fawcett's principal complaint refers to my exposure of the documents used by the A. P. A. in their propagandism. The A. P. A. papers, with which I have been abundantly favored since the appearance of my article, all join in this cry. With Mr. Fawcett they all deny: first, that the society has any organs, and, in the second place, that these forgeries — the "Instructions to Catholics" and the forged "Encyclical" — have been extensively used as campaign documents.

As to the latter statement, I desire only to appeal to the members of the order throughout the United States. They know whether or not the "Instructions to Catholics" and the "Encyclical" have been published week after week in the newspapers which they have been reading, and whether they have been printed on leaflets, and circulated from hand to hand by emissaries of the A. P. A. They know whether these documents have been treated in their secret meetings as "clever bits of satiric writing," or whether they have been assumed to be genuine. The members of the order in Toledo, for example, who, only a few months ago, were buying rifles, and alleging that they were arming themselves against the very uprising commanded by the Pope in that forged "Encyclical," were evidently familiar with that document, and had not been taught that it was a bit of satire. The Toledo "American," which represents the A. P. A. in northern Ohio, said in an editorial of February 25, 1893: "The Encyclical, signed by the Pope, was freely circulated among the Catholic churches, read from some pulpits, and passed through the hands of hundreds. It came into the possession of non-Catholics unexpectedly, and thus became public in a manner not so pleasing to the Catholic authorities." As late as last October the same paper editorially denounced a few gentlemen in Columbus for declaring these documents to be forgeries, and demanded to know on what authority we made our statement. For more

than a year and a half I have been receiving, by almost every mail, newspapers from all parts of the United States claiming to represent the A. P. A., and I know that these forgeries have been employed everywhere, that they have been defended as genuine, that they have been essential factors in the A. P. A. propaganda. The denial that they have been so used is a characteristic falsehood. Those members of the order who can read know whether the men who now stand forth and make this denial are telling the truth or not.

As for the Rev. Adam Fawcett, it is easy to test his veracity. He says that the A. P. A. has no organs. This is a quibble to which these defenders all resort. An order which endeavors to conceal its own existence is not likely to have any acknowledged official newspaper. But there are scores of newspapers all through the West which are just as much organs of the A. P. A. as any Republican or Democratic newspaper is the organ of its party. One of these is published in Columbus. It is the "Columbus Record." In its issue of August 2, 1893, under the heading "Very Encouraging Words," is printed, in double-leaded type, the following:

From the National Vice-President and Ohio President of the American Protective Association of the United States and Canada.

It gives me pleasure to certify that the "Columbus Record" is a *true blue* and ably edited A. P. A. paper (the only one in Central Ohio), and very justly entitled to a large share of the credit for the united and very flourishing condition of the order in Columbus.

D. T. RAMSEY, State President.

I heartily concur in the above, and hope every Council in the country will embrace this opportunity to flood the country with patriotic literature.

ADAM FAWCETT.

Perhaps Mr. Fawcett will admit that I had some reason for regarding this particular newspaper as an "A. P. A. authority." In the same issue of the "Columbus Record" which contains Mr. Fawcett's official indorsement, the bogus encyclical is printed *twice*, in large type, with these flaming headings: "Americans, Beware!" "The Lord God the Pope says, 'Thou shalt Surely Die!'" "Will you Heed the Warning?" "The Great Event to take place on or about September 5, 1893." The Rev. Adam Fawcett knew when he signed this indorsement of the "Record" that the "Encyclical" and the "Instructions to Catholics" had been appearing for some months, nearly every week, in the columns of this newspaper. I will not accuse Mr. Fawcett of believing these documents to be genuine. He is a member of the school board of Columbus, and has aspired to be its president. Undoubtedly he believed them to be forgeries. But he greatly wished the country to be "flooded" with this kind of "patriotic literature."

The article to which Mr. Fawcett is replying directly charged him, as a member of the A. P. A., with having laid his hand upon his heart, and sworn that he would *never employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity* if he could obtain the services of a Protestant. He has either sworn this inhuman oath or he has not sworn it. If he has not, he violates no engagement, human or divine, in saying that he has not. If he has, the public will know how to estimate what he says on other subjects. If every member of the A. P. A. has sworn that oath (and no officer and no organ has yet appeared to deny it), then the statement that the order "interferes with no man's religious notions" must be taken for what it is worth.

COLUMBUS. *Washington Gladden.*

A Recent Phase of Relief Work.

LAST summer the sea islands of South Carolina were visited by a series of cyclones that left in their path devastation and want. At the same time the whole country was struck by a financial cyclone that swept everything before it. Each day brought fresh news of disaster; bank after bank, and houses of business firmly established, went down like houses built of straw. It was as if a tidal wave had swept over the land, washing out every sign of life, leaving only the fossil remains upon the shore. In such times the rich fall back upon their capital, and economize — it is easy enough for them to bridge over the temporary difficulty; but the poor are helpless.

While half the nation was out West, glorying in the beauties of the wonderful "White City," here in New York thousands were getting thinner and thinner, crying out from want and hunger, and some going almost insane, inflamed to acts of violence by the speeches of anarchistic demagogues. We who away by the sea or in the country read in the newspapers of the riots in Walhalla Hall, and of the labor troubles on the East Side.

To the stranger within our gates it might perhaps be somewhat of a surprise to find that, in the same city, there could exist two worlds so thoroughly distinct. One, a world free from want and care, of people living in the midst of broad streets with pure air and sunlight, with every now and then a breath of country; their children shielded from every sorrow, having every opportunity to develop mind and body, and, opening up before them, the worlds of music, literature, and art. The other world — one of thousands of struggling people, fighting for a mere chance to keep alive — huddling together like cattle; their streets vile with the stench of human filth; their rooms and cellars foul with contagion and disease; working at starvation wages far into the night; grinding themselves out in the treadmill of ceaseless toil; without rest, without joy, without hope — only a dull smoldering existence.

Were we to put down in black and white the mere statement of the evils of our own city, and add it up as we would a bill of goods, we might begin to reckon the cost:

Of the *sweating-system*, with its starvation wages and its long hours of toil.

Of the *landlord-system*, with its outrageous rents, and the tumble-down tenements, with their vile closets and halls, their cellars filled with decayed refuse.

Of the *filthy streets*, with their foul air and disease.

Of the *police stations*, where the innocent and the guilty are often treated alike, where the young boy arrested on a trivial charge is handled as if he were the most hardened criminal — thrust into pens with professional thieves, kept often for twenty-four hours without food (unless he has money or influence).

Of the *police force*, many of whose members instead of being regarded by the poor as their protectors are too often feared as the colleagues of criminals.

Of the lack of *public baths*. Men and women have no chance to be clean even though they desire it.

Of the lack of *parks*. The only playgrounds for the children, the gutters; their only breath of air, the occasional trips into the country which charity may give them.

We might begin to reflect that for music many have only the occasional hand-organ, with its groups of dancing children — one bit of sunlight in the life of the poor; that for art they have the chromos of the corner grocery-store; and for literature, the sensational newspaper and the cheap "novel."

The ordinary conditions of life on the East Side are full of problems which years hence will be unsolved. Add to this state of affairs the fact that the majority of the people were idle, and had been out of work for months, that their savings were nearly exhausted, and that there was no hope of any work to come, and we begin to realize to some extent the situation as it was last fall. Underneath it all, however, there was a dangerous undercurrent, which every now and then broke forth upon the surface, finding expression in the theory: "If you have n't bread, demand it of the rich; their property belongs to you."

The problems were: (1) To find some form of work that would give employment to the greatest number of people, and, by means of the wages thus earned, would enable them and their families to keep alive through the winter. (2) To prevent self-respecting workingmen from being compelled to accept alms, whether in the form of money, food, or clothes. (3) To find a form of work at which men of every trade could be employed, and in which the expenses of management should be relatively small, so that the bulk of the money might go to the men as wages. (4) To find work the results or product of which would not interfere with a market already overstocked. (5) So to manage and conduct the work that only those who needed it the most should receive it, and that no one should be attracted to it from other cities or from other parts of the city. (6) To secure the financial support necessary to carry on such an undertaking.

I realize how handicapped I am in having no statistics of the most important aid that was given — the help which, in a crisis like this, was the first to come, which always comes first. It is not the help that comes from relief committees; no "philanthropists" are ever called upon to support it; and strange to say, no one ever gets his name in the newspapers in connection with it: for it is only the quiet, simple, kindly help of the poor to the poor. Philanthropy is no more a question of dollars and cents than is morality.

The first organized and systematic attempt to relieve the abnormal conditions then existing was the formation of what was known as the "East Side Relief Work Committee," which was the coming together of several men and women whose work brought them in direct contact with the lives of the people in their own neighborhood.

While every business was suffering, there were thousands of tailors on the East Side who had been out of work for periods ranging from four to eight months. The clothing market was already overstocked. If tailors were to be set at work making clothes, this would increase the supply and only aggravate the conditions. Just when everything seemed most hopeless, there came an appeal for help for the cyclone sufferers in the sea islands of South Carolina, asking for money, food, clothes — anything; for the destitution was terrible. At the happy thought of one of the members of the committee it was suggested, "Why not set the poor tailors of the East Side at work making clothes for the sufferers from the South Carolina cyclones?"

Our problem was beginning to be solved, but the solution was only a partial one. It is true that this would provide work for the tailors without interfering with the regular trade; but what of the thousands of other workmen? Bricklayers and carpenters could not make clothes.

Looking around us, trying to find some form of work that could be started, we saw the streets of our own neighborhood filled with foul refuse, and it occurred to us to set men at work cleaning them. A form of work had now been found at which men of every trade could be employed, and which required no special training or experience. As it was felt that many would object to doing such work, the people in the neighborhood were consulted as to the advisability of trying this form of relief, and were united in the opinion that the better class of workmen would be only too glad to get any honest work possible.

After consulting experts in the clothing trade, it was decided to hire a shop and machines, buy material, and set men at work making clothes, which were to be sent to the sufferers from the South Carolina cyclones.

Having received the assurance of the commissioner of the city street-cleaning department that the employment of men on the streets could not throw others out of work, as he would not discharge any of his men, but would concentrate them on other parts of the city, it was decided to organize a private street-sweeping force, to clean the streets in the tenement-house districts, thus giving work to the unemployed, and at the same time improving the sanitary condition of the city.

In view of the fact that the amount of work that could be given was limited, it was felt that every precaution must be taken to insure that the work be given only to those persons who needed it and deserved it. The members of the committee could not spend their time in finding out whether people were needy, nor was it desirable to create new investigating bodies when the existing ones were capable of doing the necessary work. It was therefore decided that the work should be obtained by means of tickets and that these tickets ought to be given only after the most thorough investigation.

Every one felt that the ministers of the churches and missions, the charitable and philanthropic societies, and the trades-unions, knew better the condition of their own people than did any one else. Tickets entitling a man to a week's work were accordingly sent to these societies upon condition that they should not be given to homeless men, nor to men without families dependent upon them; thus several individuals were helped instead of one. And it was especially impressed upon the persons distributing these tickets that the relief work was to meet an emergency, being intended only for those workmen who were suffering from the exceptional industrial conditions, and was in no sense intended for those chronically needing aid.

By scrupulously refraining from publishing accounts of the work in newspapers (except where it was abso-

lutely necessary to raise money), by suppressing the addresses of the various offices of the street-cleaning force and of the shops, and by not making known the names of the persons receiving tickets, the gathering together of people in crowds, the fruitless hurrying to and fro in search of work, and the hopeless disappointment at not receiving it, were prevented. Had we announced that in New York thousands of dollars had been raised for the relief of the unemployed, we should have been deluged with an army of tramps eager to get their share of the spoils. By thus refraining from all publicity, the attracting to the work of people from other cities was avoided.

As the sole support of this undertaking was from public contribution, the work in the beginning was naturally tentative and on a small scale. It was started November 28 by putting sixteen men at work on the streets, and at a later date men were employed in the tailor-shops, and in cleaning the cellars of tenement-houses. Not, however, until men prominent in the life of the city had become interested in the work, gaining for it support and confidence, was it possible for it to develop. As soon as this occurred, the work increased rapidly, so that, by March 9, 1600 people were employed in the various branches of the East Side Relief Work.

The great danger of relief work, and the one which cannot be too much emphasized, is the disinclination that people have to conduct such work upon business principles. It is often so very hard to act contrary to one's feelings and emotions, but in accordance with reason. When men kiss your garments, begging not to be discharged, and with tears in their eyes tell heart-rending tales of the sufferings of their families, it is difficult not to weaken and yield to the impulse of the moment. If you yield, however, and once stamp the work as charity, and not as work, its chief value is lost, and you have taken the first step toward the demoralization of the community.

The real value of it all is the one fact that it is a means of giving help to people who very properly would scorn charity, but who are perfectly willing to accept money which they know they have earned. This was most strongly borne in upon me one morning as I watched the men line up to receive their instructions. As it was said to them, "Men, you have a certain amount of work to do, and it is n't too much. If you can't do it, we 'll get some one who can; this is n't charity; it 's business," it was most interesting to watch their faces, and to see how they nodded approval at the idea that it was business and not charity. It is most interesting to record the fact that the men who were promoted to the position of foremen, on account of their faithful work in sweeping, proved most trustworthy and efficient. It was a great privilege to have been able to give so practical a demonstration of the principles of civil-service reform.

While to the majority of people it would seem that enough good had been accomplished by spending $100,000 in providing 85,000 days' work for 5000 heads of families, and thus helping, say, 25,000 different individuals over a period through which they otherwise could not have existed, yet to those persons who carried through the undertaking these results are only a few of many; for it is the indirect results that have been of value to the community.

It is impossible to estimate the value to the health of the people, in having the streets of the tenement-house districts kept clean for so many months, and in having so large an amount of refuse removed from their houses. The moral effect upon the people in thus affording them a standard of cleanliness in their streets and houses is of inestimable value. Having had clean streets once, they may insist upon having them always; having had clean houses once, they may force the landlords to keep them clean.

One of the most important results of relief work is the fact that the money received by the men as wages is spent among the tradespeople in the neighborhood for the necessaries of life, and thus tends to keep up the normal conditions of trade, rendering it possible for the storekeepers to get along, and preventing them from being forced into the army of the unemployed. Direct relief, however, acts in just the opposite way; food or clothes given to a family stop with that family, and that is the end.

I have purposely refrained from making any mention of the other methods of relief that were called into existence in this city last winter, for the majority of them were more productive of harm than of good. Many were well-meant, but ill-advised; not planned with reference to the real problems, but the result of impulse without knowledge. Others were only another form of the modern advertising spirit, and have no place in an article on charity. It will be years before New York recovers from the effects of its free-bread and free-clothing funds.

Can one imagine a policy more insane than this of training up our children to be professional beggars; of teaching them that it is right to get something for nothing; and that, whenever they need anything, they shall call upon charity for it? When we learn that a woman standing in line waiting to receive free bread was robbed of forty dollars; and when we hear one respectable, well-to-do boy say to another: "Come on; let 's get some free bread. It 's great fun," we begin to realize how far-reaching and how dangerous such things can be. Aside from the fact that nearly all of the money thus spent is wasted, aside from the fact that the majority of the people thus indiscriminately receiving alms are unworthy, there remains the degrading spectacle of people gathering in crowds, pushing and fighting among themselves, publicly branded as charity-seekers. I can find no words strong enough to express the evil results of such advertising schemes. They are the one great, terrible danger of "hard times"; more to be dreaded even than the influx into the domain of charitable work of inexperienced people, who with one act destroy the influences that the trained worker has been carefully building up step by step.

Of the many results that have come out of the work, there is one which seems more than any other to give special promise for the future. It is the fact that the clergy have awakened to the value of modern scientific methods, and have begun to realize that it is as dangerous to separate the heart and the head in charity as it is in human character.

The two great dangers of relief work, as we have seen, have been avoided; there now remains for us the third. It is the danger that the people may get to rely upon such work, making no effort to secure other employment, so that when the work stops, they become helpless, and do not know which way to turn, like men

suddenly emerging from a dark room into the sunlight. The danger is a very real one where the distress is chronic, and not exceptional. I need offer no arguments to show that in this emergency it did not exist; the mere statement of the occupations of the men, and of the wages they ordinarily receive, is sufficient proof.

When we consider that among the many trades represented there were bakers, bricklayers, bookkeepers, clerks, grocers, diamond-setters, musicians, photographers, weavers — in fact, men of every trade; and when we consider that the average wages ordinarily received by these men were fifteen dollars a week, it is hard for us to believe that such men would sweep the streets for a dollar a day, when they could get work at their regular trade for two and a half dollars. Indeed, many of the men were in the habit of looking for employment each morning before they went to work.

Looking back at it all now, and trying to find some one thing of more value than all the rest, I am impressed with the different minor results that have been accomplished. Thousands have been saved from starvation; families have been kept together, and homes prevented from being destroyed; the self-respect of the workingman has been preserved; and the cause of labor saved from taking a step backward, as it might have done had men been forced through hunger to ally themselves with anarchistic agitators. The rich have a better opinion of the poor, and the poor have a better opinion of the rich.

As we read of the case of the man who had been out of work for months, and who, in addition to supporting his family on the six dollars he received each week, brought to his minister one tenth of this scanty wage, to be used to help those around him who were suffering, we begin to realize that the true philanthropist is he who gives of himself, and not of his superfluities.

When the poor see thousands of dollars spent for their relief, and see men and women working far into the night, giving everything they have for them, they begin to have a better opinion of the rich. Religious and class prejudices have been broken down. Catholic and Jew, Presbyterian and agnostic, have worked together, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, in the cause of humanity. We have at last awakened to a sense of our responsibilities, and are beginning to realize that this life of ours is full of very real and vital problems.

Every year over eight millions of dollars are expended in New York for charity. What a comment upon our civilization! Are we never to realize the danger to our city in having this festering sore upon its life?

After all, are we really roused to the city's true conditions? Shall we ever be able to understand that there is more in life than the mere business of money-making?

"Hard times" and financial panic will pass away, but the problems of the city will remain. We shall still have our "East Side" and our "Tenth Ward," our tenement-houses and our sweating-systems. Shall it be so always?

Lawrence Veiller.

The Public Milk-Supply.

DURING the last few years there has been a growing suspicion that the milk-supply of our cities is a prolific means for the distribution of disease. Our newspapers sometimes tell us with startling headlines that there are more bacteria in city milk than in city sewage. Our physicians are advocating the sterilization of milk for drinking purposes, and our bacteriologists are informing us on every occasion how milk may serve as a means of distributing disease. It is desirable that with all this cry we should know just what the danger is and the best methods of meeting it.

It is undoubtedly true that city milk contains great numbers of bacteria — numbers so great that they have no meaning to us. Some of the milk of our cities is forty-eight hours old before it is delivered, and even though it has been kept cold, bacteria have had a chance to grow in it until they are very numerous. But the question to concern us is not their number, but their effect upon the milk consumer. Bacteria have to most minds a bad reputation, but one that is not deserved. It is true that a few species are the source of much mischief, but it is equally true that the vast majority of them are perfectly harmless, and indeed beneficial agents in nature. We do not have any fear of swallowing a quantity of yeast, and in most cases it is no more harmful to swallow bacteria. The simple fact that bacteria are present in milk in great numbers does not in itself render milk dangerous any more than the fact that yeast is present in beer renders that beverage a source of suspicion. Mankind has for ages been drinking milk with these germs in it, and has in general suffered no injury from them. The question of interest, then, is not the number of bacteria in milk, but the conditions under which they may do harm.

It is unprofitable to speak of any general injury done by the bacteria of milk unless we can deal with definite facts. The only diseases which we have good reason for believing are distributed by milk are typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, cholera, tuberculosis, and certain forms of intestinal troubles, such as summer diarrhœa. That typhoid and scarlet fever, diphtheria and cholera, may be distributed by milk has been demonstrated beyond question.

That tuberculosis may also be thus distributed is also certain, but at present we do not know whether the danger is great or slight. It is certain that a considerable percentage of the cows supplying the milk of the city are tuberculous, and equally so that the milk of tuberculous cows may contain the tuberculosis bacteria. Beyond a doubt the city milk is more or less infected with the tuberculosis germ. But this germ cannot multiply in milk although it may remain alive for some time. Hence when the tuberculous milk is mixed in distribution with other milk, the germs are diluted, and thus the chance of any lot of milk containing the tuberculous germ is much diminished by the time it reaches the consumer. Further, it has been found by experiment that it requires a number of germs to enter the body at once in order that they may serve as the source of the disease, and hence the chance of any person becoming affected through milk is perhaps not very great.

So far as concerns tuberculosis, fresh milk is even more likely to be infectious than stale milk. The case is different with cholera infantum and other intestinal troubles. It seems that these diseases are produced by certain bacteria, perhaps several different species, which multiply in the milk itself, and there produce poisons which do injury by direct poisoning when taken into the stomach. Here it is the multiplication of the bacteria in the milk itself which renders it injurious, and fresh milk would be harmless. In a word, then, fresh

milk may be a source of typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, cholera, or tuberculosis, while milk that is not fresh may contain poisons which give rise to cholera infantum or summer diarrhœa.

The question of the best method of dealing with milk so as to avoid these difficulties is one of growing interest. The growth of bacteria may be checked by ice, but this will not destroy the disease germs, and will not, therefore, prevent milk from being a means of spreading disease. Sterilization has been much resorted to in recent years. This usually consists in subjecting it to a boiling temperature by means of steam. Such treatment destroys all pathogenic germs and most others, and physicians have found it a great help in dealing with intestinal diseases. Its popularity has grown rapidly, and many forms of sterilizing apparatus have been placed on our markets. In Europe it is even more popular than in this country. But while the sterilization of milk is of value in the treatment of disease, it is to-day becoming unpopular with physicians as a method of providing a constant article of diet. The high heat injures the nature of the milk. It modifies the fats, the sugars, the casein, and the albumen in such a way as to render them less easily digested, and experiment has shown that sterilized milk is less easily assimilated than raw milk. Children fed upon it alone do not thrive. Physicians are now beginning to recommend in the place of sterilization another method of treatment known as pasteurization, as producing better results. This new treatment is simply to heat the milk to about 160° F. for a few moments and then to cool rapidly. This temperature destroys all the disease germs, and so far reduces the number of other germs as virtually to remove the danger of cholera infantum or other intestinal troubles. The milk must be used within twenty-four hours after such treatment, before the few bacteria which remain have a chance to become very numerous.

Pasteurized milk retains the taste of fresh milk, and is as easily digested and assimilated. Physicians find the treatment is equally valuable with sterilization in case of sickness, and is free from all secondary evil effects. The trouble with the method has been the difficulty of its application, for few people in our kitchens are familiar enough with the thermometer to use it. The operation may be practically performed in the following simple manner: The milk is placed in bottles, thoroughly clean, which are corked with cotton. The bottles are then placed in a basin in several inches of water, and the whole placed on a slow fire. The water in the basin is allowed to boil for ten minutes, the milk not boiling, but simmering slightly. The milk is then cooled, and used for food within twenty-four hours. These directions are unfortunately rather indefinite, and the result will vary with the size of the bottle and the amount of fire. Recently there has been put on our markets a form of apparatus which accomplishes the processes surely and simply. With some simple form of pasteurizing apparatus city milk may at all times be rendered free from disease germs, and if the milk is tolerably fresh, it will be perfectly healthful even for infants. If, however, the milk is stale, and the poisonous products of bacteria growth have accumulated, neither pasteurization nor sterilization will render it harmless.

As concerns food for adults, it is ordinarily not necessary to take any precautions unless in the case of persons of slight vitality who would most readily yield to disease. But in seasons when any of the above mentioned diseases are prevalent, in periods of cholera, typhoid, scarlet fever, or diphtheria epidemics, it would be wise to pasteurize all milk that is used directly for drinking purposes.

H. W. Conn.
Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

Stonewall Jackson's Eccentricity.

All persons who saw much of General Stonewall Jackson remarked his taciturnity and his self-abstraction. I once rode with him during an entire day, and I now recall the trip as one of the most lonesome I ever made. It was in the summer of 1862, shortly after McClellan had "changed his base" to the James River, and was securely resting under the shelter of his gun-boats at Harrison's Landing. Jackson's command, recently from the mountains, had been withdrawn to a more healthful encampment a few miles north of Richmond, but General Lee, with the bulk of the army, was still fronting the enemy. Early one morning, while doing duty at Jackson's headquarters, I was told to get my horse and accompany the general on a ride. As we quietly jogged along the road, I endeavored to draw him into conversation about the incidents connected with the terrible Seven Days' battle we had just fought, but failing to elicit anything more than short negative or affirmative responses, I changed the subject to general topics — the weather, etc. Still meeting with no better success, I relapsed into complete silence, determined not again to talk unless invited to do so. For hours we continued down the road at a fox-trot, or rapid walk, without a word being spoken. The prolonged silence was growing oppressive to me, when I noticed him muttering, as if talking to some one he had in mind — probably arguing a question of strategy. As the debated point grew in interest, the muttering became louder and more frequent. He was evidently in hot dispute with an imaginary person upon a subject about which they differed widely. Dummy had apparently laid down some proposition which to the general's mode of reasoning was clearly untenable. He therefore replied, "No, sir! No, sir!" in a loud voice, and with a gesture of impatient dissent. The physical exertion seemed to arouse him from his reverie. Dummy vanished instanter; and turning to me with an odd expression of countenance, Jackson remarked, "That is a handsome cottage over there," pointing to a farm-house we were then passing. Immediately afterward, putting spurs to his horse, he went clattering down the road at a 2:40 gait, leaving me to bring up the rear. Not another word was spoken until we reached General Lee's headquarters, whither we were bound.

W. M. Taliaferro.
Soldiers' Home, Richmond, Va.

"Voting by Machinery."

We have received a letter from Mr. J. H. Myers, inventor of the voting-machine which bears his name, in which he commends our recent editorial article describing the operation of his invention as the "most interesting and faithful of the many" he has read, but takes exception to some statements in it as misleading. He regards as erroneous our remark that the Myers

Ballot Machine "is in the interest of straight party voting of the blindest and most unreasoning kind," saying: "It is exactly the opposite. Experience proves it to be very conducive to independent voting. The voter declines and omits to push in the knobs for the undesirable candidates." He also declares that he had never seen or heard of a voting-machine before his was perfected, that the Rhines voting-machine is not similar to his, but entirely unlike it, and that his is the only machine which secures an absolutely secret ballot. EDITOR.

Note.

ON page 43 of THE CENTURY for May the late Frank Bolles of Harvard University is inadvertently mentioned as the late Albert Bolles. Professor Albert S. Bolles of the University of Pennsylvania is still living.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A Game of Whist.

ETHEL: Whose deal? Mine? I declare! I thought I dealt before.
Now (*dealing to her partner*), Tom, we really must make more.
Diamonds are trumps, and —
MAY: Whose lead?
DICK (*mildly*): Yours, Miss May.
MAY: Oh, of course. How stupid! Yes. *I* don't know what to play.
But (*throws an ace*) we 're sure of *one*. What! must I play again?
Well (*leads another*) —
ETHEL: I do like to play with men.
They always keep so quiet and —
MAY: That 's what I like, too.
You can't play whist and talk. At least I can't. (*To Dick*) Can you?
DICK (*smiling*): Oh, yes; pretty well. (*Aside*) Well, I 'm a chump
If I play whist with girls again.
MAY: What! my play? What 's trump?
TOM: Diamonds.
DICK: Clubs led, Miss May.
MAY: Well, if that 's the case
I think I 'll trump it.
ETHEL: May, that was your partner's ace.
MAY: Never mind; we got the trick. (*To Dick*) You 're in the dumps
Because I took it.
DICK: Your play.
MAY: Mine? Oh, yes. What 's trumps?
ETHEL: Now, we must make the odd. We really must, indeed.
My play? Well, there!
TOM (*mildly*): That was our opponent's lead.
ETHEL: I thought *you* led it. Well, it does n't matter. Say,
What *are* the trumps?
TOM: Diamonds.
DICK: You took that trick, Miss May.
MAY: Did I? Oh, yes. Well, let 's see — I 'll play *that* then (*Dick starts*).
Why, what 's the matter — is that wrong?
DICK (*grimly*): Tom trumps hearts.
TOM (*leading diamonds*): "When in doubt —"
ETHEL: My play again?
MAY: What *are* trumps?
DICK: Diamonds.
MAY: Oh, yes. What ails you men?
Don't you think whist is fun? I do. Why, you look just as glum.
DICK (*feebly*): Do I?
TOM (*aside*): I wish these girls were dumb.
DICK: We think this is fine.
TOM: Yes, the pleasure is intense.
We 've had a most delightful time, I 'm sure.
DICK: Just immense!
MAY: *We 've* enjoyed it.
ETHEL: Yes; we do so like to play
A scientific game of whist, with men, too, don't we, May?

James G. Burnett.

Transformation.

THE butterflies are buttercups, wind-blown,
Bright, airy flowers upon the summer's breast;
The buttercups, thick in the meadows sown,
Are butterflies flight-weary, seeking rest.

Richard Burton.

Outlines.

A MAN found fault with the world, the way it was made, and the way it was managed. Among the rest, he said that his nose was too long, and, to mend matters, he cut off the tip of it. But now, finding his nose too short, he bewailed to a friend that he could not again make it longer. Said his friend, "It is much easier to find fault than it is to make either a world or a nose."

* * *

A SAILOR, having quitted the sea, and settled down to an inland life, was wont to tell his neighbors of the many strange lands, strange peoples, and strange customs he had seen. All of which being outside their own knowledge and experience, they touched their foreheads, and winked at one another.

Afterward there came among them a man who had studied the stars. He told them how these stars were great worlds, and how it could not reasonably be otherwise than that in these strange worlds were other strange peoples with strange customs. Again they touched their foreheads and winked.

And the sailor winked with the rest.

* * *

A CHILD, a boy, a man, and a giant, went into the water. The child having gone as far as he could go, the boy went farther, and said, "I stand upon the bottom." But the child would not believe it. The man went still farther, and said, "I stand upon the bottom." But the boy would not believe it. Then the giant went farther yet, and said, "I stand upon the bottom." But the man would not believe it.

Just beyond our own depth lies the inconceivable.

* * *

THESE three contended which was happiest, Sleep, and Waking, and Death.

Death said, "I have no bad dreams."

Sleep said, "I have good dreams."

Waking said, "I am."

* * *

A CHILD was born rich. He was to know every sane pleasure. He was to be made wise, and good, and great.

The child was stolen. He was brought up in the slums. He tasted every ill of poverty. He became a vagabond and a thief, and he was hanged on the gallows.

Berry Benson.

Confirmation of Pudd'nhead Wilson's Views on Valor.

"Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear — not absence of fear." — *Pudd'nhead Wilson in March* CENTURY.

IF Mark Twain had been a soldier himself, and had felt that mortal chill which strikes a fellow when the bullets begin to whistle and his comrades begin to fall on right and left, he could n't know more about it.

When, in 1861, I went into Company B, 2d Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, as a private, and was marched to Harper's Ferry, one of my fellow-privates was John P—— E——, of the same company. He was a plain, hard-working young carpenter, and a day or two before had married a pretty young wife. Jackson's brigade never had much play or rest, and when the first battle came they were in it, and so on to Appomattox. John P—— was not one of those rare heroes who "did n't know what fear was." He knew very well, but always met it face to face. He said he was always "scared to death" in battle, but he had a curious way of showing it. When the battle was joined, and blood and ruin were everywhere, then, wherever the front rank of danger and fighting was in his regiment, there was John P——, with shaking legs, pale face, and tears running down his cheeks, ready to advance with the first, and staying with the last that retreated. Then and there, without shout or boast, firing steadily, he did his duty until the last shot had been fired. When picket duty demanded special reliability he was sent. He might have moaned inwardly, but he never tried to escape. Once (I was a captain then), when he was complaining of his own cowardice, I said to him: "If you are half as afraid in battle as you say you are, how can you keep from running away? I could n't."

"Why, captain," he replied, "do you think I 'd disgrace that little wife I left at home for half a dozen such 'or'nary' lives as mine?"

"Well, John, if all of General Lee's army were such cowards as you are, we 'd capture Washington and end the war this campaign," was all that I could answer.

John P—— and his wife survived the war, and they have a houseful of children. He is just as faithful and trustworthy in peace as he was in war, leading a quiet and respected life. When I think of his constitutional infirmity, and of the sense of duty and manly courage which conquered it, I feel that no braver man ever

Fought with Stonewall Jackson
In the old Stonewall brigade.

H. K. D.

When the Heart 's in its Prime.

THE Sun 's on his throne, and the Wind on his tour
Like wandering minstrel o'er meadow and moor;
The day and the season are both in their prime,
And youth 's at its sweetest and tenderest time.

The buds are in bloom, and the birds sing their best;
The trees are in leaf, and the orchard is dressed
With clustering fruits, for the year 's in its prime,
And youth 's at its ripest and tenderest time.

Too soon shall the clouds cover sunshiny sky,
The voice of the minstrel be hushed to a sigh;
Too soon shall the day and the season decline,
And clustering fruits shall be melted to wine.

The petals shall fall, and the songsters depart,
The foliage fade like the youth of the heart;
For swift runs the current of pitiless time,
And always the swifter when life 's in its prime.

The birds and the blossoms and fruit shall appear,
With summer's return and the turn of the year,
The breeze shall be sweet, and the sun be as fair;
Alas! but the prime of my youth is not there.

Each month of the year has its prime, but in truth
There 's only one prime in the season of youth,
Though hearts love again, and shall love for all time,
There 's only one love when the heart 's in its prime.

Mary Berri Chapman.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE IN MID-WINTER.

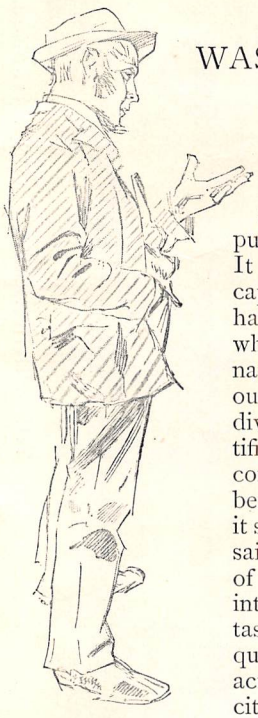
MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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WASHINGTON AS A SPECTACLE.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.



A POLITICIAN.

WASHINGTON is a city planned and built solely for the purposes of government. It is probably the only capital in the world which has had such an origin; which is named after a nation's first leader, laid out according to his individual views, and beautified, to some extent, according to his ideas of beauty. Washington, as it stands to-day, may be said to be the expression of George Washington's intention and personal taste, and, in a consequent way, of his character. The plan of the city reminds one of the man's face, with its large, quiet features, its calm symmetry, and its singularly unobtrusive individuality. One might almost say that the face of Washington the man, like the face of Washington the city, was characterized by its "magnificent distances." We even feel a little, in spite of what we know of his youth, that the man himself was "planned and built solely for purposes of government."

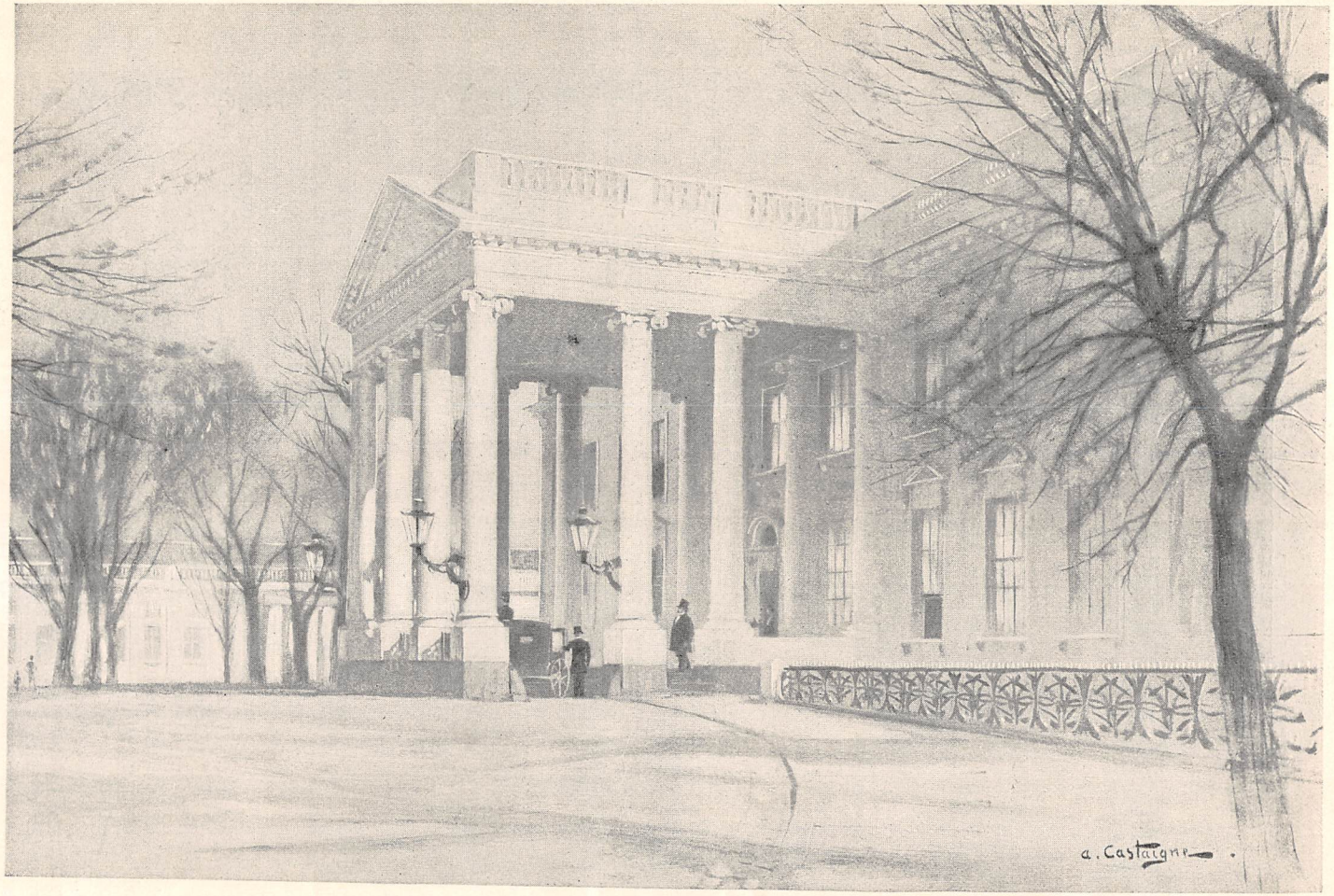
Strangely enough, too, the features of the first President, as we know them from his many portraits, remind one irresistibly, by their almost supernal calm, of some of those beautiful heads of Buddha modeled in the far East by the hands of believing men; and his capital recalls very strongly the modern and English portions of such an Indian city as Allahabad, for instance. The beautiful trees, the endless, perfectly smooth roads, the red brick houses, the dark faces of the colored population, and, above all, the moist softness of the sunny air on summer days when it has lately rained, are points which Washington has in common both with Allahabad and Bombay, and which cannot fail to strike one who has lived long in all three places.

We Americans may say of ourselves that our qualities are real, but that our tastes are artificial. We may arrogate praise for what we have done, and deprecate foreign criticism of what we like. Our deeds are our own, but our tastes, as yet, are not. We have more really the desire for taste than taste itself. But the desire is enormous, and in seeking to satisfy it we have desperately attempted to throw an impossible bridge across the wide and deep gulf by which we are divided from former civilizations, and to drag the beau-



FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

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THE WHITE HOUSE—MAIN ENTRANCE.

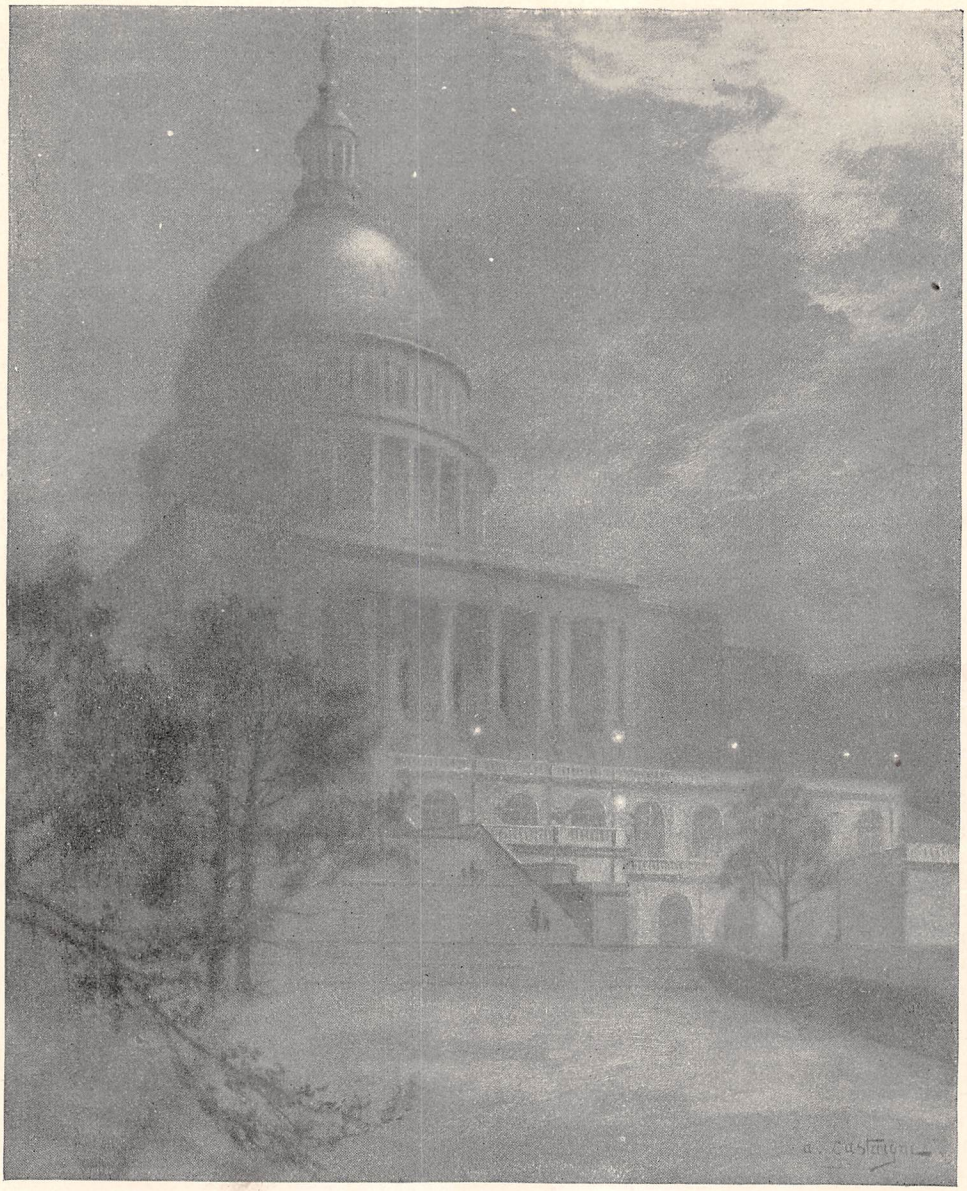
tiful by force over that bridge, to stay with us. We have indeed a preëminent right to please ourselves in our own way; but we cannot help being concerned about pleasing other people besides Americans, as we have lately shown. Hence the curious, sporadic conventionalities which crop up in unexpected places all over our country — conventionalities of which the object seems to be to produce a good, though only a temporary, impression where genuine traditions have not as yet developed. They make one think of those sham fronts of wood and plaster which are sometimes put up before great buildings yet unfinished, but to which it is necessary to give the appearance of being completed for some special occasion. They answer the purpose, but we feel that they are not intended to last.

In Washington, however, almost everything is meant to be enduring, and in one sense, which is a good sense, there is perhaps no city in any part of the world where a conventional standard has been arbitrarily adopted with such determination, and adhered to with such consistency, throughout so long a period of time, and, on the whole, with such good results. There is no city in the world, I think, where so many public buildings are of Greek style, and yet so unobtrusive.

But in these days of specialism, it is for specialists to talk of architecture, and it is the province of the novelist to enjoy such fiction as he can find in the world, and to make it enjoyable for others. It must be in spite of its conventionalism that Washington suggests romance, and breathes the breath of dream-life into the nostrils of dead statues, and in through the windows of lifeless buildings, and through all the bright air of blazing modernness in which we, the living ones, have our being. There is romance — let us not define the pretty word — in the dim, soft dawn, when the mists of the river are surprised in their loves with the sleeping trees; in the fresh morning, when the quiet streets ring with the double trill of the song-birds as each in turn and all together, and none last, they lift up their little voices in a long, caroling cheer to the rising sun; in the broad day, wherein men work and struggle, and quarrel and make peace, and speak words which all the nation hears and judges, condemns, approves, or laughs at, as all humanity laughs or looks grave over its own centralized self; in the red evening light, when the perspective of the avenues grows long and fairy-like, and the brilliant equipages roll swiftly and smoothly through the sunset air that reddens the horses' bay coats, and enriches collar and harness with its fiery gold. And most of all at night, when the trees are all breathing again, and the broad streets are quiet; when the great army of workers is gone to its boarding-house quarters, and the little regiment of do-nothings is broken up into squads to hunt the Beast of Boredom with laughter and sometimes with tears; when the stars play hide-and-seek with the moon round the corners of the silent Capitol, and kiss the great Liberty on either cheek, high in the cool, dark blue air; when the moonbeams run quivering through the rustling leaves, and weave white lace across the dark pavement; when the soft lights stream from the windows of the White House, across the broad lawn, and through the trees, to the high railings of the avenue; when the darky boy and girl, hand in hand, pour out their little tale of woe to the passing dandy, trotting beside him as he strolls along in white tie and black cloak, on his way from a dinner to a reception; when the herdic cab backs up under the trees against the curbstone, swinging wide its self-opening doors, and throwing its bright flash out upon a vision of fair hair, and satin, and white lace, and slim silk-clad ankles, just as the impassive English footman opens the door of the house, and lets out a blaze



AN OFFICE-SEEKER.



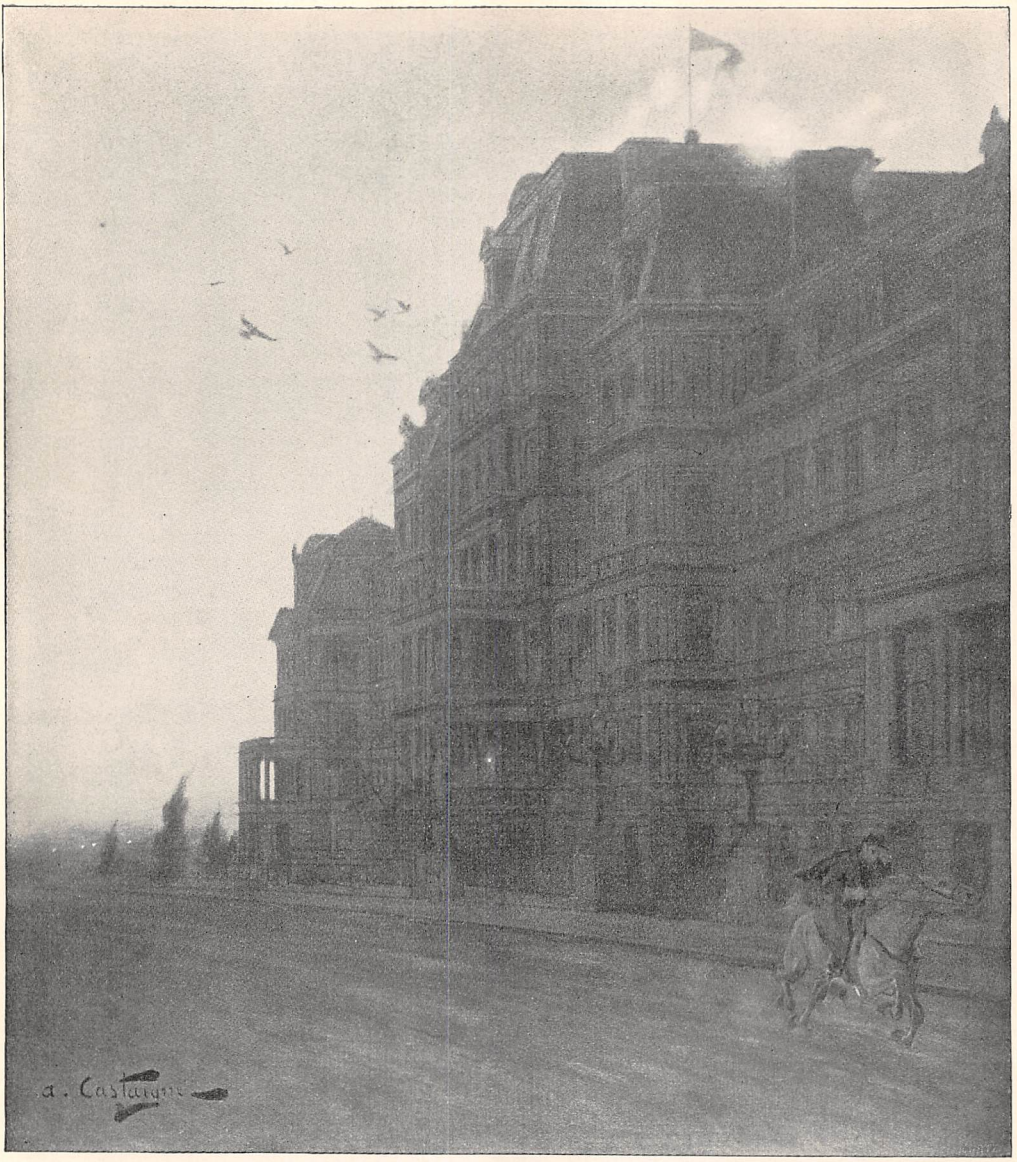
THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.

of other light; when, now and then, the over-smooth, honey-sweet voices of colored men echo very softly from back streets to the resonant little drumming and twanging of a banjo. There is assuredly something in it all that suggests romance, something that delicately stirs the heart with a premonition, as it were, of some other heart waiting for it somewhere, in shadow, or moonlight, or noonday sunshine.

It has been, and is still, the fashion to laugh at our capital city, and to speak with a very libelous contempt of what is done there. Many fashions are set by the Europeanized American, and they are not, on the whole, good ones. There are, indeed, two distinct classes of transatlantic Americans — those who live most of their lives abroad because they are obliged to do so by circumstances not to be controlled, and those who spend half the year on the other side as a matter of taste. The former are often more patriotic than those who stay at home. For them there is a glamour over everything; they feel little patriotic thrills at the sight of the Stars and Stripes, and the bald eagle's screaming is as melodious to them as the song of the nightingale. But the other is an unpleasant person who affects strange



UNDER THE DOME.



THE WAR, NAVY, AND STATE DEPARTMENTS.

accents and quaint gestures, wears curiously elaborate garments of great price, and calls America a "beast of a hole," which is a coarse expression not susceptible of grammatical explanation. One chief object of this man's calumnies is Washington, under which general term he abuses the city, its inhabitants, and those whose thankless task it is to make laws for the general cases in which our federation must needs figure as one State. The American Parisian and the British New Yorker consider Washington a failure, its official society a band of ineffable cads, and the Government of the United States a fraud.

Even in New York it is amazing to see what prejudice there is against Washington, and what indifference even where there is no prejudice. And yet, even as a mere spectacle, Washington is not by any means to be despised, while, as a study, it is one of the most interesting cities in the whole world.

There is this fundamental difference between the general aspects of Washington and New York. The latter, cramped for space on its narrow island, has increased by building higher. The former, unhampered by limits of nature, has spread over an enormous area of naturally fertile land. There is, indeed, an even greater regularity of plan in Washington than in New York, to which the ruler and square were applied, so to

say, after the city had grown out of infancy. But in the capital this regularity is not forced upon the eye by the unbroken succession of blocks succeeding blocks, for miles, in a wearisome similarity of architecture, and with such a monotonous absence of landmarks in some regions as to puzzle a Western pathfinder. On the contrary, the lines are everywhere broken by the variety of detachment where dwellings stand alone, and feathered all along their length with graceful trees. In New York, business is the main fact; idleness and its dwellings are incidents. In Washington it is the other way; for business is only incidental, government is the main occupation, leisure is the common right of many, and idleness is the privilege of not a few. More than New York, too, Washington is subject in its aspect to the influence of the seasons, in proportion as there is more of nature to be seen everywhere, more grass to turn brown and green again, more trees to lose their leaves in winter and to bud in spring, more sky, since the streets are wider, and the houses lower. And winter in Washington brings the white surprise of snow rather than the discomfort of sullen and dirty slush, and a sudden thaw and a quick-succeeding frost will cast the trees in brilliant ice, as it were, making of each twig a miracle in crystal, and of every gnarl and knob and withered berry a crown diamond set in virgin silver.

Especially after a sudden snowfall there is more joy than over many snow-storms in the North, coming as it does with the certainty that it cannot lie long on the ground, nor pile itself into hundredfold wet blankets on the roofs, nor heap itself in ten-foot drifts where it ought not. Snow in the North is a grim certainty; in Washington it is but the illuminating flash of a passing holiday, to be enjoyed quickly while it lasts, to disappear more quickly still in the sunshine that makes it beautiful. It is marvelous to see how the dashing sleighs turn out upon "the avenue,"—which is, of course



IN DIPLOMATIC SOCIETY.



THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

Pennsylvania Avenue,— to hear all at once the unceasing tinkle of the bells instead of the dull roll of carriage-wheels, to feel how in an instant the pace of the whole city quickens with noiseless speed upon the rare white carpet, to listen to new tones of voices echoing across the snow — to have all the magic of winter's beauty, without its grimness, for one short, joyous day.

It is natural that in its social aspect Washington should differ from most other cities. It is strangely cosmopolitan. There is in the ranks of society the greatest variety of race with the greatest variety of interest, or, at least, in the object of interest. There is, in things social, the greatest diversity together with a singular uniformity of principle. There is a notable simplicity existing side by side with something very like real magnificence of display, and a remarkable absence of that socially servile opinion which accepts display alone as an outward and visible sign of inward and social grace. The ubiquitous diplomat leavens the whole, and lends it a slightly European savor. The curious English traveler comes, sees, and takes away an impression, but leaves none; the German of solid acquirements puts on an air of levity, the better to observe, to note, and mentally to digest; the Frenchman, generally new at wandering, sparkles in conversation, whether he be understood or not, and generalizes within himself as all Frenchmen do. For the French mind differentiates keenly, but integrates by one rule only, which is the Parisian.

You may see almost every type at a big afternoon tea in Washington, especially at one of those given, according to a pretty custom, to "bring out"— to present to society — a daughter of the house. There she stands, the young girl whose social eyes are to be opened, a type of the American maiden of to-day, unlike any other in the world. For we are the only one among the great nations of whom it must be said that we are a distinct result rather

than a distinct race, and this result is a type indefinitely varied by divers race characteristics. The "result" stands by her mother's side near the door of the first drawing-room through which guests pass—tall, slender, probably clad in white, probably having rather dark hair and a complexion to which the "national irritable heart," as the doctors call it, gives a brilliancy rarely seen abroad. Almost beyond a doubt, too, she has eyes which would seem unusual in Europe, with strong, fringing lashes, but rather too boldly bright, and restlessly, though innocently, curious. The mouth is very mobile; the hands are rarely quiet for a moment—slender hands, very narrow at the base, very closely webbed between the thumb and forefinger, very exquisitely kept under her long gloves; hands with which none but those of Frenchwomen can compare for the wise pains bestowed upon them.

By her side, upon a broad table, are endless flowers, chiefly if not altogether white. In her left hand are roses, white too, and as fresh as herself. Her right she gives frankly to stranger and friend alike, as her mother, splendid with historic jewels and maternal pride, introduces them all to her, one after the other. A word or two, not more, to each, and each passes on. It is a pretty custom, unlike any other in the world. They all pass on and join the international throng in the other rooms—senators, officials, diplomats; grave men who seize the quick opportunity to exchange words of moment, and other grave men, gray-haired, but not old in heart, who whisper the pleasant nothings they learned long ago to young ears that have perhaps not heard them yet. The air smells of tea and flowers, the rooms are crowded, the heat is great, the good-will greater still toward the tall young girl by the door, who has shaken the hand of each, and looked into the face of each, wondering, perhaps, whether any face of them all is ever to be the one face of all the world for her.



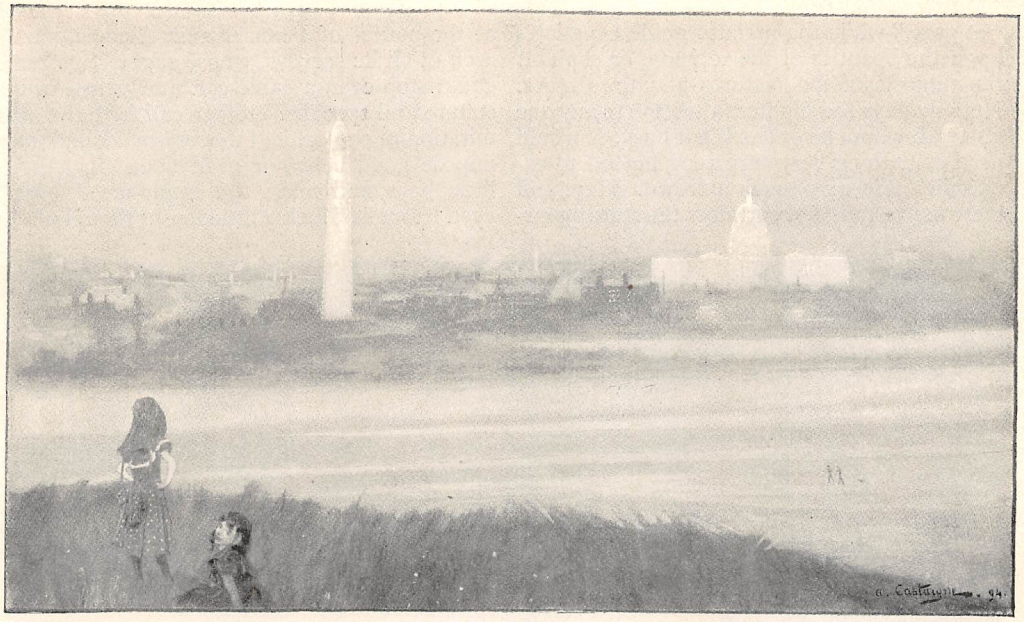
IN ALL HIS GLORY.

We Americans are a wonderfully sentimental people, and the lily-white maiden who makes her entrance into society on this day is as eager for sentiment as all the rest of us. Now sentiment is good when it is found, and is real, and there is little enough to care for in life without it. Why, then, should the pursuit of it be ridiculous? It is, and it is strange that it should be. Perhaps the heart is ashamed when the head knows what it is doing.

The Capitol is the heart of Washington, not topographically, but figuratively. As a matter of fact, the city has grown in a direction precisely opposite to that in which its founders expected growth, and what is really the front of the building faces away from the quarter of principal development. Fortunately, this has been an advantage, in so far as it presents the Capitol to the city in its most imposing aspect, from the side on which the land falls away, and on which broad flights of marble steps give access to the building. And from this side it cannot be denied that the great front of well-proportioned colonnades, surmounted by the airy dome, which itself is crowned by Crawford's statue of Liberty, is both imposing and beautiful. To the architect, the fact that the dome is of iron is a flaw in the nobility of the whole, but no ordinary eye can detect the change of material at that elevation. There are hours of the day, especially toward evening in



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

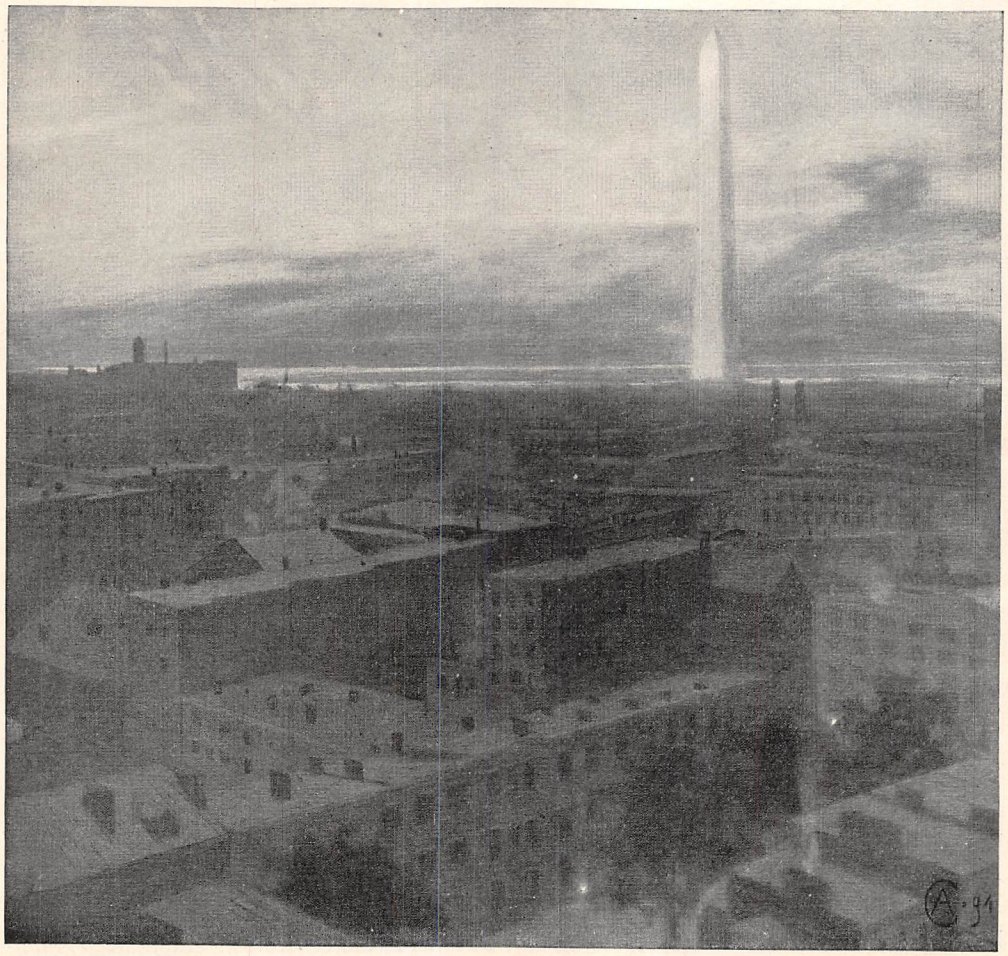


A QUIET EVENING — FROM THE VIRGINIA SHORES.

spring, when there is a wonderful fascination in the distant view, as one approaches the Capitol along Pennsylvania Avenue. It has a distinctness of proportion with a soft grace of outline, all in many tones of white against the misty evening sky, such as cannot be likened to anything in any other city. It suggests nothing ancient, nothing traditional, nothing old-fashioned, and yet it has nothing distinctly modern about it. Symbolical, it may be, for one may find symbols in all that man makes with a purpose, for all that man can think, and in nature for all that is beyond man's skill and craft. Let it be a symbol, then, and a good one of some good thing. Calm, lovely, high in air, with a beauty of its own, not beyond criticism, assuredly, but perhaps beyond imitation after its manner, crowned by the very handiwork of one of us,—of one whose hands worked lovingly,—let it be a symbol if it may be, not of the strife which has been striven under its shadow, but of that good state to which honest strife may bring us.

A strange life is going on within it, a wonderful, hive-like activity. All day long men and women stream in and out, their footsteps echoing through the stone passages below, their figures lean, fat, long, short, handsome, ugly, crooked, and straight, crowding the ever-ascending and -descending elevators; their voices, high, low, harsh and angry, or soft and persuasive, ringing in the rotunda, and through the corridors, all the way from the Senate to the House of Representatives; their faces as varied as their figures—the smooth wife of a fashionable senator elbowing the ungainly relative of a "down-East" postmaster out of office; the scraggy, out-at-elbows office-seeker appealing by his very scragginess to the sleek rotundity of double-breasted success, in whom is exhibited all the symmetrical solemnity of the perfect sphere, which on a solid surface may roll but cannot fall. That lean, energetic man in decent black, who walks with quick stride from door to door of the House, sending in his name to one member after another for a brief interview, is "working a committee" for a private bill, business-like, direct, tactful. That beautifully dressed and compact young fellow with the bright eyes is the correspondent of a great paper, and knows his way even better than the man in black. That gray-headed giant with his noble head was once a fighter, and is a fighter still with words and ideas. That neat, one-armed man is one of a dozen or more doorkeepers, an old soldier, too, and he knows every member in the House by sight, besides a multitude of other personages great and small in the political world. There goes a bevy of smartly dressed girls who ask their way to the ladies' gallery of the Senate, and two old members, conversing in low tones in the deep embrasure of a window, look up at the sound of young laughter, with eyes that are sharp still under the bushy white brows. And past them all, backward and forward, with steps that hurry anxiously or drag despondently, the crowd unceasingly streams on its way, throughout the long hours, as motley a multitude as one may see together in any civilized place. There are idlers and travelers, too, as well as busy men, and here and there a little knot of people stands

"at gaze," while the mulatto guide expatiates upon the beauties of the rotunda, or explains the subjects of the pictures and the frescos. Nobody pays the slightest attention to any one else with whom he or she is not busy. It would need something very surprising indeed to excite the curiosity of such a crowd. Here and there in the halls and corridors the sturdy guardians of the public peace, clad in immaculate uniforms, sit silent and indifferent, ruminating, to judge from the slow and regular action of their jaws, upon the destinies of the nation, though caring for none of these things. Fine specimens most of them are, too — broad-shouldered, healthy skinned, fair, quiet men, whose solid nerves nothing could surprise, whose firm but gentle mastication no political convulsion could retard. They are of a very different type from the burly New York policeman. One can hardly believe that they are really colleagues of the colored functionary, in similar blue cloth and brass buttons, who stands in all his glory at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue, monarch of all he surveys, whose slightest gesture could stop even a cable-car, and whose lofty stature and speckless clothes call forth the admiration of the colored nursery-maid, and can impose good behavior even upon fair-haired little boys, and make the soggy-faced, blue-eyed "toughs" look a little less as though they had bought the pavement for their own convenience and would refuse to let it even at a high price.



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

A famous living sculptor of ours has given us his opinion in condemnation of the Washington monument. It is sometimes called the Obelisk, for the comparatively simple reason that it is one, just as "they called him Peter, people said, because it was his name." With all due respect to the sculptor's right of judgment, which is unquestioned, we may differ with him, and yet not brand ourselves barbarians. To the present writer it seems not too much to say that in certain lights the Obelisk is the most im-

posing simple object of great dimensions in the whole world. Doubtless when seen, as it always can be seen by day, from a distance of two or three miles and from different parts of the city, cut off by a line of modern roofs across a pale sky, there is nothing remarkable or beautiful about it. It is then but the top of an obelisk, and nothing more; a slender straight line of stone visible in an uninteresting atmosphere. Even then it can hardly be said to be offensive, for it is too simple to offend.

Go to it at evening, when the sunset lights have faded and the full moon is rising. It is impossible not to see its beauty then. For some reason not immediately apparent the white light is not reflected from the lower half of it when the moon is not far above the horizon. The lines are all there, but the shaft is only a soft shadow below, gradually growing clearer as it rises, and ending in a blaze of silver against the dark sky. The enormous proportions are touched then with a profound mystery; the solidity of the symbol disappears, the greatness of the thought remains, the unending vastness of the idea is overwhelming. Block upon block, line by line, it was built up with granite from many States, a union of many into one simple whole, a true symbol of what we Americans are trying to make of ourselves, of our country, and of our beliefs. There is the solid foundation, proved and tried, which we know of and trust in. There is the dark and shadowy present, through which the grand straight lines are felt rather than seen. And there, high in the still air, points the gleaming future, perfect at all points, bright at all points, lofty as all but heaven itself. There is the symbol. We may ask of ourselves whether we are to overtake the shadows and reach the light, we or our children, or our children's children; or whether the half-darkness will creep up with us always, and with them, for ages to come, and even to the end.



A CORNER OF THE AGRICULTURAL GROUNDS.

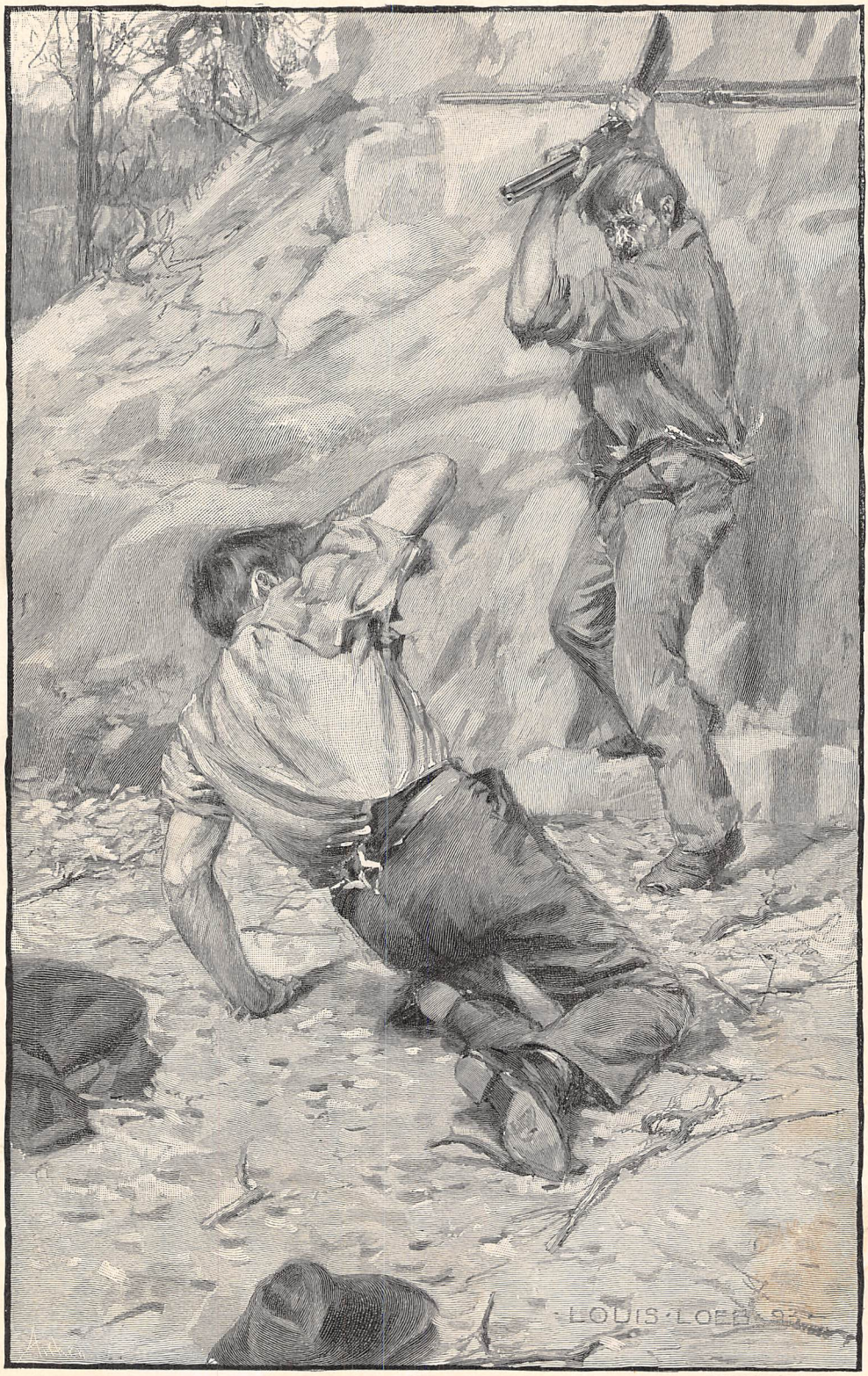
The Obelisk is beautiful not only by moonlight, as any one may see who will take the trouble to look at it with eyes human rather than critical — at evening, for instance, from the terrace of the Capitol, when all the world is sinking toward its mighty plunge into darkness through the foam of the cloud-breakers and the purple wash of night's rising tide; or at early morning, when the darkness sinks back, and the first blush of day warms the pinnacle of the lonely shaft — as though it had stabbed night in the sky and drawn the sweet blood of daylight upon its point. Most notably is it beautiful at such times when seen with the whole city from the great military cemetery on the heights of Arlington, than which few points in the world command a more lovely view.

There in the quiet earth the solemn dead lie side by side, the many who fought for us when we were but their children, and who, for ours, will fight their immortal battles again in the clouds like the warriors of old. Many of us have heroes of our own name and race lying there in the broad tree-hemmed meadows, and among the flowers, and in that chosen rank where the great generals lie, as they fought in the forefront of the enemy, facing now not enemies but friends, the deep sweet valley with the quiet river at their feet. And far away, beside the airy dome of the Capitol, the single shaft rises sunward, and tells in shadow-time for us, the living, the hours of the dead men's endless day.

F. Marion Crawford.



SEEN FROM THE SENATE GALLERY.



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

ROME AND JASPER.

A CUMBERLAND VENDETTA.

A TALE OF THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS.

By the Author of "A Mountain Europa," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

XII.

THE star and the crescent were swinging above Wolf's Head, and in the dark hour that breaks into dawn a cavalcade of Lewallens forded the Cumberland, and galloped along the Stetson shore. At the head rode young Jasper, and Crump the spy.

Swift changes had followed the court-house fight. In spite of the death of Rufe Stetson from his wound, and several other Stetsons from ambush, the Lewallens had lost ground. Old Jasper's store had fallen into the hands of creditors — "furriners" — for debts, and it was said his homestead must follow. In a private war a leader must be more than leader. He must feed and often clothe his followers, and young Jasper had not the means to carry on the feud. The famine had made corn dear. He could feed neither man nor horse, and the hired feudsmen fell away, leaving the Lewallens and the Braytons and their close kin to battle alone. So Jasper avoided open combat, and resorted to ambush and surprise; and, knowing in some way every move made by the Stetsons, with great daring and success. It was whispered, too, that he no longer cared who owned what he might want for himself. Several dark deeds were traced to him. In a little while he was a terror to good citizens, and finally old Gabe asked aid of the governor. Soldiers from the settlements were looked for any day, and both factions knew it. At the least this would delay the war, and young Jasper had got ready for a last fight, which was close at hand.

Half a mile on, the riders swerved into a wooded slope. There they hid their horses in the brush, and climbed the spur stealthily. The naked woods showed the cup-like shape of the mountains there — a basin from which radiated upward wooded ravines, edged with ribs of rock. In this basin the Stetsons were encamped. The smoke of a fire was visible in the dim morning light, and the Lewallens scattered to surround the camp. The effort was vain. A picket saw the creeping figures; his gun echoed a warning from rock to rock, and with yells the Lewallens ran forward. Rome sprang from sleep near the fire, bareheaded, rifle in hand, his body plain against a huge rock, and the bullets hissed and spat about him as he leaped this way and that, firing as he sprang, and shouting for his men. Steve Marcum alone answered. Many, startled from sleep, had fled in a panic; others had run deeper into the woods for shelter. Bidding Steve save himself, Rome also turned up the mountain, running from tree to tree, and dropped unhurt behind a fallen chestnut. Other Stetsons, too, had turned, and answering bullets began to whistle to the enemy. But they were widely separated, and ignorant of one another's position, and the Lewallens drove them one by one to new hiding-places, scattering them more. To his right Rome saw Steve Marcum speed like a shadow up through a little open space, but he feared to move. Several Lewallens had recognized him, and were watching him alone. He could not even fire; at the least exposure there was a chorus of bullets about his ears. In a moment they began to come obliquely from each side; the Lewallens were getting around him. In a moment more death was sure there, and once again he darted up the mountain. The bullets sang after him like maddened bees. He felt one cut his hat and another sting his left arm, but he raced up, up, till the firing grew fainter as he climbed, and ceased an instant altogether. Then, still farther below, came a sudden crash of reports. Stetsons were pursuing the men who were after him, but he could not join them. The Lewallens were scattered everywhere between him and his own men, and a descent might lead him to the muzzle of an enemy's Winchester. So he climbed over a ledge of rock and lay there, peeping through a a crevice between two boulders, gaining his breath. The firing was far below him, and was sharp. Evidently his pursuers were too busy now defending themselves to think further of him, and he began to plan how he should get

back to his friends. But he kept hidden, and, searching the cliffs below him for a sheltered descent, he saw something like a slouched hat just over a log, scarcely fifty feet below him. Presently the hat was lifted a few inches, a figure rose cautiously and climbed toward the ledge, shielding itself behind rock and tree. Very quietly Rome crawled back to the face of the cliff behind him, and crouched behind a rock with his cocked rifle across his knees. The man must climb over the ledge; there would be a bare, level floor of rock between them,— the Lewallen would be at his mercy,— and Rome, with straining ears, waited. There was a footfall on the other side of the ledge; a soft clink of metal against stone. The Lewallen was climbing slowly — slowly. Rome could hear his heavy breathing. A grimy hand slipped over the sharp comb of the ledge; another appeared, clenched about a Winchester — then the slouched hat, and under it the dark, crafty face of young Jasper. Rome sat like the stone before him with a half smile on his lips. Jasper peered about with the sly caution of a fox, and his face grew puzzled and chagrined as he looked at the cliffs above him.

"Stop thar!"

He was drawing himself over the ledge, and the low, stern voice startled him, as a knife might have done, thrust suddenly from the empty air at his breast. Rome rose upright against the cliff, with his resolute face against the stock of a Winchester.

"Drap thet gun!"

The order was given along Stetson's barrel, and the weapon was dropped, the steel ringing on the stone floor. Rome lowered his gun to the hollow of his arm and the two young leaders faced each other for the first time in the life of either.

"Seem kinder s'prised to see me," said the Stetson, grimly. "Hev ye got a pistol?"

Young Jasper glared at him in helpless ferocity.

"Naw!"

"Knife?"

He drew a long-bladed penknife from his pocket, and tossed it at Rome's feet.

"Move over thar!"

The Lewallen took his stand against the cliff, Rome picked up the fallen rifle, and leaned it against the ledge.

"Now, Jas Lewallen, thar 's nobody left in this leetle trouble 'cept you 'n' me, 'n' ef one of us was dead I reckon t' other could live hyar, 'n' thar 'd be peace in the mount'ins. I thought o' that when I hed ye at the eend o' this Winchester. I reckon you would 'a' shot me dead ef I hed poked my head over a rock as keerless as you." That is just what he would have done, and Jasper did not answer. "I 've swore to kill ye, too," added Rome, tapping his gun; "I 've got a cross fer ye hyar."

The Lewallen was no coward. Outcry or resistance was useless. The Stetson meant to taunt him, to make death more bitter; for Jasper expected death, and he sullenly waited for it against the cliff.

"You 've been a-banterin' me a long time, now, 'lowin' as how ye air the better man o' the two; 'n' I 've got a notion o' givin' ye a chance to prove yer tall talk. Hit 's not *our* way to kill a man in cold blood, 'n' I don't want to kill ye anyways ef I kin he'p it. Seem s'prised ag'in? Reckon ye don't believe me? I don't wonder when I think o' my own dad, 'n' all the meanness yer folks have done mine; but I 've got a good reason fer not killin' ye — ef I kin he'p it. Ye don't know what it is, 'n' ye 'll never know; but I 'll give ye a chance now fer yer life ef ye 'll sw'ar on a stack o' Bibles as high as thet tree thar thet ye 'll leave these mount'ins ef I whoops ye, 'n' never come back ag'in as long as ye live. *I 'll* leave, ef ye whoops me. Now, whut do ye say? Will ye sw'ar?"

"I reckon I will, seein' as I 've got to," was the surly answer. But Jasper's face was dark with suspicion, and Rome studied it keenly. The Lewallens once had been men whose word was good, but he did not like Jasper's look.

"I reckon I 'll trust ye," he said at last, more through confidence in his own strength than faith in his enemy; for Jasper whipped would be as much at his mercy as he was now. So Rome threw off his coat, and began winding his homespun suspenders about his waist. Watching him closely, Jasper did the same.

The firing below had ceased. A flock of mountain vultures was sailing in great circles over the thick woods. Two eagles swept straight from the rim of the sun above Wolf's Head, beating over a turbulent sea of mist, for the cliffs, scarcely fifty yards above the ledge, where a pine-tree grew between two rocks. At the instant of lighting, they wheeled away, each with a warning scream to the other. A figure lying flat behind the pine had frightened them, and now a face peeped to one side, flushed with eagerness over the coming fight. Both were ready now, and the Lewallen grew suddenly white as Rome turned again and reached down for the guns.

"I reckon I 'll put 'em a leetle furder out o' the way," he said, kicking the knife over the cliff, and, standing on a stone, thrust them into a crevice high above his head.

"Now, Jas, we 'll fight this gredge out, as our grandads hev done afore us."

Lewallen and Stetson were man to man at last. Suspicion was gone now, and a short, brutal laugh came from the cliff.

"I 'll fight ye! Oh, I 'll fight ye!"

The ring of the voice struck an answering gleam from Rome's gray eyes, and the two sprang for each other. It was like the struggle of primeval men who had not yet learned even the use of clubs. For an instant both stood close like two wild beasts, crouched for a spring, and circling about to get at each other's throats, with mouths set, eyes watching eyes, and hands twitching nervously. Young Jasper leaped first, and the Stetson, wary of closing with him, shrank back. There were a few, quick, heavy blows, and the Lewallen was beaten away with blood at his lips. Then each knew the advantage of the other. The Stetson's reach was longer; the Lewallen was shorter and heavier, and again he closed in. Again Rome sent out his long arm. A turn of Jasper's head let the heavy fist pass over his shoulder. The force of the blow drove Rome forward; the two clinched, and Jasper's arms tightened about the Stetson's waist. With a quick gasp for breath, Rome loosed his hold, and, bending his enemy's head back with one hand, rained blow after blow in his face with the other. One terrible stroke on the jaw, and Jasper's arms were loosed; the two fell apart, the one stunned, the other breathless. One dazed moment only, and for a third time the Lewallen came on. Rome had been fighting a man; now he faced a demon. Jasper's brows stood out like bristles, and the eyes under them were red and fierce like a mad bull's. Again Rome's blows fell, but again the Lewallen reached him, and this time he got his face under the Stetson's chin, and the heavy fist fell upon the back of his head, and upon his neck, as upon wood and leather. Again Rome had to gasp for breath, and again the two were fiercely locked — their corded arms as tense as serpents. Around and around they whirled, straining, tripping, breaking the silence only with deep, quick breaths, and the stamping of feet, Jasper firm on the rock, and Rome's agility saving him from being lifted in the air, and tossed from the cliff. There was no pause for rest. It was a struggle to the end, and a quick one; and under stress of excitement the figure at the pine-tree had risen to his knees — jumping even to his feet in plain view, when the short, powerful arms of the Lewallen began at last to draw the Stetson closer still, and to bend him backward. The Stetson was giving way at last. The Lewallen's vindictive face grew blacker, and his white teeth showed between his snarling lips, as he fastened one leg behind his enemy's, and, with chin against his shoulder, bent him slowly, slowly back. The two breathed in short, painful gasps; their swollen muscles trembled under the strain as with ague. Back — back — the Stetson was falling; he seemed almost down, when,— the trick is an old one,— whirling with the quickness of light, he fell heavily on his opponent, and caught him by the throat with both hands.

"'Nough?" he asked hoarsely. It was the first word uttered.

The only answer was a fierce struggle. Rome felt the Lewallen's teeth sinking in his arm, and his fingers tightened like twisting steel, till Jasper caught his breath as though strangling to death.

"'Nough?" asked the hoarse voice again.

No answer; tighter clenched the fingers. The Lewallen shook his head feebly; his purple face paled suddenly as Rome loosed his hold, and his lips moved in a whisper.

"'Nough!"

Rome rose dizzily to one knee. Jasper turned, gasping, and lay with his face to the rock. For a while both were quiet, Rome panting with open mouth, and white with exhaustion, looking down now and then at the Lewallen, whose face was turned away with shame.

The sun was blazing above Wolf's Head now, and the stillness about them lay unbroken on the woods below.

"I 've whooped ye, Jas," Rome said at last; "I whooped ye in a fa'r fight, 'n' I 've got nothin' now to say 'bout yer tall talk, 'n' I reckon you hev n't nuther. Now, hit 's understood, hain't it, thet ye 'll leave these mount'ins!

"Ye kin go West," he continued, as the Lewallen did not answer. "Uncle Rufe used to say thar 's a good deal to do out thar, 'n' nobody axes questions. Thar 's nobody left hyar but you 'n' me, but these mount'ins was never big 'nough fer one Lewallen 'n' one Stetson, 'n' you 've got to go. I reckon ye won't believe me, but I 'm glad I did n't hev to kill ye. But you 've promised to go, now, 'n' I 'll take yer word fer it." He turned his face, and the Lewallen knowing it from the sound of his voice sprang to his feet.

"Oh!—"

A wild curse burst from Rome's lips, and both leaped for the guns. The Lewallen had the start of a few feet, and Rome, lamed in the fight, stumbled and fell. Before he could rise, Jasper had whirled with one of the Winchesters above his head, and his face aflame with fury. Asking no mercy, Rome hid his face with one arm, and waited, stricken faint all at once, and numb. One report struck his ears, muffled, whip-like. A dull wonder came to him that the Lewallen could have missed at such close range, and he waited for another. Some one shouted a shrill halloo. A loud laugh followed; a light seemed breaking before Rome's eyes, and he lifted his head. Jasper was on his face again, motionless; and Steve Marcum's

tall figure was climbing over a boulder toward him.

"Thet was the best fight I 've seed in my time," he said coolly, "'n', Rome, ye air the biggest fool this side o' the settlements, I reckon. I hed dead aim on him, 'n' I was jest a-thinkin' hit was a purty good thing fer you thet ole long-nosed Jim Stover chased me up hyar, when, d— me, ef thet boy up thar did n't let his ole gun loose. I 'd a-got Jas myself ef he hed n't been so all-fired quick o' trigger."

Up at the root of the pine-tree Isom stood motionless, with his long rifle in one hand, and a little cloud of smoke breaking above his white face. When Rome looked up he started down without a word. Steve swung himself over the ledge.

"I heerd the shootin'," said the boy, "up thar at the cave, 'n' I could n't stay thar. I knowed ye could whoop him, Rome, 'n' I seed Steve, too, but I was afeerd —" Then he saw the body. His tongue stopped, his face shriveled, and Steve, hanging with one hand to the ledge, watched him curiously.

"Rome," said the boy in a quick whisper, "Is he daid?"

"Come on!" said Steve, roughly. "They 'll be up hyar atter us in a minute. Leave Jas's gun thar, 'n' send thet boy back home."

That day the troops came — young Blue Grass Kentuckians. That night, within the circle of their camp-fires, a last defiance was cast in the teeth of law and order. Flames rose within the old court-house, and before midnight the moonlight fell on four black walls. That night, too, the news of young Jasper's fate was carried to the death-bed of Rome's mother, and before day the old woman passed in peace. That day Stetsons and Lewallens disbanded. The Lewallens had no leader; the Stetsons no enemies to fight. Some hid, some left the mountains, some gave themselves up for trial. Upon Rome Stetson the burden fell. Against him the law was set. A price was put on his head, his house was burnt,— a last act of Lewallen hate, — and Rome was homeless, the last of his race, and an outlaw.

XIII.

With the start of a few hours, and the sympathy of his people, one mountaineer can defy the army of the United States, and the mountaineers usually laugh when they hear troops are coming. For the time they stop fighting, and hide in the woods; and when the soldiers are gone, they come out again, and begin anew their little pleasantries. But the soldiers can protect the judge on his bench and the county-seat in time of court, and for these purposes they serve well.

The search for Rome Stetson, then, was useless. His friends would aid him; his enemies feared to betray him. So the soldiers marched away one morning, and took their prisoners for safe-keeping in the Blue Grass, until court should open at Hazlan.

Meantime, the spring came and deepened — the mountain spring. The berries of the winter-green grew scarce, and Rome Stetson, "hiding out," as the phrase is, had to seek them on the northern face of the mountains. The moss on the naked winter trees brightened in color, and along the river where willows drooped ran faint lines of green. The trailing-arbutus gave out delicate pink blossoms, and the south wind blew apart the petals of the anemone. Soon violets unfolded above the dead leaves; azaleas swung their yellow cups through the undergrowth; overhead the dogwood tossed its snowflakes in gusts through the green and gold of new leaves and sunlight; and higher still waved the poplar blooms, with honey ready on every crimson heart for the bees. Down in the valley Rome Stetson could see about every little cabin pink clouds and white clouds of peach and of apple blossoms. Amid the ferns about him shade-loving trilliums showed their many-hued faces, and every opening was thickly peopled with larkspur seeking the sun. The giant magnolia and the umbrella-tree spread their great creamy flowers; the laurel shook out myriads of pink and white bells, and the queen of mountain flowers was stirring from sleep in the buds of the rhododendron.

With the spring new forces pulsed the mountain air. The spirit of the times reached even Hazlan. A railroad was coming up the river, so the rumor was. When winter broke, surveyors had appeared, and, after them, mining experts and purchasers of land. New ways of bread-making were open to all, and the feudsman began to see that he could make food and clothes more easily and with less danger than by sleeping with his rifle in the woods, and by fighting men who had done him no harm. Many were tired of fighting; many, forced into the feud, had fought unwillingly. Others had sold their farms and wild lands, and were moving toward the Blue Grass or westward. The desperados of each faction had fled the law or were in its clutches. The last Lewallen was dead; the last Stetson was hidden away in the mountains. There were left Marcums and Braytons, but only those who felt safest from indictment; and in these a spirit of hostility would live for years, and, roused by passion or by drink, would do murder now on one side of the Cumberland and now on the other; but the Stetson-Lewallen feud, old Gabe believed, was at an end at last.

All these things the miller told Rome Stet-

son, who well knew what they meant. He was safe enough from the law while the people took no part in his capture, but he grew apprehensive when he learned of the changes going on in the valley. None but old Gabe knew where he was, to be sure, but, with his own enemies to guide the soldiers, he could not hope to remain hidden long. Still, with that love of the mountains characteristic of all races born among them, he clung to his own land. He would rather stay where he was the space of a year and die, he told old Gabe passionately, than live to old age in another State.

But there was another motive, and he did not hide it. On the other side he had one enemy left — the last, too, of her race — who was more to him than his own dead kindred, who hated him, who placed at his door all her sorrows. For her he was living like a wolf in a cave, and old Gabe knew it. Her he would not leave.

"I tell ye, Rome, you 've got to go. Thar 's no use talkin'. Cote comes the fust Monday in June. The soldiers will be hyar. Hit won't be safe. Thar 's some that s'picions I know whar ye air now, 'n' they 'll be spyin', 'n' mebbe hit 'll git me into trouble, too, aidin' 'n' abettin' a man to git away who air boun' to the law."

The two were sitting on the earthen floor of the cave before a little fire, and Rome, with his hands about his knees, and his brows knitted, was staring into the yellow blaze. His unshorn hair fell to his shoulders; his face was pale from insufficient food and exercise, and tense with a look that was at once caged and defiant.

"Uncle Gabe," he asked quietly, for the old man's tone was a little querulous, "air ye sorry ye helped me? Do ye blame me fer whut I 've done?"

"No," said the old miller, answering both questions; "I don't. I believe whut ye tol' me. Though, even ef ye hed done it, I don't know as I 'd blame ye, seein' thet it was a fa'r fight. I don't doubt he was doin' his best to kill you."

Rome turned quickly, his face puzzled and darkening.

"Uncle Gabe, whut air ye drivin' at?" The old man spat into the fire, and shifted his posture uneasily, as Rome's hand caught his knee.

"Well, ef I hev to tell ye, I s'pose I must. Thar 's been nothin' pertickler ag'in' ye so fer, 'cept fer breakin' thet confederatin' statchet 'bout bandin' fightin' men together; 'n' nobody was very anxious to git hol' o' ye jes fer thet, but now — " the old man stopped a moment, for Rome's eyes were kindling — "they say thet ye killed Jas Lewallen, 'n' thet ye air a murderer; 'n' hit air powerful strange how all of a suddint folks seem to be gittin' down on a man as kills his fellow-creetur; 'n' now they means to hunt ye till they ketch ye."

It was all out now, and the old man was relieved. Rome rose to his feet, and in sheer agony of spirit paced the floor.

"I tol' ye, Uncle Gabe, thet I did n't kill him."

"So ye did,'n' I believe ye. But a feller seed you 'n' Steve comin' from the place whar Jas was found dead, 'n' whar the dirt 'n' rock was throwed about as by two bucks in springtime. Steve says he did n't do it, 'n' he would n't say you did n't. Looks to me like Steve did the killin', 'n' was lyin' a leetle. He hain't goin' to confess hit to save your neck; 'n' he can't no way, fer he hev lit out o' these mount'ins — long ago."

If Steve was out of danger, suspicion could not harm him, and Rome said nothing.

"Isom 's got the lingerin' fever ag'in, 'n' he 's out 'n his head. He 's ravin' 'bout thet fight. Looks like ye tol' him 'bout it. He says, 'Don't tell Uncle Gabe'; 'n' he keeps sayin' it. Hit 'll 'mos' kill him ef you go 'way; but *he* wants ye to git out o' the mount'ins; 'n', Rome, you 've got to go."

"Who was it, Uncle Gabe, thet seed me 'n' Steve comin' 'way from thar?"

"He air the same feller who hev been spyin' ye all the time this war 's been goin' on; hit 's thet dried-faced, snaky Eli Crump, who ye knocked down 'n' choked up in Hazlan one day fer sayin' somethin' ag'in' Isom."

"I thought it — I thought it — oh, ef I could git my fingers roun' his throat once more — jes once more — I 'd be 'mos' ready to die."

He stretched out his hands as he strode back and forth, with his fingers crooked like talons; his shadow leaped from wall to wall, and his voice, filling the cave, was, for the moment, scarcely human. The old man waited till the paroxysm was over, and Rome had again sunk before the fire.

"Hit 'u'd do no good, Rome," he said, rising to go. "You 've got enough on ye now, without the sin o' takin' his life. You better make up yer mind to leave the mount'ins now right 'way. You 're a-gittin' no more 'n half-human, livin' up hyar like a catamount. I don't see how ye kin stand it. Thar 's no hope o' things blowin' over, boy, 'n' givin' ye a chance o' comin' out ag'in, as yer dad and yer grandad usen to do afore ye. The citizens air gittin' tired o' wars. They keeps out the furriners who makes roads 'n' buys lands; 'n' they air ag'in' the law, ag'in' religion, ag'in' yo' pocket, 'n' ag'in' mine. Lots o' folks hev been ag'in' all this fightin' fer a long time, but they was too skeery to say so. They air talkin' mighty big now, seein' they kin git soldiers hyar to pertect 'em. So ye mought as well give up the idea o' stayin' hyar, 'less 'n ye want to give yo'se'f up to the law."

The two stepped from the cave, and passed through the rhododendrons till they stood on the cliff overlooking the valley. The rich light lay like a golden mist between the mountains, and through it, far, far down, the river moaned like the wind of a coming storm.

"Did ye tell the gal whut I tol' ye?"

"Yes, Rome; hit was no use. She says Steve's word's as good as yourn; 'n' she knowed about the crosses. Folks say she swore awful ag'in' ye at young Jas's burial, 'lowin' thet she 'd hunt ye down herse'f, ef the soldiers did n't ketch ye. I hain't seen her sence she got sick; 'pears like ever body 's sick. Mebbe she 's a leetle settled down now — no tellin'. No use foolin' with her, Rome. You git away from hyar. Don't you worry 'bout Isom — I 'll take keer o' him, 'n' when he gits well, he 'll want to come atter ye, 'n' I 'll let him go. He could n't live hyar without you. But ye must git away, Rome, 'n' git away mighty quick."

With hands clasped behind him, Rome stood and watched the bent figure slowly pick its way around the stony cliff.

"I reckon I 've got to go. She 's ag'in' me; they 're all ag'in' me. I reckon I 've got to go. Somehow, I 've been kinder hopin'—" He closed his lips to check the groan that rose to them, and turned again into the gloom behind him.

XIV.

JUNE came. The wild rose swayed above its image along every little shadowed stream, and the scent of wild grapes was sweet in the air and as vagrant as a blue-bird's note in autumn. The rhododendrons burst into beauty, making gray ridge and gray cliff blossom with purple, hedging streams with snowy clusters and shining leaves, and lighting up dark coverts in the woods as with white stars. The leaves were full, wood-thrushes sang, and bees droned like unseen running water in the woods.

And with June came circuit court once more — and the soldiers. Faint music pierced the dreamy chant of the river one morning as Rome lay on a boulder in the summer sun; and he watched the guns flashing like another stream along the water, and then looked again to the Lewallen cabin. Never, morning, noon, or night, when he came from the rhododendrons, or when they closed about him, did he fail to turn his eyes that way. Often he would see a bright speck moving about the dim lines of the cabin, and he would scarcely breathe while he watched it, so easily would it disappear. Always he had thought it was Martha, and now he knew it was, for the old miller had told him more of the girl, and had wrung his heart with pity. She had been ill a long while. The "furriners" had seized old Jasper's cabin and land. The girl was homeless, and she did not know it, for no one had the heart to tell her. She was living with the Braytons; and every day she went to the cabin, "moonin' 'n' sorrowin' aroun'," as old Gabe said; and she was much changed.

Once more the old miller came — for the last time, he said firmly. Crump had trailed him, and had learned where Rome was. The search would begin next day,— perhaps that very night,— and Crump would guide the soldiers. Now he must go, and go quickly. The boy, too, sent word that unless Rome went he would have something to tell. Old Gabe saw no significance in the message; but he had promised to deliver it, and he did. Then Rome wavered; Steve and himself gone, no suspicion would fall on the lad. If he were caught, the boy might confess. With silence Rome gave assent, and the two parted in an apathy that was like heartlessness. Only old Gabe's shrunken breast heaved with something more than weariness of descent, and Rome stood watching him a long time before he turned back to the cave that had sheltered him from his enemies among beasts and men. In a moment he came out for the last time, and turned the opposite way. Climbing about the spur, he made for the path that led down to the river. When he reached it he glanced at the sun, and stopped in indecision. Straight above him was a knoll, massed with rhododendrons, the flashing leaves of which made it like a great sea-wave in the slanting sun, while the blooms broke slowly down over it like foam. Above this was a gray sepulcher of dead standing trees, more gaunt and specter-like than ever, with the rich life of summer about it. Higher still were a dark belt of stunted furs and the sandstone ledge, and above these — home. He was risking his liberty, his life. Any clump of bushes might bristle suddenly with Winchesters. If the soldiers sought for him at the cave they would at the same time guard the mountain paths; they would guard, too, the Stetson cabin. But no matter — the sun was still high, and he turned up the steep. The ledge passed, he stopped with a curse at his lips and the pain of a knife-thrust at his heart. A heap of blackened stones and ashes was before him. The wild mountain-grass was growing up about it. The bee-gums were overturned and rifled. The garden was a tangled mass of weeds. The graves in the little family burying-ground were unprotected, the fence was gone, and no boards marked the last two ragged mounds. Old Gabe had never told him. He too, like Martha, was homeless, and the old miller had been kind to him, as the girl's kinspeople had been to her.

For a long while he sat on the remnant of the burnt and broken fence, and once more the old

tide of bitterness rose within him and ebbed away. There were none left to hate, to wreak vengeance on. It was hard to leave the ruins as they were; and yet he would rather leave weeds and ashes than, like Martha, have some day to know that his home was in the hands of a stranger. While he thought of the girl he grew calmer; his own sorrows gave way to the thought of hers; and half from habit he raised his face to look across the river. Two eagles swept from a dark ravine under the shelf of rock where he had fought young Jasper, and made for a sun-lighted peak on the other shore. From them his gaze fell to Wolf's Head and to the cabin beneath, and a name passed his lips in a whisper.

Then he took the path to the river, and he found the canoe where old Gabe had hidden it. Before the young moon rose, he pushed into the stream and drifted with the current. At the mouth of the creek that ran over old Gabe's water-wheel he turned the prow to the Lewallen shore.

"Not yit! Not yit!" he said.

XV.

THAT night Rome passed in the woods, with his rifle, in a bed of leaves. Before daybreak he had built a fire in a deep ravine to cook his breakfast, and had scattered the embers that the smoke should give no sign. The sun was high when he crept cautiously in sight of the Lewallen cabin. It was much like his own home on the other shore, except that the house, closed and desolate, was standing, and the bees were busy. At the corner of the kitchen a rusty ax was sticking in a half-cut piece of timber, and on the porch was a heap of kindling- and firewood — the last work old Jasper and his son had ever done. In the Lewallens's garden, also, two graves were fresh; and the spirit of neglect and ruin overhung the place.

All the morning he waited in the edge of the laurel, peering down the path, watching the clouds race with their shadows over the mountains, or pacing to and fro in his covert of leaves and flowers. He began to fear at last that she was not coming, that she was ill, and once he started down the mountain toward Steve Brayton's cabin. The swift descent brought him to his senses, and he stopped half-way, and climbed back again to his hiding-place. What he was doing, what he meant to do, he scarcely knew. Midday passed; the sun fell toward the mountains, and once more came the fierce impulse to see her, even though he must stalk into the Brayton cabin. Again, half-crazed, he started impetuously through the brush, and shrank back, and stood quiet. A little noise down the path had reached his ear. In a moment he could hear slow footfalls, and the figure of the girl parted the pink-and-white laurel blossoms, which fell in a shower about her when she brushed through them. She passed quite near him, walking slowly, and stopped for a moment to rest against a pillar of the porch. She was very pale; her face was traced deep with suffering, and she was, as old Gabe said, much changed. Then she went on toward the garden, stepping with an effort over the low fence, and leaned as if weak and tired against the apple-tree, the boughs of which shaded the two graves at her feet. For a few moments she stood there, listless, and Rome watched her with hungry eyes, at a loss what to do. She moved presently, walked quite around the graves without looking at them, came back toward him, and, seating herself in the porch, turned her face to the river. The sun lighted her hair, and in the sunken, upturned eyes Rome saw the shimmer of tears.

"Marthy!" He could n't help it — the thick, low cry broke like a groan from his lips, and the girl was on her feet, facing him. She did not know the voice, or the shaggy, half-wild figure in the shade of the laurel; and she started back as if to run; but seeing that the man did not mean to harm her, she stopped, looking for a moment with wonder and even with quick pity at the hunted face with its white appeal. Then a sudden spasm caught her throat, and left her body rigid, her hands shut, and her eyes dry and hard — she knew him. A slow pallor drove the flush of surprise from her face, and her lips moved once, but there was not even a whisper from them. Rome raised one hand before his face, as though to ward off something. "Don't look at me that way, Marthy — my God, don't! I did n't kill him. I sw'ar it! I give him a chance fer his life. I know, I know — Steve says he did n't. Thar was only us two. Hit looks ag'in' me; but I hain't killed one nur t' other. I let 'em both go. Ye don't believe me?" He went swiftly toward her, his gun outstretched. "Hyar, gal! I heerd ye swore ag'in' me out thar in the garden — 'lowin' thet you was goin' to hunt me down if the soldiers did n't ketch me. Hyar 's yer chance!"

The girl shrank away from him, too startled to take the weapon; and he leaned it against her, and stood away, with his hands behind him.

"Kill me ef ye think I 'm a-lyin' to ye," he said. "Ye kin git even with me now. But I want to tell ye fust,—" the girl had caught the muzzle of the gun convulsively and was bending over it, her eyes burning, her face inscrutable,— "hit was a fa'r fight betwixt us, 'n' I whooped him. He got his gun then, 'n' would 'a' killed me ag'in' his oath ef he hed n't been shot fust. Hit 's so, too, 'bout the crosses.

They 're thar on the gun. I made 'em; but whut could I do with mam a-standin' with the gun right thar, 'n' Uncle Rufe a-tellin' 'bout my own dad layin' in his blood, 'n' Isom 'n' the boys lookin' on! But I broke my oath, Marthy; I give him his life when I hed the right to take it. I could 'a' killed yer dad once, 'n' I hed the right to kill him, too, fer killin' mine; but I let him go, 'n' I reckon I done thet fer ye, too. 'Pears like I hain't done nothin' sence I saw ye over thar in the mill thet day, thet was n't done fer ye. Somehow ye put me ag'in' my own kin, 'n' tuk away all my hate ag'in' yourn. I could n't fight fer thinkin' I was fightin' you, 'n' when I saw ye comin' through the bushes jes now, so white 'n' sickly-like, I could n't git breath, a-thinkin' I was the cause of all yer misery. That 's all!" he stretched out his arms. "Shoot, gal, ef ye don't believe me. I 'm the only one now thet 's left, 'n' I 'd jes as liev die, ef ye thinks I 'm lyin' to ye, 'n' ef ye hates me fer whut I hain't done."

The gun had fallen to the earth. The girl, trembling at the knees, sank to her seat on the porch, and folding her arms against the pillar, pressed her forehead against them, her face unseen. Rome stooped to pick up the weapon.

"I 'm goin' 'way, Marthy," he went on slowly, after a little pause, "but I could n't leave hyar without seein' you. I wanted ye to know the truth, 'n' I thought ye 'd believe me ef I tol' ye myself. I 've been a-waitin' thar in the lorrel fer ye sence mornin'. Uncle Gabe tol' me ye come hyar ever' day. He says I 've got to go—'n' I reckon I 'll never see these mount'ins ag'in. I 've been livin' over thar on the Knob, lookin' over hyar, 'n' hopin' I mought come out o' the bushes some day 'n' live ag'in like other folks. But Uncle Gabe says ever'body 's ag'in' me more 'n' ever, 'n' thet the soldiers mean to ketch me. The gov'ner out thar in the settlements says as how he 'll give five hundred dollars fer me livin' or dead. He 'll never git me livin',—I 've swore thet,—'n' as I hev done nothin' sech as folks on both sides hev done who air walkin' roun' free, I hain't goin' to give up. Hit 's purty hard to leave these mount'ins. I 've been livin' like a catamount over thar on the Knob. I could jes see ye over hyar, 'n' I reckon I hain't done much 'cept lay over thar on a rock 'n' watch ye movin' round hyar. Hit 's mighty good to feel thet I 've seed ye, 'n' thet ye believe me, 'n' I want ye to know, Marthy, thet I 've been stayin' over thar fer nothin' on earth but jes to see you ag'in; 'n' I want ye to know how I 've been a-thinkin' of ye, 'n' a-sorrowin' fer ye, when ye was sick, 'n' a-pinin' to see ye, 'n' mighty nigh starvin' fer ye, hopin' some day ye mought kinder git over yer hate fer me 'n'—" He had been talking with low tenderness, half to himself, and with his face to the river, and he did not see the girl's tears falling to the porch. Her sorrow gave way in a great sob now, and he turned with sharp remorse, and stood quite near her.

"Don't cry, Marthy," he said. "I 'm sorry fer ye, 'n' God only knows whut I 'd give ef I 'd never been born. Hit 's hard to think thet I 've brought all this on ye when I 'd give all these mount'ins to save ye from it. Whut d' ye say? Don't cry."

The girl was trying to speak at last, and Rome bent over to catch the words.

"I hain't cryin' fer myself," she said faintly, and then she said no more; but the first smile that had passed over Rome's face for many a day passed then, and he put out one big hand, and let it rest on the heap of lustrous hair.

"Marthy, I hate to go 'way, leavin' ye hyar with nobody to take keer o' ye. Ye air all alone hyar in the mount'ins, 'n' I 'm all alone; 'n' I reckon I 'll be all alone wharever I go, ef ye stay hyar. I 've got a boat down on the river waitin' fer me, 'n' I 'm goin' out West whar Uncle Rufe use to live. I hain't good fer nothin' much, but, Marthy,"—he spoke almost huskily; he could scarcely get the words to his lips,—"I want ye to go with me. Won't ye?"

The girl did not answer, but her sobbing ceased slowly, while Rome stroked her hair; and at last she lifted her face, and for a moment looked to the other shore. Then she rose. There is a strange pride in the Kentucky mountaineer.

"Rome," she said, "as you say, thar 's nobody left but you, 'n' nobody but me; but they burned ye out, 'n' we hain't even yit." Her eyes were on Thunderstruck Knob, where the last sunlight used to touch the Stetson cabin.

"Hyar, Rome!" He knew what she meant, and he kneeled at the pile of kindling-wood near the kitchen door. Then they stood back and waited. The sun dipped below a gap in the mountains, the sky darkened, and the flames rose to the shingled porch, and leaped into the gathering dusk. On the outer edge of the quivering light, where it touched the blossomed laurel, the two stood till the blaze caught the eaves of the cabin; and then they turned their faces where, burning to ashes in the west, was another fire, the light of which blended in the eyes of each with a light older and more lasting than its own — the light eternal.

THE END.

John Fox, Jr.



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"DON'T CRY, MARTHY."





DRUSIL'.

THERE was commotion on the Middle Beach. You must know there are three beaches, so called,—the Southern, the Middle, with which we are now concerned, and the Eastern,—which are simply pockets of disintegrated mussel-shells, cast up by the sea in clear spaces between the rocks.

On the Middle Beach was gathered an excited throng of men, women, and children, all talking at once, and at times pointing toward a knot of men bent over the well, the long sweep of which was describing eccentric curves and angles in the air.

In the confusion I could gather little to explain the unwonted excitement and activity on the part of the men, who for the most part are given to a practice which may be described as "laying back," and which one presently discovers to be the gentle art of doing nothing.

To all interrogations the one reply accorded was, "She 's daoun in the well," which was at once contradicted by another, who cried:

"Hain't, neither!"

"Sh' is, too!"

"Hain't, neither, I tell ye!"

It was not until the well had been sounded and prodded for half an hour, first by the men, then by the women, and finally by an adventurous youth, who climbed down into it with wide-spread legs, that one Maria Liz appeared at the top of the lane, and, wildly waving her arms, announced in a grating nasal voice, "I found 'er in un'er the baid!" and then there was an excited scramble among the women to see who would reach the house first.

It then came out that—"Ye see, Drusil' she 's set ag'in' egstravagant livin', bein' dreffful clus and savin', an' her folks allus wuz before her. Why, I 'member her paa 'way back in '62." And here followed a history of the author of Drusil's being, with which I will not delay the narrative in hand.

"Well, an' that's heaow she came by her clus ways; and now Fairf'—Fairf' 's dreffful openhanded, Fairf' is. Ye see, Fairf' he 's had a good charnce to secoor as fine a yoke of cattle as I ever see, an' I 've seen—" Here was interpolated a description of a certain yoke of cattle that the speaker had seen at the Lewiston Fair. "Well, Fairf' he goes to Drusil', and he up and tells her of the steers, a-p'intin' toward the advarntages into 'em, and 'lows that 't would



FAIRF'.

be a good thing for him to take the lawbster money, as was sot by, and go and git 'em short hand. Well, b' jolly! Drusil' she bucked ag'in' it, and sot up such a waxy opposin' of it, that Fairf' he gin up, and took out of the house, and baited two tub of trawl gear before he dast go nigh her ag'in. But them steer they kind of ha'nted Fairf's mind, and he could n't git shet of thinkin' of their silky hides and long, outdacious horns of 'em; and then he see the profit that they was into 'em, with the luggin' of the winter wood, an' the haulin' of stone for the new wharf, an' it rankled into hees brains so thet he got so het up with the idee of losin' 'em, that for once he up gear and run before the wind to suit himself; and, b' jolly! he went and got the lawbster money out the cupboard, and went over ter Georgetown, and bought the steers, an' never let on to Drusil'. Well, sir, he did; and he come back, an' no one never knowed nawthin' about it; for Fairf' 's dreffull silent when he sots out to be. Well, sir, yesterday the steers come. Ye see them when they hove them off 'n the schooner in the harbor, did n't ye? Neaow, ain't they handsome? Well, Drusil' she see them, too, out the winder, but of course she never mistrusted that Fairf' he had anythin' in 'em. Well, when Fairf' he sot eyes on 'em ag'in he was jest a-bu'stin' with pride into him, but he was afeard to tell Drusil'; so he ups and goes out trawlin', first a-sendin' one of the boys up to tell Drusil' that the steers was a present to her. Well, sir, believe it, Drusil' she never opened her haid, but just sot and looked as if she had a-knowed it all along; but just as soon as the boy had got clear of the house, she writ a piece on a paper, sayin' that Fairf' hed deceited her, and thet she had hove herself into the well; and pinned it into the lookin'-glass so that Fairf' when he come in would see it. Well, sir, bimeby Fairf' he kind of sneaked in with a pail of water, to pass things off peaceable; but they wa' n't no Drusil' around, and no supper sot out. Fairf' he kind of peeked around, and bimeby he see the piece writ on the paper stickin' in the lookin'-glass. He read it, and, b' jolly! he sot up a confusion; for Fairf' he 's dreffull softhearted, and that piece was enough to skeer any man, neaow wa' n't it?

"Fairf' he took out ter the well, and acted like a crazy man; and, b' jolly! we was all pooty spent, as ye see. Well, bimeby Maria Liz (dreffull hand for pokin', is Maria Liz) she was a-pokin' around in the house, and she heard hard breathin', and, says she, it give her such a turn as she had n't had sence the night she mistook the lordnum for the Jamaiky ginger.

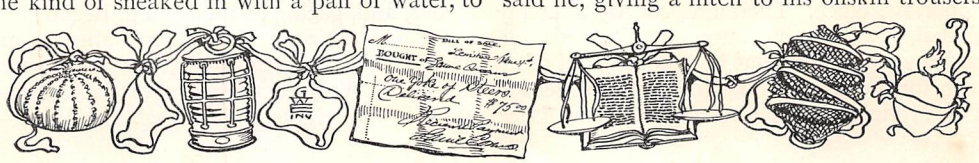
"Bimeby she peeked under the bed in the accit [attic], and—there was Drusil'. B' jolly! she had n't been near the well either once. Them 's the ways of women," he added philosophically.

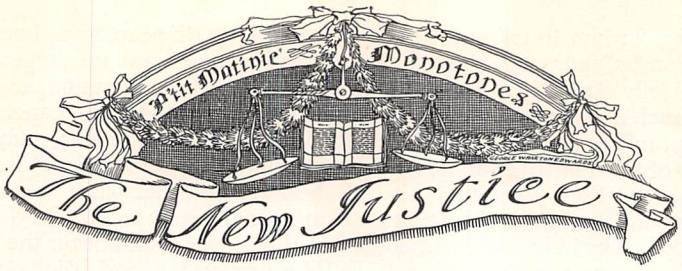
"Well," I said, "and what about the steers?"

"Oh, yes. Well, Fairf' he 'lowed that he 'd sell 'em out of hand, but if you 'll believe it, Drusil' she 's just as sot up with 'em now as Fairf' was before, and won't hear of a-partin' with 'em — an' them 's the ways of women," said he, giving a hitch to his oilskin trousers.



"THE GENTLE ART OF DOING NOTHING."





AT the top of the village, if one may so designate the collection of ancient houses huddled together beneath the graveyard on the hill, there lives the important personage of P'tit Matinic'. His freehold consists of a yellow, two-storied house, a hennery, a half ownership in a fish-house, with its accompanying privileges, a pair of wheels, forming part of an ox-cart, and the only ones, by the way, on the island. (I wish I could tell the story of the wheels right here, and an interesting one it is, too, but I started to describe the "Squire," and I must do so without more ado.) A pair of wheels, I say, and a better-half much given to gossip, and the pursuit of her own inclinations, one of which is the boiling of soap-fat, to the unspeakable disgust of her consort.

He first attracted my attention in the store, wherein are discussed nightly the affairs appertaining to P'tit Matinic'. He is perhaps between fifty and sixty, of large and muscular frame, nearly six feet in height, with a face as grave as can well be imagined—in color it is a reddish violet. His shirt-collar is generally open, and displays a neck at the base of which is visible a patch of crisp, iron-gray hair. At all times he wears a white shirt, in contradistinction to the other men, and from his ears dangle fine gold rings. In answer to my inquiry, it was made plain that he was Simon Tarbox, the educated man of P'tit Matinic', the arbiter of all disputes, from whose decision there could be no appeal. Here, seated upon a salt-cask in the store, he gravely smokes his pipe. Here he decides all matters referred to him, and plays the part of judge, as I have explained, in settling certain disputes between the islanders, which might otherwise breed ill feeling. Now it happened that I had been intrusted with rather a delicate mission to P'tit Matinic'. According to law, a justice was necessary upon the island; and, as I came through Port Cleeve, I was asked to find the proper man on the island, and to ask him to stand for election to that important office. Therefore, shortly after my arrival, I called upon Simon, stated my mission, and my confidence that he was the man of all men for the office of justice of the peace of P'tit Matinic' Grand Mahac plantation. How shall I describe the expression that crept over that violet visage as the full import of my words dawned upon him, or the courtly wave of the hand with which he bade me be seated, or the bearing which he assumed in anticipation of the legal robes soon to be his? Begging to be excused for a moment, he left the room, returning soon after with an enormous gold chain, with pendent seals stretched across his bosom, and a pair of brilliant-hued carpet slippers upon his feet; it was then I noticed that one of his eyes was blue and the other brown, and that the pupil of the blue eye was very large and vertical, giving an indescribable appearance to his otherwise absolutely expressionless face. Between us we arranged for a public meeting at the school-house the next day, where and when his election would doubtless be consummated.

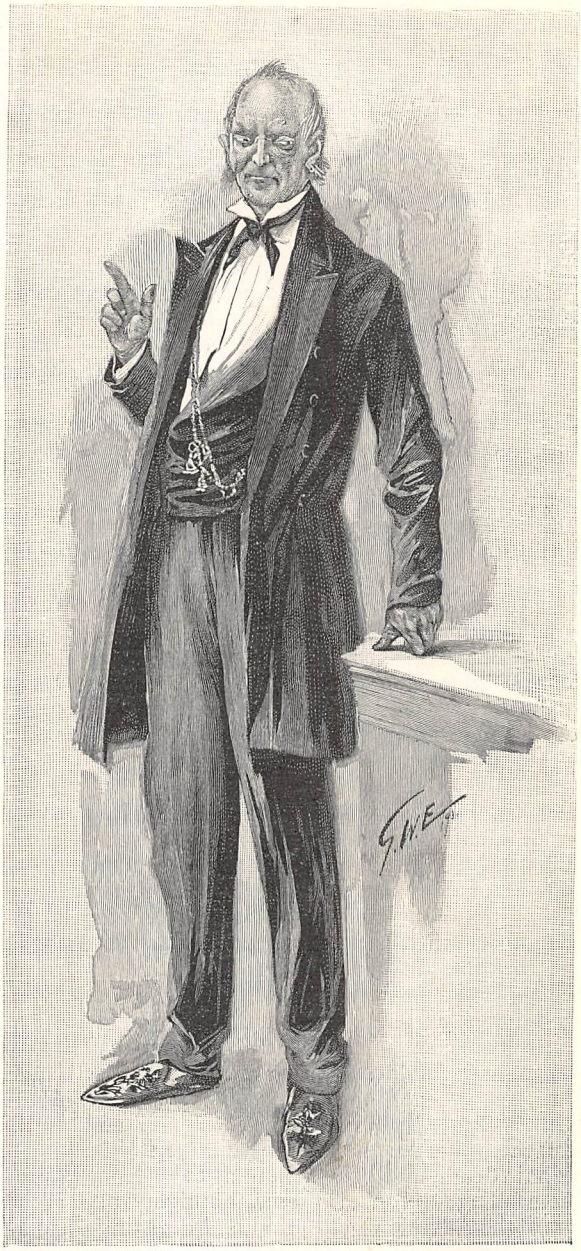
A placard was prepared and posted in the store, and the next day the men straggled up the hill by twos and threes, and soon the room was filled. Simon and I occupied the platform, where we prepared the slips of paper of yellow and blue for the voters, yellow denoting the ayes and the blues any possible opposition. Finally all was ready, and 'Fon' Smivvins and 'Lan' Levenseller were appointed to distribute and collect the votes. Simon stood up and exhorted each and all to conceal his vote, roll it up in a ball, and drop it into the box when it was passed around. The votes were cast in silence; the sunlight streamed through the small windows, throwing halos about some of the heads, bringing into relief certain horny hands with tattooed emblems thereon, and attracting attention to certain other flaring ears of vermilion illuminated by stray beams. The voting was over, and the votes were counted; only one blue paper pellet was cast, and Simon Tarbox was elected justice of the peace of P'tit Matinic' Grand Mahac plantation.

He arose, fumbled the massive chain in an impressive manner for a moment, cleared his throat, and, gazing at the ceiling, began:

"Fellow-citizens, ahem—we, ahem—are gathered here—ahem—what are we gathered here for? We are gathered here to exercise—ahem—our rights. What rights? Ahem—

why, our rights as free citizens of this island — ahem, ahem. You have been arsked to vote for a justice,— ahem,— and you have so done, so help you God. You have been arsked to select a man for that office, and you have seelected and eelected,—ahem,—and that 's all there is to it. I don't say that ye have done well, but, b' jolly! you could n't have done no different, and no better; and now to finish in conclusion,— ahem,— I don't want no hard feelings toward the cuss that hove in that blue paper. I cal'late I know who he is, but bein' justice of the peace, I wun't take no 'count of it now, but if he ever comes before me in a criminal capacity, he 'll discover me to be the instrument of jestice with power into it.

"And I want to say that I 'm desirin' to see the youth of this island grow up good citizens,— ahem,— that is to say, ef they don't, they 'll find me on to 'em, b' jolly! And I want to see this island obeyin' the laws and regulations according to the authorities,—ahem,—as laid down in Blackstone." Here ensued an impressive pause, during which the speaker gazed severely at 'Lan' Levenseller, who squirmed in his seat, and, becoming conscious that his left leg, which was elevated in an easy position on the back of the bench before him, was not entirely respectful in its attitude, stealthily took it down, and hid it beneath its fellow-member, a proceeding which was regarded with judicial severity by the candidate, as a recognition of the proprieties which should obtain upon such an occasion. This breach upon the part of the unlucky Levenseller was witnessed by the assembled electors, and duly commented upon for months afterward. To add to the discomfiture of the unfortunate 'Lan', the candidate pointed his finger at him, slowly and impressively repeated, "As laid down in Blackstone," and cleared his throat with a tremendous ahem. "And now I pronounce Mr. Simon Tarbox, Esquire, Justice of the Peace of P'tit Matinic', and if any has got anything to say agi'n' it, let him say it now, or f'rever holt his peace. So be it."



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE NEW JUSTICE.

Apparently no one had anything to say, and the new justice sat down heavily, and spat upon the stove. Then the men withdrew from the school-house, and filed slowly down the hill to the store.



I HAD known P'tit Matinic' for many years, and thought that most of her secrets were mine: her bold coast-line, her heights, her wooded hill, and the schisms and petty quarrels of her people were plain to me. My painting had long since ceased to interest them, and had left only a mild wonder in their minds that one who seemed to show sense in other particulars should give himself up to such a childish pursuit. Their discussions of men and things in the store were free and uninterrupted by my presence; indeed, they even permitted me to take part in their symposiums.

Now, one of my favorite walks and haunts was, and is, Gull Head, or Ol' Gull, as it is commonly called. In form it is not unlike the head of the bird for which it is named. I should say that it is two hundred feet high, and about as wide. It projects out into the sea, and is connected with the island by a thin, narrow neck of grass-covered rock.

In an easterly storm the shattered waves leap upon it, bounding, hissing in irresistible fury toward its bald crest, but are arrested, and poured down the sides before they reach it. Viewed from behind, it is not unlike the back of some huge marine monster rising from the sea, or, say, a creature of the barnacle kind. In color it is a deep purplish brown, dark blue in the hollows and ridges, growing lighter on the top from the presence of certain veins of mica, which are decorated with patches of a peculiar orange lichen. In no season of the year is the surface of Ol' Gull ever quite dry, but always damp and treacherous to the foot. If one fell there, it were certain death, for there was nothing to keep one from falling: and once in the sea, the mighty rollers of the Atlantic would grind and dash one's life out in a very few minutes, as I have seen them grind the body of a sheep that strayed too near the slippery side, and went rolling and bounding into the pale-green, boiling surf.

It was growing foggy upon the day of which I write, and the loneliness of the place was absolute; for the town is on the other side of the island, over the crest of the hill, and thus out of sight. A few gulls were wheeling and crying in the air above. Nothing else broke the stillness, save the boom of the sea, spurning and writhing among the hollows beneath Ol' Gull. Upon one occasion, when unobserved by the speakers, I had overheard some talk about a cave under the rock; there was evidently something about it that was not intended for other ears, for when I made my presence known there was an embarrassed silence. What I heard was this:

"I tell ye, Sim Breeson 'll git ketched at it 'fore long, an' we 'll all be into it," said one, bringing down his hand on his knee with a sounding slap.

"Oh, durn gittin' ketched!" said another. "Gull cave can't be found; revenoo ain't never been here, as I know on, and I 've lived here man and boy now sixty years come next lawbsterin'. S' long as it 's drinked here, an' ain't sold, in short of—" Seeing me—"Oh, yes, salt 's riz—and riz—an' 'll continoo to raise till ye can't see it fer the height of it"; and with that a pause, during which one after the other slouched away.

This it was that made me search for the cave. There are many such on P'tit Matinic'; some were reported unexplored. It was safe to enter one only at low tide, and then only for a few moments. If you were caught in another a minute after the tide, you must stay in its chill maw for five hours. This was the information imparted to me by the patriarch; but in it all was no mention of a cave under Ol' Gull.

It was a good ten minutes' walk over the crest of the hill from the town to the narrow neck that separated the main body of the island from Ol' Gull. As I reached it, I thought I saw a green dory below; but I dismissed the idea at once, for it seemed that no boat could live for a moment where my fancy pictured it; the rock here, as it descends to the water, is as smooth and rounded as the back of a hand, abrupt nowhere save where it descends giddily to the boiling surf. As I lay on the side of the rock, idly studying the action of the water, a piece of wreckage—the knee of a ship it was—came in on the breast of the long Atlantic roller, and glided toward and under the rock. I was sure it went under, for there was no shock or recoil where it should have reached the face of the rock; only a stealthy, gliding motion out of sight. What if this was the mouth of the cave? Why could I not, by means of a rope fastened to my waist and to the rock above, descend, and satisfy my surmise? In half an hour I had made my way to the village, secured a piece of rope, and was

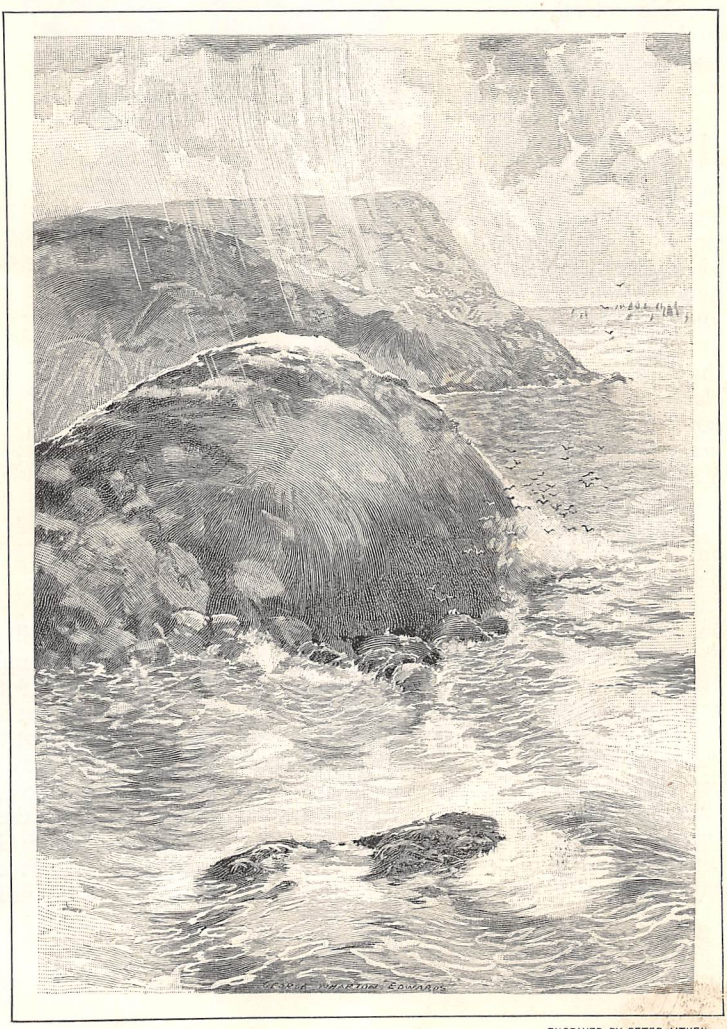
again in the mist on the brow of the rock; in ten minutes more I was slowly creeping down the face of Ol' Gull toward the water. Suddenly the rock fell away at an angle, and beneath this the water surged and flowed into an opening. I could see a steady inpour as each roller came up, but no outcome. I grew giddy as the water lifted its surface toward me, and fell away again, with mechanical regularity. It was ebb-tide, and I knew I had to wait only an hour or two, to discover whether there was a foothold there or not; as to the return to the top of Ol' Gull, I had no thought. With my feet securely braced in a deep cleft in the rock, I half sat, half reclined.

The water fascinated me; it rose and fell with seeming indolent, purposeless indifference.

With a suddenness that was startling, a dory, painted green, shot out of the fog; there was a trawl tub in the bow, and a little white buoy with a black dot on it, that I knew at once for the patriarch's. Even if these had not been present, I should have recognized the squarely built figure in the yellow oil-skins, rowing with its back toward me, *directly at the face of the rock*. I was on the point of calling out to him when something tied my speech. The dory leaped forward, the man turned his head; had he lifted his eyes he would have seen me in the cleft. I shrank back as well as I could without well knowing why. The man rested on his oars for an instant; the swell came from beyond, and as it lifted the dory, the man rowed with all his strength under the rock beneath me.

It was plain that nothing could be done before the tide fell; if there was any way of entering the cave other than by water, the falling tide would show it. Far off to the southward the sails of the mackerel fleet showed faintly, for the fog had passed to the north and east, and the sea was unruffled, save that the long, clean-backed rollers which swept slowly shoreward staggered a little as they passed over the sunken ledges. Eastward, where the sky was lead-colored, long fangs of fog hung twisting and writhing, torn by the fresh southwest breeze, and deep from the bowels of the rock beneath me came a sound like a smothered snore as the water entered the opening—a sound like the hushed breathing of some hidden monster.

The tide was slowly falling; in an hour there would be a fall of ten feet, and if there was a way into the cave over the kelp-covered rock, it would be at my command; if not, well, I could try — distinctly I heard a shout from above, and then the slack rope attached to my waist was twitched. I slowly and carefully turned in the cleft, and, looking upward, saw against the sky the patriarch fumbling with the



THE HEAD OF OL' GULL.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

end of my line, which I had made fast to a small projection. "Come up!" he called out, motioning with his hand.

Up I went, hand over hand, and, breathless with the climb, reached the projection upon which he sat.

"Ye want to spit on yer hands, allus, when ye handles rope-yarn," he said sententiously. (Pause.) "Say, mackerel's riz; see it into the paper. D' ye cal'late they 's gittin' any?" pointing toward the sails of the fleet gathered on the horizon. I ignored the question. "Ye don't say? Down there, eh? Is, eh? Cave? Sho, now!" I intimated that I had seen him enter the cave in the dory, and that I was bound to explore it myself. He looked me over slowly, and then once more studied the position of the mackerel fleet off shore. Suddenly he turned, and brought his large, red, tattooed hand down on my knee. "Say, son, d' ever you hear tell of the beast called the elephant, that 's got a nose hitched to his head four foot long? Ye did. Well, now, I cal'late a nose like that ain't healthy on to a human; to be shore, it 's dreffful handy for pokin',—on a animal,—but on a human it 's onnatural. Say, son, says I, 't ain't healthy on a human, mark my word. Say, son, what be ye up to, anyway? Ye hain't revenoo, be ye?" The hand on my knee tightened, and the gray eyes grew more piercing. "Hain't? Well, I 'll take yer word for it; but take my advice, as is given kindly—about the elephant's nose, and keep clear of Ol' Gull.

"Say, son, have a cigar, will ye? 'T ain't bad." He fumbled in the breast of his tarpaulin, and brought forth a silver case, worn, but of pure workmanship. "They 's fresh, if ye likes fresh ones." It was an Emanuel Garcia about six inches long, and of as fine flavor as I have ever tasted.

"Good? Oh, yes; pooty good. Got some down to the house a leetle better. Say, son, hev a taste?" Again the fumbling hand in the pocket, and a silver flask was produced, the exact counterpart of the cigar-case. "Take a swig? In the foggy weather it 's handy to have clus by ye; but I don't bawther it much. Be ye a jedge of liquor? No?" in a disappointed tone, taking the flask from me; then, "Well, let's be goin'; ther' ain't no more to see. Show 's over here, and lights gittin' put out. Guess ye be a picter man, after all; and say, come over to the house to-night; I 'd like to show ye a picter, and git yer opinion on to it considering its merits."



"'SAY, SON, WHAT BE YOU UP TO, ANYWAY?'"

He unfastened the end of the rope from the place where I had tied it, and with a circular motion well known to sailors cast it free, and it fell into the water below, and sank from sight.

Then, taking my arm ostentatiously in his, we carefully made our way back to the village. As we parted he said, with a peculiar emphasis, "Better for ye to be seen comin' back with me, son."

That night I was sitting in his house looking in astonishment at the picture of a fresh, fair young girl in a gray gown, exquisitely painted, and signed — Carolus-Duran; and looking up in surprise, I saw the patriarch brush his hand across his eyes. "Gosh ee!" he said; "that cordial went the wrong way. Hey? Oh, that 's my Polly. She 's in Europe."



"SHE arsked me; yes, she did, sir, arsked me fair." Hise turned the copper bolt which he was beating out hot upon the face of the anvil, and eying it critically, gave it a couple of tentative taps with the hammer. Hise, otherwise known as Benjamin Harrison Levenseller, blacksmith of P'tit Matinic', was the genius of the island. "Why, sir," to me said nimble Sim Breeson upon one occasion, he of the prodigious boots and hat, "Hise — you let Hise take and git him a good nice *bolt*, and I don't car' what ye want, he 'll make it out for ye on th' anvil, Hise will; but, gosh! he carn't talk none to speak of 'thout it 's in meetin'; and then when he gits deaown on his knees, b' jolly! th' ain't no one else kin have a charnce, 'cause he 's a-goin' through it all from Genesis to *Re*lations, Hise is. But ye git him off 'n *that*, where th' ain't none kin tech him, and where he kin walk round Scripter like a cooper 'round a carsk — *then* ye 've got him. 'Cause Hise he 's got a nateral impediment into his speech, Hise has, and he carn't git the words out what he 's sensin', Hise carn't. But with his anvil, or in meetin', Hise is a square-rigger a-goin' free 'fore the wind, Hise is. What say? Oh, no; Hise ain't never merried yit; he 's allus lived alone over in Lawbster Cove ever sence he come here a boy. My woman lets him have a bakin' o' bread occasion', an' a mess o' beans. He don't want much in the fancy cookin' way, Hise don't. Hey? Oh, yes; he 'll talk for ye, if ye patience him, and don't rile him by cuttin' in on him when he 's tryin' to git the words out, Hise will. He kin talk better when he 's a-hammerin' on his anvil; I cal'late he kind of shocks out the idees he 's got into hees head, 'cause Hise he 's full of idees, Hise is."

One evening in the late fall a schooner from Chebeaque brought as a passenger a tall, wiry-looking woman, who, when she landed on the beach among the salt-barrels and upturned dories, inquired of the men the whereabouts of Benjamin Harrison Levenseller. She was directed to his house in the cove, and immediately rumors flew wild over the island; some of the men betook themselves in haste to their better halves to relate the strange occurrence of a visitor for Hise, and a woman at that. Others followed the woman up the hill, and ensconced themselves among the scrub-pines, from where they saw the visitor walk boldly up to the door of the little red one-story house in the cove, and enter without knocking. For an hour the watchers waited, and then the visitor emerged, escorted by Harrison, lantern in hand, and hurried to the house of the justice of the peace, which they entered, closing the door behind them. I do not exaggerate when I say that the entire population of P'tit Matinic', with the exception of Sim Breeson, whose turn it was that night in the tower of the lighthouse,— men, women, and children,— was ensconced behind blinds of convenient houses, and out of doors in the shelter of rocks, and on the stone walls that lined the road to the house of the justice. One bolder than the rest walked up the stony path to the door, from which shone a brief gleam of light; and even I was beginning to feel the prevailing curiosity when Harrison and the woman emerged arm in arm. He stumbled in the gloom, and would have fallen, had not the woman held his arm. The two passed down the road between the hidden rows of questioning, eager eyes, past the store, which was deserted, and whose one forgotten kerosene lamp was giving out black smoke from a broken chimney, and up the hill to Harrison's house. "B'jolly!" said one individual who had followed them quite to the door, and then joined the throng which filled the store: "Hise he never opened hees haid, but the woman she talked a streak — could n't make out what 't was about, though. Then they went into the house and shet th' door." Here entered Fairf'. "Hise 's merried — I see 'em — I stood up with 'em while the squire spliced 'em fer better er fer worse; that 's what squire said, and I witnessed it. She 's got the lines, too, and Hise he 's spliced to her. I went up and told Drusil', but, b' jolly! she says 't ain't so, thet they 's underhanded business about it — comin' here like that female woman did, and jest snatchin' Hise offhand, as if they wa'n't nothin' onnatural in it. And Hise he jest taggin' along and lookin' as if 't wuz the same as he 'd been in the habit o' doin' every day. And she says, says Drusil', that they ain't goin' ter be no shiv-veree till it 's all made plain and square. It 's scan'lous, sech goin's on. It 's *scan'lous* when a female kin come over here an' jist walk a man afore jestice 'thout hevin' it said out in meetin'; and, b' jolly! I hed to sign the paper too — an' she got it!" Amid all the excitement of the ensuing days Harrison preserved his equanimity. As usual, when the wind was fair, his old green boat could be seen over on the fishing-ground.

The mysterious woman who had so outraged the proprieties of P'tit Matinic' pursued the even tenor of her way. The neighbors held aloof from her: there was no interchange of courtesies, such as a measure of green peas, or a toothsome cucumber, from the neighboring gardens; but as far as one could see, this had no effect upon the intruder, and so matters progressed.

Little by little the novelty of the situation wore away, and finally Hise's woman, as she was styled, was accepted as an integral part of P'tit Matinic'. The following summer found me once more at the island, and I noticed that now the interloper was respectfully called Mrs. Levenseller, and her praises resounded in the community. Who was it that attended to Sol when he got his fingers caught in the cog-wheels of the lamp machinery at the light-house, and deftly dressed them? And who sat up night after night at the bedside of old Mother Fethran, the common scold, who was in the last stages of consumption? And who was it, pray, who discovered Fairf' off the Duck Rock, in a nor'easter, on the bottom of his swamped boat, and rowed out to him before any one else had discovered his danger? Mrs. Levenseller, to be sure. She was a pleasant-faced woman of the Northern type, large boned, with wide gray eyes. I will let Harrison tell the story for himself.

"Arsked me fair — what say? Oh, ee, yes. She hed to — for I never wa' n't no hand to train with gells. I d' know; I allus cal'lated that they wuz laughin' at me. Ye know I got this 'p-p-p-p-pediment in my haid; got idees enough, yes; but when I go to talk, 'thout it 's singin' or preachin', I c-c-can't git it eaout. Yes; I see my fust over to Herrin'gut a-cruisin' by the post-office, and she turned and looked at me — b' jolly! when them big gray eyes of hern ketched mine —" Here ensued a paroxysm of chuckles and gasps. "Well, sir," he resumed, eying the copper bolt critically, and fitting the end of it carefully in a nut that he had made, "I allowed that I wanted that gell — but heaow ter git her? I knew I never dast spunk up to her. So I goes — ye wun't tell, will ye? — I know ye wun't, but them boys wants to find out all about it, so 's they kin set on the bar'ls in the store, and *orate* it — ever hear John B. Gough? I heard him over to Lewiston Fair. Neaow, John he —" I gently held him to the story in hand. "Oh, ee, yes. Well, I jest goes over to the bank where I hed four hundred an' sixty-two dollars salted down, and I says ter the jedge, — ye know the jedge? — 'Jedge,' I says, slow-like, ye know, cause I got the 'p-p-p-p-pediment in my haid, — 'Jedge,' I says, offhand like that, 'they 's a gell that I like over here, and I cal'late that she has a hankerin' after me — it 's that there big-eyed Petersen gell. Neaow, I *dassent* say nawthin' ter her — but will ye favor me with her? Tell her thet I got four hundred an' sixty-two dollars salted down — and I got a house — and lot over on to P'tit Matinic', an' a boat, fishin' privilege, and thutty-four hogsheads o' fish — good house — four rooms furnished deaown-stairs, and a woodshed. Will ye answer for my character ter her, and say that I 'm waitin' fer an answer?' Well, sir, the jedge said he would, and took his hat, and went along, and I waited there. Bimeby he come in. I says, says I, 'Jedge, what luck?' says I. 'Why, Hise,' says he, a-layin' hees hand on my arm friendly-like — 'Hise,' says he, 'she jest laughed, and said thet' — well, never mind the words she said; they wuz techin' words, a-makin' sport with my 'p-p-p-p-pediment. So thet 's the last gell I ever made up to."

"I don't understand," I said. "You got her after all, did n't you?"

"Got her? No, I did n't never git her; but I 've got her mother, and she arsked me, too. She came over on the schooner, and she comes straight up ter my house, and walks in. And I wuz makin' some coffee for supper. I says, 'Set down, Mis' Petersen,' I says. 'Howdy? Have some supper,' I says. An' after we had supper, she says, 'Harr'son,' soft like thet; and I looked up at her, and I see thet she had sumpthin' on her mind. 'Harr'son,' says she, 'be ye lonesome?' An', b' jolly! my heart begin ter tremble; I knowed sumpthin' wuz comin', an' I could n't git a word eaout. 'Harr'son,' she says ag'in, 'when ye comes home nights, there ain't no one to get ye a mess of vittles; there ain't no one to take your oil-clothes, and hang 'em up to dry nigh the stove; they ain't no supper sot out fer ye; and they ain't no worldly comforts in yer cup of life.' *Them 's* the words she said — poetical, ain't they, now? 'Harr'son,' she says, 'I come over ter stay with ye — and with that she ups and takes my hand, and lays her haid on my westc't — 'Harr'son, will ye hev me for your own wedded wife?' she says, an', b' jolly! I riz up and says, says I, 'I will! Le' 's go and get the squire.' An' now, sir, you 've got the whole story, and I hain't never regretted that big-eyed gell her daughter — pooty figger an' eyes she had, too, but she could n't stand my 'p-p-p-p-pediment; but sech idees is onhealthy, I mean them love idees, neaow, ain't they? Ye git yer haid all stirred up with thinkin', an' git *het* with it, and it 's onhealthy, — jest like book-readin', — neaow, ain't it?"

George Wharton Edwards.

OLD 'BIAS'S VISION.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

HE would have been a unique figure to a stranger who chanced to take the old Piney road, as he rested his white-wash brush in a lock, and leaned against the worm fence, ruminating, and apparently counting the pink and white cotton-blooms just over the bars. No stranger crossed that way, for the road had seen its best days, and there was a new cut a mile or so above, which left Piney altogether out of the march of progress.

But Brer Peter Henderson was not counting cotton-blooms, nor was he seeking the employment of his profession; alone, and unseen by the eye of man, he was wrestling with a problem which, for the time, was dark enough to shut out the mellow beauty of his surroundings. Brer Peter was noted for his piety, and he believed the cloak of sanctification had fallen upon him as softly as velvet wings unfold from the shroud of a worm, and that he could do no sin. That there were some scoffers who, heretofore, had not agreed as to the genuineness of his purple had been a matter of small moment, but since the occurrences of the night before, it did matter much. It was not so entirely a question of conscience, but rather how much of that dark proceeding had been uncovered. Certain of his associates he could depend on, for they were in his debt, but — and Brer Peter groaned in bitterness of spirit. Nearly ten hours had elapsed since that eventful time; somebody must have heard something, and, being overcome with morbid curiosity and sickening unrest, Brer Peter resolved to make a cautious investigation. Only one eye had beheld the struggle, and the world should still look on a saintly mantle.

He shouldered the brush with the air that his little world knew so well, but his courage flickered a little at a turn half a mile farther on as he heard the "thrub, thrub" of a washboard, and he cleared his throat as the figure at the tub did not even turn.

"Mornin', Sis Hobson!"

"Dat you, Brer Peter? How 's you an' yer folks? Take a cheer, an' make yerself natchel."

"Don't keer if I does, Sis Hobson," said Brer Peter, narrowly scanning the woman's face through half-closed eyes. "Me an' de ole 'oman mighty porely dese days, thank Gord. 'Bleeged, Mis' Hobson; don't keer if I does stop a minute." He set his brush carefully against the fence, and lighted his cob pipe, tilting his chair against the hopper, into the shade of a peach-tree, with a grunt of satisfaction. "We has fallen on mighty onsartin times, Sis Hobson."

"Mighty onsartin," and Sis Hobson flecked a speck of suds off her expansive bosom and went on with her washing.

"Dey do say, Sis Hobson, as how Parson 'Bias done seed a vision, an' heared a call fer ter prophesy," continued Brer Peter.

"Don't say so!" said Sis Hobson.

"An' dey do say as how he 's stirrin' things up powerful," and Brer Peter, more at ease, settled back in his chair. "My May Ann were over at a dance at Duck Pon', and she say whilst dey was er-dancin', he come limpin' in, er-beatin' time ter de fiddle wid his stick, though he never knowed it, an' er-givin' out dat dancin' were made fer de off foot er Satan, dat he heared er call fer ter prophesy, an' he gwine speak."

"Sho! what he got on his min' now, Brer Peter?"

"He tell 'em dey gwine hear de doom at de 'stracted meetin'; dat de time ain't come yit. Dey do say, Sis Hobson, dey gwine hear sumpen dat 'ill call up all de mo'ners, brederin an' sisterin."

"Sho! sho!" and the washboard was musical again.

The conversation was commonplace for quite a while, and mostly on his part, and Brer Henderson was disappointed, for the woman skilfully parried each advance, and only a direct question would give the desired information.

"Well, it 's mighty comfer'ble here, Sis Hobson, but dis ole nigger ain't no lily er de valley ter set here an' look putty."

"What yer hurry, Brer Peter?" came from the tub.

"Gotter be gwine," and Brer Peter rose and leaned against the tree; both owner and brush were akin in leaning propensities. "Whar Brer Jason?"

"Gone."

Brer Peter shifted his weight to the other leg. "Dey do say as how dey carried yer ole man off ter Boliver ter jail."

"Yas," said Sis Hobson, evasively.

"What mought it be fer?"

"Crap-shootin'." [1]

Then the silence was broken only by the

[1] A favorite gambling game among negroes.

rhythmic "thrub, thrub" of the washboard, and the "puff, puff" of Brer Peter's pipe, sending its gray circles lazily through the early summer air.

"We has fallen on mighty onsartin times, Sis Hobson," ventured Brer Peter. "Po' Brer Jason! But we all got de splinter somewhar, lack de 'Postle Paul." Brer Peter winced a little behind his biblical reference, for his



"'SANCTIFIED! . . . GO 'WAY, PETER HENDERSON!'"

own wife Marcy had a grievance against him. "But de pra'r am dat grace mought erboun', Sis Hobson."

"Yas; an' you men is all de cause of it," said Sis Hobson, taking her arms out of the suds, and placing them akimbo on her hips; for her heart was sore, and her lips were opened at last. "I tell you, Peter Henderson, my ole man 's good ter me, as fer as good goes, fer he ain't never lay de weight of his han' on me; but he ain't worth de wroppin's of my finger. Um! de harder we 'omans works, de harder we have ter work!"

"Dat grace mought erboun'," murmured Brer Peter, cautiously, watching for a rising tempest.

"I tells you what it is," she continued, "er nigger 's boun' ter be er nigger. You kin whitewash him twel you w'ar yer brush out, an' put broad clorf an' er b'iled shirt on him, but I 'low he 's boun' ter be er nigger! You cain't chalk out dem rings of er coon!"

"Yaw!" laughed Brer Peter, encouragingly, "dat am er mighty putty figger, Sis Hobson."

"Now, what I washin' dese fingers plumb inter de bone fer? Ter git dat Jason out'n jail 'fore 'stracted meetin' begin; dat 's what fer."

"Dat grace mought erboun'," murmured Brer Peter through his pipe-stem.

"Um! nigger don't know 'nough ter turn de tub up when it rain. White folkses kin give de back er dey han' ter de law, but er nigger! He go put his ole flat gizzard foot plumb into de middle of it — he gotter go shoot craps an' git jailed — um!"

Brer Peter leaned harder against the tree. "De sin, de sin, er dis worl'! Sis Hobson, does you happen ter know who were wid Brer Jason when he were took?"

Sis Hobson's check apron went to her eyes. "Hit were 'twixt midnight an' day; my Jason mought er run, too, if it had n't been for his game leg. We was gwine over ter Sis Chaney's dis very day, an' I seed de new moon through de trees over my lef' shoulder; but I sot an' wait fer Jason all night, twel I hear ole Speckle cackle 'bout her

egg: hins is just lack 'omans, Brer Peter; when dey 's got anything on dey min', dey just open dey moufs an' let it out plum loud. Well, I don't know nuffin, twel here come Brer Jackson an' Brer Adam, an' say dat Jason done been cotch crap-shootin'." Sis Hobson paused and sobbed.

"Hit 's all in de Lord's good time, Sis Hobson," said Brer Peter, solemnly. "Man 's boun' ter git inter trouble sho 's de chaff fly up'ards, but de glory gwine shine brighter, Sis Hobson, it gwine shine brighter." Brer Peter coughed a little, and scraped the ground with his foot. "I heared dar were three niggers wid him when he were cotch — Caney Creek niggers," he tried to say indifferently.

"'Pear lack you knows er powerful sight erbout it, Brer Peter!" Sis Hobson set her lip hard, and there was a searching intonation in her voice.

Brer Peter, stung as with a "cottonmouth," was unmindful in his wrath of the threatening visage and flashing eye.

"Lord, Sis Hobson, what I gotter do wid crap-shootin', sinful, worfless niggers lack ole Jason? I just heared it. *My* work 's 'mong de sorrerin' an' de 'flicted, ever since I were kivered wid de sanctified mantle er spotlessness come two year ergo, an' I been er-wastin' dis precious word dis mornin' on yer worfless ole Jason!" Brer Peter during his harangue had briskly shouldered his whitewash brush as a preparatory act.

"Sanctified!" Sis Chloe Hobson fairly shouted. "Go 'way, Peter Henderson! Here you been er-settin' in my Jason's cheer, dat he cain't set in, po' creetur, an' er-bitin' him lack er creepin' snake! Here you is, you ole black hypercrite — yer done got one foot in the grave an' t' other got no business out! *You* sanctified! Dar ain't de littlest j'int er my Jason's littlest finger but 's wuth ever bone in yer worfless old carcass!"

Brer Peter Henderson regretted too late his loss of temper and of the usual invitation to dinner. "Good day, Sis Hobson; I ain't er-angered — de bowels er my sorrer still yearns ter de sufferin', Sis Hobson." No answer, and Brer Peter lingered a moment with a final, "Good day, Mis' Hobson; I hopes ter see you an' Jason at de 'stracted meetin'." Fainter and fainter came the music of the washboard, now resumed, and Brer Peter gave a sigh of satisfaction. "She don't know nuffin'; but you had er mighty close call, ole man, if she *do* know; fer she were fightin' mad, mad ernough ter tell!"

During the colder months religious enthusiasm seems to hibernate in the average negro; churches and society meetings are regularly attended, and the show of interest is kept up, but the spirit is mildly latent. Possibly it is pleasanter to sit round a big fire on cold nights, roasting "swee' 'taters" and goobers; or it may be that the transplanted blood and disposition are easily chilled, and require the warmth of the sun for proper development, as do other plants of nature. Be that as it may, when the days are heavy with heat and the nights are stifling with drowsy perfume, then religious fervor buds and bursts forth in the warmth, a genus peculiar unto itself. Through the towns file the uniformed processions of Pole-Bearers, Sons of Ham, Sisters of Zion, Courts of Esther, and Daughters of the Seven Stars, for many a perspiring mile; and in the rural districts the "laying by" of crops is followed by the making of bush arbors, the spreading of straw, the gathering of clans, and then the voice of the exhorter is heard in the land.

The protracted meeting opened on a Sunday, and the morning dawned hot and bright. All the roads leading into the little town were full of dusty vehicles coming from Duck Pond, Caney Creek, Piney, and surrounding settlements. Some were "critter-back," and some were in wagons; some jogged along behind a lazy plow-mule, others "gee-hawed and whoaed" to a yoke of patient oxen; and all were in gala attire — fathers, mothers, grandmothers, and children. Here flamed a red or green ribbon from town; there beamed a smiling black face, sweating copiously beneath a new pink calico sunbonnet; here a pair of rusty bare heels beat a tattoo against the side of a crowded wagon; there an honest pair of "gizzard feet" trudged along in the dust in all the agonies of "store-bought" cowskins. All were bent upon enjoyment and religious exaltation; all were bound for the "'stracted meetin'." The spot chosen for the meeting was picturesquely beautiful. Beneath the arms of oak and beech, hugging the borders of a purling stream, were stretched seats of log and plank in two long rows, leaving a wide aisle up the center; and toward this spot the throng poured unceasingly. There greetings were exchanged, families reunited after a year's separation, agricultural prospects commented upon, and general good fellowship prevailed. There in the crowd were Jason and Chloe, the latter radiant in a red-and-yellow 'kerchief, the former awkwardly but proudly conscious of his "b'iled shirt" and new jeans bought by Chloe's hard-earned wages after she had paid his gambling fine. There, followed by the patient little Marcy, was Brer Peter, pompously expounding a knotty point of criminal law to an admiring listener. Then came a lull of the murmuring voices, a solemn dividing of the lines, the men on the one side, the women on the other, and a shaking of the restless children into their places, as the dusky patriarch of Hardeman limped slowly down the grassy aisle. No deep-throated organ was there to herald his

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approach with the stately pulsing "March of Prophet"; no mullioned window poured its mellowed light upon the solemnly bended head: but the sunbeams drifted softly through the swaying leaves, playing at hide-and-seek in the grizzly, waving hair, and over in the plum thicket a mocking-bird suddenly burst forth in a flood of melody to his brooding mate.

Old Parson 'Bias turned, and slowly and intently viewed his gathered congregation; then his quavering voice broke upon the silence: "My brederin, an' sisterin, an' chillen in de faith: I has tarried wid you on dese sinful shores fer er long, long time; I has seen de sun rise on sorrer an' set in triberlati'n; I has 'zorted ter you in yer youth, and has cried wid you when de gray hairs done come; I has worked wid you in slave-time, lack ole Moses start wid de chillen er Isrul, an' I has come out wid you, lack Joshway, inter de Promise' Lan'. Now de ole man stan' erfore you, maybe fer de las' time, wid one foot in de grave, brederin an' sisterin, dat gwine cotch us all. You has heared de ole man 'zort in time er peace an' pray in time er wah, twel de voice done fade erway lack de song er de locus' in de fall. Now in dese times er sinnin' an' fergittin', de ole man done heared er call, maybe fer de las' time, maybe fer de las' time, an' de ole man gwine fer ter tell it!"

The mocking-bird in the thicket had finished his song, and the pause following was oppressive in its intensity, when, slowly drawing his red bandana through his trembling fingers, the patriarch of Hardeman led his dusky followers in prayer.

The breast of nature was bared before her child, and through such humble medium the strange, mysterious soul lifted on high its untaught eloquence. Before proceeding, the eye



AT THE "'STRACTED MEETIN'."

of the old parson again intently searched his congregation. "I takes my tex' dis mornin', brederin an' sisterin, from de good Book whar it say, 'In dose days de young men shall dream dreams, an' de ole men shall see visions.' Long time ergo dar were er little boy name Sam'l who live in de house of er ole parson name Eli; an' he sleep in a room nigh him, 'ca'se Eli were ole an' sorter po'ly. One night Sam'l wake suddent lack; 'pear lack he hear sumpen call 'Sam'l!' an' he git up quick an' say, 'Farder Eli, you call me?' Ole Eli were deef, an' he git up on his elbow, an' 'low, 'I did n't call you, Sam'l; go ter sleep.' Bimeby he hear de call ergin, but Eli say ergin 't wa'n't him. Den Sam'l lay an' steddy, an' kick de kiver off, 'ca'se it were warm, an' he hear it ergin; den he say, 'Here I is, Lord!' 'ca'se he know it were de Lord done call him. I lackens myse'f ter-day, brederin an' sisterin, ter de infant Sam'l, 'ca'se ole age an' childhood is mighty nigh erkin; an' lookin'

inter de grave, I done heared er call ter de Jedgment. De Spirit done call three times, an' de ole man gwine prophesy."

Audible groans came from the front seats.

"Three times it call, ''Bias!' an' three times I answers, 'Here I is!' Oh, ter-day, brederin an' sisterin, here I is, er-callin' on you, 'fore it too late an' de sun go down on yer sin, brederin an' sisterin!"

Subdued groans.

"'Pear lack it were de early mornin', an' de Spirit taken me out ter a big place whar dar were a mighty getherin', an' I sees de grave open an' de dead walk out; I sees de getherin' er de los' tribes er Isrul, comin' from de norf, from de souf, from de east, and from de west — de air all curi's, lack er sun er blood were er-shinin' on de worl'. I looks up, an' de sky wuz all lined lack er gogerfy, cross an' crisscross, an' dar were writ ercrost it in fire de doom dat ever'body mought read — edication er no edication."

Groans from the sides.

"Dar dey were, er-formin' in a big percession dat gwine move bimeby. Nobody talk, ever'body skeered lack an' real ashy; I jine 'em, an' say to myse'f, says I, 'Ole 'Bias don't know nobody here.' Den I looks up an' sees ole Marse's overseer er-totin' er de dead muel he whup ter death 'fore de war, an' 'pear lack ever'body got sumpen. Bimeby we hears er shoutin' 'way over yander fer de rocks an' de mountings ter fall, fer de waters ter rise an' kiver 'em, an' our crowd groan, 'Hab mercy!' Oh, brederin an' sisterin, we could n't 'zort den, it were too late, too late! Dar was er ridin' here an' dar er horses what got wings on 'em, an' strike fire when dey put dey foots down; but we could n't look. 'Way over yander were Gabul er-waitin' ter give de summons wid de big trumpet er-shinin' lack de full moon er-risin' on er summer's night; but we could n't look, brederin an' sisterin, we could n't look. Bimeby I seed er crowd er-comin', an' I knowed 'em. Dar were de sisterin in de front what tells tales on one another, an' rolls er lie under dey long tongue, an' it tastes sweeter dan de honey an' de honeycomb ter 'em — dar dey come, sisterin! an' er-follerin' ever sister kim er little, long snake, an' it bite de heels er dat sister, an' it gnaw de heels er dat sister, an' strike wid his fangs; but she cain't bruise his head, 'ca'se her tongue 's done black wid er lie —"

Groans from the men's side.

"I ain't call no name, sisterin, but de Lord know who were dar."

Sobs from one side, and groans from the other.

"Den de crowd comes nigher, an' dey all got sumpen dey tryin' ter hide; most all de niggers got pullets dat dey stole, an' dey tryin' hide 'em in dey pockets, but dey cain't hide 'em. Oh, you hin-roost niggers, you cain't git shut of 'em in de last day! De moon good an' dark, an' de meat sweet an' juicy, but you cain't git shut of it in de last day!"

There was a visible cowering as old 'Bias continued, and a falling pin might have been heard.

"An' dar come Deacon Holly dar, er-puffin' an' er-blowin', er-draggin' dat yearlin' heifer he lied about in de cote — Deacon Holly dat 's 'zorted ter you many an' many 's de time. Oh, my brudder, you cain't hide dat heifer in de las' day!"

There was a painful collapse on the part of Deacon Holly, followed by prolonged groans.

"Den I seed Deacon Showers er-runnin' fitten ter kill, white and skeered — oh, Brudder Showers, you cain't hide dat shoat in de las' day! Yer coat 's too short, an' his legs too long, an' he squeal too loud fer ter drap him in de road — o-o-h, Brudder Showers, you c-a-i-n-t hide him in de las' day!"

Brother Showers leaned his head on his hands, and cried aloud.

"We 's a-a-l-l got sumpen we wanter hide, but dey a-i-n-t no hidin' in de las' day! Bimeby er little lizard come er-creepin' in my han', 'ca'se we all got sumpen dat we wanter hide; but de Spirit done pity de ole man's sin, an' kiver ole 'Bias wid de mantle er charity — hab mercy on dese sinners! Bimeby I sees Brer Jason, an' de light 'pear ter darken, an' de moon riz slow, an' dar were three others wid him, er-comin' ter de Jedgment — o-o-h, my brederin', er-comin' ter de Jedgment!"

There was an ashen, stony look on three faces in the congregation, and Parson 'Bias continued:

"Brer Jason he hold de fine er de law in his han', an' keep his mouf shut, an' walk 'hine de others in de percession er de Jedgment — oh, my brederin, dat awful day! Den here come Brer Adam and Brer Jackson dat fotch de blessin' ter de mo'nin' 'oman; dey got sumpen dey tryin' fer ter hide — o-o-h, my brederin, what is it? De bag am big, an' de balls am little, but dem little crap balls dey gwine click loud in de las' day!"

One after the other the two heads dropped to the knees, and the knees slid to the ground.

"Dar were *one* other colored pusson walkin' 'hine Brer Jason. O-o-h, my brederin, who he be? He go 'bout comfortin' de sorrerin' an' de 'flicted — o-o-h, my brederin! He taken down de robes er de sanctification — o-o-h, my brederin! He eaten up de victuals er de 'flicted an' de sorrerin' — o-o-h, my brederin, who he be? Who he be, brederin? He 's er-totin' er de horn er de crap-shootin' niggers, an' he cain't git shut of it in de las' day! He throw it in de water, but it float out ergin — oh, my brederin!

He put it in de groun', but de dirt won't kiver it, an' he tote it, an' he tote it, twel he white roun' de mouf; but de debil make him sweat, an' de debil make him groan — o-o-h, my brederin, who he be?"

Parson 'Bias paused to wipe the perspiration now rolling in little rivulets down his wrinkled face, and viewed with honest satisfaction his wailing congregation.

"De Spirit say, 'Look!' an' I turns, an' sees de face er de man what tote dat horn, an' I knows him. Oh, my brederin, you cain't hide dat horn in de las' day! Den de Spirit close my eyes, 'ca'se I don't wanter see no mo'. Oh, my brederin, if dar one sinner here dat know de Spirit's call, if dar one Christian here dat done fall from grace, let him come 'mongst de mo'ners whilst we sing dis hymn."

Softly old 'Bias lined out, "What shall we Do that Day," and in quavering tones it was taken up amid sobs and groans; Caney Creek, Piney, and Duck Pond had never before had such an awakening. The song with its dismal interlineations died away, and with blanched face, chattering teeth, and shaking knees, Brer Peter Henderson rose before the astonished congregation, his ministerial mien vanished, his personal pride crushed into the dust.

"Brederin and sisterin,— if I may be 'lowed ter call you dat on dis solemn 'casion,— we has fallen on mighty onsartin times." He paused, and something seemed to rattle in his throat; a silence followed his voice, and the usual, "Go on, go on, Brer Peter!" was unspoken.

"Brederin and sisterin, Parson 'Bias seed dat vision right. I, Peter Henderson, is de nigger dat tote dat horn, an' I makes dis 'fession now in de hearin' er you all, 'fore it 's too late. I, Peter Henderson, lead dem po' weak-kneed members er de faith inter de temptation an' 'citements er dat game. I l'arn it from er slick buck dat come from Memphis, an' we 's whooped 'em up many an' many 's de time, an' never got cotch, but de gourd dat go too often in de well bucket gwine git broke. I makes dis 'fession in de cause er 'ligion fer ter save my soul from de Jedgment. I has drag de sanctified robe er de promise inter de dus',— hab mercy on my po' soul! — an' make er money-changer er de sarvent er de Lord. I tells it all fer ter save my soul from de tormints er de las' day, fer it burn lack er fire, an' it cut lack er knife — hab mercy on my soul!"

Like a thunder-clap came the close of the confession.

"I burn ole Smif's gin, an' fire Caleb Jones's smoke-house; I taken de las' chicken off'n ever hin-roost in Piney, an' sol' 'em in Bolivar — here de money!" and a handful of silver quarters clinked on the boards, and rolled in the grass. "I has been er stingin' adder, er weasel 'mongst de chickens, an' er owl on de hin-roost — may de Lord hab mercy on my soul!"

Brer Peter sank down, cold and breathless, and some kindly voice raised the doxology, but ere the last note died away, Brer Peter Henderson was gone — "gone fer good."

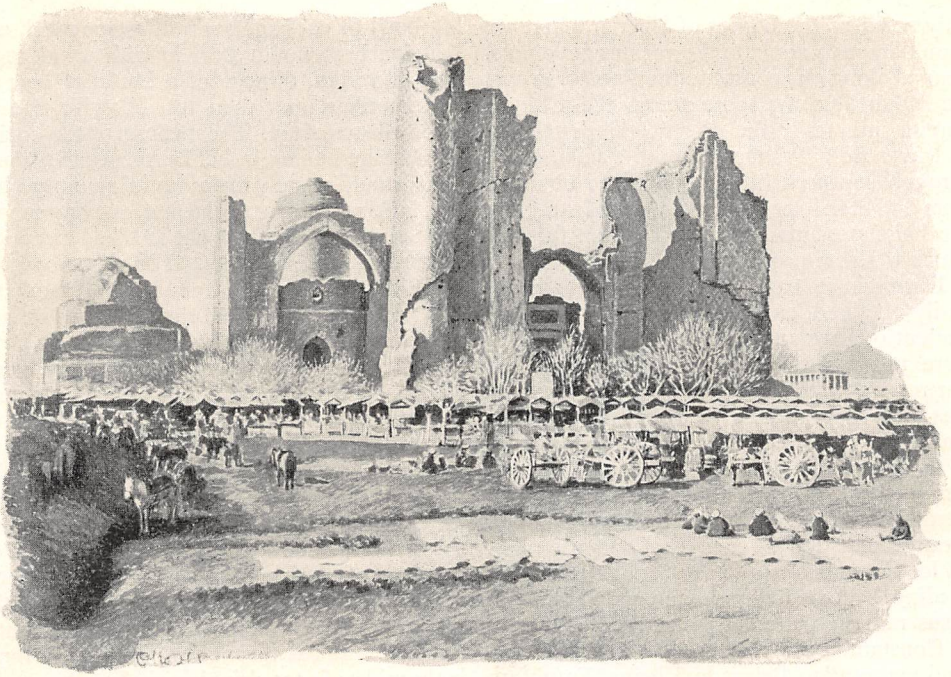
Some declared that he had been taken from amongst them by supernatural means; others that, like Judas, he had gone out and killed himself. Poor little Marcy inclined to the latter opinion, and wore her mourning faithfully long after peace brooded over the three little settlements, and generations had occupied the hen-roosts undisturbed; for the old, familiar haunts knew Peter no more.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

THE CLOSING CENTURY.

AS one who, roused from sleep, hears far away
The closing strokes of some cathedral bell
Tolling the hour, strives all in vain to tell
If denser grows the night, or pales the day —
So we, roused to life's brief existence, say
(We on whose waking falls a century's knell),
Is this the deepening dusk of years, the fell
And solemn midnight, or the morning gray?
We stir, then sleep again — a little sleep!
(Howbeit undisturbed by another's ring!)
For though, measured with time, a century
Is but a vanished hour tolled on the deep,
Yet what is time itself? 'T is but a swing
Of the vast pendulum of eternity.

Henry Jerome Stockard.



A MARKET-PLACE IN SAMARKAND, AND THE RUINS OF A COLLEGE.

ACROSS ASIA ON A BICYCLE.

IV.—THE JOURNEY FROM SAMARKAND TO KULDJA.

ON the morning of November 16 we took a last look at the blue domes and minarets of Samarkand, intermingled with the ruins of palaces and tombs, and then wheeled away toward the banks of the Zerafshan. Our four days' journey of 180 miles along the regular Russian post-road was attended with only the usual vicissitudes of ordinary travel. Wading in our Russian top-boots through the treacherous fords of the "Snake" Defile, we passed the pyramidal slate rock known as the "Gate of Tamerlane," and emerged upon a strip of the Kizil-Kum steppe, stretching hence in painful monotony to the bank of the Sir Daria River. This we crossed by a rude rope-ferry, filled at the time with a passing caravan, and then began at once to ascend the valley of the Tchirtchik toward Tashkend. The blackened cotton which the natives were gathering from the adjoining fields, the lowering snow-line on the mountains in front of us, the muddy roads, the chilling atmosphere, and the falling leaves of the giant poplars — all warned us of the approach of winter.

We had hoped at least to reach Vernoye, a provincial capital near the converging point of the Turkestan, Siberian, and Chinese boundaries, whence we could continue, on the opening of the following spring, either through Siberia or across the Chinese empire. But in this we were doomed to disappointment. The delay on the part of the Russian authorities in granting us permission to enter Transcaspia had postponed at least a month our arrival in Tashkend, and now, owing to the early advent of the rainy season, the roads leading north were almost impassable even for the native carts. This fact, together with the reports of heavy snow-falls beyond the Alexandrovski Mountains, on the road to Vernoye, lent a rather cogent influence to the persuasions of our newly made friends to spend the winter among them.

Then, too, such a plan, we thought, might not be unproductive of future advantages. Thus far we had been journeying through Russian territory without a passport. We had no authorization except the telegram to "come on," received from General Kuropatkine at Askabad, and the verbal permission of Count Rosterzsoff at Samarkand to proceed to Tashkend. Furthermore, the passport for which we had just applied to Baron Wrevsky, the Governor-General of Turkestan, would be available

only as far as the border of Siberia, where we should have to apply to the various governors-general along our course to the Pacific, in case we should find the route across the Chinese empire impracticable. A general permission to travel from Tashkend to the Pacific coast, through southern Siberia, could be obtained from St. Petersburg only, and that only through the chief executive of the province through which we were passing.

Permission to enter Turkestan is by no means easily obtained, as is well understood by the student of Russian policy in central Asia. We were not a little surprised, therefore, when our request to spend the winter in its capital was graciously granted by Baron Wrevsky, as well as the privilege for one of us to return in the mean time to London. This we had determined on, in order to secure some much-needed bicycle supplies, and to complete other arrangements for the success of our enterprise. By lot the return trip fell to Sachtleben. Proceeding by the Transcaspian and Transcaucasus railroads, the Caspian and Black seas, to Constantinople, and thence by the "overland express" to Belgrade, Vienna, Frankfort, and Calais, he was able to reach London in sixteen days.

Tashkend, though nearly in the same latitude as New York, is so protected by the Alexandrovski Mountains from the Siberian blizzards and the scorching winds of the Kara-Kum desert as to have an even more moderate climate. A tributary of the Tchirtchick River forms the line of demarcation between the native and the European portions of the city, although the population of the latter is by no means devoid of a native element. Both together cover an area as extensive as Paris, though the population is only 120,000, of which 100,000 are congregated in the native, or Sart, quarter. There is a floating element of Kashgarians, Bokhariots, Persians, and Afghans, and a resident majority of Kirghiz, Tatars, Jews, Hindus, gypsies, and Sarts, the latter being a generic title for the urban, as distinguished from the nomad, people.

Our winter quarters were obtained at the home of a typical Russian family, in company with a young reserve officer. He, having finished his university career and time of military service, was engaged in Tashkend in the interest of his father, a wholesale merchant in Moscow. With him we were able to converse either in French or German, both of which languages he could speak more purely than his native Russian. Our good-natured, corpulent host had emigrated, in the pioneer days, from the steppes of southern Russia, and had grown wealthy through the "unearned increment."

The Russian samovar is the characteristic feature of the Russian household. Besides a big bowl of cabbage soup at every meal, our Russian host would start in with a half-tumbler of vodka, dispose of a bottle of beer in the intervals, and then top off with two or three glasses of tea. The mistress of the household, being limited in her beverages to tea and soup, would usually make up in quantity what was lacking in variety. In fact, one day she informed us that she had not imbibed a drop of water for over six years. For this, however, there is a very plausible excuse. With the water at Tashkend, as with that from the Zerafshan at Bokhara, a dangerous worm called *reshta* is absorbed into the system. Nowhere have we drunk better tea than around the steaming samovar of our Tashkend host. No peasant is too poor, either in money or in sentiment, to buy and feel the cheering influence of tea. Even the Cossack, in his forays into the wilds of central Asia, is sustained by it. Unlike the Chinese, the Russians consider sugar a necessary concomitant of tea-drinking. There are three methods of sweetening tea: to put the sugar in the glass; to place a lump of sugar in the mouth, and suck the tea through it; to hang a lump in the midst of a tea-drinking circle, to be swung around for each in turn to touch with his tongue, and then to take a swallow of tea.

The meaning of the name Tashkend is "city of stone," but a majority of the houses are one-story mud structures, built low, so as to prevent any disastrous effects from earthquakes. The roofs are so flat and poorly constructed that during the rainy season a dry ceiling is rather the exception than the rule. Every building is covered with whitewash or white paint, and fronts directly on the street. There are plenty of back and side yards, but none in front. This is not so bad on the broad streets of a Russian town. In Tashkend they are exceptionally wide, with ditches on each side through which the water from the Tchirtchick ripples along beneath the double, and even quadruple, rows of poplars, acacias, and willows. These trees grow here with remarkable luxuriance, from a mere twig stuck into the ground. Although twenty years of Russian irrigation has given Nature a chance to rear thousands of trees on former barren wastes, yet wood is still comparatively scarce and dear.

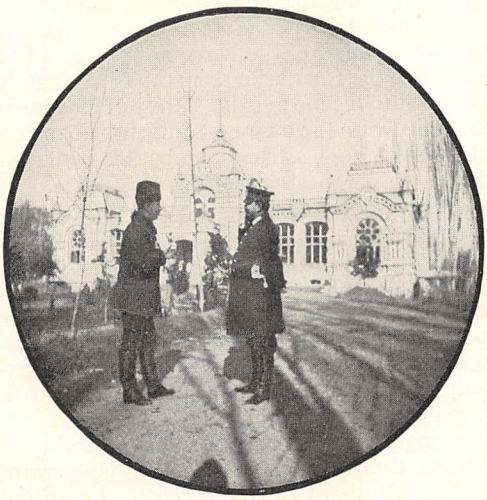
The administration buildings of the city are for the most part exceedingly plain and unpretentious. In striking contrast is the new Russian cathedral, the recently erected school, and a large retail store built by a resident Greek, all of which are fine specimens of Russian architecture. Among its institutions are an observatory, a museum containing an embryo collection of Turkestan products and antiquities, and a medical dispensary for the natives, where vaccination is performed by graduates of medi-



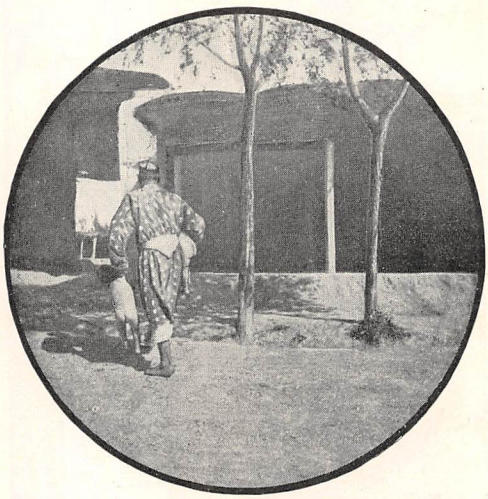
A RELIGIOUS DRAMA IN SAMARKAND.



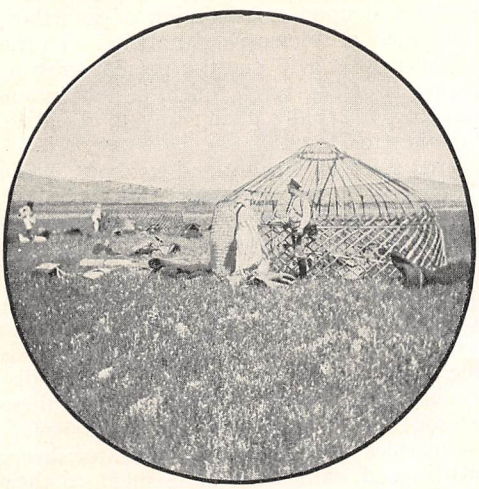
OUR FERRY OVER THE ZERAFSHAN.



PALACE OF THE CZAR'S NEPHEW, TASHKEND.



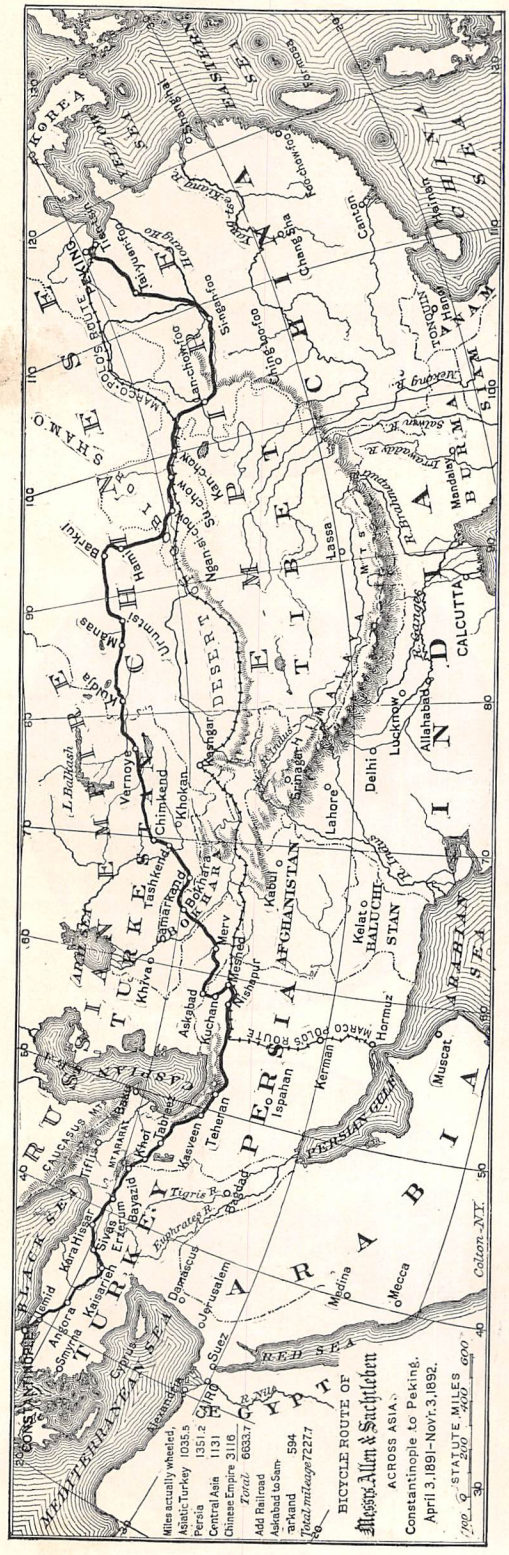
A SART RESCUING HIS CHILDREN FROM THE CAMERA OF THE "FOREIGN DEVILS."



KIRGHIZ ERECTING KIBITKAS BY THE CHU RIVER.



UPPER VALLEY OF THE CHU RIVER.



cine in the Tashkend school. The rather extensive library was originally collected for the chancellery of the governor-general, and contains the best collection of works on central Asia that is to be found in the world, including in its scope not only books and pamphlets, but even magazines and newspaper articles. For amusements, the city has a theater, a small imitation of the opera house at Paris; and the Military Club, which, with its billiards and gambling, and weekly reunions, balls, and concerts, though a regular feature of a Russian garrison town, is especially pretentious in Tashkend. In size, architecture, and appointments, the club-house has no equal, we were told, outside the capital and Moscow.

Tashkend has long been known as a refuge for damaged reputations and shattered fortunes, or "the official purgatory following upon the emperor's displeasure." One of the finest houses of the city is occupied by the Grand Duke Nicholai Constantinovitch Romanoff, son of the late general admiral of the Russian navy, and first cousin to the Czar, who seems to be cheerfully resigned to his life in exile. Most of his time is occupied with the business of his silk-factory on the outskirts of Tashkend, and at his farm near Hodjent, which a certain firm in Chicago, at the time of our sojourn, was stocking with irrigating machinery. All of his bills are paid with checks drawn on his St. Petersburg trustees. His private life is rather unconventional and even democratic. Visitors to his household are particularly impressed with the beauty of his wife and the size of his liquor glasses. The example of the grand duke illustrates the sentiment in favor of industrial pursuits which is growing among the military classes, and even among the nobility, of Russia. The government itself, thanks to the severe lesson of the Crimean war, has learned that a great nation must stand upon a foundation of something more than aristocracy and nobility. To this influence is largely due the present growing prosperity of Tashkend, which, in military importance, is rapidly giving way to Askabad, "the key to Herat."

That spirit of equality and fraternity which characterizes the government of a Russian *mir*, or village, has been carried even into central Asia. We have frequently seen Russian peasants and natives occupying adjoining apartments in the same household, while in the process of trade all classes seem to fraternize in an easy and even cordial manner. The same is true of the children, who play together indiscriminately in the street. Many a one of these heterogeneous groups we have watched "playing marbles" with the ankle-bones of sheep, and listened, with some amusement, to their half Russian, half native jargon. Schools are



FANTASTIC RIDING AT THE SUMMER ENCAMPMENT OF THE COSSACKS.

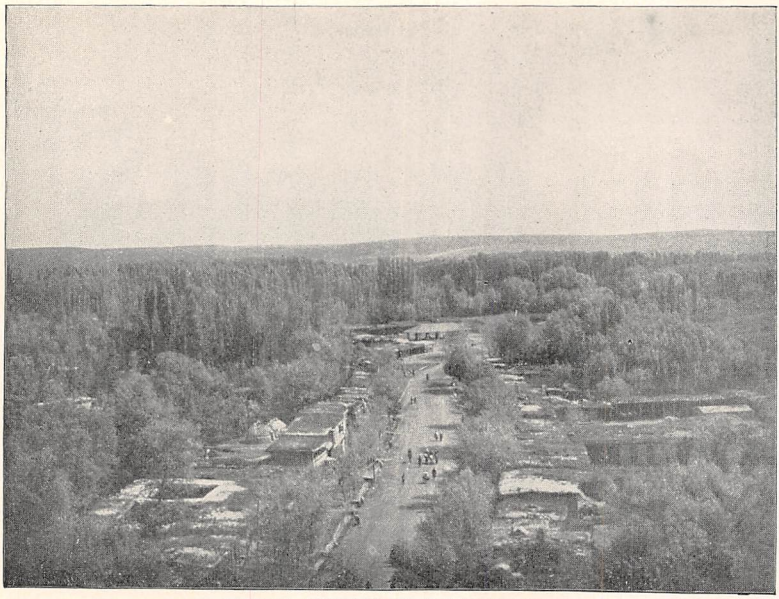
now being established to educate the native children in the Russian language and methods, and native apprentices are being taken in by Russian merchants for the same purpose.

In Tashkend, as in every European city of the Orient, drunkenness, and gambling, and social laxity have followed upon the introduction of Western morals and culture. Jealousy and intrigue among the officers and functionaries are also not strange, perhaps, at so great a distance from headquarters, where the only avenue to distinction seems to lie through the public service. At the various dinner-parties and sociables given throughout the winter, the topic of war always met with general welcome. On one occasion a report was circulated that Abdurrahman Khan, the Ameer of Afghanistan, was lying at the point of death. Great preparations, it was said, were being made for an expedition over the Pamir, to establish on the throne the Russian candidate, Is-shah Khan from Samarkand, before Ayub Khan, the rival British protégé, could be brought from India. The young officers at once began to discuss their chances for promotion, and the number of decorations to be forthcoming from St. Petersburg. The social gatherings at Tashkend were more convivial than sociable. Acquaintances can eat and drink together with the greatest of good cheer, but there is very little sympathy in conversation. It was difficult for them to understand why we had come so far to see a country which to many of them was a place of exile.

An early spring did not mean an early departure from winter quarters. Impassable roads kept us anxious prisoners for a month and a half after the necessary papers had been secured. These included, in addition to the local passports, a carte-blanche permission to travel from Tashkend to Vladivostock through Turkestan and Siberia, a document obtained from St. Petersburg through the United States minister, the Hon. Charles Emory Smith. Of this route to the Pacific we were therefore certain, and yet, despite the universal opinion that a bicycle journey across the Celestial empire was impracticable, we had determined to continue on to the border line, and there to seek better information. "Don't go into China" were the last words of our many kind friends as we wheeled out of Tashkend on the seventh of May.

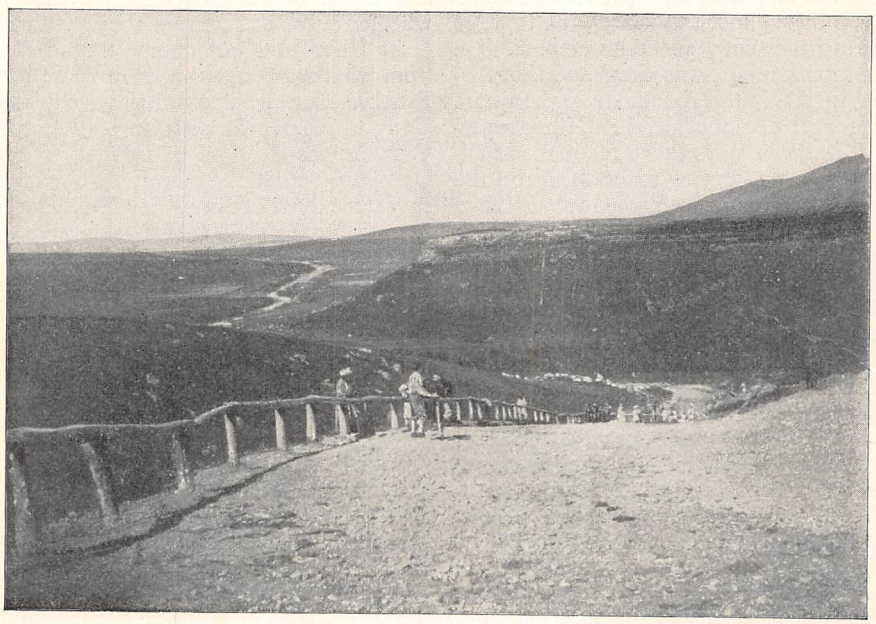
At Chimkend our course turned abruptly from what was once the main route between Russia's European and Asiatic capitals, and along which De Lesseps, in his letter to the Czar, proposed a line of railroad to connect Orenburg with Samarkand, a distance about equal to that between St. Petersburg and Odessa, 1483 miles. This is also the keystone in that wall of forts which Russia gradually raised around her unruly nomads of the steppes, and where, according to Gortchakoff's circular of 1864, "both interest and reason" required her to stop; and yet at that very time General Tchernaieff was advancing his forces upon the present capital, Tashkend. Here, too, we began that journey of 1500 miles along the Celestial mountain range which terminated only when we scaled its summit beyond Barkul to descend again into the burning sands of the Desert of Gobi. Here runs the great historical highway between China and the West.

From Auli-eta eastward we had before us about 200 miles of a vast steppe region. Near



VIEW OF CHIMKEND FROM THE CITADEL.

the mountains is a wilderness of lakes, swamps, and streams, which run dry in summer. This is the country of the "Thousand Springs" mentioned by the Chinese pilgrim Huen T'sang, and where was established the kingdom of Black China, supposed by many to have been one of the kingdoms of "Prester John." But far away to our left were the white sands of the Ak-Kum, over which the cloudless atmosphere quivers incessantly, like the blasts of a furnace. Of all these deserts, occupying probably one half of the whole Turkestan steppe, none is more terrible than that of the "Golodnaya Steppe," or Steppe of Hunger, to the north of the "White Sands" now before us. Even in the cool of evening, it is said that the soles of the wayfarer's feet become scorched, and the dog accompanying him finds no repose till he has burrowed below the burning surface. The monotonous appearance of the steppe itself is only intensified in winter, when the snow smooths over the broken surface, and even necessitates the placing of mud posts at regular intervals to mark the roadway for the Kirghiz post-drivers. But in the spring and autumn its arid surface is clothed, as if by enchantment, with verdure and prairie flowers. Both flowers and birds are gorgeously colored. One variety, about half the size of the jackdaw which infests the houses of Tashkend and Samarkand, has a bright blue body and red wings; another, resembling our field-lark in size and habits, combines a pink breast with black head and



ON THE ROAD BETWEEN CHIMKEND AND VERNOYE.

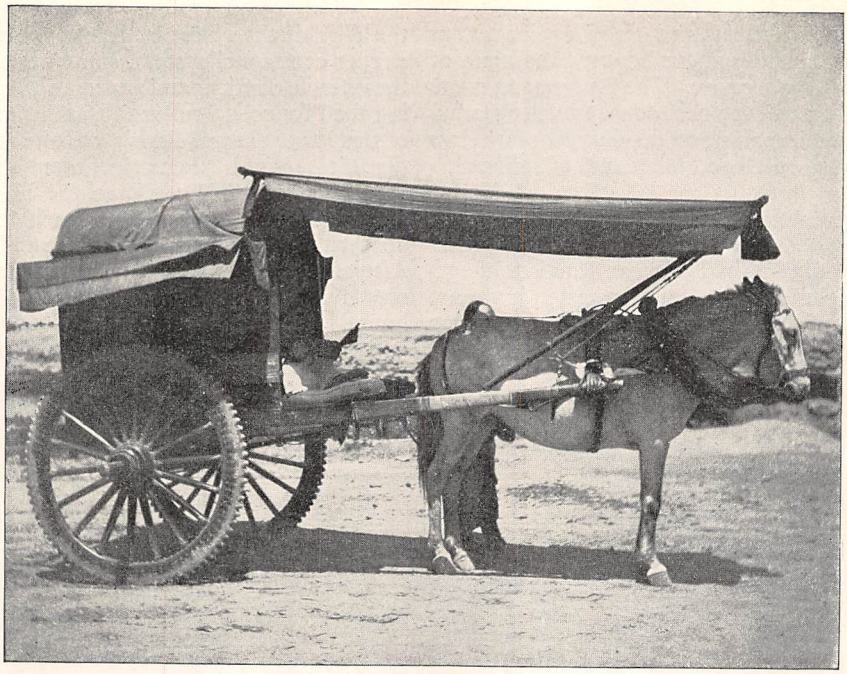
wings. But already this springtide splendor was beginning to disappear beneath the glare of approaching summer. The long wagon-trains of lumber, and the occasional traveler's tarantass rumbling along to the discord of its *duga* bells, were enveloped in a cloud of suffocating dust.

Now and then we would overtake a party of Russian peasants migrating from the famine-stricken districts of European Russia to the pioneer colonies along this Turkestan highway. The peculiarity of these villages is their extreme length, all the houses facing on the one wide street. Most of them are merely mud huts, others make pretensions to doors and windows, and a coat of whitewash. Near-by usually stands the old battered telega which served as a home during many months of travel over the Orenburg highway. It speaks well for the colonizing capacity of the Russians that they can be induced to come so many hundreds of miles from their native land, to settle in such a primitive way among the half-wild tribes of the steppes. As yet they do very little farming, but live, like the Kirghiz, by raising horses, cows, sheep, and goats, and, in addition, the Russian hog, the last resembling very much the wild swine of the jungles. Instead of the former military colonies of plundering Cossacks, who really become more assimilated to the Kirghiz than these to their conquerors, the *mir*, or communal system, is now penetrating these fertile districts, and systematically replacing the Mongolian culture. But the ignorance of this lower class of Russians is almost as noticeable as that of the natives themselves. As soon as we entered a village, the blacksmith left his anvil, the carpenter his bench, the storekeeper his counter, and the milkmaid her task. After our parade of the principal street, the crowd would gather round us at the station-house. All sorts of queries and ejaculations would pass among them. One would ask: "Are these gentlemen baptized? Are they really Christians?" On account of their extreme ignorance these Russian colonists are by no means able to cope with their German colleagues, who are given the poorest land, and yet make a better living.



THE CHINESE MILITARY COMMANDER OF KULDJA.

The steppe is a good place for learning patience. With the absence of landmarks, you seem never to be getting anywhere. It presents the appearance of a boundless level expanse, the very undulations of which are so uniform as to conceal the intervening troughs. Into these, horsemen, and sometimes whole caravans, mysteriously disappear. In this way we were often enabled to surprise a herd of gazelles grazing by the roadside. They would stand for a moment with necks extended, and then scamper



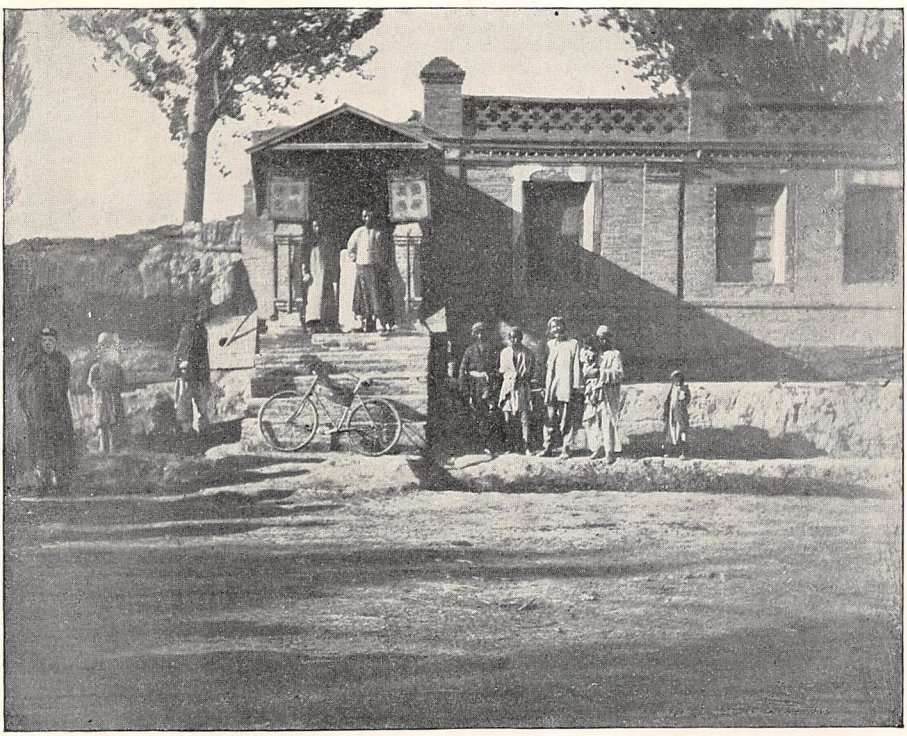
STYLISH CART OF A CHINESE MANDARIN.

away like a shot, springing on their pipe-stem limbs three or four feet into the air. Our average rate was about seven miles an hour, although the roads were sometimes so soft with dust or sand as to necessitate the laying of straw for a foundation. There was scarcely an hour in the day when we were not accompanied by from one to twenty Kirghiz horsemen, galloping behind us with cries of "Yak-shee!" ("Good!") They were especially curious to see how we crossed the roadside streams. Standing on the bank, they would watch intently every move as we stripped and waded through with bicycles and clothing on our shoulders. Then they would challenge us to a race, and, if the road permitted, we would endeavor to reveal some of the possibilities of the "devil's carts." On an occasion like this occurred one of our few mishaps. The road was lined by the occupants of a neighboring tent village, who had run out to see the race. One of the Kirghiz turned suddenly back in the opposite direction from which he had started. The wheel struck him at a rate of fifteen miles per hour, lifting him off his feet, and hurling over the handle-bars the rider, who fell upon his left arm, and twisted it out of place. With the assistance



A LESSON IN CHINESE.

of the bystanders it was pulled back into the socket, and bandaged up till we reached the nearest Russian village. Here the only physician was an old blind woman of the faith-cure persuasion. Her massage treatment to replace the muscles was really effective, and was accompanied by prayers and by signs of the cross, a common method of treatment among the lower class of Russians. In one instance a cure was supposed to be effected by writing a prayer on a piece of buttered bread to be eaten by the patient.



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT KULDJA.

Being users but not patrons of the Russian post-roads, we were not legally entitled to the conveniences of the post-stations. Tipping alone, as we found on our journey from Samarkand, was not always sufficient to preclude a request during the night to vacate the best quarters for the post-traveler, especially if he happened to wear the regulation brass button. To secure us against this inconvenience, and to gain some special attention, a letter was obtained from the overseer of the Turkestan post and telegraph district. This proved advantageous on many occasions, and once, at Auli-eta, was even necessary. We were surveyed with suspicious glances as soon as we entered the station-house, and when we asked for water to lave our hands and face, we were directed to the irrigating-ditch in the street. Our request for a better room was answered by the question, if the one we had was not good enough, and how long we intended to occupy that. Evidently our English conversation had gained for us the covert reputation of being English spies, and this was verified in the minds of our hosts when we began to ask questions about the city prisons we had passed on our way. To every interrogation they replied, "I don't know." But presto, change, on the presentation of documents! Apologies were now profuse, and besides tea, bread, and eggs, the usual rations of a Russian post-station, we were exceptionally favored with chicken soup and *verainyik*, the latter consisting of cheese wrapped and boiled in dough, and then served in butter.

It has been the custom for travelers in Russia to decry the Russian post-station, but the fact is that an appreciation of this rather primitive form of accommodation depends entirely upon whether you approach it from a European hotel or from a Persian khan. Some are clean, while others are dirty. Nevertheless, it was always a welcome sight to see a small white building looming up in the dim horizon at the close of a long day's ride, and, on near approach, to observe the black and white striped post in front, and idle tarantasses around it. At the door would be found the usual crowd of Kirghiz post-drivers. After the presentation

of documents to the *starosta*, who would hesitate at first about quartering our horses in the travelers' room, we would proceed at once to place our dust-covered heads beneath the spindle of the washing-tank. Although by this dripping-pan arrangement we would usually succeed in getting as much water down our backs as on our faces, yet we were consoled by the thought that too much was better than not enough, as they do at home. Rye, however, takes three years to reach the height of one year in America. Through the Russians, these people have obtained high-flown ideas of America and Americans. We saw many chromos of American celebrities in the various station-houses, and the most numerous was that of Thomas A. Edison. His phonograph, we were told, had already made its appearance in Pishpek, but

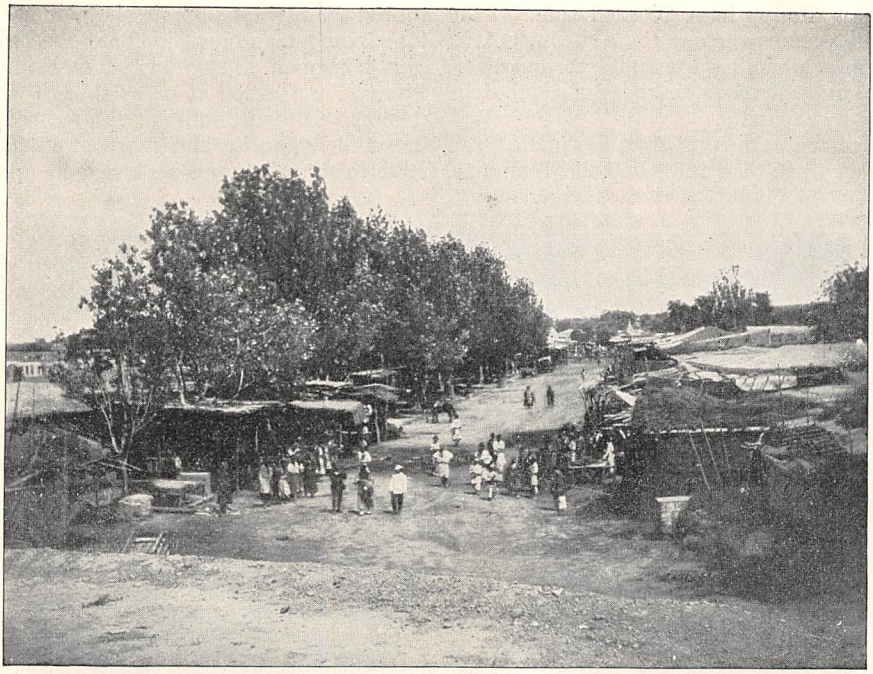


STROLLING MUSICIANS.

had been the case in Turkey and Persia. Then we would settle down before the steaming samovar to meditate in solitude and quiet, while the rays of the declining sun shone on the gilded eikon in the corner of the room, and on the chromo-covered walls. When darkness fell, and the simmering music of the samovar had gradually died away; when the flitting swallows in the room had ceased their chirp, and settled down upon the rafters overhead, we ourselves would turn in under our fur-lined coats upon the leather-covered benches.

In consequence of the first of a series of accidents to our wheels, we were for several days the guest of the director of the botanical gardens at Pishpek. As a branch of the Crown botanical gardens at St. Petersburg, some valuable experiments were being made here with foreign seeds and plants. Peaches, we were told, do not thrive, but apples, pears, cherries, and the various kinds of berries, grow as well as the natives did not seem to realize what it was. "Why," they said, "we have often heard better music than that." Dr. Tanner was not without his share of fame in this far-away country. During his fast in America, a similar, though not voluntary, feat was being performed here. A Kirghiz messenger who had been despatched into the mountains during the winter was lost in the snow, and remained for twenty-eight days without food. He was found at last, crazed by hunger. When asked what he would have to eat, he replied, "Everything." They foolishly gave him "everything," and in two days he was dead. For a long time he was called the "Doctor Tanner of Turkestan."

A divergence of seventy-five miles from the regular post-route was made in order to visit Lake Issik Kul, which is probably the largest lake for its elevation in the world, being about ten times larger than Lake Geneva, and at a height of 5300 feet. Its slightly brackish water,



A STREET IN THE TARANTCHI QUARTER OF KULDJA.

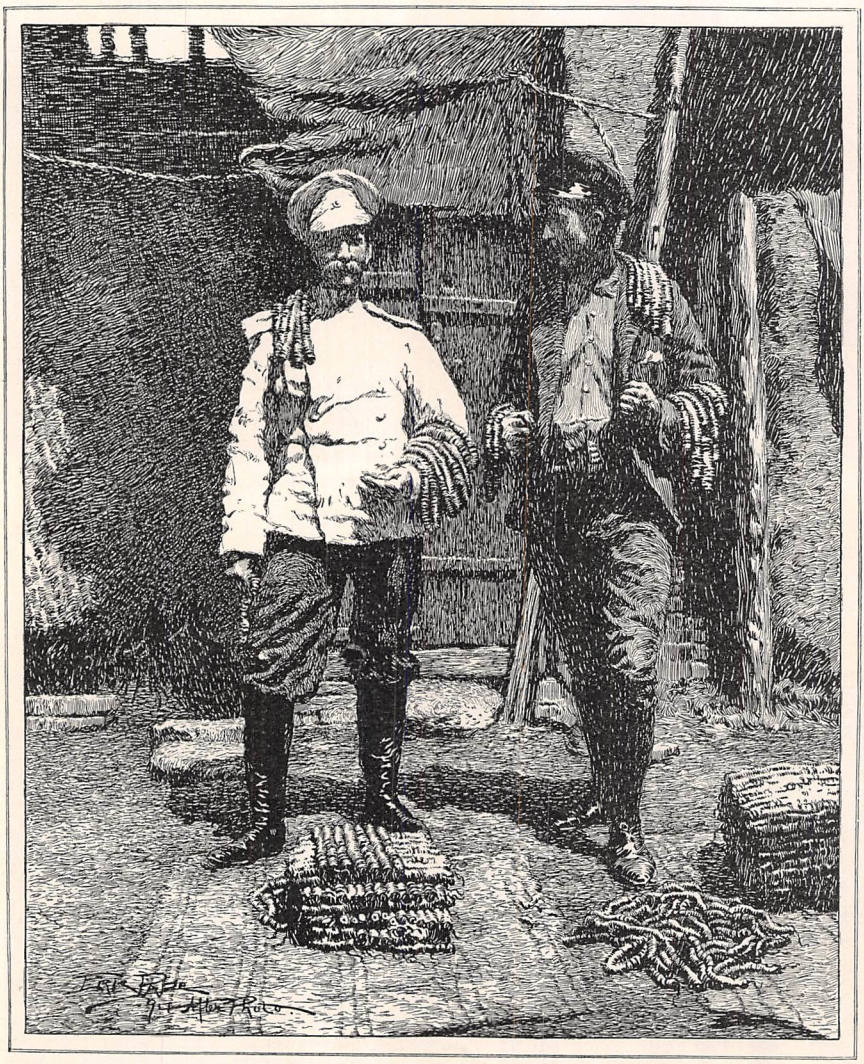
which never freezes, teems with several varieties of fish, many of which we helped to unhook from a Russian fisherman's line, and then helped to eat in his primitive hut near the shore. A Russian Cossack, who had just come over the snow-capped Ala Tau, "of the Shade," from Fort Narin, was also present, and from the frequent glances cast at the fisherman's daughter we soon discovered the object of his visit. The ascent to this lake, through the famous Buam



THE FORMER MILITARY COMMANDER OF KULDJA AND HIS FAMILY.

Defile, or Happy Pass, afforded some of the grandest scenery on our route through Asia. Its seething, foaming, irresistible torrent needs only a large volume to make it the equal of the rapids at Niagara.

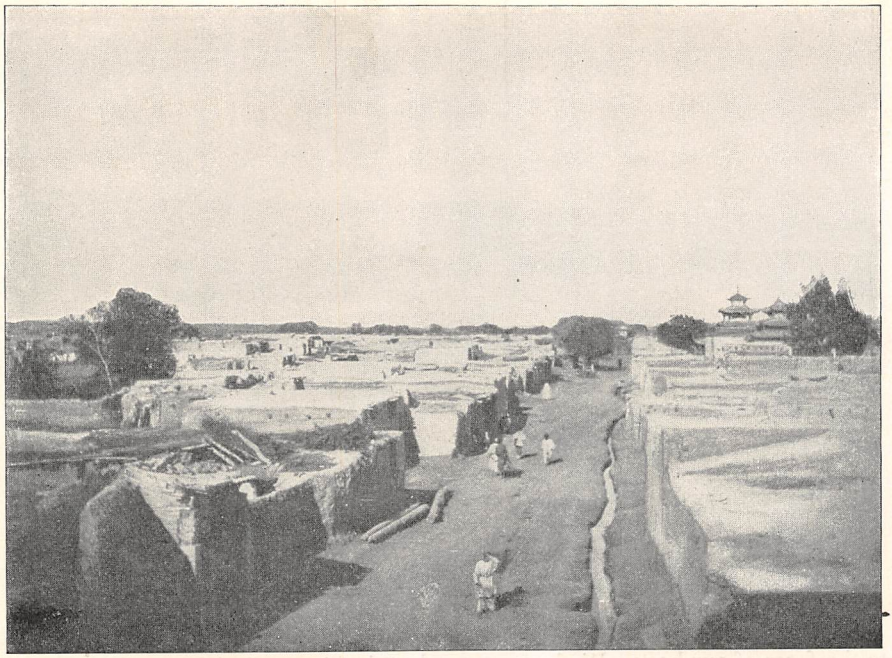
Our return to the post-road was made by an unbeaten track over the Ala Tau Mountains. turned the highest summit, the clouds shifted for a moment, and revealed before us two Kirghiz horsemen. They started back in astonishment, and gazed at us as though we were demons of the air, until we disappeared again down the opposite and more gradual slope. Late in the afternoon we emerged upon the



OUR RUSSIAN FRIEND AND MR. SACHTLEBEN LOADED WITH ENOUGH CHINESE "CASH" TO PAY FOR A MEAL AT A KULDJA RESTAURANT.

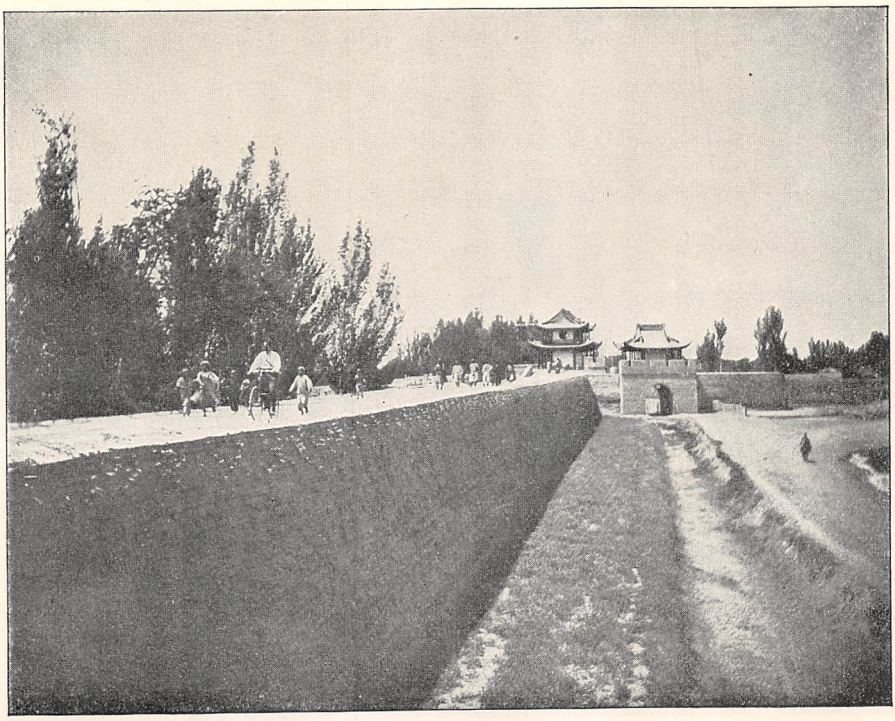
From the Chu Valley, dotted here and there with Kirghiz tent villages and their grazing flocks and herds, we pushed our wheels up the broken path, which wound like a mythical stairway far up into the low-hanging clouds. We trudged up one of the steepest ascents we have ever made with a wheel. The scenery was grand, but lonely. The wild tulips, pinks, and verbenas dotting the green slopes furnished the only pleasant diversion from our arduous labor. Just as we plain, but no post-road or station-house was in sight, as we expected; nothing but a few Kirghiz kibitkas among the straggling rocks, like the tents of the Egyptian Arabs among the fallen stones of the pyramids.

Toward these we now directed our course, and, in view of a rapidly approaching storm, asked to purchase a night's lodging. This was only too willingly granted in anticipation of the coming *tomasha*, or exhibition. The milk-

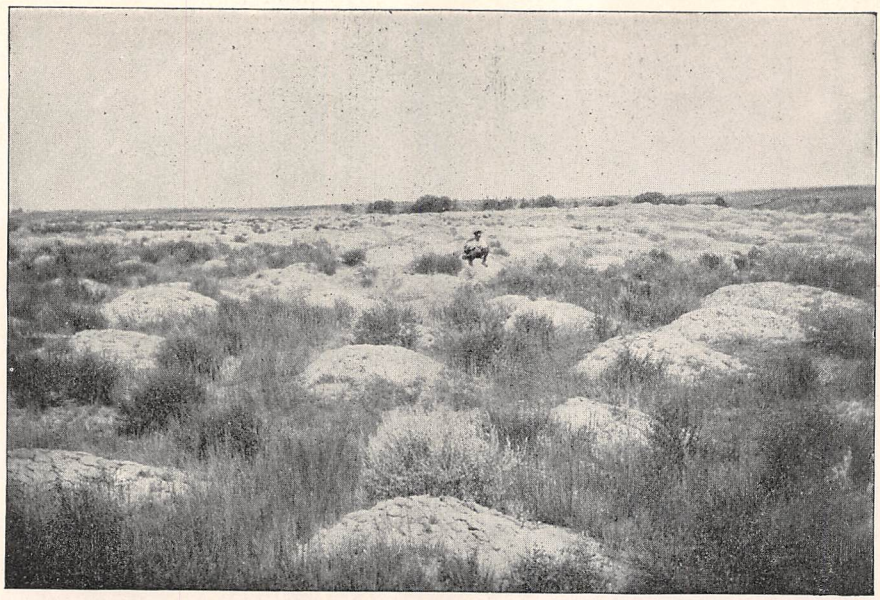


VIEW OF A STREET IN KULDJA FROM THE WESTERN GATE.

maids as they went out to the rows of sheep and goats tied to the lines of woolen rope, and the horsemen with reinless horses to drive in the ranging herds, spread the news from tent to tent. By the time darkness fell the kibitka was filled to overflowing. We were given the seat of honor opposite the doorway, bolstered up with blankets and pillows. By the light of the fire curling its smoke upward through the central opening in the roof, it was interesting



A MORNING PROMENADE ON THE WALLS OF KULDJA.



A CHINESE GRAVEYARD ON THE EASTERN OUTSKIRTS OF KULDJA.

to note the faces of our hosts. We had never met a people of a more peaceful temperament, and, on the other hand, none more easily frightened. A dread of the evil eye is one of their characteristics. We had not been settled long before the *ishan*, or itinerant dervish, was called in to drive away the evil spirits, which the "devil's carts" might possibly have brought. Immediately on entering, he began to shrug his shoulders, and to shiver as though passing into a state of trance. Our dervish acquaintance was a man of more than average intelligence. He had traveled in India, and had even heard some one speak of America. This fact alone



SPLITTING POPPY-HEADS TO START THE OPIUM JUICE.

was sufficient to warrant him in posing as instructor for the rest of the assembly. While we were drinking tea, a habit they have recently adopted from the Russians, he held forth at great length to his audience about the *Amerikón*.

The rain now began to descend in torrents. The felt covering was drawn over the central opening, and propped up at one end with a pole to emit the clouds of smoke from the smoldering fire. This was shifted with the veering wind. Although a mere circular rib framework covered with white or brown felt, according as the occupant is rich or poor, the Kirghiz kibitka, or more properly *yurt*, is not as a house builded upon the sand, even in the fiercest storm. Its stanchness and comfort are surprising when we consider the rapidity with which it may be taken down and transported. In half an hour a whole village may vanish, emigrating northward in summer, and southward in winter. Many a Kirghiz cavalcade was overtaken on the road, with long tent-ribs and felts tied upon the backs of two-humped camels, for the Bactrian dromedary has not been able to endure the severities of these Northern climates. The men would always be mounted on the camels' or horses' backs, while the women would be perched on the oxen and bullocks, trained for the saddle and as beasts of burden. The men never walk; if there is any leading to be done it falls to the women. The constant use of the saddle has made many of the men bandy-legged, which, in connection with their usual obesity,—with them a mark of dignity,—gives them a comical appearance.

After their curiosity regarding us had been partly satisfied, it was suggested that a sheep should be slaughtered in our honor. Neither meat nor bread is ever eaten by any but the rich Kirghiz. Their universal kumiss, corresponding to the Turkish yaourt, or coagulated milk, and other forms of lacteal dishes, sometimes mixed with meal, form the chief diet of the poor. The wife of our host, a buxom woman, who, as we had seen, could leap upon a horse's back as readily as a man, now entered the doorway, carrying a full-grown sheep by its woolly coat. This she twirled over on its back, and held down with her knee while the butcher artist drew a dagger from his belt, and held it aloft until the assembly stroked their scant beards, and uttered the solemn bismillah. Tired out by the day's ride, we fell asleep before the arrangements for the feast had been completed. When awakened near midnight, we found that the savory odor from the huge caldron on the fire had only increased the attraction and the crowd. The choicest bits were now selected for the guests. These consisted of pieces



THE CHIEF OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE GIVES A LESSON IN OPIUM SMOKING.

of liver, served with lumps of fat from the tail of their peculiarly fat-tailed sheep. As an act of the highest hospitality, our host dipped these into some liquid grease, and then, reaching over, placed them in our mouths with his fingers. It required considerable effort on this occasion to subject our feelings of nausea to a sense of Kirghiz politeness. In keeping with their characteristic generosity, every one in the kibitka must partake in some measure of the feast, although the women, who had done all the work, must be content with remnants and bones already picked over by the host. But this disposition to share everything was not without its other aspect; we also were expected to share everything with them. We were asked to bestow any little trinket or nicknack exposed to view. Any extra nut on the machine, a handkerchief, a packet of tea, or a lump of sugar, excited their cupidity at once. The latter was considered a bonbon by the women and younger portion of the spectators. The attractive daughter of our host, "Kumiss John," amused herself by stealing lumps of sugar from our pockets. When the feast was ended, the beards were again stroked, the name of Allah solemnly uttered by way of thanks for the bounty of heaven, and then each gave utterance to his appreciation of the meal.

Before retiring for the night, the dervish led the prayers, just as he had done at sunset. The praying-mats were spread, and all heads bowed toward Mecca. The only preparation for retiring was the spreading of blankets from the pile in one of the kibitkas. The Kirghiz are not in the habit of removing many garments for this purpose, and under the circumstances we found this custom a rather convenient one. Six of us turned in on the floor together, forming a semicircle, with our feet toward the fire.



TWO CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES IN THE YARD OF OUR KULDJA INN.



PRACTISING OUR CHINESE ON A KULDJA CULPRIT.

"Kumiss John," who was evidently the pet of the household, had a rudely constructed cot at the far end of the kibitka.

Vernoye, the old Almati, with its broad streets, low wood and brick houses, and Russian sign-boards, presented a Siberian aspect. The ruins of its many disastrous earthquakes lying low on every hand told us at once the cause of its deserted thoroughfares. The terrible shocks of the year before our visit killed several hundred people, and a whole mountain in the vicinity sank. The only hope of its persistent residents is a branch from the Transsiberian or Transcaspian railroad, or the reannexation by Russia of the fertile province of Ili, to make it an indispensable depot. Despite these periodical calamities, Vernoye has had, and is now constructing, under the genius of the French architect, Paul L. Gourdet, some of the finest edifices to be found in Central Asia. The orphan asylum, a magnificent three-story structure, is now being built on experimental lines, to test its strength against earthquake shocks.

One of the chief incidents of our pleasant sojourn was afforded by Governor Ivanoff. We were invited to head the procession of the Cossacks on their annual departure for their summer encampment in the mountains. After the usual religious ceremony, they filed out from the city parade-ground. Being unavoidably detained for a few moments, we did not come up until some time after the column had started. As we dashed by to the front with the American and Russian flags fluttering side by side from the handle-bars, cheer after cheer arose from the ranks, and even the governor and his party doffed their caps in acknowledgment. At the camp we were favored with a special exhibition of horsemanship. By a single twist of the rein the steeds would fall to the ground, and their riders crouch down behind them as a bulwark in battle. Then dashing forward at full speed, they would spring to the ground, and leap back again into the saddle, or, hanging by their legs, would reach over and pick up a handkerchief, cap, or a soldier supposed to be wounded. All these movements we photographed with our camera. Of the endurance of these Cossacks and their Kirghiz horses we had a practical test. Overtaking a Cossack courier in the early part of a day's journey, he became so interested in the velocipede, as the Russians call the bicycle, that he determined to see as much of it as possible. He stayed with us the whole day, over a distance of fifty-five miles. His chief compensation was in witnessing the surprise of the natives to whom he would shout across the fields to come and see the *tomasha*, adding in explanation that we were the American gentlemen who had ridden all the way from America. Our speed was not slow, and frequently the poor fellow would have to resort to the whip, or shout, "Slowly, gentlemen, my horse is tired; the town is not far away, it is not necessary to hurry so." The fact is that in all our experience we found no horse of even the famed Kirghiz or Turkoman breed that could travel with the same ease and rapidity as ourselves even over the most ordinary road.

At Vernoye we began to glean practical information about China, but all except our genial host, M. Gourdet, counseled us against our proposed journey. He alone, as a traveler of experience, advised a divergence from the Siberian route at Altin Imell, in order to visit the Chinese city of Kuldja, where, as he said, with the assistance of the resident Russian consul we could test the validity of the Chinese passport received, as before mentioned, from the Chinese minister at London.

A few days later we were rolling up the valley of the Ili, having crossed that river by the well-constructed Russian bridge at Fort Iliysk, the head of navigation for the boats from Lake Balkash. New faces here met our curious gaze. As an ethnological transition between the inhabitants of Central Asia and the Chinese, we were now among two distinctly agricultural races — the Dungans and Taranchis. As the invited guests of these people on several occasions, we were struck with their extreme cleanliness, economy, and industry; but their deep-set eyes seem to express reckless cruelty.

The Mohammedan mosques of this people are like the Chinese pagodas in outward appearance, while they seem to be Chinese in half-Kirghiz garments. Their women, too, do not veil themselves, although they are much more shy than their rugged sisters of the steppes. Tenacious of their word, these people were also scrupulous about returning favors. Our exhibitions were usually rewarded by a spread of sweets and yellow Dungan tea. Of this we would partake beneath the shade of their well-trained grape-arbors, while listening to the music, or rather discord, of a peculiar stringed instrument played by the boys. Its bow of two parts was so interlaced with the strings of the instrument as to play upon two at every draw. Another musician usually accompanied by beating little sticks on a saucer.

These are the people who were introduced by the Manchus to replace the Kalmucks in the Kuldja district, and who in 1869 so terribly avenged upon their masters the blood they previously caused to flow. The fertile province of Kuldja, with a population of 2,500,000, was reduced by their massacres to one vast necropolis. On all sides are canals that have become swamps, abandoned fields, wasted forests, and towns and villages in ruins, in some

of which the ground is still strewn with the bleached bones of the murdered.

As we ascended the Ili valley piles of stones marked in succession the sites of the towns of Turgen, Jarkend, Ak-kend, and Khorgos, names which the Russians are already reviving in their pioneer settlements. The largest of these, Jarkend, is the coming frontier town, to take the place of evacuated Kuldja. About twenty-two miles east of this point the large white Russian fort of Khorgos stands bristling on the bank of the river of that name, which, by the treaty of 1881, is now the boundary-line of the Celestial Empire. On a ledge of rocks overlooking the ford a Russian sentinel was walking his beat in the solitude of a dreary outpost. He stopped to watch us as we plunged into the flood, with our Russian telega for a ferry-boat. "All 's well," we heard him cry, as, bumping over the rocky bottom, we passed from Russia into China. "Ah, yes," we thought; "'All 's well that ends well,' but this is only the beginning."

A few minutes later we dashed through the arched driveway of the Chinese custom-house, and were several yards away before the lounging officials realized what it was that flitted across their vision. "Stop! Come back!" they shouted in broken Russian. Amid a confusion of chattering voices, rustling gowns, clattering shoes, swinging pigtails, and clouds of opium and tobacco smoke, we were brought into the presence of the head official. Putting on his huge spectacles, he read aloud the visé written upon our American passports by the Chinese minister in London. His wonderment was increased when he further read that such a journey was being made on the "foot-moved carriages," which were being curiously fingered by the attendants. Our garments were minutely scrutinized, especially the buttons, while our caps and dark-colored spectacles were taken from our heads, and passed round for each to try on in turn, amid much laughter.

Owing to the predominant influence of Russia in these northwestern confines, our Russian papers would have been quite sufficient to cross the border into Kuldja. It was only beyond this point that our Chinese passport would be found necessary, and possibly invalid. After the usual visés had been stamped and written over, we were off on what proved to be our six months' experience in the "Middle Kingdom or Central Empire," as the natives call it, for to Chinamen there is a fifth point to the compass — the center, which is China. Not far on the road we heard the clatter of hoofs behind us. A Kalmuck was dashing toward us with a portentous look on his features. We dismounted in apprehension. He stopped short some twenty feet away, leaped to the ground, and, crawling up on hands and knees, began to *chin-chin* or knock his head on the ground before us. This he continued for some moments, and then without a word gazed at us in wild astonishment. Our perplexity over this performance was increased when, at a neighboring village, a bewildered Chinaman sprang out from the speechless crowd, and threw himself in the road before us. By a dexterous turn we missed his head, and passed over his extended queue.

Kuldja, with its Russian consul and Cossack station, still maintains a Russian telegraph and postal service. The mail is carried from the border in a train of three or four telegas, which rattle along over the primitive roads in a cloud of dust, with armed Cossacks galloping before and after, and a Russian flag carried by the herald in front. Even in the Kuldja post-office a heavily armed picket stands guard over the money-chest. This postal caravan we now overtook encamped by a small stream, during the glaring heat of the afternoon. We found that we had been expected several days before, and that quarters had been prepared for us in the postal station at the town of Suidun. Here we spent the night, and continued on to Kuldja the following morning.

Although built by the Chinese, who call it Nin-yuan, Kuldja, with its houses of beaten earth, strongly resembles the towns of Russian Turkestan. Since the evacuation by the Russians the Chinese have built around the city the usual quadrangular wall, thirty feet in height and twenty feet in width, with parapets still in the course of construction. But the rows of poplars, the whitewash, and the telegas were still left to remind us of the temporary Russian occupation. For several days we were objects of excited interest to the mixed population. The doors and windows of our Russian quarters were besieged by crowds. In defense of our host, we gave a public exhibition, and with the consent of the *Tootai* made the circuit on the top of the city walls. Fully 3000 people lined the streets and housetops to witness the race to which we had been challenged by four Dungan horsemen, riding below on the encircling roadway. The distance around was two miles. The horsemen started with a rush, and at the end of the first mile were ahead. At the third turning we overtook them, and came to the finish two hundred yards ahead, amid great excitement. Even the commander of the Kuldja forces was brushed aside by the chasing rabble.

Thomas Gaskell Allen, Jr.
William Lewis Sachtleben.

WALKING AS A PASTIME.



HE greatest foe to exercise is monotony, but even monotony can be overcome by making exercise contribute interesting thoughts, or by giving to the mind change of thought. This is done when one gets into a new environment. The great advantage of travel consists in the change of scene. Often the pleasantest part of a traveling trip of any kind is in the unforeseen episodes. In travel it is not the riding in the close cars, or the contact with strangers, so much as the diversion of the mind which makes it a recreation. If we could travel without the accompaniments of bad air, crowds, late hours, and irregular meals, we would gain in recreation. This is just what travel by walking does for us. In a walk the traveler has a change of environment or of scene every minute of the way. He is in a new hotel or a new house every night. He sees new faces, he becomes acquainted with the people of the country, and he knows the topography of it far better than if he were whirled through it on the cars.

Another way to make walking a recreation is by the study of history. It is a good plan, therefore, to read the local history of the region through which a trip is planned, and then, having seen the places of interest, to refresh the mind with the story of them. It is wonderful how alive history seems to the traveler who clothes its scenes with the images of bygone years. History to the tramper who can appreciate it becomes a fact and not a myth.

Though tramping is of itself a recreation, it is made much more beneficial by company. With good companionship the hours pass swiftly, and fatigue is scarcely felt.

On one occasion I walked with an editor, who said that he did not care to make great distances, but only wished to be out of doors. It was in the springtime, and when we struck north he expressed anxiety about getting into snow; but though it lay in spots on the hillsides, the road was generally free from it. Finally, in Massachusetts, coming through a notch between hills, I saw considerable snow on the heights north of us, and, turning to my companion, said with emphasis, "There is your everlasting snow on the everlasting hills." The words were hardly out of my mouth when we heard a piping voice a little to one side say, "Amen." We supposed that the child who uttered the pious ejaculation was only showing a proper respect for what she thought to be a biblical quotation.

On a trip taken in the spring, I climbed to a town in the hills of Berkshire County, Massachusetts. One of my companions had taken the degree of Ph. D. at one of the Eastern universities, and was known among us as "Doctor." A few days previous to the trip he had sprained his knee at tennis, and the tramp in the mud intensified the hurt. Having started, however, he refused to take our advice either to return home or take a conveyance of some kind. In the aforesaid town he dragged himself after us into the large room of the hotel, which served the purpose of bar-room, office, and sitting-room. There were two men present, either of whom would have made a good model for Rip Van Winkle. As our friend limped into the room, one of the men, addressing himself to me as a man nearer his own age than either of my comrades, said, "Has that man a cork leg?" "No," I replied; "he is only a little lame." "Well," he replied, "he walks as if he had had his leg cut off here"—making a line on his own leg under the knee. The second, encouraged by my willingness to talk, entered the conversation with, "I say, mister, is he a real doctor—I mean a physician?" In my answer I could not go into an explanation of the intricacies of the requirements of a doctor's degree, so I merely answered, "No, he is not a real doctor; but we call him so." "Oh, I see," said he; "he is a kind of a quack."

It shows the effect of a tramp upon the man of brain-work that the editor to whom I have referred complained on the trip of the bother and worry of his business, and said he almost wished he could get out of newspaper work. After seven days of out-door life, in rain and sunshine, we returned to New Haven. I met him down-town soon after, looking fresh and healthy, and I said, "How do you feel?" "Oh," replied he, "I can run seventeen papers now."

With a companion I was traveling from Marlborough, Massachusetts, toward New Haven, and, wishing to pass through a corner of Rhode Island, we had to take a long walk of over thirty miles before reaching our hotel at night. It was so dark that when we came to turns in the road one of us had to climb the mile-post, and strike a match, to see which direction to take. Finally we reached the hotel, and found it a rather barn-like structure. We were waited upon by

an old woman, who gave us a very good supper, and furnished us with a room with a fire in it. When we came to settle, we were told to go down to the bar-room, which we found full of loafers. The man who kept the bar and took the pay for our night's lodging was a companionable man, and in conversation with him one of us remarked upon the amount of forest, and asked him if there was any sport there. He, misunderstanding the question, said, "There used to be, but it is all broken up." To which his interlocutor replied, "You misunderstood me; I mean shooting." "Oh, yes," he said; "I understand. I thought you meant 'sport.' We used to have 'mills,' dog-fights, and all such things, but the officers of the government broke it up, and now it is very dull here. But we used to have lively times." When asked if he was the landlord, he said the landlord was in Arkansas, and he felt very anxious about things that he saw by the papers were happening down there — shooting, stabbing, etc. "Well," we replied, "what has that to do with your landlord?" Motioning with his hands as if he were dealing cards, and nudging us in the ribs, he said, "He is down there in this business, for he is one of our kind." We could only infer that the house had been a resort for shady characters, and that, as we came into the hotel after nightfall, we were supposed to be cracksmen, or gamblers of a higher grade. When, at the last, I mentioned to our hostess something extra which we had had, she replied, "Oh, you have been such pretty gentlemen, I shall not charge you for that." It is to be presumed that some of their guests of "our kind" had not been "such pretty gentlemen."

This mode of travel, besides being independent, has other advantages. No great preparations are needed for a trip. A vacation of a few days can be utilized by a man's swinging his pack on his back, and going off into the country. Owing to the continual change of abiding place, in three days, it often seems as if the traveler had been absent a week.

Another advantage is the light expense. In all other traveling trips the cost of mere locomotion is a great item. By walking, the change from place to place is made without paying any railroad or steamship fares, without paying any expressman or hackman, and without any of those unavoidable expenses which often make the cost of a trip a matter of anxious thought.

The greatest advantage is the tonic effect on the body and mind. This is due to the freedom from care, and to the natural life — the continual exercise in the open air, which stimulates the appetite, and causes a great demand for food. The amount of food consumed on one of these trips is generally three times what is taken at home. The stimulating action on the skin, by the constant flushing of the pores in consequence of the exercise, and the baths required to keep one clean, bring into a state of healthy activity a part of one's system generally neglected by those living sedentary lives. In the coldest winter weather I often find, on closing a day's tramp, that my undergarments are wet with perspiration. Then, too, fatigue brings good sleep. Thus, with exercise, good food, free perspiration in fresh air, and plenty of sleep, a man takes nature's best tonics.

It must not be supposed that these tramps exercise only the legs and feet. If one carries a pack, the upper part of the body, and especially the muscles which hold the shoulder-blades, are thoroughly exercised. The back and the abdomen come in for their share, so that when the trip is over, and one goes about without his pack, it is not very hard to walk erect.

If a man wishes to begin the practice of tramping, I should advise him to take at first daily walks of at least four miles. After a little hardening of the muscles in this way, he should try the experiment of going for the whole day with a bag or knapsack; and, after a week or more, for two or three days. With this preliminary training, the candidate for walking will be ready for a longer tramp. But, above all things, let the beginner not do too much at once. After tasting the good effects of walking, I am quite sure that if a man has any love for nature in his soul, and any admiration for the beauties of scenery, he will not willingly forego the pleasure of tramping whenever he has opportunity to enjoy it.

Walking is a natural exercise. It is one which can be taken at any time. It is not like other exercises, in which there is danger of hurts or strain. The fatigue which walking brings on is a natural fatigue, if regularly followed. It strengthens the digestive organs. It drives the blood away from the tired brain, and is one of the best cures for nervousness.

These walks can be taken at all times of the year. The best seasons are spring and fall. The winter, though, is a pleasant time to walk, and all of my longest trips have been taken in midwinter. I once walked over two hundred miles when the ground was covered with snow. One advantage of the winter trip is that the air is bracing. In the fall and spring, except in the early spring, the roads are generally better than in winter. But the season makes very little difference, because, if the weather renders walking difficult, one simply makes less distance in a day. As one of my companions says, "You can still keep out-of-doors, and get a great deal of walking to the square inch." In summer it is best to do most of the walking in early morning, and after four o'clock in the afternoon, lying by during the hot hours of the day. I

know of no better way of curing any tendency to rheumatism than by a tramp in hot weather. It has all the advantages of the Turkish bath without the disadvantages of the bad air. Even in inclement weather, flushing the pores of the skin with constant exercise will sometimes cure the worst case of rheumatism.

On one occasion a friend of mine who was troubled in this way, having appointed a certain time for a week's walk, came to me in great distress to say that he had such an attack of lumbago that he thought it dangerous to go. On my assuring him that if he would do as I told him, I would guarantee a cure, we started, though I must confess that when we struck a storm of snow and sleet, on the very first day, and the slush was deep enough to come over the tops of our shoes, even my confidence began to give way. But I kept my friend walking, and though he was very anxious to stop at some hotel long before we came to the day's end, we pushed through to Wilmington, Delaware, for the night. After drying off, changing our clothes, and having a good supper, the patient was no worse. The next morning his rheumatism was gone.

On another occasion I had been suffering from the only attack of neuralgia that I ever had. Having agreed to take a tramp, though it was midwinter, I started, taking with me some simple remedies. It stormed the first three days of the trip. After the first day I had no return of my neuralgia, and at the close of the trip I was entirely well, and have never had another attack. This is merely to show that nature is very kind to those who trust her. The best remedies for the ills "that flesh is heir to" are fresh air, exercise, and good food.

In winter most of the walking has to be done in the forenoon. On account of the shortness of the days there is very little time to walk in the afternoon, and the brisk air makes rapid walking more practicable than in either spring or summer. One peculiarity of winter walking is that if there is snow on the ground the feet are never blistered. The snow acts as a cushion against the ground, and prevents the heating of the feet.

The exhilaration of spirits can be illustrated by one or two cases in my experience. I have walked with a number of unusually solemn men, but, after two or three days of stimulating air, these same men have been guilty of shouting like boys. Certainly if anything can make men shout for joy it is to get on some hilltop from which one can see for miles and miles, and feel the blood course through the veins with a better stimulant than wine.

Once, after the preliminary trip by means of which the muscles had been hardened, a companion was ambitious to see what two old fellows could do. So we started from the Massachusetts line early in the morning, shaking hands across the line stone, and slept that night by the salt water, having walked across the State of Connecticut in one day, a distance of fifty-five miles. The secret of the exploit was in the fine preparation, and in the fact that our digestion was so good that we were able to assimilate our food. After all, a man is something like a steam-engine; he must have plenty of fuel in order to accomplish work. I do not advise exploits. I begin to feel as an old man expressed himself when on this last-mentioned occasion we stopped for dinner. He was sunning himself on the piazza of his hotel, and, on our presenting ourselves for dinner, was curious to know what two gray-haired men were doing walking. When we told him our ambition, and how much of what we aimed at had been accomplished, to conceal a smile he put his hand to his mouth, and said, "Well, I have heard of boys doing such things, but old men!" It was not necessary for him to finish. We understood the rest of the sentence; but he failed to understand how just such things keep old men young like boys.

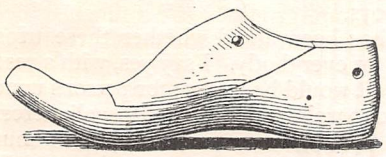
It has been asked whether these trips are good for everybody. I say yes, with a reservation. It would be unwise for persons unaccustomed to walking to attempt to walk across the State of Connecticut in one day. Without the preparation which my companion and I had had for that trip, I have no doubt such a long walk would have been attended with bad consequences. As it was, we felt only the better for it.

Few people know how to walk correctly, and therefore walking is not to the great majority a means of recreation or a mode of travel. One hindrance to correct walking is improper footwear. Most persons have neither proper shoes nor proper socks. In consequence of wearing bad shoes from childhood, their feet are distorted. Perhaps not more than one out of four persons uses his toes in walking, and the toes are an important part of the means of locomotion. In walking once with a man of good physique I noticed that he walked entirely from his knees. By this I mean that he put one foot forward, and did not push himself with the toes of his other foot, but leaned forward and pulled the other foot after him. I found that he made no use of his toes, owing to his wearing badly made shoes from childhood.

At the age of twenty-one I was interested in a pamphlet "Where the Shoe Pinches." After reading it I procured lasts made on anatomical principles. Their use has prevented the usual deformity of the foot. Some fourteen years ago, and after I began regular walking, I found even these lasts faulty, and had another pair made. As I progressed in the know-

ledge of walking, I found even the second pair of lasts unsatisfactory. In order to obtain a correct form for my shoes I made plaster casts. In a box large enough to contain both feet I made a partition, and covered the bottom with a layer of putty. Then I put each foot in the putty, thus making an impression. Into the impression I poured plaster-of-Paris. On lasts formed from these models I obtained the best possible shoes.

The modern shoe is made partly for use and partly for show. The part that is for show is the heel. The heel is an unnatural device. It inclines the foot forward, stubbing the toes, and it also brings the weight of the body too far forward, necessitating an unnatural crook in the knees. After twelve years of walking I discarded the heel from walking-shoes, though so far deferring to fashion as to keep it for wear in the cities, and going to the expense of having two pairs of lasts made on the models referred to — one pair for heeled and one for heelless shoes.

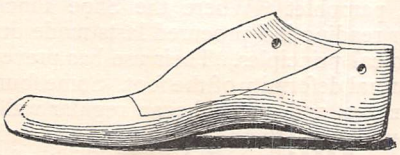


INCORRECT FORM OF WALKING-LAST.

If any person interested in having a correct shoe will take the trouble to examine the various lasts on which shoes are made, he will find that they have the form of the last in the figure labeled "incorrect form." Ten chances to one they will be of worse form, being pointed so as to pinch the toes. A correct shoe for walking can never be made on such lasts. They are meant for heeled shoes. If a shoe without a heel is made on this kind of last, the foot will not rest flat, but will turn up at the toes.

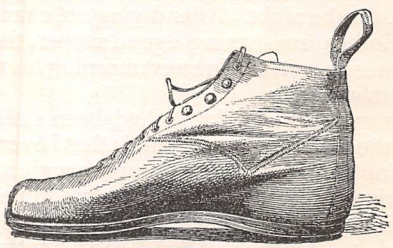
By using a correct last, the sole of the foot from heel to toe will rest flat, as nature intended it to do, and the weight of the body will be distributed over the whole surface. In the shoe made on a bad last the weight is brought unevenly on different parts of the foot. In a long walk this uneven distribution of weight makes a great difference in the fatigue of the foot.

A laced shoe is to be preferred to any other.



CORRECT FORM OF WALKING-LAST.

Another improvement which I made was in doing away with the lining of the shoe. Still another improvement was in dispensing with all pegs. Hand-made shoes are generally "lasted" with wooden pegs. When the last is pulled out of the shoe the pegs stick up inside around the edge of the insole like so many nails. The shoemaker cuts them off with a knife, and then rasps them down. After the shoe has been in use some time, and the leather becomes dry from wear, these pegs work up, and are one cause of the blistering of the feet. I found that a shoe could be manufactured without the use of these wooden pegs, so that when the shoe was taken from the last there was nothing to blister the feet, or, in other words, so that the insole could be made perfectly smooth. To obviate the discomfort caused by seams in the shoe, I have each of my shoes made of one large piece of leather, with an additional small piece set in on one side, as shown in the accompanying cut.



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

CORRECT FORM OF WALKING-SHOE.

Another frequent cause of discomfort in walking is the sock. Most socks are manufactured with seams, and are pointed at the toe. These seams on a long day's tramp will cause blisters. If a person who wishes to become a walker will exercise care in the selection of his socks, he can obtain them without seams and square-toed. Woolen socks are to be preferred to cotton ones.

To travel properly, the walker must have two pairs of shoes, one pair made with light uppers and soles, the other pair with heavy uppers, heavy soles, and "bellows" tongue. In addition to the convenience of having shoes adapted to the weather, the change of shoe after a long walk is a great relief.

The next thing to be considered is the knapsack, or pack; for this mode of travel is an independent one, and the traveler carries his own luggage. The lighter the pack, the less labor to carry it. The best pack is made of carriage leather without a single piece of board, or stiffening of any kind. In this pack sufficient change of clothing can be carried for a two weeks' trip, if the tramper takes advantage of the opportunity to have washing done when he stops for the night. The principal part of the lug-

gage is underwear and socks. In the matter of clothing, novices err on the side of too much rather than too little. For daily wear a flannel shirt is better than any other.

The exercise of walking, even in severe weather, is sufficient to warm the person without extra clothing. I never carry a rubber coat or cape. An umbrella is sufficient protection from the weather at all times, besides furnishing a convenient staff.

There are certain particulars in the care of the person, both on the tramp and after the walk for the day is over, the advantages of which I was long in learning. In the first place, on a long tramp I make it a principle to start out early, never doing more than twenty miles the first day. Walking with novices, I endeavor to begin in the afternoon, if possible, so as to give rest to their weary muscles after only a few hours of exercise. The third day is always the trying one; it seems to take about seventy-two hours to get to the critical point of fatigue. I have never known any one to pass the third day, and keep on walking, without making a successful pedestrian, and every man who has failed in a walk has failed the third day.

It is also one of my principles to rest at least once in eight miles,— in the afternoon once every hour,— and in this rest to take a reclining position. In fact, part of the enjoyment of the trip comes from selecting for a place of rest some outlook where one can find a good view, and enjoy the scenery. Not only is the body rested, but the mind is refreshed as well, while the circulation of the blood is equalized. When the weather is warm, it is well before dinner to obtain a room, and to make a thorough change of clothing. The time taken for this change gives another rest, and also better enables the digestive powers to assimilate the food. This delay sometimes seems a waste of time when one is anxious to reach a particular point, but the beauty of this kind of travel is that one need not be in a hurry. In the evening it is also well to take a complete bath before supper. If the tramp has been a very hard one, and the person is very much fatigued, it is wise to avoid cold water; if warm water is not to be had, it is better to take a dry rub-down. This regular friction of the skin at least once a day, and, if possible, twice, takes the soreness out of the muscles. It acts as a counter-irritant by drawing the blood to the surface.

In all kinds of exercise the food is what furnishes the power. It is, therefore, of the first importance to keep the digestive organs in good condition. To this end, the walker must be careful not to drink much water on an empty stomach before dinner, or at night before supper. Some young pedestrians, whom I have been unable to convince, have had to learn from hard experience that drinking much water at the close of a tramp deranges the digestive system. If the walker feel very thirsty, and must have something, let him rinse his mouth two or three times, and gargle his throat with cold water. When he goes to the table, he had better content himself with weak tea, and not too much of that. On the walk he can drink with impunity all he wants, but not near the close of the tramp, or just before a meal.

A person can make the most progress, and make it with the greatest comfort, by taking the longest part of the day's walk before noon. After getting into condition to make long distances, if he wishes to walk twenty-five miles in a day, he had better walk fifteen miles before dinner, and ten miles after, rather than reverse the order of the distances. The physical powers are in their best condition in the morning.

After a long experience I have set the limit of sixty miles for the first two and one half days of a long tramp — a limit not to be exceeded except in a case of necessity. For persons beginning to take walks it is wise to set a lower limit. In general, if a walker is in doubt whether he should take a greater or less number of miles for the first three days, let him take the less number. By observing a few precautions at the beginning of a tramp, the whole trip will be made comfortable, and a greater distance can be covered in a given number of days, if the first three days are taken easily.

Eugene Lamb Richards.

DOCTOR AND PRIEST.

NO leech can cure, how great soe'er his wit;
Tissue he cannot heal, nor the bone knit:
Life's secret means his splint and draft supply,
Nature then cures — or bids the patient die.

Wise through thy creed, dream not, presumptuous man,
'T is thine to save that which thou didst not plan:
Serve thou a mightier force than it or thee,
And each soul's self shall that soul's savior be.

Dora Read Goodale.

MAVERICK.

TRAVELING BUTTES is a lone stage-station on the road, largely speaking, from Blackfoot to Boise. I do not know whether the stages take that road now, but ten years ago they did, and the man who kept the stage-house was a person of primitive habits and corresponding appearance named Gilroy.

The stage-house is perhaps half a mile from the foot of the largest butte, one of three which loom on the horizon, and appear to "travel" from you, as you approach them from the plains. A day's ride with the Buttes as a landmark is like a stern chase in that you seem never to gain upon them.

From the stage-house the plain slopes up to the foot of the Big Butte, which rises suddenly in the form of an enormous tepee, as if Gitche Manito, the mighty, had here descended and pitched his tent for a council of the nations.

The country is destitute of water. To say that it is "thirsty" is to mock with vain imagery that dead and mummied land on the borders of the Black Lava. The people at the stage-house had located a precious spring, four miles up, in a cleft near the top of the Big Butte; they piped the water down to the house, and they sold it to travelers on that Jericho road at so much per horse. The man was thrown in, but the man usually drank whisky.

Our guide commented unfavorably on this species of husbandry, which is common enough in the arid West, and as legitimate as selling oats or hay; but he chose to resent it in the case of Gilroy, and to look upon it as an instance of individual and exceptional meanness.

"Any man that will jump God's water in a place like this, and sell it the same as drinks — he 'd sell water to his own father in hell!"

This was our guide's opinion of Gilroy. He was equally frank, and much more explicit, in regard to Gilroy's sons. "But," he concluded, with a philosopher's acceptance of existing facts, "it ain't likely that any of that outfit will ever git into trouble, s' long as Maverick is sheriff of Lemhi County."

We were about to ask why, when we drove up to the stage-house, and Maverick himself stepped out, and took our horses.

"What the — infernal has happened to the man?" my companion, Ferris, exclaimed; and our guide answered indifferently, as if he were speaking of the weather:

"Some Injuns caught him alone in an out-o'-the-way ranch, when he was a lad, and took a notion to play with him. This is what was left of him when they got through. I never see but one worse-looking man," he added, speaking low, as Maverick passed us with the team: "him a bear wiped over the head with its paw. 'T was quicker over with, I expect, but he lived, and *he* looked worse than Maverick."

"Then I hope to the Lord I may never see him!" Ferris ejaculated; and I noticed that he left his dinner untasted, though he had boasted of a hunter's appetite.

We were two college friends on a hunting-trip, but we had not got into the country of game. In two days more we expected to make Hagar's Hole, and I may mention that "hole," in this region, signifies any small, deep valley, well hidden amidst high mountains, where moisture is perennial, and grass abounds. In these pockets of plenty, herds of elk gather and feed as tame as park pets; and other hunted creatures, as wild but less innocent, often find sanctuary here, and cache their stolen stock and other spoil of the road and the range.

We did not forget to put our question concerning Maverick, that unhappy man, in his character of legalized protector of the Gilroy gang. What did our free-spoken guide mean by that insinuation?

We were told that Gilroy, in his rough-handed way, had been as a father to the lad, after the savages wreaked their pleasure on him; and his people being dead or scattered, Maverick had made himself useful in various humble capacities at the stage-house, and had finally become a sort of factotum there and a member of the family. And though perfectly square himself, and much respected on account of his personal courage and singular misfortunes, he could never see the old man's crookedness, nor the more than crookedness of his sons. He was like a son of the house, himself; but most persons agreed that it was not as a brother he felt toward Rose Gilroy. And a tough look-out it was for the girl; for Maverick was one that no man would lightly cross, and in her case he was acting as "general dog around the place," as our guide called it. The young fellows were shy of the house, notwithstanding the attraction it held. It was likely to be Maverick or nobody for Rose.

We did not see Rose Gilroy, but we heard her step in the stage-house kitchen, and her voice, as clear as a lark's, giving orders to the tall, stooping, fair young Swede, who waited on us at table, and did other work of a menial character in that singular establishment.

"How is it the watch-dog allows such a pretty sprig as that around the place?" Ferris questioned, eying our knight of the trencher, who blushed to feel himself remarked.

"He won't stay," our guide pronounced; "they don't none of 'em stay when they 're good-lookin'. The old man he 's failin' considerable these days,—gettin' kind o' silly,—and the boys are away the heft of the time. Maverick pretty much runs the place. I don't justly blame the critter. He 's watched that little Rose grow up from a baby. How 's he goin' to quit bein' fond of her now she 's a woman? I dare say he 'd a heap sooner she 'd stayed a little girl. And these yere boys around here they 're a triflin' set, not half so able to take care of her as Maverick. He 's got the sense and he 's got the sand; but there 's that awful head on him! I don't blame him much, lookin' the way he does, and feelin' the same as any other man."

We left Traveling Buttes and its cruel little love-story, but we had not gone a mile when a horseman overtook us with a message for Ferris from his new foreman at the ranch, a summons which called him back for a day at the least. Ferris was exceedingly annoyed: a day at the ranch meant four days on the road; but the business was imperative. We held a brief council, and decided that, with Ferris returning, our guide should push on with the animals and camp outfit into a country of grass, and look up a good camping-spot (which might not be the first place he struck) this side of Hagar's Hole. It remained for me to choose between going with the stuff, or staying for a longer look at the phenomenal Black Lava fields at Arco; Arco being another name for desolation on the very edge of that weird stone sea. This was my ostensible reason for choosing to remain at Arco; but I will not say the reflection did not cross me that Arco is only sixteen miles from Traveling Buttes—not an insurmountable distance between geology and a pretty girl, when one is five and twenty, and has not seen a pretty face for a month of Sundays.

Arco, at that time, consisted of the stage-house, a store, and one or two cabins—a poor little seed of civilization dropped by the wayside, between the Black Lava and the hills where Lost River comes down and "sinks" on the edge of the lava. The station is somewhat back from the road, with its face—a very grimy, unwashed countenance—to the lava.

Quaking asps and mountain birches follow the water, pausing a little way up the gulch behind the house, but the eager grass tracks it all the way till it vanishes; and the dry bed of the stream goes on and spreads in a mass of coarse sand and gravel, beaten flat, flailed by the feet of countless driven sheep that have gathered here. For this road is on the great overland sheep-trail from Oregon eastward—the march of the million mouths, and what the mouths do not devour the feet tramp down.

The staple topic of conversation at Arco was one very common in the far West, when a tenderfoot is of the company. The poorest place can boast of some distinction, and Arco, though hardly on the highroad of fashion and commerce, had frequently been named in print in connection with crime of a highly sensational and picturesque character. Scarcely another fifty miles of stage-road could boast of so many and such successful road-jobs; and although these affairs were of almost biennial occurrence, and might be looked for to come off always within that noted danger-limit, yet it was a fact that the law had never yet laid finger on a man of the gang, nor gained the smallest clue to their hide-out. It was a difficult country around Arco, one that lent itself to secrecy. The road-agents came, and took, and vanished as if the hills were their copartners as well as the receivers of their goods. As for the lava, which was its front dooryard, so to speak, for a hundred miles, the man did not live who could say he had crossed it. What it held, or was capable of hiding, in life or in death, no man knew.

The day after Ferris left me I rode out upon that arrested tide—those silent breakers which for ages have threatened, but never reached, the shore. I tried to fancy it as it must once have been, a sluggish, vitreous flood, filling the great valley, and stiffening as it slowly pushed toward the bases of the hills. It climbed and spread, as dough rises and crawls over the edge of the pan. The Black Lava is always called a sea—that image is inevitable; yet its movement had never in the least the character of water. "This is where hell pops," an old plainsman feelingly described it, and the suggestion is perfect. The colors of the rock are those produced by fire; its texture is that of slag from a furnace. One sees how the lava hardened into a crust, which cracked and sank in places, mingling its tumbled edges with the creeping flood not cooled beneath. After all movement had ceased, and the mass was still, time began upon its tortured configurations, crumbled and wore and broke, and sifted a little earth here and there, and sealed the burnt rock with fairy print of lichens, serpent-green and orange and rust-red. The spring rains left shallow pools

which the summer dried. A few dim trails wander a little way and give out, like the water.

For a hundred miles to the Snake River, this Plutonian gulf obliterates the land—holds it against occupation or travel. The shoes of a marching army would be cut from their feet before they had gone a dozen miles across it; horses would have no feet left; and water would have to be packed as on an ocean, or a desert, cruise.

I rode over places where the rock rang beneath my horse's hoofs like the iron cover of a manhole. I followed the hollow ridges that mounted often forty feet above my head, but always with that gruesome effect of thickening movement—that sluggish, atomic crawl; and I thought how one man, pursuing another into this frozen hell, might lose himself but never find the object of his quest. If he took the wrong furrow, he could not cross from one blind gut into another, nor hope to meet the fugitive at any future turning.

I don't know why the fancy of a flight and pursuit should so have haunted me in connection with the Black Lava; I suppose it must have been the desperate and lawless character of our conversation at the stage-house.

I fell completely under the spell of that skeleton flood. I watched the sun sink, as it sinks at sea, beyond its utmost ragged ridges; I sat on the borders of it, and stared across it in the gray moonlight; I rode out upon it when the Buttes, in their delusive nearness, were as blue as the gates of amethyst, and the morning was as fair as one great pearl: but no peace or radiance of heaven or earth could change its aspect more than that of a mound of skulls. When I began to dream about it, I thought I must be getting morbid. This is worse than Gilroy's, I said; and I promised myself I would ride up there next day and see if by chance one might get a peep at the Rose that all were praising, but none dared put forth a hand to pluck. Was it indeed so hard a case for the Rose? There are women who can love a man for the perils he has passed. Alas, Maverick! could any one get used to a face like that?

Here, surely, was the story of Beauty and her poor Beast humbly awaiting, in the mask of a brutish deformity, the recognition of Love pure enough to divine the soul beneath, and unselfish enough to deliver it. Was there such love as that at Gilroy's? However, I did not make that ride.

It was the fourth night of clear, desert moonlight since Ferris had left me: I was sleepless, and so I heard the first faint throb of a horse's feet approaching from the east, coming on at a great pace, and making the turn to the stage-house. I looked out, and on the trodden space in front I saw Maverick dismounting from a badly blown horse.

"Halloo! what 's up?" I called from the open window of my bedroom on the ground-floor.

"Did two men pass here on horseback since dark?"

"Yes," I said; "about twelve o'clock: a tall man and a little short fellow."

"Did they stop to water?"

"No, they did not; and they seemed in such a tearing hurry that I watched them down the road—"

"I am after those men, and I want a fresh horse," he cut in. "Call up somebody quick!"

"Shall you take one of the boys along?" I inquired, with half an eye to myself, after I had obeyed his command.

He shook his head. "Only one horse here that 's good for anything: I want that myself."

"There is my horse," I suggested; "but I 'd rather be the one who rides her. She belongs to a friend."

"Take her, and come on, then, but understand — this ain't a Sunday-school picnic."

"I 'm with you, if you 'll have me."

"I 'd sooner have your horse," he remarked, shifting the quid of tobacco in his cheek.

"You can't have her without me, unless you steal her," I said.

"Git your gun, then, and shove some grub into your pockets: I can't wait for nobody."

He swung himself into the saddle.

"What road do you take?"

"There ain't but one," he shouted, and pointed straight ahead.

I overtook him easily within the hour; he was saving his horse, for this was his last chance to change until Champagne Station, fifty miles away.

He gave me rather a cynical smile of recognition as I ranged alongside, as if to say, "You 'll probably get enough of this before we are through." The horses settled down to their work, and they "humped theirselves," as Maverick put it, in the cool hours before sunrise.

At daybreak his awful face struck me all afresh, as inscrutable in its strange distortion as some stone god in the desert from whose graven hideousness a thousand years of mornings have silently drawn the veil.

"What do you want those fellows for?" I asked, as we rode. I had taken for granted that we were hunting suspects of the road-agent persuasion.

"I want 'em on general principles," he answered shortly.

"Do you think you know them?"

"I think they 'll know me. All depends on how they act when we get within range. If they

don't pay no attention to us, we 'll send a shot across their bows. But more likely they 'll speak first."

He was very gloomy, and would keep silence for an hour at a time. Once he turned on me as with a sudden misgiving.

"See here, don't you git excited; and whatever happens, don't you meddle with the little one. If the big fellow cuts up rough, he 'll take his chances, but you leave the little one to me. I want him — I want him for State's evidence," he finished hoarsely.

"The little one must be the Benjamin of the family," I thought — "one of the bad young Gilroys, whose time has come at last; and Sheriff Maverick finds his duty hard."

I could not say whether I really wished the men to be overtaken, but the spirit of the chase had undoubtedly entered into my blood. I felt as most men do, who are not saints or cowards, when such work as this is to be done. But I knew I had no business to be along. It was one thing for Maverick, but the part of an amateur in a man-hunt is not one to boast of.

The sun was now high, and the fresh tracks ahead of us were plain in the dust. Once they left the road and strayed off into the lava, incomprehensibly to me; but Maverick understood, and pressed forward. "We 'll strike them again further on. D— fool!" he muttered, and I observed that he alluded but to one, "huntin' water-holes in the lava in the tail-end of August!"

They could not have found water, for at Belgian Flat they had stopped and dug for it in the gravel, where a little stream in freshet time comes down the gulch from the snow-fields higher up, and sinks, as at Arco, on the lip of the lava. They had dug, and found it, and saved us the trouble, as Maverick remarked.

Considerable water had gathered since the flight had paused here and lost precious time. We drank our fill, refreshed our horses, and shifted the saddle-girths; and I managed to stow away my lunch during the next mile or so, after offering to share it with Maverick, who refused it as if the notion of food made him sick. He had considerable whisky aboard, but he was, I judged, one of those men on whom drink has little effect; else some counter-flame of excitement was fighting it in his blood.

I looked for the development of the personal complication whenever we should come up with the chase, for the man's eye burned, and had his branded countenance been capable of any expression that was not cruelly travestied, he would have looked the impersonation of wild justice.

It was now high noon, and our horses were beginning to feel the steady work; yet we had not ridden as they brought the good news from Ghent: that is the pace of a great lyric; but it 's not the pace at which justice, or even vengeance, travels in the far West. Even the furies take it coolly when they pursue a man over these roads, and on these poor brutes of horses, in fifty-mile stages, with drought thrown in.

Maverick had had no mercy on the pony that brought him sixteen miles; but this piece of horse-flesh he now bestrode must last him through at least to Champagne Station, should we not overhaul our men before. He knew well when to press and when to spare the pace, a species of purely practical consideration which seemed habitual with him; he rode like an automaton, his baleful face borne straight before him — the Gorgon's head.

Beyond Belgian Flat — how far beyond I do not remember, for I was beginning to feel the work, too, and the country looked all alike to me as we made it, mile by mile — the road follows close along by the lava, but the hills recede, and a little trail cuts across, meeting the road again at Deadman's Flat. Here we could not trust to the track, which from the nature of the ground was indistinct. So we divided our forces, Maverick taking the trail,— which I was quite willing he should do, for it had a look of most sinister invitation,— while I continued by the longer road. Our little discussion, or some atmospheric change,— some breath of coolness from the hills,— had brought me up out of my stupor of weariness. I began to feel both alert and nervous; my heart was beating fast. The still sunshine lay all around us, but where Maverick's white horse was climbing, the shadows were turning eastward, and the deep gulches, with their patches of aspen, were purple instead of brown. The aspens were left shaking where he broke through them and passed out of sight.

I kept on at a good pace, and about three o'clock I, being then as much as half a mile away, saw the spot which I knew must be Deadman's Flat; and there were our men, the tall one and his boyish mate, standing quietly by their horses in broad sunlight, as if there were no one within a hundred miles. Their horses had drunk, and were cropping the thin grass, which had set its tooth in the gravel where, as at the other places, a living stream had perished. I spurred forward, with my heart thumping, but before they saw me I saw Maverick coming down the little gulch; and from the way he came I knew that he had seen them.

The scene was awful in its treacherous peacefulness. Their shadows slept on the broad bed of sunlight, and the gulch was as cool and still as a lady's chamber. The great dead desert received the silence like a secret.

Tenderfoot as I was, I knew quite well what must happen now ; yet I was not prepared — could not realize it — even when the tall one put his hand quickly behind him and stepped ahead of his horse. There was the flash of his pistol, and the loud crack echoing in the hill; a second shot, and then Maverick replied deliberately, and the tall one was down, with his face in the grass.

I heard a scream that sounded strangely like a woman's; but there were only the three, the little one, acting wildly, and Maverick bending over him who lay with his face in the grass. I saw him turn the body over, and the little fellow seemed to protest, and to try to push him away. I thought it strange he made no more of a fight, but I was not near enough to hear what those two said to each other.

Still, the tragedy did not come home to me. It was all like a scene, and I was without feeling in it except for that nervous trembling which I could not control.

Maverick stood up at length, and came slowly toward me, wiping his face. He kept his hat in his hand, and, looking down at it, said huskily :

" I gave that man his life when I found him las' spring runnin' loose like a wild thing in the mountings, and now I 've took it; 'n' God above knows I had no grudge ag'in' him, if he had stayed in his place. But he would have it so."

" Maverick, I saw it all, and I can swear it was self-defense."

His face drew into the tortured grimace which was his smile. " This here will never come before a jury," he said. " It 's a family matter. Did ye see how he acted ? Steppin' up to me like he was a first-class shot, or else a fool. He ain't nary one ; he 's a poor silly tool, the whip-hand of a girl that 's boltin' from her friends like they was her mortal enemies. Go and take a look at him ; then maybe you 'll understand."

He paused, and uttered the name of Jesus Christ, but not as such men often use it, with an inconsequence dreadful to hear ; he was not idly swearing, but calling that name to witness solemnly in a case that would never come before a jury.

I began to understand.

" Is it — is the girl — "

" Yes ; it 's our poor little Rose — that 's the little one, in the gray hat. She 'll give herself away if I don't. She don't care for nothin' nor nobody. She was runnin' away with that fellow — that dish-washin' Swede what I found in the mountings eatin' roots like a ground-hog, with the ends of his feet froze off. Now you know all I know — and more 'n she knows, for she thinks she was fond of him. She wa' n't, never — for I watched 'em, and I know. She was crazy to git away, and she took him for the chance."

His excitement passed, and we sat apart and watched the pair at a distance. She — the little one — sat as passively by her dead as Maverick pondering his cruel deed ; but with both it was a hopeless quiet.

" Come," he said at length, " I 've got to bury him. You look after her, and keep her with you till I git through. I 'm givin' you the hardest part," he added wistfully, as if he fully realized how he had cut himself off from all such duties, henceforth, to the girl he was consigning to a stranger's care.

I told him I thought that the funeral had more need of me than the mourner, and I shrank from intruding myself.

" I dassent leave her by herself — see ? I don't know what notion she may take next, and she won't let me come within a rope's len'th of her."

I will not go over again that miserable hour in the willows, where I made her stay with me, out of sight of what Maverick was doing. Ours were the tender mercies of the wicked, I fear ; but she must have felt that pity at least was near her, if not help. I will not say that her youth and distressful loveliness did not help my perception of a sweet life wasted, gone utterly astray, which might have brought God's blessing into some man's home — perhaps Maverick's, had he not been so hardly dealt with. She was not of that great disposition of heart which can love best that which has sorest need of love; but she was all woman, and helpless and distraught with her tangle of grief and despair, the nature of which I could only half comprehend.

We sat there by the sunken stream, on the hot gravel where the sun had lain, the willows sifting their inconstant shadows over us; and I thought how other things as precious as " God's water " go astray on the Jericho road, or are captured and sold for a price, while dry hearts ache with the thirst that asks a " draught divine."

The man's felt hat which she wore pulled down over her face was pinned to the coil of braids; this had slipped from the crown of her head. The hat was no longer even a protection ; she cast it off, and the blond braids, which had not been smoothed for a day and a night, fell like ropes down her back. The sun had burned her cheeks and neck to a clear crimson; her blue eyes were as wild with weeping as a child's. She was a rose, but a rose that had been trampled in the dust ; and her prayer was to be left there, rather than that we should take her home.

I suppose I must have had some influence over her, for she allowed me to help her to arrange her forlorn disguise, and put her on her

horse, which was more than could have been expected from the way she received me. And so, about four o'clock, we started back.

There was a scene when we headed the horses to the west; she protesting with wild sobs that she would not, could not, go home, that she would rather die, that we should never get her back alive, and so on. Maverick stood aside bitterly, and left her to me, and I was aware of a grotesque touch of jealousy — which, after all, was perhaps natural — in his dour face whenever he looked back at us. He kept some distance ahead, and waited for us when we fell too far in the rear.

This would happen when from time to time her situation seemed to overpower her, and she would stop in the road, and wring her hands, and try to throw herself out of the saddle, and pray me to let her go.

"Go where?" I would ask. "Where do you wish to go? Have you any plan, or suggestion, that I could help you to carry out?" But I said it only to show her how hopeless her resistance was. This she would own piteously, and say: "Nobody can help me. There ain't nowhere for me to go. But I can't go back. You won't let him make me, will you?"

"Why cannot you go back to your father and your brothers?"

This would usually silence her, and, setting her teeth upon her trouble, she would ride on, while I reproached myself, I knew not why.

After one of these struggles, when she had given in to the force of circumstances, still unconsenting and rebellious, Maverick fell back, and ranged his horse on her other side.

"I know partly what 's troubling you, and I 'd rid you of that part quick enough," he said, with a kind of dogged patience in his hard voice; "but you can't get on there without me. You know that, don't you? You don't blame me for staying?"

"I don't blame you for anything but what you 've done to-day. You 've broke my heart, and ruined me, and took away my last chance, and I don't care what becomes of me, so I don't have to go back."

"You don't have to any more than you have to live. Dyin' is a good deal easier, but we can't always die when we want to. Suppose I found a little lost child on the road, and it cried to go home, and I did n't know where 'home' was, would I leave it there just because it cried and hung back? I 'd take you to a better home if I knew of one; but I don't. And there 's the old man. I suppose we could get some doctor to certify that he 's out of his mind, and get him sent up to Blackfoot; but I guess we 'd have to buy the doctor first."

"Oh, hush, do, and leave me alone," she said.

Maverick dug his spurs into his horse, and plunged ahead.

"There," she cried, "now you know part of it; but it 's the least part — the least, the least! Poor father, he 's awful queer. He don't more than half the time know who I am," she whispered. "But it ain't him I 'm running away from. It 's myself — my own life."

"What is it — can't you tell me?"

She shook her head, but she kept on telling, as if she were talking to herself.

"Father he 's like I told you, and the boys — oh, that 's worse! I can't get a decent woman to come there and live, and the women at Arco won't speak to me because I 'm livin' there alone. They say — they think I ought to get married — to Maverick or somebody. I 'll die first! I *will* die, if there 's any way to."

This may not sound like tragedy as I tell it, but I think it was tragedy to her. I tried to persuade her that it must be her imagination about the women at Arco; or, if some of them did talk,— as indeed I myself had heard, to my shame and disgust,— I told her I had never known that place where there was not one woman, at least, who could understand and help another in her trouble."

"I don't know of any," she said simply.

There was no more to do but ride on, feeling like her executioner; but

> Ride hooly, ride hooly, now, gentlemen,
> Ride hooly now wi' me,

came into my mind; and no man ever kept beside a "wearier burd," on a sadder journey.

At dusk we came to Belgian Flat, and here Maverick, dismounting, mixed a little whisky in his flask with water which he dipped from the pool. She must have recalled who dug the well, and with whom she had drunk in the morning. He held it to her lips. She rejected it with a strong shudder of disgust.

"Drink it!" he commanded. "You 'll kill yourself, carryin' on like this." He pressed it on her, but she turned away her face like a sick and rebellious child.

"Maybe she 'd drink it for you," said Maverick, with bitter patience, handing me the cup.

"Will you?" I asked her gently. She shook her head, but at the same time she let me take her hand, and put it down from her face, and I held the cup to her lips. She drank it, every drop. It made her deathly sick, and I took her off her horse, and made a pillow of my coat, so that she could lie down. In ten minutes she was asleep. Maverick covered her with his coat after she was no longer conscious.

We built a fire on the edge of the lava, for we were both chilled and both miserable, each for his own part in that day's work.

The flat is a little cup-shaped valley formed by high hills, like dark walls, shutting it in. The lava creeps up to it in front.

We hovered over the fire, and Maverick fed it, savagely, in silence. He did not recognize my presence by a word — not so much as if I had been a strange dog. I relieved him of it after a while, and went out a little way on the lava. At first all was blackness after the strong glare of the fire; but gradually the desolation took shape, and I stumbled about in it, with my shadow mocking me in derisive beckonings, or contracting close to my heels, as the red flames towered or fell. I stayed out there till I was chilled to the bone, and then went back defiantly. Maverick sat as if he had not moved, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands. I wondered if he were thinking of that other sleeper under the birches of Deadman's Gulch, victim of an unhappy girl's revolt. Had she loved him. Had she deceived him as well as herself? It seemed to me they were all like children who had lost their way home.

By midnight the moon had risen high enough to look at us coldly over the tops of the great hills. Their shadows crept forth upon the lava. The fire had died down. Maverick rose, and scattered the winking brands with his boot-heel.

"We must pull out," he said. "I 'll saddle up, if you will —" The hoarseness in his voice choked him, and he nodded toward the sleeper.

I dreaded to waken the poor Rose. She was very meek and quiet after the brief respite sleep had given her. She sat quite still, and watched me while I shook the sand from my coat, put it on, and buttoned it to the chin, and drew my hat down more firmly. There was a kind of magnetism in her gaze; I felt it creep over me like the touch of a soft hand.

When the horse was ready, Maverick brought it, and left it standing near, and went back to his own, without looking toward us.

"Come, you poor, tired little girl," I said, holding out my hand. She could not find her way at first in the uncertain light, and she seemed half asleep still, so I kept her hand in mine, and guided her to her horse. "Now, once more up," I encouraged her; and suddenly she was clinging to me, and whispering passionately:

"Can't you take me somewhere? Where are those women that you know?" she cried, shaking from head to foot.

"Dear little soul, all the women I know are two thousand miles away," I answered.

"But can't you take me *somewhere?* There must be some place. I know you would be good to me; and you could go away afterward, and I would n't trouble you any more."

"My child, there is not a place under the heavens where I could take you. You must go on like a brave girl, and trust to your friends. Keep up your heart, and the way will open. God will not forget you," I said, and may he forgive me for talking cant to that poor soul in her bitter extremity.

She stood perfectly still one moment while I held her by the hands. I think she could have heard my heart beat; but there was nothing I could do. Even now I wake in the night, and wonder if there was any way but one.

"Yes; the way will open," she said very low. She cast off my hands, and in a second she was in the saddle, and off up the road, riding for her life. And we two men knew no better than to follow her.

I knew better, or I think, now, that I did. I told Maverick we had pushed her far enough. I begged him to hold up and at least not to let her see us on her track. But he never spoke a word, but kept straight on, as if possessed. I don't think he knew what he was doing. At least there was only one thing he was capable of doing — following that girl till he dropped.

Two miles beyond the Flat there is another turn, where the shoulder of a hill comes down and crowds the road, which passes out of sight. She saw us hard upon her as she reached this bend. Maverick was ahead. Her horse was doing all he could, but it was plain he could not do much more. She looked back, and flung out her hand in the man's sleeve that half covered it. She gave a little whimpering cry, the most dreadful sound I ever heard from any hunted thing.

We made the turn after her, and there lay the road white in the moonlight, and as bare as my hand. She had escaped us.

We pulled up the horses, and listened. Not a sound came from the hills or the dark gulches, where the wind was stirring the quaking asps; the lonesome hush-sh made the silence deeper. But we heard a horse's step go clink, clinking — a loose, uncertain step wandering away in the lava.

"Look! look there! My God!" groaned Maverick.

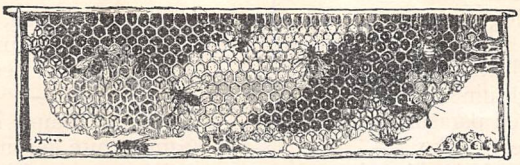
There was her horse limping along one of the hollow ridges, but the saddle was empty.

"She has taken to the lava!"

I had no need to be told what that meant, but if I had needed, I learned what it meant before the night was through. I think that if I were a poet, I could add another "dolorous circle" to the wailing-place for lost souls.

But she had found a way. Somewhere in that stony-hearted wilderness she is at rest. We shall see her again when the sea — the stupid, cruel sea that crawls upon the land — gives up its dead.

Mary Hallock Foote.



"HOME AG'IN."

I 'M a-feelin' ruther sad,
Fer a father proud and glad
As *I* am — my only child
Home, and all so rickonciled!
Feel so *strange*-like, and don't know
What the mischief ails me so!
'Stid o' *bad*, I ort to be
Feelin' good *pertickerly* —
Yes, and *extry* thankful, too,
'Cause my neardest kith and kin,
My Elviry's schoolin' 's through,
And I got her home ag'in —
Home ag'in with me!

Same as ef her mother 'd been
Livin', I have done my best
By the girl, and watchfulest:
Nussed her — keerful' as I could —
From a baby, day and night,—
Drawin' on the neighberhood
And the women-folks as light
As needsessity 'u'd 'low —
'Cept in "teethin'," oncet, and fight
Through black measles. Don't know now
How we ever saved the child!
Doc *he 'd* give her up, and said,
As I stood there by the bed
Sort o' foolin' with her hair
On the hot, wet piller there,
"Wuz no use!" and at them air
Very words she waked and *smiled* —
Yes, and *knowed* me. And that 's where
I broke down, and simply jes
Bellered like a boy — I guess! —
Women *claimed* I did, but I
Allus helt I did n't *cry*,
But wuz *laughin'*, — and I *wuz*,—
Men don't cry like *women* does!
Well, right then and there I felt
'T 'uz her *mother's* doin's, and,
Jes like to myse'f, I knelt
Whisperin', "I understand."
So I 've raised her, you might say,
Stric'ly in the narrer way
'At her mother walked therein —
Not so quite *religiously*,
Yit still *strivin'*-like to do
Ever'thing a father *could*
Do he knowed the *mother* would
Ef she 'd lived — And now all 's through,
And I got her home ag'in —
Home ag'in with me!

And I been so lonesome, too,
Here o' *late*, especially,—
"Old Aunt Abagail," you know,
Ain't no company,— and so
Jes the hired hand, you see —
Jonas — like a relative
More — sence he come here to live
With us nigh ten year' ago.
Still *he* don't count much, you know,
In the way o' company —
Lonesome, 'peared-like, 'most as me!
So, as I say, I been so
Special lonesome-like and blue,
With Elviry, like she 's been,
'Way so much, last two er three
Year'— But *now* she 's home ag'in —
Home ag'in with me!

Driv in fer her yisterday,
And we cut up all the way! —
Yes, and *sung!* — tell, blame it! I
Keyed *my* voice up 'bout as high
As when — days 'at I wuz young —
"Buckwheat-notes" wuz all they sung.
Jonas bantered me, and 'greed
To sing one 'at townfolks sing —
Down at Split Stump er High-Low —
Some new "ballet," said, 'at he 'd
Learnt — about "The Grapevine Swing."
And when *he* quit, *I* begun
To chune up my voice and run
Through the what 's-called "scales" and "do-
Sol-mi-fa's" I ust to know —
Then let loose old favo*rite* one,
"Hunters o' Kentucky!" *My!*
Tell I thought the boy would *die!*
And we *both* laughed — Yes, and still
Heerd *more* laughin' top the hill;
Fer we 'd missed Elviry's train,
And she 'd lit out 'crosst the fields,
Dewdrops dancin' at her heels,
And cut on up Smoots's lane
So 's to meet us. And there in

Shadder o' the chinkypin,
With a danglin' dogwood-bough
Bloomin' 'bove her — see her now!
Sunshine sort o' flickerin' down
And a kind o' lightnin' all
Round her new red parasol,
Tryin' to git at her! — like
I jumped out, and showed 'em how —
Yes, and jes the place to *strike*
That air mouth o' hern — as sweet
As the blossoms breshed her brow
Er the sweet-williams round her feet!
White and blushy, too, as she
"Howdied" up to Jonas, and
Jieuked her head, and waved her hand.
"Hey!" says I, as she bounced in
The spring-wagon, reachin' back
To give *me* a lift, "Whoop-ee!"
I says-ee, "You 're home ag'in —
Home ag'in with me!"

Lord! how wild she wuz, and glad,
Gittin' home! and things she had
To inquire about, and talk —
Plowin', plantin', and the stock.
News o' neighberhood, and how
Wuz the Deem girls doin' now,
Sence that air young chicken-hawk
They was "tamin'" soared away
With their settin'-hen, one day? —
(Said she 'd got Mame's postal-card
'Bout it, very day 'at she
Started home from Bethany.)
How wuz *pro*duce — eggs, and lard?
Er wuz stores still claimin' "hard
Times," as usual? And, says she,
Troubled-like, "How 's Deedie — say?
Sence pore child e-loped away
And got back, and goin' to 'ply
Fer school-liscence by and by."
And where 's 'Lijy workin' at?
And how 's "Aunt" and "Uncle Jake?"
How wuz "Old Maje" — and the cat?
And wuz Marthy's baby fat
As his "humpty-dumpty" ma?
"Sweetest thing she ever saw!
Must run 'crosst and see her, too,
Soon as she turned in and got
Supper fer us — smokin' hot —
And the 'dishes' all wuz through."
And sich supper! W'y, I set
There and et, and et, and *et!* —
Jes et *on*, tell Jonas he
Pushed his chair back, laughed, and says,
"*I* could walk *his* log!" and we
All laughed then, tell 'Viry she
Lit the lamp — and I give in!
Riz and kissed her: "Heaven bless
You!" says I — "*you 're* home ag'in —
Same old dimple in your chin,
Same white apron," I says-ee,
"Same sweet girl, and good to see
As your *mother* ust to be,
And I got you home ag'in —
Home ag'in with me!"

I turns then to go on by her
Through the door — and see her eyes
Both wuz swimmin', and she tries
To say somepin' — can't — and so
Grabs and hugs, and lets me go.
Noticed Aunty 'd made a fire
In the settin'-room and gone
Back where her p'serves wuz on
B'ilin' in the kitchen. I
Went out on the porch and set
Thinkin'-like. And by and by
Heerd Elviry, soft and low,
At the organ, kind o' go
A mi-anderin' up and down
With her fingers 'mongst the keys —
"Vacant Chair" and "Old Camp Groun'."
Dusk wuz moist-like, with a breeze
Lazin' round the locust-trees —
Heerd the hosses champin', and
Jonas feedin', and the hogs —
Yes, and katydids and frogs —
And a tree-toad, som'er's. Heerd
Also whipperwills. My land! —
All so mournful ever'where —
Them out here, and *her* in there;
'Most like 'tendin' services!
Anyway, I must 'a' jes
Kind o' drapped asleep, I guess;
'Cause when *Jonas* must 'a' passed
Me, a-comin' in, *I* knowed
Nothin' of it — yit it seemed
Sort o' like I kind o' *dreamed*
'Bout him, too, a-slippin' in,
And a-watchin' back to see
Ef I *wuz* asleep, and then
Passin' in where 'Viry wuz;
And where I *declare* it *does*
'Pear to me I heerd him say,
Wild and glad and whisperin' —
'Peared-like heerd him say, says-ee,
"Ah! I got you home ag'in —
Home ag'in with me!"

James Whitcomb Riley.



"HOME AG'IN WITH ME!"

THE COLEMAN COLLECTION OF ANTIQUE GLASS.

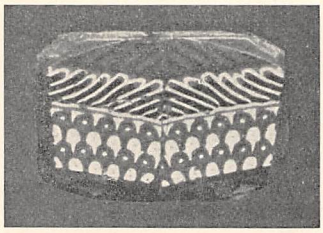


FIGURE 1.

THE world of the Mediterranean Sea, eighteen centuries ago, was rich in works of art and decoration beyond our experience, and beyond our flights of imagination. It is an effort which few of us can make with success to picture the wealth in beautiful art of a great city of the empire. The marbles have been burned to lime, the bronzes have been melted into *grès sous* or their equivalent, the stuccoes have crumbled from the walls, the paintings have gone down with their walls to ruin, the shattered pottery has been used in filling and grading and building, and its remaining fragments are of no value except for an inscription or an impressed name — mere potsherds, with now and then a scrap of antiquarian interest. The shattered glass alone contains in its very substance such beauty, and such completeness even in ruin, that its fragments are treasured up and studied. These broken bits point to a general use of vessels of decorative glass, used as we use porcelain for the finer vessels of table and toilet, and also a great abundance of objects of pure ornament, of wall-linings and floor-coverings, made of the same splendid material. No other substance is like that — beautiful in itself, in its very essence. Fragments of glass have often the value that fragments of pottery sometimes have — the partial figure, the incomplete pattern on the surface; and they have also what no pottery and no other artificial substance has — the beauty we generally think of as peculiar to natural stones, to agates, and to jaspers. As a collector fills his cabinet with pieces of precious and semi-precious stones, with here and there a piece which has, as it happens, a head or a piece of a head carved upon it, so the enthusiastic vitreologist collects glass as glass, loving its substance and its surface, its color and its texture, its translucency and its opacity, its set patterns and its vague cloudings; here and there a stamped or a wheel-ground pattern adds its own attractiveness, but the glass itself is the thing! Precious and beautiful is glass, even in fragments.

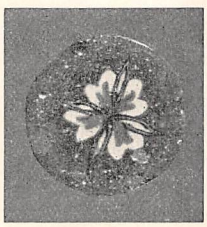


FIGURE 2.

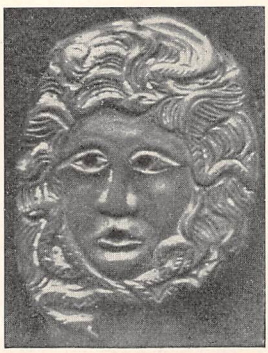


FIGURE 4.

Glass vessels of the Renaissance are certainly more picturesque and varied in form than those of Roman times, but in this peculiar and appropriate charm of colors and patterns in its substance the ancient glass stands first, and that without comparison. The ancient glass is far richer, also, in the patterns and figures engraved and ground upon the surface. In other words, the sixteenth-century man looked upon glass as a plastic material, a delightful thing to manipulate hot, and to see keeping its spirited outline, its graceful shape, when cold; but to the man of the second century glass was a material like onyx, in layers of contrasting color, or a material like moss-agate, with lovely patterns of color in its very substance — patterns to

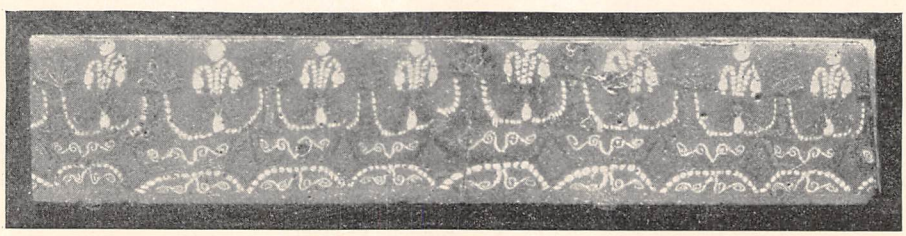


FIGURE 3.

be revealed to sight by grinding down and polishing the surface. Pliny says, indeed, that clear glass was preferred; but that is merely the longing of the amateur for the unattained; very beautiful, nearly transparent, glass has come down to us from Roman times, but that does not prevent the colored sorts from being much the more carefully treated as decoration. The earlier workman had a graver taste in shapes than his successor of the sixteenth century; he sought simpler outlines and more rounded forms, and, as comported with his love of the colored material, more substance and thicker walls to his vases. And therefore a collection of fragments of glass of the Roman centuries has a value which no future gathering of scraps of Venetian, French, or Bohemian can approach.



FIGURE 5.



FIGURE 6.

The collection made by Mr. C. C. Coleman, an American artist living in Rome, explains all this. It includes specimens of that material in which scrolls of thin glass, like little pieces of paper rolled up and allowed to open again partly, are imbedded in the solid transparent mass. This is evidently of the very same workmanship as the onyx glass which there will be need to mention below, but with the thin sheets of whitish opaque material in small scraps, and rolled up, instead of lying flat and of the full size of the piece. This particular make has been copied at the modern Murano factories, but at heavy cost, for a saucer of it may cost five hundred *lire* in Venice. There are specimens of that glass in which are imbedded drops, as it were — round-headed, thin-tailed little entities, by hundreds and thousands. These in bright green, and fixed in a solid mass of a darker green, come struggling into light out of the half-inch-deep abyss, producing what might be called a mottled appearance, but for the vastly richer effect produced by the depth, and the vanishing into it, or emerging from it, of the worm-like little units. There are the various kinds of *millefiori* glass, as it is called at Venice, where the ancient patterns have been copied for three centuries; this is thickly set with flower-like figures of brilliant color, sometimes arranged in formal patterns, sometimes freely sprinkled through the solid substance. There are the lace-glasses, the many sorts of *vitro di trina*, as the modern makers call it, with thin white threads permeating the transparent paste. There are the solid-color glasses, opaque and hardly vitreous in their appearance, resembling *rosso antico*, or plain red jasper, so closely that one can hardly believe them to be glass. These pieces are sometimes used in free mosaic, inlaid one color in another, but not fused together; and sometimes they are set in metal like the blue glass of the Mykenæan epoch. There is black and dark-brown glass, with a strong vitreous luster like obsidian. There are the tiles and slabs of what might be called a solid and a homogeneous mosaic; mosaics of set pattern, made up of squares and polygons, and also those made of foliated and lobed, quatrefoiled and cinquefoiled, flower-like units of ornament, looking very much like a freer and simpler Florentine mosaic, but compacted into the fused body of the glass. Figure 1 is a specimen of this class. Figure 2 is a single irregular flower, such as might be incrusted in marble or in stucco. Figure 3 is an unusually beautiful piece of much more delicate work, a mosaic of minute tesseræ, all made solid by the unifying heat. Such work as



FIGURE 9.



FIGURE 7.



FIGURE 8.

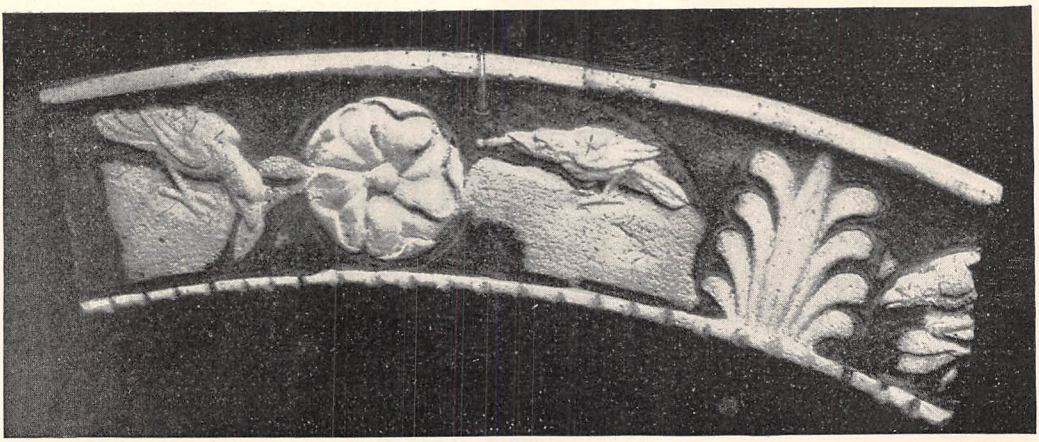


FIGURE 10.

this, in patterns of much larger scale and bolder design, was used for wall-linings as we moderns use keramic tiles. Very many fragments of this kind of glass are included in the Coleman collection; it is a beautiful, a most effective, wall-decoration, which it behooves the moderns to restore to its place; for nothing can make it mechanical and stiff in appearance; machine-work is not applicable to colored-body glass. Then there are, of course, the more common patterns of spiral and wavy zigzag; such glass as the *amphorini* and the little jugs with spouts are made of, which are not rare in collections; glass that looks as if its many-colored constituents had been pulled out by an iron rake, much as "comb-marbling" is done on paper and the edges of books. This material is not so compact; the colored strips and strings of half-melted glass have not been able to coalesce so firmly. It looks as if it would break apart along the lines of separation of the colors, with comparative ease. And there are the many varieties of glass where the different colored masses are whirled and twisted together more loosely, more freely; much as some of the very recent Louis Tiffany glass vessels are composed.

But there is another kind of artistical glass in which this collection is rich—the glass of sculptured surface, pressed while hot, or ground or engraved when cold. Wall-tiles were made in this way, exquisite bas-reliefs, having indeed the peculiar look of the mold-formed surface rather than that which is carved by the tool, but hardly the worse for that. Still more delicate are the medallions stamped upon vessels, and those made separate for mounting, as jewels. Figure 4 is a Gorgon's head impressed with a die in the hot glass. Figure 5 is a profile of a youthful Bacchus made in the same way, an exquisite work of art. Figure 6 is a head in fine preservation, peculiar in the very modern treatment of expression. Figure 7 is a centaur, a strangely modeled horse-body, growing small where its equine character needs a greater girth, all to meet the human dimensions more readily. Figure 8 is a relief of Christian inspiration, apparently a rather barbarous piece of late Roman work. Such pieces as this are found in the catacombs near Rome, and in the south of Italy; they are nearly always the round bottoms of bowls or dishes which have been broken. Figure 9 is a bit of semi-architectural detail, an



FIGURE 11.



FIGURE 12.



FIGURE 13.



FIGURE 14.



FIGURE 15.

admirably designed sculptured ogee molding. All these are pressed or molded in the hot glass, and they show perfectly what extraordinary effects we might produce in this way for the decoration of buildings, within and without, at low cost.

Carved glass, ground, or "cut," by swiftly revolving wheels, and finished by tools such as are used by the gem-engraver, were a speciality of the artists of Roman times. Everybody has heard of the Portland vase in the British Museum—an amphora about ten inches high made originally of glass in two layers. The outer shell of opaque white glass has all been ground away except where the design of human figures and trees and rocks is left, a perfect cameo on a very large scale. There is an amphora in the Naples Museum as marvelous in workmanship, and probably more beautiful, than the British Museum vase: that piece is about thirteen inches high, also of blue body and white reliefs—a most elaborate composition. "Cameo glass" of very recent times is an imitation of such work, and is more deficient in artistic design than in workmanship. Fragments of a vase of this ware are included in the Coleman collection; a dancing faun with cymbals is preserved almost complete, and patterns of anthemia and ivy-leaf wreaths remain in good condition. In all the finer specimens of this ware the blue ground shows through the thin edges of the white relief, adding a great charm to the modeling, in a way familiar to us in a very modern ware, porcelain with *pâte-sur-pâte* decoration. Of such workmanship are the pieces shown in the illustrations now to be described. Figure 10 is part of the lip, or rim, of a large dish, the pattern left in relief as the white layer has been ground away elsewhere. Figure 11 is a fragment on which two heads and a lecythus remain of a larger composition. Figure 12 is a tragic mask. All these are roughly worked, no great amount of pains having been spent upon them. It has not been thought necessary to complete the rounding of the parts, the proportion of the different reliefs; all has been left rather flat and uniform—a silhouette rather than a bas-relief. But there are many pieces of the most refined finish: figure 13, a group of two male figures, one of which holds a thyrsus, is a very complete piece of modeling; it has the look of a life-size bas-relief, small as it is. The sphinx with a caduceus, figure 14, is another admirable bit, and it is strange to see how careless the artist has been about cleaning up his background; he has left irregular traces of the white glass there, in the full conviction that they would make no difference—that his modeling was fine enough to bear all such little drawbacks. Figure 15 is a fragment of a bas-relief of real Hellenic beauty, and has a suggestion in it of the Parthenon frieze. Figure 16 is a head of Roman dignity, and (dare we say?) of Roman lack of amiability. The head is laureled: perhaps a comparison with coins might enable us to guess at the name of the personage represented. And now we come to reliefs in two colors, where the onyx-like glass has not been used merely to give a white relief upon a dark ground, but for the adornment of the sculpture itself. Figure 17 is



FIGURE 16.

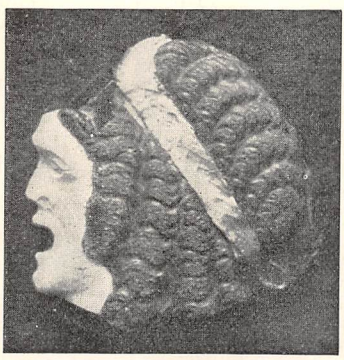


FIGURE 17.



FIGURE 18.

a head, of which the heavily dressed hair, in great rolls and ridges, is of very dark blue glass, and the face itself in opaque white. In this piece a band of leaf-gold covers the fillet of white glass that goes around the head. Figure 18 is a Roman lady with another elaborate coiffure, the hair, in its tightly curled masses, is cut out of the dark glass, while the face and neck with the earring and necklace are carved in the white material. This head is inclosed in an oval panel, slightly depressed below the general surface of the piece, and molded at the edge in a delicate frame.

There are in the Coleman collection perfect and unbroken bowls and vases, and some of these are of great beauty. But the charm of it is in the comparisons it makes possible among some thousands of specimens of almost every kind of ancient glass which is known to us. No collection of perfect vessels which exists, or which is likely to be brought together, could contain so many varieties of glass, and, for obvious reasons, perfect vessels could hardly afford such ample opportunity for study of make and texture, and of all the processes of manufacture.

Russell Sturgis.

LOVE IN MASQUERADE.

I DREAMED that love came knocking
At your door one winter night,
While the specter trees were rocking
In a blast of savage blight.
"Oh, I perish!" poor Love pleaded;
"Ope the door, for love's dear sake."
But although you heard and heeded,
Still no answer would you make!
Not one word of sweet replying
Would your haughty lips have said,
Even if Love had lain there dying,
Even if Love had lain there dead!

Then I dreamed that Love o'er-ruled you;
For in tenderest voice he cried,
"Nay, dear lady, I sadly fooled you,
Since I am not Love, but Pride."
And you straightway oped your portals,
With a merry and welcome nod,
To that wiliest of immortals,
To that masquerading god.
Ah, you oped your portals lightly,
Not for Love's, but Pride's, dear sake;
Yet, O lady, if I dreamed rightly,
Love soon taught you your mistake!

Edgar Fawcett.



"THEY WERE A PLEASING CONTRAST." (SEE PAGE 563.)

A BACHELOR MAID.

By Mrs. Burton Harrison,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," "Belhaven Tales," etc.

WITH PICTURE BY IRVING R. WILES.

III.

IT was the witching hour of dinner at the Antediluvian Club. The tables in the dining-room were, for the most part, occupied. Men dining alone, in eclipse behind one or another of the favorite evening papers, eating or drinking intermittently the while, accounted for the disappearance from the reading-room of all the most desirable journals. Parties of two or three men — comfortable-looking bankers, brokers, lawyers, doctors, with snowy shirt-

fronts and complexions of mantling red — laughed and jested together, making the most of their hours of good cheer, free from professional or financial cares. Here and there, sitting alone, might have been seen a man to whom neither the current tidings of the outer world nor the society of his fellows offered a surcease of the pressure of affairs. Upon his brow lingered the never-relaxing lines of worry. By and by his place will be found vacant, and the other men will read paragraphs announcing his death from apoplexy or heart-failure, or — if the struggle has been particularly long and fierce, and the disappointment crushing — by suicide.

Among these groups no trace was seen of the familiar figure of "Johnny" Waters. Since time out of mind, this veteran had been a feature of the Antediluvian at its prandial function. He was a spare old bachelor, living, no one knew where or how — "over Chelsea way," some quidnunc, bolder than the rest, had ventured to assert.

Neither did any one know when Waters had possessed a new suit of clothes. He was, however, clean, if rusty, and his pocket, like the widow's cruse, was at no time entirely empty; it contained a few pieces of gold, which he had the habit of playing with, but never changed.

His diversions were an occasional game of billiards, pool, or cards, in which his adversaries were discreetly selected from among the feebler folk, who might be depended upon to pay the club-tax for the game, charged always to the player who loses.

An authority in gastronomy, the cooks and servants treated him with respect, the club frequenters bowed down to his dicta; and there was hardly a day when he did not dine well with and at the expense of somebody whose dinner he had ordered by special request. On occasions when an opportunity for this thrifty exchange of benefits did not present itself, Mr. Waters, after long waiting for an invitation, usually denied himself a dinner. Arriving at the club regularly at about five in the afternoon, it was his custom to order toast and a cup of tea — probably his first meal, so whispered the gossips, since the liberal repast over-night, superintended by him, and paid for by "the other fellow." As the dinner-hour drew near, and men, dropping in, went to the desk to inscribe their orders, he would be espied wandering about with a blameless expression of innocence upon his withered old face. What, then, more natural than that some would-be diner, assured of getting thereby the best the club contained, should ask "Johnny" if he were disengaged for dinner?

To-night, upon his absence the jokers chose to hang the time-honored story that he was either walking in the square below, engaged in buckling up his belt, or else eating macaroni in a cheap Italian restaurant. But the morrow would see him at his post, renewed in hope.

It was at the period of the repast when most men's orders had been served that Mr. Robert Crouch — the opponent at billiards of Mr. Justice Irving — was wont to appear upon the scene.

Short, thick-set, breathing stertorously, with his waistcoat well exposed to view, his protruding eyes taking in the tables as he passed, Crouch had the offensive habit of slowly sauntering the length of the dining-room, scrutinizing every table, and gaging the social value of every man according to the dinner spread before him.

"Don't talk to me about him, sir," he had once observed regarding a local dignitary. "He 's a pretender — a mere pretender. Why, when I met him just after he had ordered his dinner yesterday, and casually asked him what he was going to have, he said, 'Well, for one thing, woodcock.' And blame me, sir, if, when I passed up the room, I did n't see him in the corner pegging away at a blanked old prairie-chicken!"

Mr. Crouch, like Mr. Waters, did not object to being bidden to sit at the table of his friends. With all his bluster at the waiters, and all his braggadocio about living on the fat of the land, he was, when dining alone, generally observed to be attacking a slice from a joint, and a couple of baked potatoes.

To-night, having accomplished his customary espionage, and driven several quiet citizens to the length of a wish to strangle him for his impertinence, Mr. Crouch stopped before a table laid for two in the upper end of the room.

"Who 's due here, Clarkson?" he asked of that gentleman, just come in to take his own bit of fish and some chops at the adjoining table.

"Don't know, I 'm sure," answered Clarkson. "I 'm late myself; just stopped a minute to enter a line in the complaint-book about the disgusting way these waiters breathe into one's back hair. If a man happens to be bald, as I am, it makes him sneeze, by Jove!"

"What was the complaint, yesterday?" said Crouch, facetiously.

"Oh, I don't remember. Probably that the floor of that wretched library shakes so confoundedly I can't digest when I go in to read after dinner."

"Who is this table reserved for?" asked Crouch, beckoning the head-waiter, who was not imposed upon by his large, authoritative manner.

"Mr. Gordon, sir," said the functionary, turning away at once.

"Alec Gordon? Who 's he going to dine, I wonder? Quite a spread, to judge from the

forks and glasses! Have you heard they are putting Gordon forward for United States Attorney, Clarkson?"

"Fact?" said Clarkson, with animation.

"Yes. They are working it up among them; and by Jove! sir, with the luck that chap has, I should n't in the least wonder if he gets it."

"I 'm for him, and here 's to his success," said Clarkson, draining his glass of claret. "But even Gordon's luck goes under, sometimes. His engagement with Marion Irving is off, by mutual agreement. I have n't the pleasure of knowing the young lady personally, but she 's a splendid creature to look at, and I condole with him over the loss of her."

"She 's no loss to a man in his senses," said Crouch, with a sardonic laugh. "Why, she 's daft, or nearly so, over 'women's rights'!"

"What extraordinary capers these females are up to, nowadays!" replied the cheerful Clarkson. "If you believe me, I got a notice from a committee of them, requesting me and 'all the *adult* members' of my 'household' to call somewhere to sign a petition to strike out of our State constitution the word *male* as a qualification for voters. Now, I have n't any household; but if I had, why should n't they ask my babies as well as my adults, if the thing is to put everybody on the same footing? Last year it was street-cleaning. All the pretty women went at you at dinners, and asked if you had influence with various 'bosses' whom they 'longed' to know. Well, they accomplished then what they set out to do, those charming creatures, I must confess; but why can't they rest on those laurels? The year before it was the abolition of ash-barrels. You could n't open your mouth to a girl at a party without having an ash-barrel thrust into it! They 've had their dab at city politics; and as to the Higher Education of Women, the University Settlement, and the Kindergarten Association, those we have alway with us — and we are allowed to buy tickets, or send checks for boxes for their entertainments, to an almost unlimited extent!"

"And Marion Irving is in the front rank of all this," put in Crouch, who did not relish having to listen to so long a disquisition. "What 's more, she 's got the Woman Question for a bee-in-her-bonnet, which lots of the others have n't. If I were Irving, I 'd lock that girl up, or send her traveling with a keeper, or she 'll end by coming to no good."

"Hush!" said Clarkson, warningly; but it was too late. Gordon, accompanied by a blond-bearded, smiling young man who had something foreign in his aspect, was close upon them, and must have heard every word of the close of Crouch's speech.

A surge of anger came over Gordon's face. Wheeling quickly, he spoke in the offender's ear a few evidently stinging words, whereat Crouch, uncomfortably red, turned away, relieved by the coincident summons of a waiter to his modest meal served in a sequestered corner of the room.

"Ha! Clarkson," resumed Gordon, quietly, "I hope that cad has n't taken away your appetite. Come, after dinner, and let me make you known to my friend Baron Strémof, a Russian, just arrived."

"Charmed, my dear fellow, but what the deuce am I to speak in?" whispered Clarkson.

"English, of which he 's a master," returned Gordon, going on to place his friend at table, and to introduce him to a plate of tiny oysters — a visible disappointment, as to size, for the newcomer.

"You had not — pardon me — a very agreeable moment in getting rid of the man who offended you," said Strémof, lightly. "But it was, at any rate, effectual. And these are the famed oysters — Blue Points, you call them. The flavor makes amends for their limited caliber."

"We eschew the large ones, purposely, when served in this way. For once, you will find America not anxious to illustrate her excellence by size."

"Oh, you will not find me agreeing with any slur put upon America," said Strémof, with delightful animation. "It has been the ambition of my life to visit your country. And your Exposition at Chicago has made of last summer an ineffaceable dream of beauty to me. At even this distance of time the White City appears to me amid a luminous haze concealing all the petty vulgarity that must, of necessity, attend upon such a spectacle. I am more than ever lost in wonder at the fresh vigor of its conception, and the enormous abilities displayed in carrying it out. But I believe, already, you astonishing Americans are checking each other for allusion to the crowning glory of your age. A young woman of Chicago told me I must no longer speak of the Columbian Fair — that it is, by now, 'a chestnut.' Fancy! how delicious! I wrote home this little anecdote, and with it I am confident of amusing my friends in Petersburg. Would she consider St. Peter's of Rome, or St. Mark's of Venice, 'a chestnut,' may I ask?"

There was no venom in the lively strictures of Strémof, whose buoyant enjoyment of the world and of himself made him pleasant company.

"If it has accomplished nothing else, the Fair has made us better known and understood by our friends from across the water," Gordon said. "And I think it has led them to understand, at last, that creation in art is possible to us."

"My dear friend," exclaimed the Russian, knocking over a glass of Sauterne in his enthusiasm, "who could fail to appreciate the fact that those splendid palaces of white 'staff'— built for a day, and already vanished into the fairy-land of dreams from which they came— typified the new birth of art from the virgin soil of America? What struck me most, after that, was the serious way in which the crowds, assembled to do it homage, received their impressions of your Fair. I thought those people from remote towns and villages, who had journeyed such immense distances, were especially interesting to watch. They seemed dazzled, oppressed, shy — but, through it all, proud and inspired. Henceforth, I thought, whatever they may read in their papers about the Old World, they will understand and enjoy. Some day they will bring their modernism to visit our antiquity — and, when they see our treasures, will not be ashamed because they have had nothing of that sort of their own. But here, as usual, I let my feelings run away with me. I *radote*, instead of doing justice to your menu."

"You say you have always had a wish to know us better," rejoined his host. "I can only regret you have put it off so long. Carroll's letter tells me you are amusing yourself by contributing studies, social and economical, of American affairs to some of your Russian journals. I wish I could enjoy them."

"I am indeed well protected by my language. But I am not afraid for any of my American friends to read them. They tell me, if anything, my letters are too uniformly *couleur de rose.* Yes, for some years before I came I had been gathering facts about you. Carroll, who is a charming fellow, and much liked in Petersburg, put me up to the books I must read to understand your social side. I wish you could see the bewilderment of an old countess with whom I go to take tea — who is by way of being an amateur in your literature — after I left with her a volume of American stories in dialect. 'But, my dear boy,' she said to me, 'as well expect my old teeth to crack nuts!'"

"And now," said Gordon, smiling, "I suppose you wish to find the originals of the types you have met in our novels."

"You have hit the mark! Here is my complaint — I have not met one of them. Where are they? In the ateliers of the writers, behind screens, supporting a mass of different costumes to be put on when the lay figure is required? Everybody I meet is conventional. I could do as well in London, Paris, Vienna, Rome, or by staying at home in Petersburg. Your clubs are superb, but the men in them are like those I see in such places abroad; your houses are little palaces, crowded with works of art. Your women, perpetually on the wing, sip sweets from the fashions and customs of every country to bring home. Even in the far cities of the West I found furniture and costumes and modes of living like these here, and all under the eternal glare of electricity. Imagine a continent full of New Yorks! Your men, more original in thought and expression than your women, are fast becoming supercivilized. I am in despair. If I could only meet on the street a lady — Bloomer, *c'est ça, n'est-ce pas?* — in her trousers and pot-hat, I should be happier. But it seems to me that, even in London, the women are more fearless in action, in expression of opinion, than your women. I wish I could know an American unmarried woman of the sort I have dreamed of. I should not write about her in my notes for publication, *bien entendu*, but I should enshrine her in my heart."

"It would take me some time to explain to you the transition stage of society which is responsible for what you charge," said Gordon.

Strémof was silenced by his first introduction to terrapin. But not for long.

"This is wonderful!" he exclaimed. "I now confess to you, my friend, that it was with a species of resigned terror I tasted your national delicacy a moment since. Last year Carroll, who wished to make some acknowledgment of my father's friendship for him, ordered to be sent to our house, express from America, some terrapin in tins. I have since learned they had cooked and sealed it at the last moment before the fast steamer sailed, and had expedited it direct to Russia in the care of a friend, scarcely daring to hope it could arrive in good condition for immediate use. But my father, not understanding this, had his *maître d'hôtel* put the dainty away until the belated occasion of a dinner of ceremony to which poor Carroll was invited. The American dish came on; alas! it was left upon every plate! Poor dear Carroll, who did not in the least recognize it, had covered his portion with a piece of bread when he heard my father announcing to Count X—— upon his right that this was the famous terrapin of North America! My dear friend, let me thank you," he added radiantly, extending his hand, which the amused Gordon shook. "You have not only saved Carroll's reputation, but you have given me new bliss!"

Over their coffee, Clarkson joined them, and their merry talk was prolonged till Gordon hurried Strémof off to hear Calvé in "Carmen," and to make acquaintances in the boxes of a number of his friends. It so happened that, for this night, a woman inclined to be gracious to Marion Irving had sent a note inclosing three tickets, and urging Marion to join her in her box, bringing "any friends" she might select.

Marion, who had no taste for the conversa-

tional patter that accompanies the opera of to-day, had been about to decline the offer — when she saw in the eyes of Sara Stauffer an expression interpreted as a craving for the music so little within her possibilities.

"I could take tickets in the parquette, or in a gallery where it will be possible to listen in peace," said Marion; but a girl, happening in at the moment, assured her of the impossibility of buying a seat for Calvé in "Carmen" at that late hour.

"It is just possible Mrs. Romaine won't be in her own box," she meditated; "if the fancy took her to go to see Sandow the strong man, or the trained animals, she would follow it, and leave the box empty. Yes, Sara, we will go."

Madame Stauffer, who had been waiting with a strange palpitation of anxiety at the heart, looked frankly delighted, and cried out with pleasure.

"I am hungering for opera," she went on. "But oh, Marion, you know my wardrobe! What have I fit to wear? There is a poor little white silk made long ago for a concert of the graduating class at Somerville. Perhaps, if I bought a lot of that soft white chiffon, and put it on in full ruffles around the neck — "

"I think so," said Marion, absently; then, remembering herself, "Dear Sara, how vexatious it is that a woman like you should be in the shackles of conventionality in dress. Why can't we soar out of these petty considerations? You are charming in the little black frock, with the black lace, and a red rose in your bodice."

"To accomplish what we seek, we should never let ourselves be remarked for singularity," said the teacher. "Therefore, darling, as we are driving out, if you will take me to some cheapish place to buy the chiffon —"

Marion, obedient to a certain point, directed her coachman to stop at the emporium where her own purchases of that sort were made. A fichu of fine white gauze, floating at a breath into a feathery mass, was found already made by skilled fingers, and was supplemented by new gloves of Sara's number, and the offer of a gift of Marion's best fan.

"How I rejoice in ordering these things to be charged to my own account," meditated the girl. "No more requests to step into the library to explain the items upon forgotten bills. But it surprises me that Sara should seem so glad to get them. I suppose it is only a refinement of the feeling she touched upon — her objection to illustrate women's rights by peculiarity of costume."

THEY were in the Romaines's box at the opera, alone, when Gordon came in to introduce Strémof. As Marion had predicted, the notional owner of the premises had elected to remain at home, or to go elsewhere.

Gordon, who, designedly, had not seen Marion since their rupture, — having gone off on business of his firm for a "little American journey" to Salt Lake City, and having but just returned, — observed her with surprise in the company of this peculiar, but attractive-looking "woman in white," whom he could not remember having seen with her before.

For a moment he had hesitated in the lobby at the door of the box. Then, telling Strémof he was about to present him to a lady, young and unmarried, perhaps the best exponent among his acquaintances of the "unfettered American spirit" which Strémof aspired to meet, he opened the door into the anteroom.

Here, in the surrounding of crimson satin, decorated with mirrors in Florentine gilt frames, — for Mrs. Romaine knew well how to set off her fading looks, — they found the two women, who had retired, during an *entr'acte*, from the glitter of the auditorium.

They were a pleasing contrast, nestling toward each other, as women sit, upon the crimson cushions of a little couch. Sara, dark, lithe, sparkling, all in white; Marion in satin, as usual the color of her hair, with sleeves and scarf of a topaz yellow. Unconsciously, she had placed herself against her long coat of amber satin, with its many capes bordered with otter fur.

Strémof, the impressionist, seeing this artistic "composition" that might have been hung with effect on the line in the Salon of the Champ de Mars, was possessed with wonder that the two should be alone, when all the other women he had visited were subdividing their talk and attention between numerous male callers. He could hardly be expected to divine that it was the possession of the very independence of thought which he affected to be in search of that isolated the beautiful and distinguished Marion Irving from the class to which she belonged.

When Gordon entered the box, Marion blushed, and then, feeling that the higher woman would not have done so, blushed again at having blushed. Sara, perceiving as much, understood, before his name was mentioned, who this great manly fellow was. Immediately falling into conversation with Gordon, she rose, and returned to the front of the box with him, followed by Marion and Strémof.

Sara's boast was not exactly like that of Wilkes, the most ill-favored Englishman of his day, who said that, with a half-hour's start, he would not be afraid of the handsomest man in the kingdom; but she knew how to value this opportunity to make a first impression upon her friend's friend.

Although he and Marion were no longer

lovers, she had early realized the importance of Gordon's opinion to Marion, and to a more formidable power in the Irving household. She recognized that this strong, straightforward, clean-minded gentleman was not to be dealt with by any of the commonplace methods known to women who set themselves to attract men. She felt that he would not be easy to deceive. Her supple spirit, confronting his, yielded to it for a moment, leaving her almost at a loss. Then, rallying, she determined to compel him, before she was done with him, to admire her talents, enjoy her society, respect her. Ah! poor Sara!

After Gordon had talked with Madame Stauffer during a longer time than is generally allowed in a visit of the sort, he changed places with Strémof. The latter, finding Marion attractive, had yet been baffled by her odd reserve. He was rather relieved to plunge into a merry war of wits with her companion. With the foreigner, versed in such arts, Sara could let her rare facility in conversation have full swing. She flew lightly ahead of him, putting Strémof on his mettle to keep up with her, and yet allowed him to perceive that he entertained her thoroughly. Like most strangers visiting America, he could not see the reason that, had he been an ordinary frequenter of New York society, would have made him give a cold shoulder to the little unknown woman who had no backing except Miss Irving's caprice in friendship. And there was one subject upon which they did not spar: Strémof, himself a brilliant musician, saw that in Sara he had met his match.

Thus, while their friends were in the stream of animated talk, Gordon and Marion profited by the first occasion for communication with each other since the breaking of their engagement. By the time he sat down by her she had regained her self-possession, and her glance, turned upon him, was full, free, and cordial.

"You have not told me how you like my friend?" she said, dropping her voice, after a few generalities and a description of his journey.

"I have been patching together my recollections of what you have said about your acquaintances at Somerville to try to place that rather dazzling person."

"In those days she was Sara Mills, a lecturer to our freshmen on English literature. After leaving Somerville, she married a German professor, a Dr. Stauffer, as clever, apparently, as she; but the marriage was not happy, and he died very soon. I can't say that Sara, as I see her now, in the least suggests the little Miss Mills I first met. She is the most protean of creatures, and fascinates every one."

"How did you come to find her again?"

"I saw in a woman's journal which I take that she had been obliged to stop work from ill-health, and was in Washington; so I wrote to her,"—here Marion colored a little at the recollection of the subject of that first letter,—"remembering her as the most sympathetic person I ever knew."

"It was a kind impulse to want to give her this glimpse of brightness in her life. I can't imagine a more wretched breakdown than one from teaching."

"Oh, but I don't deserve credit for pure unselfishness," said Marion, always sensitively truthful. "I wanted her for myself. I wanted guidance in certain paths. I have not explained to you that for some time past she has been a public lecturer on the Woman Question, and has appeared on many platforms about the country."

"Good gracious!" said Gordon, with a jump.

"Oh, yes. And I am proud of her courage, and pluck, and talent. I think, as I know her better every day, I could follow anywhere she may lead. And, after all, it is to you I owe the permission to have her come. My father told me that you advised it in the first place."

"I — oh! yes, I did," said the unfortunate young man, remembering his conversation with the judge.

"But you did not know I was going to capture such a *rara avis*, did you? It is a great pride to me to show you such a champion of our cause, one so fine, so intelligent, so truly a woman in all that is best."

"*Our* cause?" he repeated in a blundering attempt at an undertone that sounded like a groan.

"Don't speak so loud; you will be heard in the parquette," she said in smiling rebuke. "Yes, 'our cause'; for I am quite decided, now. I mean to work for them with all my might and means when Sara shall have decided in what way it will be best."

"Your father?" said Gordon, helplessly.

"That is, of course, our greatest obstacle; though Sara has won him over, in a way most surprising to me, to let her explain to him our aims and objects."

"Explain to *him* —" began Gordon, again, and stopped, feeling that he was not coming through this very brilliantly.

"Really, Alec, I never knew you so dull in taking an idea. Her logic, her reasoning faculties, would command any man's respect. There, the curtain is going up."

"May we stay a while longer?" he said, hating tremendously to leave her alone with his new foe.

"Certainly. We are deserted females, apparently. But when I have Sara to talk with, I never miss any one else."

Gordon, falling again into the chair behind hers, queried no more. The act progressed:

Calvé had come upon the scene; and upon her the attention of the great audience was focalized.

There was the *patio* of the little *fonderia* in which *Don Jose* lounged upon the edge of the table, while saucy *Carmen*, a rose dropping from her dark hair, her glances as full of fire as were her motions of sinuous grace, swaggered before her lover's eyes, or danced and sang for him in a voice as rich as wine.

But of this Gordon saw nothing. Perhaps, under the spell of that lovely voice, the captivating sensuousness of Bizet's music, he was impelled to feel for the girl, so near him that his breath stirred the loose tendrils of hair upon her neck, a new awakening of the tenderness of their old relation; and then a vague alarm for her, the instinctive idea that she needed his protection, had greatly shaken his resolve to think of her only as a sister. Already, in the short time since she had thrown off his loving yoke, she seemed to have not only receded far from him, but to be quieter, more content, nay, happier, than while he had been pouring out on her the best passion of his young manhood.

When the toreador came on, and strutted his brief space before the footlights, and sang his familiar, ringing song, Gordon was glad of the burst of applause that followed it. He started from his reverie, uncertain whether he had uttered an actual sound; but as nobody seemed to notice him, he felt relieved, assured that he had not.

"Oh, my love, my love," he was saying within himself, "you did not kindle such a fire in my breast, you did not feed it all these months when I believed you mine, to have it go out suddenly at your bidding."

As *Escamillo* came back on his recall, the antechamber of the box was invaded by new arrivals; and at the close of the repeat, Mrs. Romaine and two others came to the front. The greetings and explanations that ensued effectually broke up sentiment; and pledging himself to take Strémof to call at the Irvings's on the day but one following, Gordon and his friend took leave.

In the lobby he encountered no less a person than Mr. Justice Irving, hovering — rather uncertainly, it appeared to Gordon — around the door of the Romaines's box.

"I saw you looking after Marion, from the parquet," the judge explained hastily. "You know I never will spoil an evening of good music by sitting where people gabble, and Mrs. Romaine is notorious in that respect. She 's just gone in, I see; so that Marion 's all right. There 's no call for me to show in there, I suppose?"

"None, if it bores you, I should think," said Gordon, introducing Strémof.

"Then I 'd as well go back and get the rest of this act in my seat below," said his honor, after extending a civil greeting to the stranger.

"May I see you on Sunday afternoon alone?" said Gordon. "I am promising myself the pleasure of introducing Baron Strémof to your daughter on that occasion, and, if you are free, I will try for a talk with you."

"Of course, of course," answered the judge.

Then he hastened off, and Strémof had to repeat a remark he made to Gordon before it was heard, so intent was the young man in looking after the vanishing figure of his sometime father-in-law-elect.

"You are in a brown study," said Strémof, gaily. "Let me thank you for the delightful opportunity you have given me in that last visit. Now that we have left them, I see that, with all her sparkle, the *petite* Madame Stauffer is less remarkable than the young lady in her charge. One could readily commit folly for a Madame Stauffer, but any wise man would choose to live for Mademoiselle Irving. Why does not one of your American sculptors — your great St. Gaudens, for instance — see in her the new Pallas of the coming woman's era?"

Gordon, indisposed to talk on this subject, proposed another call. As they threaded the half-circle of the lobby, various men, strolling outside, met them, and Strémof was quick to notice the tone and temper of the salutations bestowed on Gordon.

"You are like a hero returned," he said. "Every one welcomes you, and looks up to you. Pray, how long have you been out of town?"

"A fortnight," Gordon answered, and then wondered if that was indeed the length of time consumed by his journey. So much had happened since his departure, he felt that it must have been longer.

IV.

MRS. ROMAINE, who had never been beautiful, and was no longer young, — brusquely cordial in manner to those she fancied, abominably rude to the people she chose to ignore, — had a certain attraction of individuality that created for her a following of friends independent of her place and wealth.

Well-born, married to a prosperous and influential ruler of finance, she liked to take liberties with established things, which, when pushed too far, were usually atoned for by some entertainment from which society went away persuaded it could not have afforded to *stay* away.

On fairly good terms, as such things go, with her husband, she never failed to do herself the injustice of referring to him in public as an enemy of her peace, against whom her only protection was a series of needle-pointed sayings, repeated successively as "Mrs. Romaine's last." In actual fact, John Romaine — a man whose ambition

it was to accumulate millions, to be panoplied with the world's adulation, to have his schemes and ventures discussed in the newspapers with the admiration for success that tempers, if it cannot subdue, the audacity of the American press — had come to care very little for what his wife did or said. Prosperity had driven them asunder, and their lives under the same roof were lived very much apart. Liberal to indulgence, Romaine enjoyed the dashing exhibition of his riches as dispensed by her hands. At the pace they were going, he had no time to wish her other than she was. He had no time either to regret the loss of his children in infancy, to wonder what he might have conferred upon posterity. The present, the great powerful present, rushing over steel rails with its iron wheels, in the glare of electric light, was his, and he exulted in his ownership, nor asked for more.

Mrs. Romaine, who, Marion thought, fancied the Irvings principally because they were so indifferent to her, now spoke to Marion in her usual sleepy, very-much-bored voice.

"Glad you could come, I 'm sure. Is n't that the judge I see down in the parquet — that shocking man who never fails to snub me? We would have been here earlier, but on the way Reggy Poole was possessed with the idea of stopping to hear Lizzy Linwood sing, and we went in a box, just for the lark, you know. But she bawled, and I soon got tired. Who is the woman you 've got with you to-night?" she ended, looking over at Sara, and hardly troubling herself to subdue her voice.

Marion explained.

"That alters the case," exclaimed the hostess, with animation. "She is talking to Reggy now, so, in case I forget to mention it again, bring her to lunch with me to-morrow. Her subject, after socialism, is of all others the one that interests me now; if she 's as clever as you say, why should n't we have an afternoon lecture for women, and let her 'give it' to the men? Poor creatures! I have a pet idea to promulgate, and perhaps I 'll start it, then. I want to open a kindergarten for husbands, who are nothing but children, morally, as we all know. We will set for them object lessons in consistency, and teach them how not to get out of responsibility crab-wise. You shall be a teacher, your friend chief lecturer, and Loulie Kemp, there, *might* have sense enough to distribute slates, and amuse the very little husbands who won't want to be taught. (Never mind! She don't hear me.) And what shall we do with Reggy Poole? I can't leave him out, can I, when he 's always at my heels? Oh, he 's so much like us, we 'd put a frock on him, and they 'd never know the difference. Now, say you 'll come to-morrow, my dear. I 'm *so* afraid it will go out of my head."

To the invitation thus extended Marion had very little idea of paying serious heed. But when, next day, after breakfast, which Sara and she had fallen into the habit of having in her morning-room, the matter was casually mentioned, she found her guest of another opinion.

"That woman is helter-skelter, foolish, strained, perhaps," Madame Stauffer said reflectively; "but she is at present with us, and we must use any weapon we can lay hands upon."

"Do you think so, dear?" Marion asked protestingly. "I had set aside to-day to send for some girls I am sure you would be interested in, to come to lunch with us."

"And who are they, dear child?" asked Sara, sipping with satisfaction her cup of *café au lait*, her feet toasting on the brass fender before a blazing wood-fire.

"They are well-born working-girls. One of them addresses envelops and sends out cards for women of society; the other makes lampshades, and reticules, and cotillon favors. One has a drunken father who oppresses her; the other a young brother she is trying to put through college. Both have been successful, and deserve to be. They are refined, intelligent, cheerful, suggestive. I am never with them (they are friends, and constantly together) without coming away refreshed. Then there is a journalist, whose life is a perfect romance — I meant to ask her, too, on the chance of getting her; and a stenographer whom I know you would enjoy. These are the recruits I would choose for our army — not faded, whimsical women of fashion like Mrs. Romaine."

"But Mrs. Romaine has great wealth and power, you tell me. We need means for everything, beginning with the endowment of more colleges."

"New York is hardly the place to seek for that," said Marion, with kindling eyes. "Boston, New Orleans, and other places were before us in offering to women advantages in education approximating those enjoyed by men; and New York, the metropolis in point of population and wealth, has only now begun to move in that direction. If Mrs. Romaine and her set would take hold of that idea, and make it the fashion, it might be different. But they won't; they are not broad-minded enough, far-seeing enough; they do not altogether fancy dandling a cause which their men turn into ridicule. I 've seen it tried with them; you have n't. Believe me, by going to her you would only waste time, and sacrifice our aims as a toy for her passing amusement."

"But I think, my darling,"— and Marion had a dim sense that there was no use in trying to controvert one of Sara's "buts,"—"you must

be content to leave some things to my judgment, without questioning it. I know that among us, in council, we have often wished for opportunities such as this seems to promise, to spread the doctrine; and I cannot, in conscience, abandon it."

"I only felt that a few words from you would mean so much to these earnest girls I spoke of," said Marion, submissively.

"It is a satisfaction to me to work in more difficult channels, once in a while," answered the reformer, preparing for herself, with great daintiness of touch, an orange. "For so long my efforts have been directed to showing the intelligent proletariate of the country the enormous mental, moral, and material gain that will come to them from woman's universal right to the ballot, it is time I should handle the class that is smothered in the eider-down of luxurious indifference."

"Mrs. Romaine *says* she is a socialist," said Marion, with a smile not repressed by the dignity of the subject.

"Better and better!" exclaimed Sara. "At last I see the dawn of our opportunity. How I wish I could engage Mr. Gordon to let me explain to him our leading arguments, and hear some of his objections. Ah, my dear Marion, there is a man worth breaking lances with!"

"I never broke any with him," answered Marion, half quizzically.

"I suppose not. He was a lover, out and out, I don't doubt; as he is everything he sets out to be."

"It is too recent for me to talk about, even to you," said Marion, confused.

"Very well, I shall respect your feeling. But one thing, Marion," — and Madame Stauffer leaned over, and looked scrutinizingly into her friend's face,— "after meeting him last night, you are quite sure you do not waver?"

"I shall never be anything to him again, if that is what you mean," said Marion. "Even if I were made of the weak stuff to play fast and loose with a man's love, he is not the one to put up with it. He is still my friend — my best friend. I should hate to pain him by carrying out any scheme the Cause laid down for me that he did not approve of. But I should do it, nevertheless. I could never submit to the control that, as a husband, I felt convinced he would exercise over me. Every now and then, during our year's engagement, I used to come upon phases of his character that revealed this to me. My father says one secret of Alec's success in public life is his inborn power to rule men. His fearlessness of speech startles, but carries the judgment of others with it; his belief in himself is infectious; his integrity is absolute — and his will sweeps over obstacles like a tidal wave."

To this Sara made a response that caused Marion to look at her in considerable surprise.

"A-a-h!" said the little woman, throwing her head back, half closing her eyes, and relaxing her slender body in her easy-chair. "If one dared let oneself go, what joy to be swept away by such a wave!" Then sitting up erect, and dipping her fingers into a finger-bowl, she flicked the water from them into the air. "You look at me as though I were a mad woman, Marion. Perhaps I am, dear child; but the truth is, when one has gone through my experience of battering around the world, there are moments of temptation to shut the eyes, and let somebody else fight one's battles — moments that come like the whispers of Apollyon to deter Christiana from following the right road. That 's wretched femininity, I suppose — the weaker part we are all trying to live down. No matter. It 's gone as it came. Such an indulgence makes me a traitor to my cause. Give me my casque and doublet, Marion, and help me to buckle them in place."

Just then there was heard a tap on the door of the morning-room — a timid tap, a deprecating summons.

"Come in," said Marion.

The door opened, and upon its threshold appeared the judge, in his top-coat, holding his hat in his hand.

"Marion, my dear,— good morning, Madame Stauffer,"— he began, looking from his daughter to her guest, as if he had casually become aware of the existence of that lady —"I thought I would mention that I am engaged this evening at a meeting of our dining-club, from which I cannot very well get off, and it would probably be too late upon my return to hope for Madame Stauffer's assistance with my new catalogue of the French and Italian books in my collection. But if on Monday evening it would not trouble Madame Stauffer to resume her important coöperation —"

"You are too kind, dear Judge Irving," said Sara, "but Marion knows that is the day fixed for my return to Washington."

The words were commonplace, but the sigh that escaped with them was pregnant with pathetic meaning.

"Monday? Impossible!" said the judge, with a return of his imperative manner. "That is,—" he went on, as before,— "I don't know, of course, the engagements made for your valuable time, but I cannot suppose Marion has allowed you to feel that your visit to her has lasted long enough. As for me, I can only say that as long as you are willing to confer your — — er — inestimable companionship upon my daughter, I shall — er — consider myself your debtor."

"There, Sara!" said Marion, exultingly. "I

told you papa feels as I do. We won't hear of your leaving us till after Christmas."

"What can I do but say yes, and thank you a thousand times?" cried Sara, dropping her eyes before those of the judge, while holding Marion's hand in her own. "This dear child, Judge Irving, is my sister of the heart; and you have made me so happy in feeling that I can be of some little, little use to you in your arduous brain labors."

The judge's ear was tickled by the phrase. He loved to think of himself as a victim to over-exercise of the mental faculties.

"It is — er — an immense gain to my work to have from you such intelligent apprehension of its scope," he said, in rotund speech.

"And we are going on, also, with my attempt to make you understand the real force and meaning of the mission I am, however unworthily, trying to sustain?"

"Far be it from me," quoth the judge, "to wish to raise a hand toward tearing down the veil of reticence with which every shrinking woman should surround her life before the public. But I concede what you have said as to what they can accomplish in school elections. More, I am hardly yet prepared to grant."

This concession, accorded with Jove-like dignity, fell upon Marion's ears with startling effect.

"Ah! but if you will only have patience with me," said Sara, in her winning voice, "I will not undertake to alter your opinions — ah, no! That would be far too much to aim for, too high an achievement in my life. But I will dare to hope you may end by thinking that justice and honor might do worse things than place in our hands the privilege of the ballot."

"We shall see; we shall see," said his honor, with an attempt at amiability having rather the effect of a grunt. But, as he bade them good morning and went off to court, Marion thought she had rarely seen her father wear such an animated expression of youth and interest in current things. With a sigh, she said to herself, "It is his manner of society, of course, that makes all women tell me what a delightful man he is."

When he had gone, she dared not speak of this to Sara, lest that clever person should see farther behind the veil than Marion intended her to penetrate. Why should his own child expose his weakness? And Sara, equally discreet, said nothing on her side.

Mrs. Romaine, doing the honors of her stately dining-room with careless grace, rather "laid herself out," thought Marion, to be civil and gracious to Madame Stauffer. The other guests at luncheon were Strémof, who at the moment of introduction the night before had been bidden by the hostess to come next day and make her better acquaintance; Miss Kemp, a colorless young woman serving to fill the vacant place in most of Mrs. Romaine's incomplete functions of life and society; and a pale, wild-eyed man dressed in threadbare clothes, who was introduced as "Herr Hofman, from Basle, a distinguished socialist," employed to come three times a week to "coach" Mrs. Romaine in the doctrines of his creed.

"Oh! you may smile," said the lady of the house, to Strémof, who had treated himself to a small indulgence of the nature designated, "but until I had Hofman's talks, life was quite empty. I am so enthusiastic about it I mean to become a member of the American Branch of the League, shortly. Until then I must be content to give money — "

"They also must be content, madame," said Strémof.

"And to talk to any one I meet whom I think I can influence. When I drive about to pay bills to my tradespeople, I cast a seed here and there. I have great hopes from an intelligent young plumber who has lately been at work in the house; and" — lowering her voice — "my butler and footmen are hotfoot after the new doctrine."

"And so, when the day comes that is foretold by Henry George," said Strémof, "which some one of the Scotch writers has described as a 'huge wedge driven through the middle of society, and on the underside of it the merchant princes eating the bread of poverty with their lowest dependents,' you are prepared to share all your present privileges?"

"There are some of my privileges I would not only share, but give away with rapture," she said — "the privilege of being bored to extinction by half my acquaintances, for example. But we are not here to talk about my 'mania,' as my husband pleasantly calls it. Madame Stauffer must tell us of *her* mission, that I think should march hand in hand with mine to the dawn of the New Day; and then Herr Hofman may be induced to follow."

"Not at table, if you don't mind," said Sara in a low, distinct voice. In her heart she resented the airy impertinence of Mrs. Romaine's mocking manner, the fact that she had been brought there to make entertainment, and was classed with the long-haired man with a dingy shirt-collar.

"Has temper," decided Mrs. Romaine, internally; then, turning away, she devoted herself to Strémof, leaving the others to take care of themselves.

"For once," thought Marion, "one of her 'menagerie luncheons,' as she styles them, is a distinct failure."

And so it proved. The affair languished,

until even Strémof, who had been making stupendous efforts to support the occasion, ceased to struggle, and went under.

"Goodness, how dull we are!" said the hostess, at last aware of the fact. "Let us go into the library, and smoke, and perhaps that will enliven us." And, rising abruptly, she led the way into a room where no vacancies appeared to mark the recent withdrawal from it of Mr. Romaine's treasures of books, now dispersed.

"My husband is bearing up under it as well as can be expected, thank you," she answered to Marion's inquiry as to how Mr. Romaine bore his loss of the famous library. "If there were a place to dispose of wives added to one's collection at vast expense, I suppose it would be my turn to go next. You know my husband does not illustrate — what Marx says, Herr Hofman — that 'the value of a commodity changes directly as the quantity, and inversely as the productive power, of the labor which realizes itself in that commodity.'"

"Ah, yes," rejoined her adviser, with entire solemnity; "you mean where he also says 'value is an immanent relation to socially necessary time of labor.'"

"This is not gay," remarked Strémof, *sotto voce* to Madame Stauffer. "Why should this lady, into whose cradle the good fairies seem to have poured all the gifts, be so sharp, so little restful? What a contrast to the old times when it was the chaplain or father confessor who made part of the domestic staff of the woman of place and fortune! Now she must have her spiritual director in socialism, *mon Dieu!* Is it so everywhere? Must I be ready on all sides to talk of new doctrines, new ideas, casting behind me the gossip, the pleasant nonsense, that is really the high art of conversation? But, no, I will not ask that of *you*, madame, since last night, when you gave me a glimpse, all too short, of your own brilliant powers. Tell me — and if I am indiscreet, silence me — about that beautiful sphinx who is in your charge — Miss Irving. She interests me. She perplexes me. Since last night, when we parted, I have been trying to solve her; but I do not succeed. Is she happy? Is she sad? What is the secret of that noble expression of infinite patience upon her broad brow? You smile — ah! I am always losing myself in my enthusiasms. But, I swear to you, for hours I have hardly thought of anything but that girl, and have dreamed of meeting her again. At table, to-day, she surprised two or three looks from me that I could see she did not fancy, and so I looked no more."

In a few words Sara told him the outline of Marion's history, of her engagement to Gordon, and its ending "by mutual consent."

"So?" said the young man. "And there is absolutely no chance that she will take Gordon back?"

"None," said Sara.

They were sitting apart in an alcove by a rack containing an open portfolio of etchings at which neither looked. Strémof was struck with a certain expression passing, like the shadow from a bird's wing, over the speaker's face.

"Besides," she added, "Mr. Gordon is a man on the quick rise to power, to political fame. The world will soon afford him all the balm his spirit needs."

"He will be here presently," said Strémof, looking covertly at his watch. "We have an engagement to spend the afternoon together, to see some clubs and galleries, I believe; and he was not able to give the time to Mrs. Romaine for luncheon."

Simultaneously, a servant preceded into the room the subject of their conversation, on whose appearance Mrs. Romaine fairly clapped her hands.

"Now that you are come, we shall cease being at odds with one another," she exclaimed. "Here we are, a group of people, all clever and original except Loulie Kemp and myself, who want to be made so. What better opportunity for something I have long desired — to hear Gordon's views on the Woman Question? And, to lead the way to it,— for no one believes more in fair play than I do,—will not Madame Stauffer open with just a résumé, so that all can understand our platform about the ballot, which is, after all, the main object of our hopes?"

At an ordinary time, no proposition could well have been more distasteful to Gordon. But he had parted from Marion, overnight, in a sort of blank terror as to the gulf toward which, in his eyes, she was drifting. He knew she would never personally demand from him an expression of his views on the subject given. And he wanted to feel that, whether she recognized it or not, his hand had been stretched out to withhold her.

Sara Stauffer, on her side, was, as has been seen, vexed and out of spirits. But, on Gordon's arrival, her pulses had begun to stir with pleasure of the most agitating and least welcome variety. It was, indeed, a protest against her own infirmity of spirit that spurred her on to enter the arena against the young man who had so affected her. With eyes cast down, with the hesitancy of a child, she began an exposition of certain arguments so well known of late it were useless to rehearse them here. She gave a brief history of the "disfranchised" classes of humanity, beginning with those in England, then passing to the negro, and finally to the women of the States. The question of equal wages for equal labor was next touched upon, Madame Stauffer making the point that, until the power

of the ballot shall be accorded to women, this equality cannot exist, and that the first result of woman's "enfranchisement" will be the opportunity to receive pay commensurate to the value of her work.

She spoke simply, with an admirable choice of words, with trained ease and rhetorical method, with convincing earnestness. The predominant feeling of her little audience, when she had finished, was one of respect for the cause and the worker.. Marion's heart swelled with pride in her champion; and stretching out her hand to Sara, the two sat thus, while Gordon rubbed up his wits for an answer.

"It is quite needless to tell you that I am tremendously at a disadvantage in this fray," he said pleasantly. "Madame Stauffer has brought the grace of her oratory to the support of her, evidently, long-considered conviction. She has, of course, the sympathy, and deserves the applause, of her audience.

"I cannot, however, share her views on this subject; and—though I have never attempted a discussion of this kind, or any formal discussion in such presence, and must throw myself upon your considerate indulgence in entering at all upon a disputation before you, now, and so unexpectedly—I venture, in the rough, upon some of the ideas that occurred to me while Madame Stauffer was speaking.

"When the 'women's rights' insisted on by our agitators of the last generation related to questions of married women's property rights; or to the amelioration of the condition of women, to be afforded by laws more liberal in the matter of divorce; or to the authority a woman should have over her children—the right feeling and the good sense of the community were every year more and more with the champions of the sex. But in matters of divorce, any woman in this country can now be readily relieved of the yoke of a conjugal relation which ought to be dissolved for any substantial reason; the law among us is everywhere rather too lax than too stringent in that regard. Women have now been constituted by our legislature joint guardians with their husbands of their children—with equal powers, rights, and duties, in regard to their children, with their husbands; though I think experience will show *that* to be a measure open to the objection I shall presently make to female suffrage—that it tends to prevent a proper headship in the family. In the State of New York, too, the rights of a married woman to her earnings and in her property of every kind, acquired whether before or after marriage, are now securely established. Our statutes make her control of her real estate, for instance, more complete than a married man's dominion in lands held by him; in his lands she still has her right of dower. And in the other States of the Union those conditions have already been reached, or soon will be.

"The history of the growth and development of that legislation about the property of married women is, by the way, very interesting for this among many other reasons: Our statutes on those subjects have revolutionized the law among English-speaking peoples everywhere. The first of them, in the States which began with the common law of England, was enacted in Mississippi in 1839. It was crude, but was amended and broadened in 1846, while the first of the New York statutes was not adopted until 1848; in fact, the Mississippi Act of 1839 was passed for special application to a particular case—was promoted by a bankrupt suitor of a prudent and well-advised woman, who had great expectations of estates she was unwilling to expose to claims by the creditors of an insolvent husband. To relieve the situation, the aspirant for the lady's hand had the bill put through the legislature, avowedly to introduce, not the rule of the civil law of Louisiana, which is enlightened in such particulars, but the tribal customs of the Chickasaw Indians, who were still numerous in the neighborhood! The squaw, as you may know, is the head of the family; the chief traces his descent, not from his father, but through his mother.

"But when the question of 'women's rights' has come to relate only to a demand that woman be allowed to vote at public elections, and upon questions affecting government and the State, it is a very different kind of thing, and seems to me to be but a symptom of the general drift of the age we live in, through socialism to anarchy."

At this point of Gordon's remarks Herr Hofman threw up his hands, with a resigned gesture, toward Mrs. Romaine, as who should say, "You see! As ever, we are misunderstood"; and Mrs. Romaine smiled back at him, consolingly.

"There never was, and never will be, government by all the people," went on the speaker. "Every form of government is necessarily more or less by representatives of the people. No system of government is or can be conducted by all the people by direct participation. Infants, for example, of either sex, are, like women, citizens—equally with men. But no one has ever proposed that infants be given the ballot to take part in actual administration of public affairs of the commonwealth. The line must be drawn somewhere between those who may exercise in person, and at the polls, the authority of a choice in prescribing the policies and designating the officers of government, and those who may not. The suffrage is not a natural right, like the right to life itself, but a privilege accorded

by society to those members of the body politic who are thought likely so to exercise that privilege as to advance the general welfare in doing it — a privilege conferred, not for the special benefit of the individual to whom it is given, or in the interest of the class merely to which that individual belongs, but for the advantage of the Republic itself. When that franchise was allowed to the recently emancipated negroes of the South, for instance, so hazardous an experiment was justified, not as a present to the black for his own sake merely, but as an expedient, intended to be a means in his hands for usefulness to us all. For the good and peace and prosperity of the whole country, it was considered wise to intrust to those who had been slaves a weapon of protection against the possible oppression of so numerous a class, left otherwise very much at the mercy of a reckless or resentful body of their former owners, who, unless held in check by the ballot, which could choose legislatures and executive officers of government, might indulge in practices destructive to the best interests of the nation, — of the residents in New England as well as of residents in Carolina, — practices inviting to civil strife, violence, and insurrection, as well as to other occasions for a general disturbance of the well-being of society. And we cannot even deal, in this matter, with women as a class by themselves; they have, and can have, no interests, as women and as a class, conflicting with, or different from, the interests of their husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons, as men and as another class. There are classes among women, as there are classes among men; but surely men and women are together and united in every interest which concerns the welfare of the community as a whole.

"It is therefore not true that by withholding from women the authority to vote in person they are deprived of a right, or denied their proper influence in administration — any more than it can be said that because, not being a senator or a representative in the Congress, I myself am not allowed to vote upon the passage of bills pending at Washington, I am deprived of a right to a voice in government. Though I never vote in person, in the House or in the Senate, I do vote there, every day, by my representative.

"The unit of the social state, to be considered in such a matter as this, is not the individual, but the family; and things that tend to develop and maintain well-ordered and harmonious families should be the first care of the Republic. Women, at every election, vote by their representatives, who, in any properly constituted domestic relation, feel, and respond to, and act under, the due influence of their womenkind in everything the latter are interested in."

"Pardon me, but is n't that more Utopian than Herr Hofman's vision of a new world under socialism?" said Mrs. Romaine, in her provoking little drawl. "But pray go on, Mr. Gordon. I am so glad to know that John Romaine is always thinking of me at the polls."

"I have just reached the special point I desired to make," Gordon resumed, with a smile. "In every government, whether of the State or of the household, there must be one head, or there will always be confusion. There are many individuals who now enjoy and exercise the electoral franchise whose participation in government could be dispensed with, to the advantage of the country. There are cases where the wife is the real head of the household, and where it would be better if the law recognized and dealt with her as such, and allowed her to exercise all the power of such a situation. But laws are rules of conduct provided, not for exceptional cases, but for all; and constituted as human nature is, society, the world over and in all ages since we emerged from savagery, has found that, as a rule, the man must be the head of the family. With understanding between them, the wife has a fit representative in her husband in the matter of voting. And where they differ so strongly as to make it useful to her as an individual, perhaps, to have her destroy his vote by voting against him, it is, in another and more serious aspect, and *as a rule*, a source of danger to the community to allow her the opportunity to do so. It would foment discord in every household where the husband and wife disagree, to confer upon woman the right to vote; all domestic headship and authority would be subverted. And when there is no longer a government in the households — the homes — of the land, there may soon be a subversion of all government; and anarchy will then have come."

When Gordon stopped speaking, he did not venture to look directly at Marion. He felt rather than saw her exchange glances with Sara Stauffer, who, with great tact, good-humor, and cleverness set herself to refute his argument.

Whether she did so to her own satisfaction, she was greatly applauded; and the hall-clock, striking four, broke up a sitting prolonged beyond expectation of any of them.

"How admirably she speaks! How well she has herself in hand!" Strémof remarked to Mrs. Romaine, as he was taking leave.

"I belong to a club of women," said the hostess, "who meet from time to time to discuss current topics of thought; and I assure you that, among them, Madame Stauffer would be only incidental, not phenomenal."

"Is Mademoiselle Irving among them?" asked the Russian, whose eyes had been wandering more than was good for him to the tall

girl in the black serge costume, sitting in such immovable earnestness through it all.

"She? Oh, no. We are not quite intense enough for her. Because I give dinners, and go to balls,—and spar with my husband, religiously,—Miss Irving thinks I have no place in serious thought. Good-by! So glad you were not bored by our impromptu duel. Sunday afternoons, remember! And you will let me send you a ticket for my box at the opera on Wednesday?"

"DID you tell me you had never met this Madame Stauffer until last evening, when I did?" Strémof asked Gordon, as the two men got into their hansom at the door.

"Never."

"And may I venture to ask whether you did not, until then, know of her relation to Miss Irving?"

"They were friends in Miss Irving's college-days, but they have not met in years."

"Well, my dear friend, if you will permit me, I must felicitate you upon a conquest," said Strémof, gaily. "The little lady asks nothing better than to test, through you, the practical value of a head to her household."

"Absurd!" said Gordon. "Don't make me feel any more of an ass than I already do, after holding forth seriously on that theme in a drawing-room."

"But you did not convince Miss Irving," went on the audacious fellow. "Her face, as I watched it, was cold; her eye shone clear as polished steel."

"This club where we shall next stop —" began Gordon in a manner that admitted of no further trifling; and on he went, to fulfil his duty of cicerone, with a description that was cut short only by the stopping of the cab.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.

POE IN THE SOUTH.[1]

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EDITED BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

NO piece of biography in the annals of literature has so unenviable a reputation as that memoir which Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, acting as Poe's literary executor, prefixed to the first complete edition of his works. Its authenticity has been attacked from the time of its appearance, and no words of objurgation have been too harsh to characterize the man who penned it; at the same time very little of its substance has ever been invalidated. The papers on which it was based passed into the hands of Griswold's own executor, and have never been seen by any of Poe's later biographers. They have recently come, by inheritance, into the possession of Griswold's son, William M. Griswold of Cambridge, Mass., by whose permission the following account of them, with extracts, is given, in anticipation of their publication in full under his own editorship. It falls to his part to show in detail how they affect the reputation of his father as a biographer; but a word or two, in general, must be said here of their bearing on the original memoir.

The delicacy of Griswold's task was well understood at the time. A writer in "Holden's Magazine," in 1849 (said to be C. F. Briggs, Poe's co-editor in the "Broadway Journal"), stated it very plainly:

> A biography of Mr. Poe is soon to be published, with his collected writings, under the supervision of Rev. Rufus W. Griswold; but it will be a long while, if ever, before the naked character of the sad poet will be exposed to public gaze. There is a generous disposition on the part of those who knew him intimately to bury his failings, or rather personal characteristics, in the shade of forgetfulness; while nothing is dwelt upon but his literary productions.
>
> He was a psychological phenomenon, and more good than harm would result from a clear, unprejudiced analysis of his character. But when will any one be found bold enough to incur the risk of an imputation of evil motives, by making such a revelation as the task demands?

The weightiest statement in respect to the actual work done by Griswold in the memoir is that of Mr. J. C. Derby, in "Fifty Years among Authors, Books, and Publishers," as follows:

> The most important of all of Mr. Redfield's publications, however, were the works of Edgar Allan Poe. It was also through Mr. Griswold that he was induced to undertake the publication of Poe's works, now one of the most popular authors of the day. Dr. Griswold had offered the works to nearly all the leading publishers, who declined to undertake the publication. He finally persuaded Mr. Redfield to try the experiment of issuing two volumes first, which were published and had a fair sale—then the third, and finally the fourth, volume were added to complete the

[1] The pictures on pages 580 and 582 were drawn by Albert E. Sterner, and are from the forthcoming complete edition of Poe's works to be published by Messrs. Stone & Kimball.

works. The sale reached about fifteen hundred sets every year.

. . . Mr. Redfield thinks great injustice has been done by certain critics to Rev. Dr. Griswold, in reflecting upon him as Poe's biographer. In a recent letter to me [Derby] he says:

"Griswold never received a cent for his labors. Poe named him as his literary executor shortly before he died, although they had quarreled not long before. Griswold's labor was no joke. Few men would have undertaken it with no hope of reward. It is fashionable nowadays to throw mud at him. Knowing, as I did, both of the men, and knowing, also, how assiduously Griswold labored to say everything he could in the biography in Poe's favor, it is very annoying to read these things. The matter of the biography was all read over to me, talked and discussed before printing, and I *know* he did his best to 'set down naught in malice.' He was obliged, as he thought, to state the facts in all cases, and he did state them, favorably as he could to Poe. I *know* he tried to do so. Now he is accused everywhere, by people who know nothing about it, of vilely slandering Poe. I had a better opportunity than any one else to know all about it, and I know he did not."

Griswold has not lacked other defenders, who were well acquainted with both men. In writing a biography of Poe some years ago, the present writer had occasion to investigate the charges made against Griswold. The result was a conviction that the documents he quoted were genuine, and that the impression he gave of Poe's character and career was just, while his errors were due to Poe's own falsehoods. The question of Griswold's discretion in his memoir is governed by the fact that Poe's defects and troubles were notorious at the time, and could not be concealed; the question of Griswold's motives is more difficult, but is now more easily to be judged. It is also fair to Griswold to add that the characterization he gave is that which has uniformly prevailed in tradition in the best informed literary circles in this country.

As will be seen, these papers fully vindicate Griswold's veracity in essentials, and sustain Redfield's view of his temper; it must also be allowed that, so far was he from blackening Poe's memory, he might easily have made a worse use of his opportunity had he been actuated by malice. It would seem that Griswold discharged his duty under his own conception of the difficulties and necessities of his task, with entire fidelity and honesty of purpose. It is a gratification that such tardy justice can be done to a man who has so long been vilified, though mainly by English writers, without sound critical grounds. Poe did not make a mistake in his choice. Griswold was by far the best man in the country to do the editorial work, which was, all things considered, the most important matter; and as regards the memoir, he is to be charged at most with errors of judgment and lack of tact in stating unpleasant truths.

These papers yield no information in respect to the early years of Poe. A memorandum in his own hand, sent to Griswold, March 29, 1841, as the basis of a biographical sketch of himself, fastens upon Poe direct responsibility for that tissue of positive falsehoods and ungenerous misstatements which he intended to have pass as a true narrative of his youth up to the time of his final breach with Mr. Allan of Richmond, the gentleman who adopted him as a child. This story has already been sufficiently exposed. A letter from William Wirt, May 11, 1829, declining to advise him in respect to a poem, perhaps "Al Aaraaf," affords the earliest example of his habit of appealing to well-known literary men for counsel and recognition. The new material substantially begins with the correspondence between Poe, Kennedy, his first patron, and White, his first employer, which covers the period of his connection with the "Southern Literary Messenger," of which White was then editor. The manuscripts here followed are either originals or copies sent to Griswold to be used in his memoir. The letters tell their own story. At the time when they begin Poe had already in 1833 won his first success by taking the prize offered by the Baltimore "Saturday Visiter" for an original tale, and had thus interested Kennedy, the leading literary man of his vicinity, in his fortunes; but by the next spring, the death of Mr. Allan, who left him nothing, had thrown him permanently upon his own resources for support, and he was very poor, dejected, and in need of friendship.

POE TO KENNEDY.

BALTIMORE, November, 1834.

DEAR SIR: I have a favor to beg of you which I thought it better to ask in writing, because, sincerely, I had not courage to ask it in person. I am indeed too well aware that I have no claim whatever to your attention, and that even the manner of my introduction to your notice was at the best equivocal. Since the day you first saw me, my situation in life has altered materially. At that time I looked forward to the inheritance of a large fortune, and, in the mean time, was in receipt of an annuity for my support. This was allowed me by a gentleman of Virginia (Mr. Jno. Allan) who adopted me at the age of two years (both my parents being dead), and who, until lately, always treated me with the affection of a father. But a second marriage on his part, and I dare say many follies on my own, at length ended in a quarrel between us. He is now dead, and has left me nothing. I am thrown entirely upon my own resources, with no profession and very few friends. Worse than all this, I am at length penniless. Indeed, no circumstances less urgent would have induced me to risk your friend-

ship by troubling you with my distresses. But I could not help thinking that if my situation was stated — as you could state it — to Carey & Lea, they might be led to aid me with a small sum in consideration of my MS. now in their hands. This would relieve my immediate wants, and I could then look forward more confidently to better days. At all events receive the assurance of my gratitude for what you have already done.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

[NOTE BY MR. KENNEDY: This refers to the volume of tales sent to Carey & Lea — "Tales of the Arabesque," &c., — being two series submitted for the prize, for which one was chosen, and two others at my suggestion sent to Carey & Lea.—J. P. K.]

The volume was "Tales of the Folio Club," and was not published. The "Tales of the Arabesque," etc., was a later book, issued in 1840.

KENNEDY TO POE.

BALTIMORE, December 22, 1834.

DEAR SIR: I have received your note, and should sooner have apprised you of what I had done, but that Carey's letter only reached me a few days ago as I was stepping into a carriage to go to Annapolis, whence I returned only a day or two since.

I requested Carey immediately upon the receipt of your first letter to do something for you as speedily as he might find an opportunity, and to make some advance on your book. His answer let me know that he would go on to publish, but the expectation of any profit from the undertaking he considered doubtful — not from want of merit in the production, but because small books of detached tales, however well written, seldom yield a sum sufficient to enable the bookseller to purchase a copyright. He recommended, however, that I should allow him to sell some of the tales to the publishers of the annuals. My reply was that I thought you would not object to this if the right to publish the same tale was reserved for the volume. He has accordingly sold one of the tales to Miss Leslie for the "Souvenir," at a dollar a page, I think with the reservation above mentioned — and has remitted me a draft for fifteen dollars which I will hand over to you as soon as you call upon me, which I hope you will do as soon as you can make it convenient. If the other tales can be sold in the same way, you will get more for the work than by an exclusive publication.

Yours truly, JOHN P. KENNEDY.

POE TO KENNEDY.

Sunday, March 15, 1835.

DEAR SIR: In the paper which will be handed you with this note is an advertisement to which I most anxiously submit your attention. It relates to the appointment of a teacher in a Public School, and I have marked it with a cross so that you may readily perceive it. In my present circumstances such a situation would be most desirable, and if your interest could obtain it for me, I would always remember your kindness with the deepest gratitude. Have I any hope? Your reply to this would greatly oblige. The 18th is fixed on for the decision of the commissioners, and the advertisement has only this moment caught my eye. This will excuse my obtruding the matter on your attention to-day.

Very respectfully, E. A. POE.

The following was partly printed with unimportant variation in the "Life of Kennedy."

POE TO KENNEDY.

Sunday, March 15, 1835.

DEAR SIR: Your kind invitation to dinner to-day has wounded me to the quick. I cannot come — and for reasons of the most humiliating nature — my personal appearance. You may conceive my deep mortification in making this disclosure to you — but it was necessary. If you will be my friend so far as to loan me $20, I will call on you to-morrow — otherwise it will be impossible, and I must submit to my fate. Sincerely yours,

E. A. POE.

POE TO WHITE.

BALTIMORE, May 30, 1835.

MR. T. W. WHITE,

DEAR SIR: I duly rec[d] through Mr. Kennedy your favour of the 20th enclosing $5: and an order for $4.94. I assure you it was very welcome. Miscarriages of double letters are by no means unfrequent just now, but yours, at least, came safely to hand. Had I reflected a moment, I should have acknowledged the rec[t] before. I suppose you have heard about Wm. Gwynn Jones of this place, late editor of the "Gazette." He was detected in purloining letters from the office, to which the clerks were in the habit of admitting him familiarly. He acknowledged the theft of more than $2000 in this way at different times. He probably took even more than that, and I am quite sure that on the part of the clerks themselves advantage was taken of his arrest to embezzle double that sum. I have been a loser myself to a small amount.

I have not seen Mr. Kennedy for some days, having been too unwell to go abroad. When I saw him last he assured me his book would reach Richmond in time for your next number, and under this assurance, I thought it useless to make such extracts from the book as I wished — thinking you could please yourself in this matter. I cannot imagine what delays its publication, for it has been some time ready for issue. . . . [The omitted passage was printed by Griswold.]

I read the article in the "Compiler" relating to the "Confessions of a Poet," but there is no necessity of giving it a reply. The book is silly enough of itself, without the aid of any controversy concerning it. In your private ear, however, I may say a word or two. The writer "I" founds his opinion that I have not read the book simply upon one fact — that I disagree with him concerning it. I have looked over his article two or three times attentively, and can see no other reason ad-

duced by him. If this is a good reason one way, it is equally good another — ergo — *he* has not read the book because he disagrees with me. Neither of us having read it, then, it is better to say no more about it.

But seriously I *have* read it from beginning to end, and was very much amused at it. My opinion concerning it is pretty much the opinion of the press at large. I have heard no person offer one serious word in its defense.

My notice of your "Messenger" in the "Republican" was, I am afraid, too brief for your views. But I could command no greater space in its editorial columns. I have often wondered at your preferring to insert such notices in the "Republican." It is a paper by no means in the hands of the first people here. Would not the "American" suit as well? Its columns are equally at your service. . . . [The omitted passage was printed by Griswold.]

The high compliment of Judge Tucker is rendered doubly flattering to me by my knowledge of his literary character. Very sincerely yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO WHITE.

BALTIMORE, June 12, 1835.

MR. T. W. WHITE,

MY DEAR SIR: I take the opportunity of sending this MS. by private hand. Your letter of June 8th I rec[d] yesterday morning, together with the magazines. In reply to your kind enquiries after my health, I am glad to say that I have entirely recovered — although Dr. Buckler, no longer than 3 weeks ago, assured me that nothing but a sea voyage would save me. I will do my best to please you in relation to Marshall's Washington if you will send it on. By what time would you wish the MS. of the Review?

I suppose you have received Mr. Calvert's communication. He will prove a valuable correspondent. I will send you on the "American" & "Republican" as soon as the *critiques* come out. What I can do farther to aid the circulation of your magazine I will gladly do — but I must insist on your not sending me any remuneration for services of this nature. They are a pleasure to me, and no trouble whatever. Very sincerely,

EDGAR A. POE.

I congratulate you upon obtaining the services of Mr. S. He has a high reputation for talent.

POE TO WHITE.

BALTIMORE, June 22, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR: I rec[d] your letter of the 18th yesterday, and this morning your reprint of the "Messenger" No 3. While I entirely agree with you and with many of your correspondents in your opinion of this number (it being in fact one of the very best issued), I cannot help entertaining a doubt whether it would be of any advantage to you to have the public attention called to this its second appearance by any detailed notice in the papers. There would be an air of irregularity about it — as the first edition was issued so long ago — which might even have a prejudicial effect. For indeed the veriest trifles — the mere semblance of anything unusual or *outré* — will frequently have a pernicious influence in cases similar to this; and you must be aware that of all the delicate things in the world the character of a young Periodical is the most easily injured. Besides it is undeniable that the public will not think of judging you by the appearance, or the merit, of your Magazine in November. Its *present* character, whether that be good or bad, is all that will influence them. I would therefore look zealously to the future, letting the past take care of itself. Adopting this view of the case, I thought it best to delay doing anything until I should hear further from you — being fully assured that a little reflection will enable you to see the matter in the same light as myself. One important objection to what you proposed is the insuperable dislike entertained by the Daily Editors to notice any but the most recent publications. And although I dare say that I could, if you insist upon it, overcome the aversion in the present case, still it would be trifling to no purpose with your interest in that quarter. If, however, you disagree with me in these opinions, I will undoubtedly (upon hearing from you) do as you desire. Of course the remarks I now make will equally apply to any other of the back numbers.

Many of the contributors to No. 3 are familiarly known to me — most of them I have seen occasionally. Charles B. Shaw, the author of the "Alleghany Levels" [?] is an old acquaintance, and a most estimable and talented man. I cannot say with truth that I had any knowledge of your son. I read the Lines to his memory in No. 9 and was much struck with an air of tenderness and unaffected simplicity which pervades them. The verses immediately following, and from the same pen, gave evidence of fine poetic feeling in the writer. I will pay especial attention to what you suggested in relation to the punctuation &c. of my future MSS. . . . [The omitted passage was printed by Griswold.]

Immediately after putting my last letter to you in the P. O. I called upon Mr. Wood as you desired — but the Magazine was then completed. Very sincerely yours, EDGAR A. POE.

I have heard it suggested that a lighter-faced type in the headings of your various articles would improve the appearance of the "Messenger." Do you not think so likewise? Who is the author of the "Doom"?

POE TO WHITE.

BALTIMORE, July 20, 1835

MY DEAR SIR: I duly rec[d] both your letters (July 14th and 16th), together with the $20. I am indeed grieved to hear that your health has not been improved by your trip. I agree with you in thinking that too close attention to business has been instrumental in causing your sickness.

I saw the "Martinsburg Gazette" by accident at Mr. Kennedy's — but he is now out of town and will not be back till the fall, and I know not where to procure a copy of the paper. It merely spoke of the "Messenger" in general terms of com-

mendation. Have you seen the "Young Men's Paper"—and the N. Y. "Evening Star"? As might be supposed, I am highly gratified with Mr. Pleasant's notice, and especially with Paulding's. What Mr. Pleasant says in relation to the commencement of "Hans Phaal" is judicious. That part of the Tale is faulty indeed—so much so that I had often thought of remodeling it entirely. I will take care and have the Letter inserted in all the Baltimore papers.

Herewith I send you a "Baltimore Visiter" of October 12th, 1833. It contains a highly complimentary letter from Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Latrobe, and Dr. Miller, of Baltimore, in relation to myself. The "Tales of the Folio Club" have only been partially published as yet. "Lionizing" was one of them. If you could in any manner contrive to have this letter copied into any of the Richmond Papers it would greatly advance a particular object which I have in view. If you could find an excuse for printing it in the "Messenger," it would be still better. You might observe that as many contradictory opinions had been formed in relation to my Tales, and especially to "Lionizing," you took the liberty of copying the Letter of the Baltimore Committee. One fact I would wish particularly noticed. The "Visiter" offered two Premiums—one for the best Tale & one for the best Poem—*both* of which were awarded to me. The award was, however, altered, and the Premium for Poetry awarded to the second best, in consideration of my having obtained the higher prize. This Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Latrobe told me themselves. I know you will do me this favor if you can—the manner of doing it I leave altogether to yourself.

I have taken much pains to procure you the Ink. Only one person in Baltimore had it—and he not for sale. As a great favor I obtained a pound at the price of $1.50. It is mixed with Linseed oil prepared after a particular fashion, which renders it expensive. I shall go down to the Steamboat as soon as I finish this letter, and if I get an opportunity of sending it I will do so.

It gives me the greatest pain to hear that my Review will not appear in No. 11. I cannot imagine what circumstances you allude to as preventing you from publishing. The Death of the Chief Justice, so far from rendering the Review useless, is the very thing to attract public notice to the Article. I really wish you would consider this matter more maturely, and if *possible* insert it in No. 11. Look over "Hans Phaal" and the Literary Notices by me in No. 10, and see if you have not miscalculated the sum due me. There are thirty-four columns in all. "Hans Phaal" cost me nearly a fortnight's hard labour, and was written especially for the "Messenger." I will not, however, sin so egregiously again in sending you a long article. I will confine myself to three or four pages. Very sincerely yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO KENNEDY.

RICHMOND, September 11, 1835.

DEAR SIR: . . . [The omitted letter, to which the following is a postscript, was printed in the "Life of Kennedy."] Mr. White desires me to say that if you could send him any contribution for the "Messenger" it would serve him most effectually. I would consider it a personal favor if you could do so without incommoding yourself. I will write you more fully hereafter. I see "The Gift" [Miss Leslie's Annual for 1836] is out. They have published "The MS. found in a Bottle" (the prize tale you will remember), although I not only told Mr. Carey myself that it had been published, but wrote to him to that effect after my return to Baltimore, and sent him another tale in place of it ("Epimanes"). I cannot understand why they have published it, or why they have *not* published either "Siope" ["Silence"] or "Epimanes" ["Four Beasts"].

Mr. White is willing to publish my "Tales of the Folio Club"—that is, to *print* them. Would you oblige me by ascertaining from Carey & Lea whether they would, in that case, appear nominally as the publishers, the books, when printed, being sent to them, as in the case of [Kennedy's] "H[orse] S[hoe] Robinson"? Have you seen the [Locke's] "Discoveries in the Moon"? Do you not think it altogether suggested by "Hans Phaal"? It is very singular, but when I first purposed writing a Tale concerning the Moon, the idea of Telescopic discoveries suggested itself to me, but I afterwards abandoned it. I had, however, spoken of it freely, and from little incidents and apparently trivial remarks in those "Discoveries," I am convinced the idea was stolen from myself. Yours most sincerely,

EDGAR A. POE.

KENNEDY TO POE.

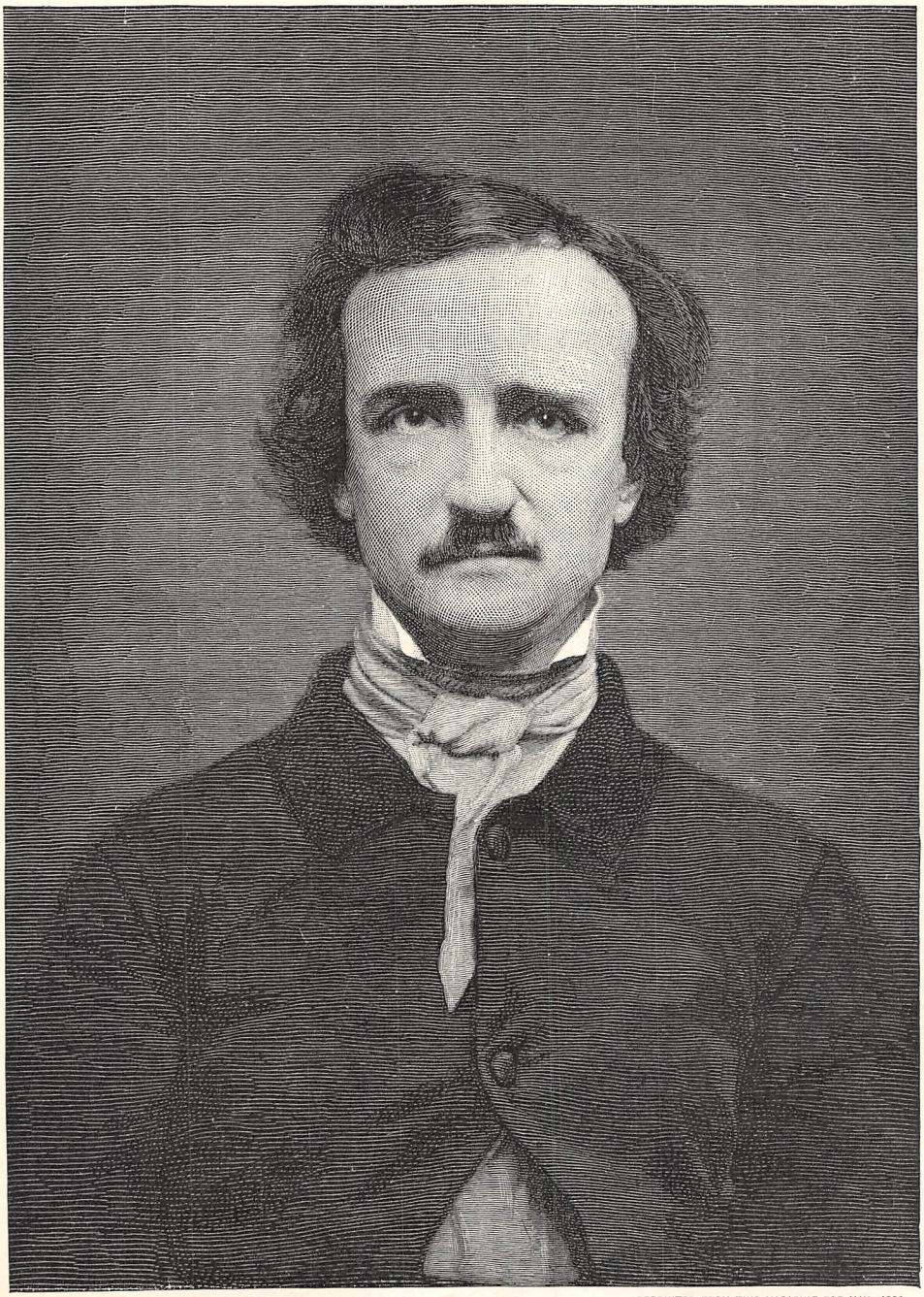
BALTIMORE, September 19, 1835.

MY DEAR POE: . . . [The omitted passage was printed by Griswold.] Can't you write some farces after the manner of the French Vaudevilles? If you can (and I think you can), you may turn them to excellent account by selling them to the managers in New York. I wish you would give your thoughts to this suggestion. More than yourself have remarked the coincidence between "Hans Phaal" & the "Lunar Discoveries," and I perceive that in New York they are republishing "Hans" for the sake of comparison. Say to White that I am over head in business, and can promise never a line to living man. I wish he would send me the "Richmond Whig" containing the reply to the defense of Capt. Reed. Tell him so.

I will write to Carey & Lea to know if they will allow you to publish the "Tales of the Folio Club" in their name. Of course you will understand that if they do not print them they will not be required to be at the risk of the printing expenses. I suppose you mean that White shall take that risk upon himself, and look for his indemnity to the sale. My own opinion is that White could publish them as advantageously as Carey.

Write to me frequently, and believe me very truly yours, JOHN P. KENNEDY.

Part of the following important letter was paraphrased and printed by Griswold.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.

REPRINTED FROM THIS MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1880.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

WHITE TO POE.

RICHMOND, September 29, 1835.

DEAR EDGAR: Would that it were in my power to unbosom myself to you in language such as I could on the present occasion wish myself master of. I cannot do it — and therefore must be content to speak to you in my plain way. That you are sincere in all your promises I firmly believe. But, Edgar, when you once again tread these streets, I have my fears that your resolve would fall through, and that you would again sip the juice, even till it stole away your senses. Rely on your own strength, and you are gone! Look to your Maker for help, and you are safe! How much I regretted parting with you is unknown to any one on this earth except myself. I was attached to you — and am still — and willingly would I say return, if I did not dread the hour of separation very shortly again.

If you could make yourself contented to take up your quarters in my family or in any other private family where liquor is not used, I should think there were hopes of you. But if you go to a tavern, or to any other place where it is used at table, you are not safe. I speak from experience.

You have fine talents, Edgar — and you ought to have them respected as well as yourself. Learn to respect yourself, and you will very soon find that you are respected. Separate yourself from the bottle, and bottle-companions, for ever! Tell me if you can and will do so, and let me hear that it is your fixed purpose never to yield to temptation. If you should come to Richmond again, and again should be an assistant in my office, it must be especially understood by us that all engagements on my part would be dissolved, the moment you get drunk. No man is safe that drinks before breakfast. No man can do so and attend to business properly.

I have thought over the matter seriously about the autograph article, and have come to the conclusion that it will be best to omit it in its present dress. I should not be at all surprised, were I to send it out, to hear that Cooper had sued me for a libel. The form containing it has been ready for press three days — and I have been just as many days deciding the question. I am your true friend,

T. W. WHITE.

POE TO KENNEDY.

RICHMOND, January 22, 1836.

DEAR SIR: Although I have never yet acknowledged the receipt of your letter of advice some months ago, it was not without great influence upon me. I have since then fought the enemy manfully, and am now in every respect comfortable and happy. I know you will be pleased to hear this. My health is better than for years past, my mind is fully occupied, my pecuniary difficulties have vanished. I have a fair prospect of future success — in a word all is right. I shall never forget to whom all this happiness is, in a great degree, to be attributed. I know that without your timely aid I should have sunk under my trials. Mr. White is very liberal, and besides my salary of $520 pays me liberally for extra work, so that I receive nearly $800. Next year, that is, at the commencement of the second volume, I am to get $1000. Besides this, I receive from Publishers nearly all new publications. My friends in Richmond have received me with open arms, and my reputation is extending — especially in the South. Contrast all this with those circumstances of absolute despair in which you found me, and you will see how great reason I have to be grateful to God — and to yourself.

Some matters in relation to the death of Mrs. Caroline Clemm, who resided at Mount Prospect, four miles from Baltimore, render it necessary for me to apply to an attorney, and I have thought it probable you would be kind enough to advise me . . . [so starred in the copy]. I should be glad to have your opinion in regard to my Editorial course in the "Messenger." How do you like my Critical Notices? I have understood (from the Preface to your Third Edition of "Horseshoe") that you are engaged in another work. If so, can you not send me on a copy in advance of the publication. Remember me to your family, and believe me with the highest respect and esteem,

Yours very truly, EDGAR A. POE.

KENNEDY TO POE.

BALTIMORE, February 9, 1836.

MY DEAR POE: . . . [The omitted passage refers to the Mrs. Caroline Clemm affair.] I am greatly rejoiced at your success not only in Richmond but everywhere. My predictions have been more than fulfilled in regard to the public favour for your literary enterprises. Let me beg you to set down this praise at its value. As nothing but an incentive to the utmost care and labour for improvement. You are strong enough now to be criticised. Your fault is your love of the extravagant. Pray beware of it. You find a hundred intense writers for one *natural* one. Some of your *bizarreries* have been mistaken for satire — and admired too in that character. *They* deserved it, but *you* did not, for you did not intend them so. I like your grotesque — it is of the very best stamp; and I am sure you will do wonders for yourself in the comic — I mean the *serio-tragi-comic*. Do you easily keep pace with the demands of the magazine? Avoid, by all means, the appearance of flagging. I like the critical notices very well. By the by, I wish you would tell White that he never sent me the November number.

Your letter assures me that you have entirely conquered your late despondency. I am rejoiced at this. You have a pleasant and prosperous career before you, if you subdue this brooding and boding inclination of your mind. Be cheerful; rise early, work methodically — I mean at appointed hours. Take regular recreation every day. Frequent the best company only. Be rigidly temperate both in body and mind — and I will ensure you at a moderate premium all the success and comfort you want. Will you do me a piece of business? . . . [The omitted passage refers to the recovery of a portrait.] Yours truly,

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

POE TO KENNEDY.

RICHMOND, February 11, 1836.

DEAR SIR: I received your kind letter of the 9th about an hour ago. . . . [The omitted passage refers to the portrait mentioned.]

You are nearly, but not altogether right in relation to the satire of some of my Tales. Most of them were intended for half-banter, half-satire — although I might not have fully acknowledged this to be their aim even to myself. "Lionizing" and "Loss of Breath" were satires properly speaking — at least so meant — the one of the rage for Lions, and the facility of becoming one, the other of the extravagancies of "Blackwood." I find no difficulty in keeping pace with the demands of the magazine. In the February number, which is now in the binder's hands, are no less than forty pages of Editorial — perhaps this is a little *de trop*. There was no November number issued. Mr. W. has increased my salary since I wrote $104 for the present year. This is being liberal beyond my expectations. He is exceedingly kind in every respect. You did not reply to my query touching the "new work." But I do not mean to be inquisitive. . . . [The omitted passage refers to Kennedy's seal.] Most sincerely yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

WHITE TO POE.

January 17, 1837.

MR. POE: If it be possible, without breaking in on any previous arrangement, I will get more than the 1st portion of "Pym" in — though I much fear that will be impossible. If I had read even ten lines of Magruder's manuscript it would have saved me the expense of putting it in type. It is all words [illegible]. He will have to live a little longer in the world before he can write well enough to please the readers of the magazine. Touching Cary's piece, gratitude to him for pecuniary assistance obliges me to insert it.

You are certainly as well aware as I am, that the last $20 I advanced to you was in consideration of what you were to write for me by the piece. I also made you a promise on Saturday that I would do something more for you to-day — and I never make even a promise without intending to perform it — and though it is entirely out of my power to send you up anything this morning, yet I will do something more sure, before night or early to-morrow — if I have to borrow it from my friends. Truly yours,

T. W. W.

The next persons of literary reputation to befriend Poe after Kennedy were Beverly Tucker of Virginia, the author of "The Partizan Leader," and John K. Paulding of New York. Their interest was called out by Poe's work in the magazine. The letters of Tucker are long and leisurely, and are here abridged by the omission of the less personal passages in which the ways of publishers and the decay of taste are the prominent topics. Those of Paulding are more fully given, as the matter is of biographical interest. There are also letters from Mrs. Sigourney and others, belonging to this period, but space does not permit their insertion.

TUCKER TO WHITE.

WILLIAMSBURG, Nov. 29, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . I am much flattered by Mr. Poe's opinion of my lines. . . . He will take this and other suggestions of mine kindly. I am interested in him, and am glad he has found a position in which his pursuit of fame may be neither retarded, nor, what is worse, hurried by necessity. His history, as I have heard it, reminds me of Coleridge's; with the example of Coleridge's virtues and success before him, he can need no other guide. Yet a companion by the way to hint that "more haste makes less speed" may not be amiss. Will he admit me to this office? Without the tithe of his genius, I am old enough to be his father (if I do not mistake his filiation, I remember his beautiful mother when a girl), and I presume I have had advantages the want of which he feels. Now, if by aiding you, I can aid him too to disencumber himself of the clogs that have impeded his progress, I shall kill two birds with one stone. Let me tell you then why in the critique I prepared for Green, I said nothing of his Tale. ["MS. Found in a Bottle."] It was because I thought that had been already praised as much as was good for him. And why? Because I am sure no man ever attained to that distinction to which Mr. P. may fairly aspire *by extravagance*. He is made for better things than to cater for the depraved taste of the literary vulgar, the most disgusting and impertinent of all vulgarians. Besides, I was disappointed in the tale; not because of the praises I had heard (for I make light of such things), but because Mr. P. had taught me to expect from him something more than the mere *physique* of the horrible. I had expected that the author of "Morella" on board the Flying Dutchman would have found a Dutch tongue in his head, would have thawed the silence of his shipmates, and have extracted from them a tale of thrilling interest, of the causes of that awful spell which has driven and still drives their ship careering safely through the innumerable horrors he has described. Cannot he rescue her yet from her perils, and send us another bottle full of intelligence of her escape, and of her former history? Cannot he, by way of episode, get himself sent on board of some fated ship, with letters from the spellbound mariners to their friends at home? Imaginations of this sort flocked to my mind as soon as I found him on her decks, and hence I was disappointed. I do not propose that he should work up these materials. He can do better in following the lead of his own fancy. But let him remember that fancy must be servant, not mistress. It must be made the minister of higher faculties. . . .

Now one word more. If Mr. P. takes well what I have said, he shall have as much more of it whenever occasion calls for it. If not, his silence alone will effectually rebuke my impertinence.

Yours truly, B. T.



DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH.

TUCKER TO POE.

WILLIAMSBURG, December 5, 1835.

DEAR SIR: Your letter has just been received, and deserves my thanks. So far from needing apology, it has been taken as a favour, and I have been congratulating myself on the success of my attempt to draw you into correspondence. It is more creditable to your candour than to my criticism that you have taken it so kindly. . . .

Respectfully, and with the best wishes,
Your obedient servant,
[Signature torn off.]

TUCKER TO WHITE.

WILLIAMSBURG, January 26, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . Last night I received a letter from Mr. P. by which I learn that you may not feel as much confidence in his capacity for the duties of his station, as is necessary for your mutual comfort. This doubt he attributes in part to what must have been a misconstruction by you of one of my letters. That I have not admired all Mr. P's productions, as much as some others, and that his writings are not so much to my taste as they would be were I (as would to God I were) as young as he, I do not deny. Thus much I expressed, and this so freely as to show that, had I meant more, I would have said more. You only know me on paper, but I think you can read this point in my character at the distance of sixty miles. I was equally sincere, I assure you, in what I said in his praise. . . . I do not agree with the reading (or rather the writing and printing) public in admiring Mrs. Sigourney & Co., or any of our native poets except Halleck. In this I know I shall stand condemned. But I appeal from contemporaneous and reciprocal puffing to the impartial judgment of posterity. Let that pass. I only mention this to say that Mr. P's review of the writings of a leash of these ladies, in your last number, is a specimen of criticism, which for niceness of discrimination, delicacy of expression, and all that shows familiarity with the art, may well compare with any I have ever seen. . . .

Mr. P. is young, and I thought him rash. I expressed this full as strongly as I thought it. I now repeat it, and apply to him the caution given by the God of Poets and Critics to his son when he permitted him to guide the Chariot that lights the world.

"Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortiter utere loris." . . . I write this letter at his request. . . .

[Signature torn off.]

PAULDING TO WHITE.

January (?) 1836.]

. . . [The body of the letter relates to his own affairs.]

P. S. Your Publication is decidedly superior to any Periodical in the United States, and Mr. Poe as decidedly the best of all our young writers. I don't know but that I might add all our old ones, with one or two exceptions, among which, I assure you, I don't include myself. . . .

PAULDING TO WHITE.

NEW YORK, March 3, 1836.

DEAR SIR: I duly received the Book containing the Tales by Mr. Poe heretofore published in the "Messenger," and have delayed writing to you on the subject until I could communicate the final decision of the Messrs. Harpers as to their republication. By the way, you are entirely mistaken in your idea of my influence over these gentlemen in the transactions of their business. They have a Reader, by whose judgment they are guided in their publications, and like all other traders are governed by their anticipations of profit or loss, rather than any intrinsic merit of a work or its author. I have no influence in this respect, and indeed ought to have none, for my taste does not exactly conform to that of the Public at present. I placed the work in their hands, giving my opinion of it, which was such as I believe I have heretofore expressed to you more than once, leaving them to their own decision.

The[y] have finally declined republishing it for the following reasons: They say that the stories have so recently appeared before the Public in the "Messenger" that they would be no novelty — but most especially they object that there is a degree of obscurity in their application, which will prevent ordinary readers from comprehending their drift, and consequently from enjoying the fine satire they convey. It requires a degree of familiarity with various kinds of knowledge which they do not possess, to enable them to relish the joke; the dish is too refined for them to banquet on. They desire me, however, to state to Mr. Poe that if he will lower himself a little to the ordinary comprehension of the generality of readers, and prepare a series of original Tales, or a single work, and send them to the Publishers, previous to their appearance in the "Messenger," they will make such arrangements with him as will be liberal and satisfactory.

I regret this decision of the Harpers, though I have not opposed it, because I do not wish to lead them into any measure that might be accompanied by a loss, and felt as I would feel for myself in a similar case. I would not press a work of my own on them, nor do I think Mr. Poe would be gratified at my doing so with one of his.

I hope Mr. Poe will pardon me if the interest I feel in his success should prompt me to take this occasion to suggest to him to apply his fine humor, and his extensive acquirements, to more familiar subjects of satire; to the faults and foibles of our own people, their peculiarities of habits and manners, and above all to the ridiculous affectations and extravagancies of the fashionable English Literature of the day, which we copy with such admirable success and servility. His quiz on Willis, and the Burlesque of "Blackwood," were not only capital, but what is more, were understood by all. For Satire to be relished, it is necessary that it should be leveled at something with which readers are familiar. My own experience has taught me this, in the failure of some efforts of my own formerly.

Be good enough to let me know what disposition I shall make of the work. I am respectfully,

Your friend and Servant, J. K. PAULDING.



DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

Harper & Brothers formally declined the volume of tales in a letter to Poe, June, 1836, on the same grounds alleged above.

PAULDING TO POE.

NEW YORK, March 17, 1836.

DEAR SIR: In compliance with your wishes it would afford me much pleasure to have proposed the publication of your book to some one respectable Bookseller of this city. But the truth is, there is only one other who publishes anything but School Books, religious works, and the like, and with him I am not on terms that would make it agreeable to me to make any proposition of this nature, either in my own behalf or that of another. I have therefore placed your work in the hands of Messrs. Harpers, to forward with a Box of Books they are sending to Richmond in a few days, and I hope it will come safely to hand.

I think it would be worth your while, if other engagements permit, to undertake a Tale in a couple of volumes, for that is the magical number. There is a great dearth of good writers at present both in England and this country, while the number of readers and purchasers of books is daily increasing, so that the demand is greater than the supply, in mercantile phrase. Not one work in ten published in England will bear republication here. You would be surprised at their [illegible] mediocrity. I am of opinion that a work of yours would at least bring you a handsome remuneration, though it might not repay your labors, or meet its merits. Should you write such a work, your best way will be to forward the MS. directly to the Harpers, who will be, I presume, governed by the judgment of their Reader, who, from long experience, can tell almost to a certainty what will succeed. I am destitute of this valuable instinct, and my opinion counts for nothing with publishers. In other respects you may command my good offices. I am Dr. Sir, Your friend and Serv't,

J. K. PAULDING.

Poe left the "Messenger" about January 1, 1837, and arrived in New York at some time before June, as appears from a letter addressed to him in that city by Dr. Charles Anthon.

ANTHON TO POE.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1837.

DEAR SIR: I owe you an apology for not having answered your letter of the 27th sooner, but I was occupied at the time with matters that admitted of no delay, and was compelled therefore to lay your communication on the table for a day or two. I hope you will find what is written below satisfactory. Do not wait to pay me a formal visit, but call and introduce yourself. Yours truly,

CHAS. ANTHON.

"What is written below," it is interesting to discover, is that passage of Hebrew learning in criticism of Dr. Keith's interpretation of some verses in Isaiah and Ezekiel, which Poe was accustomed to reprint as his own from the time of its first appearance in his review of Stephen's "Travels," where he inserted it textually as it here stands in MS. In 1838 he published "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" through Harper & Brothers, who wrote to him in respect to the printed English edition, February 20, 1839, when he was already settled in Philadelphia. No other document of this period remains, except a letter from James E. Heath, the author of "Edgehill," which is a natural pendant to the preceding White correspondence, and illustrates sharply the suspicion with which Poe usually regarded those who had once been his benefactors. The omitted portion contains a criticism of the then recently published "Fall of the House of Usher," which Poe had sent to the writer.

HEATH TO POE.

RICHMOND, September 12, 1839.

DEAR SIR: . . . I have had a conversation with White since the receipt of your letter, and took the liberty to hint to him your convictions of an unfriendly feeling manifested on his part towards you. I am happy to inform you that he disclaims the existence of any unkind feeling; on the contrary, professes that your prosperity and happiness would yield him pleasure. He is not aware of having spoken or written anything with a design to injure you, or anything more in censure or disparagement, than what he has said to you in person, when you resided here. I am inclined to think that you entirely mistake the man, if you suppose that a particle of malignity lurks in his composition. My long acquaintance with him justifies me in saying that I have known few men more disposed to cherish kindly and benevolent feelings towards their fellow-men than himself. He informs me that he will with pleasure admit a notice of the "Gentleman's Magazine" [on which Poe was then employed] in the "Messenger," and if possible in the October number. . . .

It gives me sincere pleasure to understand that your own good sense and the influence of high and noble motives have enabled you to overcome a seductive and dangerous besetment, which too often prostrates the wisest and best by its fatal grasp. The cultivation of such high intellectual powers as you possess cannot fail to earn for you a solid reputation in the literary world. In the department of criticism especially, I know few who can claim to be your superior in this country. Your dissecting knife if vigorously employed would serve to rid us of much of that silly trash and sickly *sentimentality* with which puerile and conceited authors, and gain-seeking booksellers are continually poisoning our intellectual food. I hope in relation to all such you will continue to wield your mace without "fear, favor, or affection." I subscribe myself sincerely your well-wisher. [Signature cut out.]

DR. MORTON'S DISCOVERY OF ANESTHESIA.



MORTON'S INHALER.

IN the January number of THE CENTURY appeared a very interesting article by Miss Eve Blantyre Simpson, telling how her distinguished father discovered the anesthetic properties of chloroform in 1847. A year before that, however, the conquest of pain had been achieved, and in all the leading hospitals, both here and abroad, surgery was already robbed of its terrors by means of the inhalation of sulphuric ether.

Sir James Y. Simpson was, as all the world knows, a most eminent surgeon, but his chief claim to undying fame rests on his discovery that chloroform possessed properties similar to those which it had already been demonstrated belonged to sulphuric ether. But while he has been honored, the American who made the earlier and far greater discovery still sleeps "unthought of in obscurity." No statue of him has anywhere been erected, no bust of him adorns any of the halls of medicine or the hospitals, where it is due to him, to use the eloquent words of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, that "the fierce extremity of suffering has been steeped in the waters of forgetfulness, and the deepest furrow in the knotted brow of agony has been smoothed forever."

Dr. William T. G. Morton was born August 9, 1819, on a farm in the township of Charlton, Massachusetts. His father having lost money in some commercial speculation, at the age of sixteen the boy, who had already determined to study medicine, had to leave school to earn his own living.

In one situation or another young Morton continued to support himself until he was twenty-one. He then came into possession of a little money left him by an aunt, which, added to what he had saved, it seemed to him could be made the means, by judicious husbanding, of enabling him to realize the wish that was still dear to his heart. He resolved to study dentistry, and to support himself by its practice while qualifying himself to become a physician. In due time he obtained his diploma, and, after one or two attempts elsewhere, opened an office in Boston, where his success was rapid.

It was customary among dentists at that time, when fitting false teeth, to set them upon gold plates placed directly above the fangs of the old teeth. Dr. Morton obtained a new kind of solder for attaching artificial teeth to the plate, of the same character as the plate itself, thus preventing any galvanic action between them. But, to demonstrate satisfactorily its superiority, it was necessary to remove the roots of the decayed teeth. This, of course, was a painful process, and there were few persons with courage and stoicism sufficient to submit to the ordeal, It soon became evident to him that if his improved method were ever to become popular, he would have to find some way of preventing, or at least of greatly mitigating, the suffering caused by the extraction of the old roots. Thus, almost at the outset of his career, he was led to speculate and study and make experiments for the purpose of discovering some agency by which he could produce at least partial insensibility to pain.

He conducted these experiments with the energy and persistence that were characteristic of him. He tried all the opiates for alleviating pain that were then commonly used by physicians, even having recourse to mesmerism; but though he succeeded occasionally in rendering the pain less acute than it would have been had no medicines been employed, the net result of all his efforts was exceedingly discouraging.

Though the practice of dentistry had absorbed so much of his time and attention, and had opened up unsuspected fields for original research and experiment, Morton had by no means relinquished his purpose of becoming a physician. In March, 1844, he entered his name as a student of medicine in the office of Dr. Charles T. Jackson of Boston.

In July, 1844, a Miss Parrott of Gloucester, Massachusetts, called at his office to have a tooth filled. Because of its extreme sensitiveness, and her own keen susceptibility to pain, she could not at first endure the application of an instrument. To deaden the pain, Dr. Morton applied chloric ether to the affected part. Its use for such purpose was then no secret; other dentists had used the same preparation. Miss Parrott paid several visits to Dr. Morton's office, and he used the chloric ether freely, often keeping it sealed up in the hollow tooth. On introducing the instrument into the cavity of the tooth in search of the sensitive portion of the bone, he found that the patient experienced no



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM AN AMBROTYPE.

W. T. G. Morton

pain whatever, and, much to his surprise, that the surrounding parts were benumbed.

"The idea instantly occurred to me," he said, in speaking of the matter "that if I could devise some means for bringing the whole system under the influence of ether, it would be a most valuable means of relief in more intense or more diffused pain." He lost no time in seeking to test, by actual experiment, the value of the idea that had flashed upon him. He repaired to his father-in-law's farm at Farmington, Connecticut, and applied chloric ether to insects, birds, and various small quadrupeds. But beyond contributing some additions to the long list of dumb martyrs to science, he accomplished nothing that had more than a negative value. Somewhat discouraged, but still firm in the faith that somewhere there must exist something by which pain could be prevented, he returned to Boston, and a few weeks later matriculated at the Medical School of Harvard University.

Attendance at the clinical lectures, and at operations in the Massachusetts General Hospital, formed part of the course then pursued by medical students. It was a privilege of which young Morton gladly availed himself. Then was revealed to him how terrible was the sway which pain exercised over sensitive organizations, and how utterly incapable of controlling and subduing it were medical science and surgical skill. Again and again the great idea which he had conceived, that there was some way of shackling this awful monster of torture, stirred within him, and urged him to leave nothing undone to discover by what beneficent agency it could be accomplished.

To chemists some of the peculiar properties

of nitrous oxid gas, or "laughing-gas," as it was then commonly called, because of the peculiar effects produced by its inhalation, had long been known. In 1799 Sir Humphry Davy published an account of his researches and experiments with it, describing the relief it afforded him when suffering from headache and toothache, and making this remarkable suggestion: "As nitrous oxid, in its extensive operation, appears capable of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with great advantage during surgical operations in which no great effusion of blood takes place."

It happened that on December 11, 1844, Dr. Horace Wells, a former partner of Morton in the dental business, for a brief period attended a private exhibition of the effects produced by laughing-gas given by C. Q. Colton at Hartford. While under the influence of the gas, one man stumbled, and bruised his shins badly, but was unconscious of any pain until the effects of the gas had passed off. Slight as was the incident, it made a profound impression on Dr. Wells.

As he was troubled at this time with an aching tooth, he decided to make a practical test of his theory on himself. He inhaled the gas while another dentist extracted the tooth.

"A new era in tooth-pulling!" he exclaimed. "It did not hurt me as much as the prick of a pin. It is the greatest discovery ever made."

After a few more or less successful experiments, in order to obtain something like an official indorsement of his methods, he repaired to Boston to give an exhibition of painless tooth-pulling in the presence of a number of physicians and medical students. Dr. Morton consented to assist him. Dr. Wells administered the gas, and extracted the tooth, but the patient, instead of remaining in blissful unconsciousness during the operation, screamed with pain. Some of the spectators laughed, and others hissed. The exhibition of "painless tooth-pulling" was a painful failure. For his participation in the affair Dr. Morton came in for no small share of ridicule.

Much discouraged, Dr. Wells returned to Hartford, and told his friends that no dependence was to be placed on the gas; that it did not produce the same effects in all cases. He abandoned his experiments, and soon relinquished the practice of dentistry, and busied himself with other pursuits. He narrowly missed making a great discovery. With a little more persistence, he would certainly have ascertained that his humiliating failure was due to the fact that he did not administer enough gas to produce complete anesthesia in all cases. As it was, it was left for others to discover how to administer it so as to render it available for the performance of minor operations requiring only a short space of time. More than fifteen years elapsed before the "new era in tooth-pulling," by means of nitrous oxid gas, became a reality.

Though Dr. Wells's exhibition was a failure, it stimulated Dr. Morton to renewed exertions, apprizing him as it did that he was not alone in seeking some means of subduing pain, and it suggested to him a new line of experiments in the application of ether. It was almost as volatile as nitrous oxid gas; why might it not, when inhaled, accomplish what the gas had failed to do? Its efficacy in producing local insensibility when applied to a mucous membrane he had already ascertained by experiment. If taken into the lungs, it would at once be applied to a surface of mucous membrane greater than existed in all the rest of the body put together. Moreover, it would reach the place most favorable for the dispersion of its benumbing properties through the system.

These were the ideas that flashed through his mind. But there were grave considerations which made him pause before rashly putting them to the test. He did not know, nor at that time did anybody else know, how far the inhalation of ether might be pursued with safety. Yet its inhalation for medical purposes was not infrequent. In a pamphlet published in 1795 mention is made of the beneficial effects produced by this means in the treatment of diseases. Dr. John C. Warren of Boston employed it in 1805 for relieving the last stages of pulmonary inflammation. But though, apparently, many physicians and chemists had been on the verge of discovering that the inhalation of sulphuric ether would produce insensibility to pain, they all failed to push their researches far enough. They seem to have concluded that its inhalation to the extent of producing unconsciousness would be attended by very serious, if not fatal, consequences, and they admonished practitioners to exercise extreme caution in administering it.

With characteristic intrepidity, Dr. Morton's first experiments were made upon himself. It occurred to him that ether, if combined with such narcotics as he had been in the habit of using in his practice, would probably produce insensibility to pain more speedily and assuredly than if used alone. He placed a mixture of ether and morphine in a retort, around which he wrapped a hot towel, and, with many misgivings, he inhaled the mixture. In a similar way he also inhaled a preparation of ether and opium. He was punished for his temerity by some splitting headaches, but when, emboldened by the discovery that no severer pains or penalties were imposed upon him, he gradually prolonged the periods of inhalation, he was rewarded by the perception of a distinct feeling of numbness pervading his body and limbs.

In the spring of 1846 he again posted off to the



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.

MRS. ELIZABETH W. MORTON, 1845, AGED 18.

country, this time to his own place at Wellesley, to experiment on some denizens of the farmyard. He etherized a hen, and cut off its comb, the hen meanwhile making no protest, or indicating in any way that it had any personal interest in the proceedings. Still more satisfactory was an experiment tried on a favorite water-spaniel.

When Dr. Morton returned to Boston, he was so confident that he would succeed, that he determined to turn over the management of his office and practice to other hands, that he might devote himself exclusively to the prosecution of his researches and experiments. The sacrifice that this involved affords a measure of his faith. He had built up an enormous practice, his receipts having risen to $20,000 a year, while his expenditures were $10,000, and still he had found time to keep up his study of medicine, and to attend lectures.

There remained the crucial test, to ascertain, by administering ether to some human being, whether it would really produce insensibility to pain, as it had apparently done in the case of the spaniel. He promised two of his assistants, William P. Leavitt and Thomas B. Spear, five dollars apiece if they could find a man who would take the ether, and submit to having a tooth drawn while under its influence. They made search, but failed to find one.

He succeeded at last in inducing the two assistants themselves to inhale the ether from a handkerchief. But with each of them in turn the sensation of drowsiness at first induced rapidly passed away, and they grew violently excited. Much puzzled was Dr. Morton to account for results so unexpected, until he had a sample of the ether analyzed, and discovered that, unlike that with which he had previously experimented, the ether, which he had obtained at a wholesale drug-house, contained twenty-five per cent. of free alcohol.

After obtaining some chemically pure sul-

phuric ether, on September 30, 1846, Dr. Morton returned to his office determined to test its efficacy on himself. He shut himself up alone in a room to make the experiment. It was an act revealing courage of a high order, and a sublime faith. The annals of science and medicine contained no record of the effects of ether when inhaled to the extent of producing complete unconsciousness. Hints there were not a few that to inhale it was to invite grave injuries and possibly death itself.

It was an heroic act, but with modest simplicity Dr. Morton describes it in his memoir to the Academy of Arts and Sciences at Paris.

Taking my tube and flask [he wrote], I shut myself up in my room, seated myself in the operating-chair, and commenced inhaling. I found the ether so strong that it partially suffocated me, but produced no decided effect. I then saturated my handkerchief, and inhaled it from that. I looked at my watch, and soon lost consciousness. As I recovered, I felt a numbness in my limbs, and a sensation like nightmare, and would have given the world for somebody to come and arouse me. I thought for a moment I should die in that state, and that the world would only pity or ridicule my folly. At length I felt a slight tingling of the blood in the end of my third finger, and made an effort to press it with my thumb, but without success. At a second effort I touched it, but there seemed to be no sensation. I gradually raised my arm, and pinched my thigh, but I could see that the sensation was imperfect. I attempted to rise from my chair, but fell back. I immediately looked at my watch, and found that I had been insensible between seven and eight minutes.

For him rest was now impossible until that one step more was taken which would prove that what the world had so long waited for had been discovered — something that could subdue pain. In his own words, recorded by the late Mrs. Harriette Woods Baker:

I had become much excited, and had determined that I would not leave the office until I had seen something more of the power of this new agent [he wrote]. Twilight came on, but in my present state I felt it to be impossible to go home to my family. As the evening wore away my anxiety increased. The hour had long passed when it was usual for patients to call. I had just resolved to inhale the ether again, and have a tooth extracted under its influence, when a feeble ring was heard at the door. Making a motion to one of my assistants, who started to answer the bell, I hastened myself to the door, where I found a man with his face bound up, who seemed to be suffering extremely.

"Doctor," said he, "I have a dreadful tooth, but it is so sore I cannot summon courage to have it pulled. Can't you mesmerize me?"

I need not say that my heart bounded at this question, and that I found it difficult to control my feelings, but putting a great constraint on myself, I expressed my sympathy for the man and invited him to walk into the office. There were no instruments in sight to terrify him, and the ether was close at hand, every arrangement having been previously made in the hope that a similar case might occur. I examined the tooth, and in the most encouraging manner told the poor sufferer that I had something better than mesmerism by means of which I could take out his tooth without giving him pain. He gladly consented, and, saturating my handkerchief with ether, I gave it to him to inhale. He became unconscious almost immediately. It was dark. Dr. Hayden held the lamp. My assistants were trembling with excitement, apprehending the usual prolonged scream from the patient, while I extracted a firmly rooted bicuspid tooth. I was so much agitated that I came near throwing the instrument out of the window. But now came a terrible reaction. The wrenching of the tooth had failed to rouse him in the slightest degree. Instead of the quick start of relief with which a patient usually leaves the operating-chair the moment the instruments are withdrawn, he remained still and motionless as if already in the embrace of death.

The terrible thought flashed through my mind that he might be dead, that in my zeal to test my new theory I might have gone too far and sacrificed a human life. With the rapidity of lightning my mind ran through the whole process of my investigations up to the present hour. I trembled under the sense of my responsibility to my Maker and to my fellow-men. The question, Can I restore him to consciousness? startled me into action. I seized a glass of water, and dashed it in the man's face. The result proved most happy. He recovered in a minute, and knew nothing of what had occurred. Seeing us all stand around him he appeared bewildered. I instantly, in as calm a tone as I could command, asked:

"Are you ready to have your tooth extracted?"

"Yes," he answered in a hesitating tone.

"It is all over," I said, pointing to a decayed tooth on the floor.

"No!" he shouted, leaping from the chair.

For the next two weeks Dr. Morton hardly allowed himself time to sleep. He devoted much attention to endeavoring to ascertain the best methods of administering the ether. By the varying results obtained in the experiments which followed one another in rapid succession at his office, it was made apparent to him that in this respect much remained to be learned.

Then arose the question, How was he to make his wonderful discovery known to the world? Had he gone abroad and proclaimed from the house-tops that he had found out how to conquer pain, he would have been laughed at as a demented enthusiast, or denounced as an impudent and dangerous quack, of whom the good city of Boston should rid herself as speedily as possible. After consultation with friends he decided that to gain recognition for his dis-

covery, he must give a demonstration of its efficacy under conditions that would preclude any suspicion of deception, and in the presence of witnesses who would command the confidence of the medical profession of the world.

No more fitting place was there in all Boston for such a work than the Massachusetts General Hospital. Dr. Morton obtained permission from Dr. John C. Warren, the senior surgeon, to make a trial of his pain-annihilator at the hospital. On Wednesday, October 14, 1846, he received a note from Dr. Warren, requesting him to be present at the hospital at ten o'clock the next Friday morning, to administer his preparation to a patient who was then to be operated on. On that morning he arose at four o'clock, hurried off to the house of an instrument-maker, and, awaking him, induced him to undertake forthwith the construction of an inhaler, the design for which had been prepared only on the previous evening. As the hour appointed for the test drew near, and it was still uncompleted, Dr. Morton snatched it from the maker's hands, and hurried off to the hospital.

Meanwhile, within, all necessary preparations for the operation had been made. The patient selected for the trial was Gilbert Abbott, who was suffering from a congenital but superficial vascular tumor just below the jaw on the left side of the neck. The announcement that the operation was to furnish a test of some preparation for which the astounding claim had been made that it would render the person treated with it temporarily incapable of feeling pain had attracted a large number of medical men to the theater. It was inevitable that nearly all of those present should be skeptical as to the result. As the minutes slipped by without any sign of Dr. Morton, the incredulous gave vent to their suspicions concerning him and his discovery.

"As Dr. Morton has not yet arrived," said Dr. Warren, after waiting fifteen minutes, "I presume that he is otherwise engaged."

The response was a derisive laugh, clearly implying the belief that Dr. Morton was staying away simply because he was afraid to submit his discovery to a critical test.

Dr. Warren grasped the knife. At that critical moment Dr. Morton entered. No outburst of applause, no smiles of encouragement, greeted him. Doubt and suspicion were depicted on the faces of those who looked down upon him from the tiers of seats that encircled the room. No actor about to assume a new rôle ever received a more chilling reception.

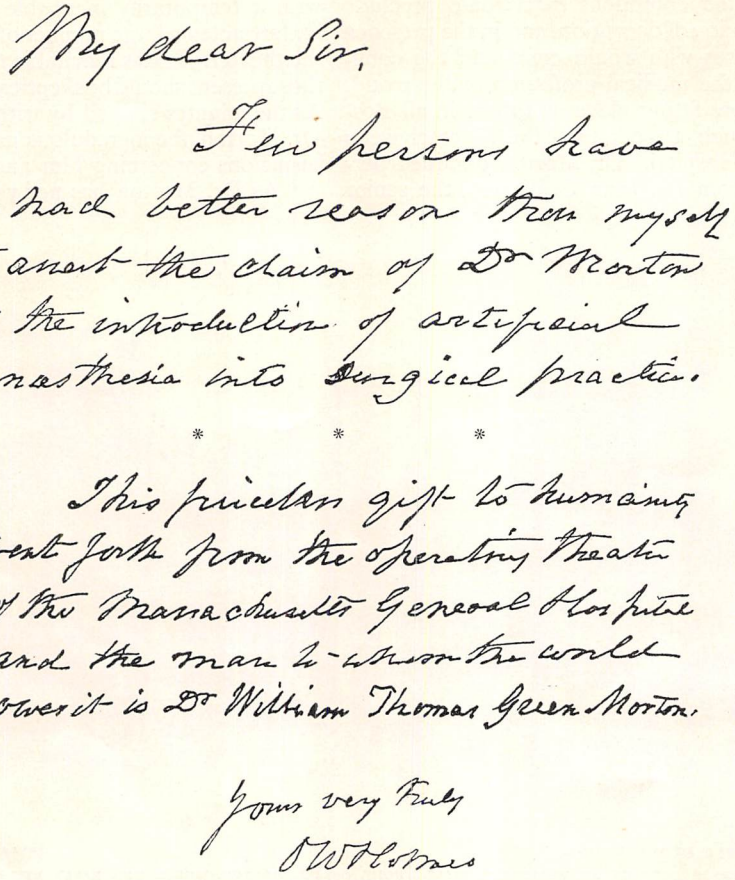
"Well, sir," exclaimed Dr. Warren, abruptly, "your patient is ready."

Thus aroused from the bewilderment into which the novelty of his position had thrown him, he spoke a few words of encouragement to the young man about to be operated on, adjusted the inhaler, and began to administer the ether. As the subtle vapor gradually took possession of the citadel of consciousness, the patient dropped off into a deep slumber.



DRAWN BY ALEXANDER SCHILLING. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ETHERTON COTTAGE AT WELLESLEY, MASS., HOME OF DR. MORTON, WHERE THE EARLY EXPERIMENTS AND DISCOVERY OF ANESTHESIA WERE MADE.


My dear Sir.

Few persons have or had better reason than myself to assert the claim of Dr Morton to the introduction of artificial anæsthesia into Surgical practice.

* * *

This priceless gift to humanity went forth from the Operating Theatre of the Massachusetts General Hospital and the man to whom the world owes it is Dr William Thomas Green Morton.

Yours very Truly
O W Holmes

FACSIMILE OF PARTS OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.[1]

Dr. Warren seized the bunch of veins, and made the first incision with his knife.

Instead of awakening with a cry of pain, the patient continued to slumber peacefully, apparently as profoundly unconscious as before.

Then the spectators underwent a transfor-

[1] This letter was written in reply to an inquiry addressed by the writer of the present article to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was a member of the medical staff of the Massachusetts General Hospital at the time of the discovery. Following is the full text:

"BOSTON, April 2, 1893.

"MY DEAR SIR: Few persons have or had better reason than myself to assert the claim of Dr. Morton to the introduction of artificial anesthesia into surgical practice. The discovery was formally introduced to the scientific world in a paper read before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences by Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, one of the first, if not the first, of American surgeons.

On the evening before the reading of the paper containing the announcement of the discovery, Dr. Bigelow called at my office to read the paper to me. He prefaced it with a few words which could never be forgotten.

He told me that a great discovery had been made, and its genuineness demonstrated at the Massachusetts General Hospital, of which he was one of the surgeons. This was the production of insensibility to pain during surgical operations by the inhalation of a certain vapor (the same afterward shown to be that of sulphuric ether).

In a very short time, he said, this discovery would be all over Europe. He had taken a great interest in the alleged discovery, had been present at the first capital operation performed under its influence, and was from the first the adviser and supporter of Dr. W. T. G. Morton, who had induced the surgeons of the hospital to make trial of the means by which he proposed to work this new miracle.

The discovery went all over the world like a conflagration. The only question was whether Morton got advice from Dr. Charles T. Jackson, the chemist, which entitled that gentleman to a share, greater or less, in the merit of the discovery. Later it was questioned whether he did not owe his first hint to Dr. Horace Wells of Hartford, which need not be disputed.

Both these gentlemen deserve honorable mention in connection with the discovery, but I have never a moment hesitated in awarding the essential credit of the great achievement to Dr. Morton.

This priceless gift to humanity went forth from the operating theater of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and the man to whom the world owes it is Dr. William Thomas Green Morton. Yours very truly,

"O. W. HOLMES."

mation. All signs of incredulity and indifference vanished. Not a whisper was uttered. As the operation progressed, men began to realize that they were witnessing something the like of which had never been seen before.

When the operation was over, and while the patient still lay like a log on the table, Dr. Warren, addressing the spectators, said, with solemn emphasis, "Gentlemen, this is no humbug."

But notwithstanding that Dr. Morton had thus demonstrated that a patient could be rendered completely insensible to suffering while undergoing an operation, yet for three weeks the employment of the ether at the hospital was discontinued, and surgery and agony still went hand in hand. In fact, instead of being hailed as a public benefactor, Dr. Morton found himself, for a short period immediately following the public announcement of his discovery, the target for indignant scorn and contempt. He was pilloried in the public prints by medical men and laymen as a charlatan.

Dr. Morton made application at the hospital on November 6, for permission to test the efficacy of his discovery on a patient who the next day was to undergo an amputation of the leg. Then he was told that the surgeons at the hospital deemed it their duty to decline to use the preparation until informed what it was. Dr. Morton professed his entire willingness to inform the surgeons, confidentially, what the preparation was. But for some reason this did not satisfy the exacting code of medical ethics. Through the pleas of Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, Dr. Morton was finally allowed to administer ether when Alice Mohan, a delicate girl of twenty, who had been in the hospital more than a year suffering from a disease of the knee joint, underwent an amputation of the leg, as the only alternative offered for preserving her life. Instead of filling the chamber with her agonizing shrieks, she slept the sleep of oblivion through it all; and when she revived, refused to believe that the leg had actually been removed.

After that Dr. Morton frequently administered the ether at the hospital, and always with complete success. In 1848 the trustees showed their appreciation of his services, and his free gift of the discovery to the hospital, by presenting him with a silver box containing one thousand dollars, the inscription concluding with these words, "He has become poor in a cause which made the world his debtor."

Dr. Morton shared none of the joys which his discovery brought to thousands of his fellow-creatures, but reaped only a harvest of misery and misfortune, blighted hopes, ruined health, and bankruptcy. He was granted a patent for his discovery. When the use of it was freely offered the army and navy, both departments declined to have anything to do with it, but nevertheless at their convenience employed it in their hospital service. For nearly two-score years he sought redress in vain. But there is no space here to tell that sad story, nor to enter into discussion of the claims of Dr. Jackson and Dr. Wells, both of whom maintained that they were entitled to the honor and credit of making the discovery.

The ether controversy was a bitter one; but the obscuring smoke of the battle has long since rolled away, and one fact stands out as clear as the noonday sun — namely, that it is to Dr. Morton that the world is indebted for its knowledge of the complete anesthetic properties of sulphuric ether. It was he who did the work; he who made the experiments; he who dared to assume the risk of public failure and disaster and possible loss of life.[1]

Dr. Morton died suddenly of apoplexy on July 15, 1868. His widow is still living. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Whitman, and she was a daughter of Edward Whitman of Farmington, Connecticut. Her most vivid recollections of her husband's great discovery are associated with that memorable October 16, 1846, when for the first time he administered ether at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

"In those few hours," she said to the writer, "I learned to realize what is meant by the agony of suspense. I had heard it often predicted that he would kill somebody by his experiments. My mind recoiled from such a thought with horror, and yet was forced to dwell upon it. I knew not what minute a messenger might arrive with the information that my husband had been arrested for manslaughter. When he returned, there was that in his face which told me, before he opened his lips, that he had triumphed."

E. L. Snell.

[1] Dr. Morton received a valuable indorsement of his rights as a discoverer from Dr. Simpson. The professor had just published a pamphlet upon chloroform, the application of which he had discovered, and which he proposed as a substitute for ether in certain cases. Upon a fly-leaf of a copy of this pamphlet which he sent to Dr. Morton was written the following note:

MY DEAR SIR: I have much pleasure in offering, for your kind acceptance, the accompanying pamphlet. Since it was published we have had various other operations performed here, equally successful. I have a note from Dr. Liston, telling me also of its perfect success in London. Its rapidity and depth are amazing.

In the Monthly Journal of Medical Science for September, I have a long article on etherization, vindicating your claims over those of Jackson.

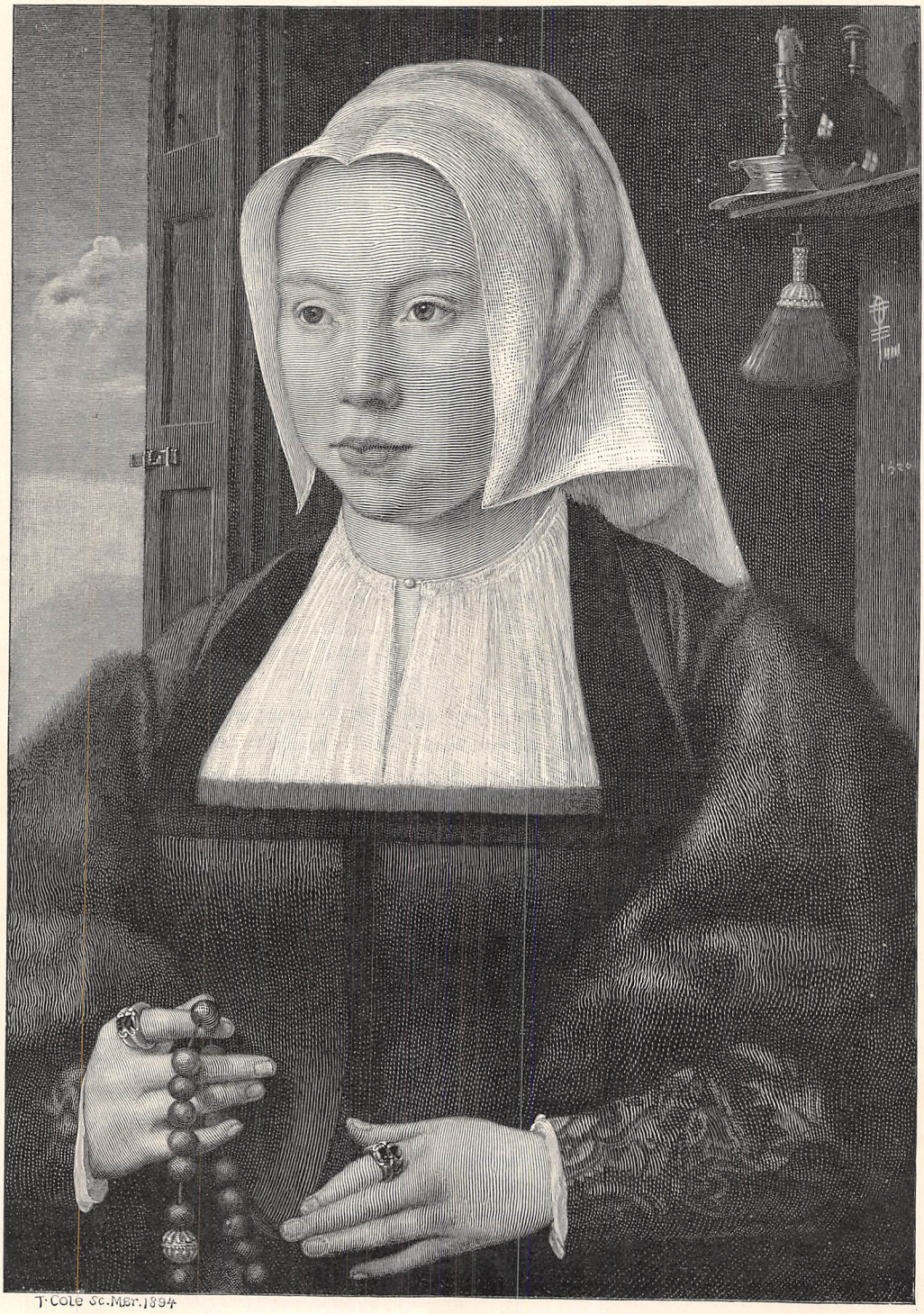
Of course the great thought is that of producing insensibility — and for that the world is, I think, indebted to you.

I read a paper lately to our society, showing that it was recommended by Pliny, etc., in old times.

With very great esteem for you, allow me to subscribe myself, Yours, very faithfully,

J. Y. SIMPSON.

EDINBURGH, Nov. 19, 1847.



PORTRAIT OF MASSYS' SECOND WIFE, IN THE UFFIZI.

OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

QUINTEN MASSYS (1460?–1530).

IN glancing at the history of Flemish art, a distinction must be borne in mind between its two dominant schools — that of Bruges, of which the brothers Van Eyck (1366–1440) were the first great representatives, and which was further adorned by the famous names of Van der Weyden and Memling; and that of Antwerp, which Quinten Massys founded at about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and of which Rubens and Van Dyck are the final glory. There is this difference between them: the school of Bruges, which was the earlier of the two, was original and indigenous to the soil, born on the spot, and continued to assert its independence to the last; while the one which succeeded it became, after the time of Massys, subject to the spirit of the Italian Renaissance, and adopted the Italian fashion, which ill accorded with the homely realism of its native environment. Thus Flemish art from the time of Massys to that of Rubens is a combination of two manners, a mongrel style which strikes the beholder who is conversant with Italian art as rather odd and incongruous.

But Quinten Massys is a genuine Fleming, as independent and personal as Rubens himself, though recalling the old school of the Van Eycks; he is indeed generally regarded as the connecting-link between these two extremes in that he unites the best traditions of the former with a softer and broader treatment, and a grandeur (though by no means voluptuousness) which seems prophetic of the latter. This is especially evident in his celebrated work of "The Entombment," an altarpiece for the chapel of the Joiners' Company in the Cathedral of Antwerp. Sir Joshua Reynolds says of this work, "There are heads in this picture not exceeded by Raphael, and indeed not unlike his [early] manner of painting portraits, hard and minutely finished." The work is now in the Public Gallery at Antwerp. Besides works of this order, Massys also painted works of a secular nature, such as those where merchants or money-changers are seen weighing their gold or counting their gains. A fine example of this kind is "The Banker and his Wife" in the Louvre. Here may be found the same delicacy of pencil, the same avoidance of heavy shadows, as in his other works, and therein a test of the genuineness of similar productions often ascribed to him. A few portraits by his hand exist, which are full of individuality; such are those of himself and his wife to be seen in the room of portraits at the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, and of which I have chosen that of his wife as an illustration. The two portraits are upon one panel; that of his wife is wonderfully well preserved, as, being the inner panel, and boxed in the frame, it is shown only upon application to the custodian. It is delightfully fresh, and charming to look at. Truly a picture of "the lassie that 's so neat and clean," and pure and sweet withal.

Quinten Massys, whose name appears in the various forms of Matsys, Metsys, and Messys, was born at Antwerp about 1460. He is said to have been the son of a locksmith, and to have worked at his father's trade — he is popularly known as "the blacksmith of Antwerp." Doubt has, however, been cast upon this, as likewise upon the romantic story telling how he wooed and won his bride. The father of his lady-love had declared that she should marry a painter, and Massys accordingly left the anvil, and devoted himself to the study of painting. Such was the power of his love that he rapidly became a master in his new art, and so wedded the object of his passion. There appears, however, some foundation in fact for crediting this pretty romance, since in the Latin inscription in the Cathedral of Antwerp in honor of Massys occurs the line,

Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem,

and the master himself wrote on his own portrait the words, "Pictorem me fecit Amor." In 1497 Massys joined the Painters' Guild, soon rose to fame, and attained station, wealth, and landed property in his native town. He was the friend of the famous engraver Lucas van Leyden, and was visited by another even more renowned, Albert Dürer. He married twice, and died at Antwerp in 1530, leaving a large family. Two of his sons were painters. The portrait in the Uffizi is that of his second wife.

T. Cole.

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

A FORTNIGHT AT BAR HARBOR.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Paul Patoff," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

V.

LOUIS LAWRENCE had not been at Bar Harbor a week before he became fully aware — if indeed there had previously been any doubt on the subject in his mind — that he was very much in love with Fanny Trehearne. It became clear to him that, although he had believed himself to be in love once or twice before then, he had been mistaken, and that he had never known until the present time exactly what love meant. He was not even sure that he was pleased with the passion, or, at least, with the form in which it attacked him. Sensitive as he was, it "took him hard," as the saying is, and he felt that it had the better of him at every turn, and disposed of him in spite of himself at every hour of the day.

When he was alone he wondered why he had been asked to the house, and whether Mr. and Mrs. Trehearne, who were abroad, knew anything about it. He was a modest man, and was inclined to underestimate himself, so that it could never have occurred to him that Fanny Trehearne might have been strongly attracted by him during their acquaintance in town, and might have insisted that he should be asked to come and pass a fortnight. Moreover, Fanny lost no opportunity of impressing upon him that he was a great favorite with the three Miss Miners, and she managed to convey the impression that he had been asked chiefly to please them, though she never said so.

Meanwhile, however, it was evident that the three sisters were absorbed in Mr. Brinsley, and that when the latter was present they took very little notice of Lawrence. He laughed at the thought that the three old maids should all be equally in love with the showy Canadian, and he told himself that the thing was ridiculous; that they were merely enthusiastic women,— "gushing" women, he called them in his thoughts,— who were flattered by the diplomatic and unfailing civilities of a man who was evidently in pursuit of Fanny Trehearne.

For by this time he was convinced that Brinsley had made up his mind to marry Fanny if he could; and he hated him all the more for it, even to formulating wicked prayers for the suitor's immediate destruction. The worst of it was that the man might succeed. A girl who will and can ride anything, who beats everybody at tennis, and who is as good as most men in a sail-boat, may naturally be supposed to admire a man who does those things, and many others, in a style bordering upon perfection. This same man, too, though not exactly clever in an intellectual way, possessed at least the gifts of fluency and tact, combined with great coolness under all circumstances, so far as Lawrence had observed him. It was hardly fair to assert that he was dishonest because he flattered the three Miss Miners, and occupied himself largely in trying to anticipate their smallest wishes. He did it so well as to make even Fanny Trehearne believe that he liked them for their own sakes, and that his intentions were disinterested and not directed wholly to herself. Of course she knew that Brinsley wished to marry her; but she was used to that. Two, at least, of several men who had already informed her that their happiness depended upon winning her were even now at Bar Harbor, presumably repeating that or a similar statement to more or less willing ears. As for Lawrence, he could not fairly blame Brinsley for his behavior; he confessed in secret that he flattered the three Miss Miners himself, with small regard for unprejudiced truth. Besides, they were very kind to him. But he found it hard to speak fairly of Brinsley when alone with Fanny Trehearne.

"I don't like the man," he said, on inadequate provocation, for the twentieth time.

"I know you don't," answered Fanny, calmly, "but that 's no reason for letting go of the tiller. Mind the boom! she 's going about — no — it 's of no use to put the helm up now. We 've no way on — let her go! No — I don't mean that — oh, do give it to me!"

And thereupon Fanny, who was sitting forward of him, on the weather side, stretched her long arm across him, pushing him back into his corner, and put the helm hard down with her left hand, while she hauled in the sheet as much as she could with her right, bending her head low to avoid the boom as it came swinging over.

Lawrence could not help looking down at her, and he forgot all about the boom, being far too little familiar with boating to avoid it instinctively, when he felt the boat going about. It came slowly, for there was little wind, and the cat-boat, having no way on to speak of, was in no hurry to right herself and go over on the other tack; but just as the shadow of the sail warned him that something was coming, he looked up, and at the same instant received the blow full on his forehead, just above his eyes. He wore a soft, knitted woolen cap, which did not even afford the protection of a visor.

Fanny turned her head at once, for the blow had been audible, and she saw what had happened. Lawrence had raised his hand to his forehead instinctively.

"Are you hurt?" asked Fanny, quickly, keeping her eyes upon him, and still holding the helm hard over so as to give the boat way.

Lawrence did not answer at once. He was half stunned, and still covered his forehead with his hand. The young girl looked at him intently, and there was an expression in her eyes which he, at least, had never seen there — a sudden, scared light which had nothing to do with fear.

"Are you hurt?" she asked again, gently.

His delicate face grew suddenly pale, as the blood, which at first had rushed up under the shock of the blow, subsided as suddenly. Fanny turned her eyes from him, and looked ahead and under the sail to leeward. She let out a little more sheet, so that the boat could run very free; for the craft, like most cat-boats, had a weather helm when the sheet was well aft, and Fanny wanted her hands. Moreover, Lawrence was now on the lee side with her, and the boat would have heeled too far over with the wind abeam. As soon as the sail drew properly, Fanny sat up beside Lawrence, steering across him with the left hand. With her right she could reach the water, and she scooped up what she could in her hollow palm, wetting her sleeve to the shoulder as she did so, for the boat was gaining speed. She dashed the drops in his face.

"Are you hurt?" she asked a third time, drawing away his hand, and laying her own wet one upon his forehead.

"Oh, no," he answered faintly; "I 'm not hurt at all."

She could tell by his voice that he was not speaking the truth, and a moment later, as he leaned against the side of the boat, his head fell back, and his lips parted in a dead faint.

There was no scorn in the young girl's face for a man who could faint so easily, as it seemed; but the scared look came into her eyes again, and without hesitation, still steering with her left hand, she passed her right arm around his neck, and supported him. The breeze was almost in her face now, for she was looking astern, and she knew by the way it fanned her whether she was keeping the boat fairly before it.

Lawrence did not revive immediately, and it was fortunate that there was so little wind, or Fanny might have got into trouble. She looked at him a moment longer, and hesitated, for the position was a difficult one, as will be admitted. But she was equal to it, and knew what to do. Letting his head fall back as it would, she withdrew her arm, let go the helm, and hauled in the sheet as the boat's head came up. As the boom came over toward Lawrence's head, she caught it and lifted it over him, hauled in the slack and made the sheet fast, springing forward instantly to let go the halyards. The gaff came rattling down, and she gathered in the bellying sail hastily, and took a turn round everything with the end of the throat-halyard, which chanced to be long enough — the gaskets were out of her reach in the bottom of the boat.

There was little or no sea on, as the tide was near the turning, and the cat-boat was rocking softly to the little waves when Fanny came aft again. Lawrence's head was hanging back, his lips were parted, and his eyes were half open, showing the whites in a rather ghastly way. With strong arms the young girl half lifted him, and let him gently down upon the cushions in the stern-sheets. Then she leaned over the side, and wetted her handkerchief, and laid it upon his bruised forehead. The cold water and the change of position brought him to himself.

He opened his eyes, and looked up into her face as she bent over him. Then, all at once, he seemed to realize what had happened, and, with an exclamation, he tried to sit up. But she would not let him.

"Lie still a minute longer!" she said authoritatively. "You 'll be all right in a little while."

"But it is n't anything, I assure you," he protested, looking about him in a dazed way. "Please let me sit up. I won't make a fool of myself again — it 's only my heart, you know. It stops sometimes — it was n't the knock."

"Your heart?" repeated Fanny, with greater anxiety than Lawrence might have expected. "You have n't got heart disease, have you?"

"Oh, no; not so bad as that. It 's all right now. It will begin to beat very hard presently — there — I can feel it — and then it will go

on regularly again. It is n't anything. I fancy I smoke too much — or it 's coffee — or something. Please don't look as though you thought it were anything serious, Miss Trehearne. I assure you, it 's nothing. Lots of people have it."

"It is serious. Anything that has to do with the heart is serious."

Lawrence smiled faintly.

"Is that a joke?" he asked. "If it is, please let me sit up."

"No; that is n't a reason," answered Fanny, laughing a little, though her eyes were still grave. "You must lie still a little longer. You might faint again, you know. It must be dangerous to have one's heart behaving so strangely."

"Oh, I don't believe so."

"You don't believe so? You mean that it 's possible, but that you hope it won't stop. Is that it?"

"Oh — well — perhaps. But I don't think there 's any real danger. Besides, if it did, it 's easy, you know."

"What 's easy?"

"It 's an easy death — over at once, in a flash. No lingering, and last words, and all that." He laughed.

Fanny Trehearne's sun-burned cheeks grew pale under their tan, and her cool gray eyes turned slowly away from his face, and rested on the blue water.

"Please don't talk about such things!" she said in a tone that seemed hard to Lawrence.

"Are you afraid of death?" he asked, still smiling.

"I?" She turned upon him indignantly. "No; I don't believe that I 'm much afraid of anything — for myself."

"You turned pale," observed the young man, raising himself on his elbow as he lay on the cushions, and looking at her. Her color came more quickly than it had gone.

"Did I?" she asked indifferently enough. "It 's probably the sun. It 's hot, lying here and drifting."

"No; it was n't the sun," said Lawrence, with conviction. "You were thinking that somebody you are fond of might die suddenly. We were talking about death."

"What difference does it make whom I was thinking of?" She spoke impatiently now, still watching the water.

"It makes all the difference there is, that 's all," answered Lawrence. "Won't you tell me?"

"No; certainly not! Why should I? Look here — if you are well enough to talk, you 're well enough to help me to get the sail up again."

"Of course I am — but —" Lawrence showed no inclination to move.

"But what? You 're too lazy, I suppose." Fanny laughed. "Let me see your forehead — take your cap off," she added with a change of tone.

Lawrence thrust the cap back, which did not help matters much, as his hair grew low, and partly hid the bruise. The skin was not broken, but it was almost purple, and a large swelling had already appeared.

"It 's too bad!" exclaimed Fanny, looking at it as he bent down his head, and softly touching it with her ungloved hand. "Tell me — do you feel very weak and dizzy still? I was only laughing when I spoke of your helping me with the sail."

"Oh, no," answered Lawrence, cheerfully. "It aches a little, of course, but it will soon go off."

"And your heart?" asked Fanny, anxiously. "Is it all right now? You don't think you 'll faint again, do you?"

"Not a bit."

"I 'm not sure. You are very pale."

"I 'm always pale, you know. It 's my nature. It does n't mean anything. Some people are naturally pale."

"But you 're not. You 're dark, or brown, and not red, but you 're not usually pale. I wish I had some whisky, or something, to give you."

She looked round the boat rather helplessly as though expecting to discover a remedy for his weakness.

"Please don't make so much of it," said Lawrence in a tone which showed that he was almost annoyed by her persistence. "I assure you that I won't have such bad taste as to die on your hands before we get to land."

Fanny rose to her feet, and turned away from him with an impatient exclamation.

"Just keep the helm amidships while I get the sail up," she said, without looking at him, and stepping upon the seat which ran along the side, she was on the little deck in a moment, with both halyards in her hands.

Lawrence sprang forward to help her, forgetting what she had just told him to do.

"Do as I told you!" she exclaimed quickly and impatiently. "Do you know what the tiller is? Well, keep it right in the middle till I tell you to do something else."

"Don't be fierce about it," laughed Lawrence, obeying her.

But when she was not looking he pressed one hand to his forehead with all his might, as though to drive out the pain, which increased with every minute.

Meanwhile, Fanny laid her weight to the halyards, and the sail went flapping up, throat and peak. The girl was very strong, and had been taught to handle a cat-boat when she was

a mere child, so that there was nothing extraordinary in her accomplishing unaided a little feat which would have puzzled many a smart young gentleman who fancies himself half a sailor.

VI.

It chanced that on that evening Roger Brinsley was to dine with the Miss Miners. He was often asked, and he accepted as often as he could. As a matter of fact, he was not so much sought after elsewhere as he was willing to let the four ladies believe, for there were people in Bar Harbor who shared Lawrence's distrust of him, while admitting that, so far as they could tell, it was quite unfounded. There was nothing against him. The men said that he played a good deal at the club, and remarked that he was a good type of the professional gambler, but no one ever said that he won too much. On the contrary, it was believed that he had lost altogether rather heavily during the six weeks since he had first appeared. He paid cheerfully, however, and was thought to be rich. Nevertheless, the men whose opinion was worth having did not like him. They wondered why the Miss Miners had him so often at the house, and whether there were not some danger that Fanny Trehearne might take a fancy to him.

It was very late when Fanny and Lawrence got home, for the cat-boat had been carried far up Frenchman's Bay during the time after the little accident, and it had been necessary to beat to windward for two hours against the rising tide in order to fetch the channel between Bar Island and Sheep Porcupine. The consequence was that the pair had scarcely time to dress for dinner after they reached the house.

Lawrence felt ill and tired, and was conscious that the swelling on his forehead was not beautiful to see. He was still dazed, and by no means himself, when he looked into the glass and knotted his tie. But though he might well have given an excuse, and stayed in his room instead of going down to dinner, he refused to consider the possibility of such a thing even for a moment. He felt something just then which more than compensated him for his bruises, and his wretched sensation of weakness.

The conversation, after the boat had got under way again, had languished, and had been so constantly interrupted by the often repeated operation of going about that Lawrence had not succeeded in bringing it back to the point at which Fanny had broken it off when she had gone forward to hoist the sail. But he had more than half guessed what might have followed, and the reasonable belief that he might be right had changed the face of his world. He believed that Fanny had turned pale at the idea that his life was in danger.

One smiles at the simplicity of the thought, in black and white, by itself, just itself, and nothing more. Yet it was a great matter to Louis Lawrence, and as he looked at his bruised face in the glass, he felt that he was too happy to shut himself up in his room for the evening, out of sight of the cool gray eyes he loved.

He had assuredly not meant to frighten Fanny when he had spoken, and he had been very far from inventing an imaginary ailment with which to excite her sympathy. The whole thing had come up unexpectedly as the result of the accident. Hence its value.

As often happens, the two people in the house who had been most hurried in dressing were the first down, and as Lawrence entered the library he heard Fanny's footstep behind him. He bowed as they came forward together to the empty fireplace. She looked at him critically before she spoke.

"You 're badly knocked about. How do you feel?" There was a man-like directness in her way of asking questions, which was softened by the beauty of her voice.

"I feel—as I never felt before," answered Lawrence, conscious that his eyes grew dark as they met hers. "You told me something to-day—though you did not say it."

Fanny did not avoid his gaze.

"Did I?" she asked very gravely.

"Yes. Plainly."

"I 'm very sorry," she answered, with a little sigh, and turning from him at last.

"Are you taking it back?" Louis's voice trembled as he asked the question.

"Hush!"

Just then the voices of the three Miss Miners were heard in the hall, and at the same instant the distant tinkle of the front-door bell announced the arrival of Roger Brinsley.

The conversation turned upon Lawrence's accident, from the first, as was natural, considering his appearance. He dwelt laughingly on his utter helplessness in a boat, while Fanny was inclined to consider the whole affair as rather serious. For some reason or other Brinsley was displeased at it, and ventured to say a disagreeable thing. He had lost at cards in the afternoon, and was in bad humor. He spoke to Fanny with affected apprehension.

"You really ought to take somebody with you who knows enough to lend a hand at a pinch, Miss Trehearne," he said. "Suppose that you got into a squall, and had to take a reef; you 'd be in a bad way, you know."

"If I could n't manage a cat-boat alone, I 'd walk," answered Fanny, with contempt.

"Yes; no doubt. But if a squall really came

up, what would you do? Mr. Lawrence confesses that he could n't help you."

"Are you chaffing, Mr. Brinsley?" asked Fanny, severely. "Or do you think I really should n't know what to do?"

"I doubt whether you would."

"Oh — I 'd let go the halyards, and lash the helm amidships, and take my reef with the sail down — 'hoist 'em up, and off again,' after that, as the fishermen say."

"I think you could stand an examination," said Brinsley.

"I dare say. Could you? If you were going about off a lee shore in a storm, and missed stays, could you clubhaul your ship, Mr. Brinsley?"

The three Miss Miners stared at the two in surprise and wonder, not understanding a word of what they were saying. It was apparent to Lawrence, however, that Fanny was bent on putting Brinsley in the position of confessing his ignorance at last; but where the young girl had learned even the language of seamanship, which she used with such apparent precision, was more than Lawrence could guess. Brinsley did not answer at once, and Fanny pressed him.

"Do you even know what clubhauling means?" she asked mercilessly.

"Well — no — really, I think the term must be obsolete."

"Not at sea," retorted Fanny.

This was crushing, and Brinsley, who was really a very good hand at ordinary sailing, grew angry.

"Of course you 've had some experience in cat-boats," Fanny continued. "That is n't serious sailing, you know. It 's about equivalent, in horsemanship, to riding a donkey — a degree less dignified than walking, and a little less trouble."

"I won't say anything about myself, Miss Trehearne," said Brinsley, "but you might treat the cat-boat a little less roughly. I did n't know you 'd ever sailed anything else."

Here the Miss Miners interposed, one after another, protesting that it was not fair to use up the opportunities of conversation in such nautical jargon.

"I only wished to prove to Mr. Brinsley that I 'm to be trusted at sea," Fanny answered.

"My dear child," said Miss Cordelia, "Mr. Brinsley knows that, and he must be a good judge, having been in the navy."

"Oh, I did n't know you 'd been in the navy, Mr. Brinsley," said the pitiless young girl, fixing her eyes on his with an expression which he, perhaps, understood, though no one else noticed it. "The English navy, of course?"

"The English navy," repeated Mr. Brinsley, sharply.

"Oh, well, that accounts for your not knowing how to clubhaul a ship. Your own people are always saying that your service is going to the dogs."

Even Lawrence was surprised, and Brinsley looked angrily across the table at his tormentor, but found nothing to say on the spur of the moment.

"However," Fanny continued, with some condescension, "I 'm rather glad to know you 're a navy man. I 'll get you to come out with me some day and verify some of the bearings on our local chart. I believe there are one or two mistakes. We 'll take the sextant and my chronometer with us, and the tables, and take the sun — each of us, you know, and work it out separately, and see how near we get. That will be great fun. You must all come and see Mr. Brinsley and me take the sun," she added, looking round at the others. "Let 's go to-morrow. We 'll take our luncheon with us, and picnic on board. Can you come to-morrow, Mr. Brinsley? We must start at eleven, so as to get far enough out to have a horizon by noon. I hope you 're not engaged. Are you?"

"I 'm sorry to say I am," answered the unfortunate man. "I 'm going to ride with some people just at that hour."

"How unlucky!" exclaimed Fanny, who had expected the refusal. "I 'll take Mr. Lawrence, anyhow, and give him a lesson in navigation."

"I 've had one to-day," said Lawrence, affecting to laugh, for it was his instinct to try to turn off any conversation from a disagreeable subject.

"You 'll be all the better for another to-morrow," answered Fanny.

As she spoke to the artist, her tone changed so perceptibly that even the Miss Miners noticed it. Brinsley took the first opportunity of talking to Miss Cordelia, of whose admiration he was sure, and the rest of the dinner passed off in peace, Brinsley avoiding a renewal of hostilities with something almost like fear, for he felt that the extraordinary young girl who knew so much about navigation was watching for another opportunity of humiliating him, and would not be merciful in using it.

The change in her manner to him had been very sudden, as though she had on that particular day made up her mind about something concerning him. Hitherto she had treated him almost cordially, certainly with every appearance of liking him. He had even of late begun to fancy that her color heightened when he entered the room — a phenomenon which, if real, was attributable rather to another cause,

and connected with Lawrence's presence in the house.

After dinner the whole party went out upon the veranda, a favorite manœuver of Miss Cordelia's, whereby the society of Mr. Brinsley was not wasted upon smoke and men's talk in the dining-room. This evening, however, instead of sitting down at once in her usual place, Cordelia slipped her arm through Fanny's, and led her off to the other side, and down the steps into the garden.

"The moonlight is so lovely," said Miss Cordelia, "and I want to talk to you. Let us walk a little — do you mind?"

The two went along the path in silence, in and out among the trees. The moon was full. From the sea came up the sound of the tide, washing the smooth rocks at high water. The breeze had died away at sunset, and the deep sky was cloudless. Here and there the greater stars twinkled softly, but the little ones were all lost in the moonlight, like diamonds in a pure fountain. Everything was asleep except the watchful, wakeful sea. The two women stood still, and looked across the lawn. At last Miss Miner spoke.

"Why were you so unkind to Mr. Brinsley to-night?" she asked in a low voice.

Fanny glanced at her before she answered. The eldest Miss Miner's face had once been almost beautiful. In the moonlight, the delicate, clearly chiseled features were lovely still, but a little ghostly, and the young girl saw that the fixed smile had disappeared for once, leaving a look of pain in its place.

"I did n't mean to be unkind," Fanny began. "That is," she added quickly, correcting herself, "I 'm not quite sure of what I meant. I think I did mean to hurt him. He 's so strong, and he 's always showing that he despises Mr. Lawrence because he is n't an athlete. As though a man must be a prize-fighter to be nice!"

"Well — but — Mr. Lawrence does n't mind. You see how he takes it all. Why should you fight battles for him?"

"Perhaps I should n't. But — why should you take up the cudgels for Mr. Brinsley? He 's quite able to take care of himself, if he will only tell the truth."

"If!" exclaimed Miss Cordelia, in ready resentment. "He 's the most truthful man alive."

"Oh! And he told you he had been in the English navy."

"What has that to do with it? Of course he has, if he says so."

"He 's unwise to say so, because he has n't," answered Fanny, in her usual direct way.

"How in the world can you say that a man like Mr. Brinsley.— an honorable man, I 'm sure — is telling a deliberate falsehood? I 'm surprised at you, Fanny — indeed I am! It is not like you."

"Did you ever know me to tell you anything that was n't exactly true?" asked the young girl, looking down into her elderly cousin's sweet, sad face, for she was much the taller.

"No — of course not — but — "

"Well, Cousin Cordelia, I tell you that your Mr. Brinsley has never been in the English navy. I don't say that I think so. I say that I know it. Will you believe me or him?"

"Oh, Fanny!" Miss Cordelia raised her eyes with a frightened glance.

"Not that it matters," added Fanny, looking away across the moonlit lawn again. "Who cares? Only it 's one of those lies that go against a man," she continued after a short pause. "A man may pretend that he has shot ten million grizzly bears in his back yard, or hooked a salmon that weighed a hundredweight — people will laugh, and say that he 's a story-teller. It 's all right, you know, and nobody minds. But when a man says he 's been in the army or the navy, and has n't, people call him a liar, and cut him. I don't know why it 's so, I 'm sure, but it is — and we all know it."

"Yes," answered Cordelia, almost tremulously; "but you have n't proved that Mr. Brinsley is n't telling the truth — "

"Oh, yes, I have! There never was a deep-sea sailor yet who had never heard of clubhauling a ship to save her. I know about those things. I always make navy officers talk to me about them whenever I get a chance. Besides, I can prove it to you. Ask the first captain of a fishing-schooner you meet down at the landing what it means. But don't tell me I don't know; it 's too absurd."

Miss Cordelia looked down. Her hand still rested on Fanny's arm, and it trembled now so that the young girl felt it.

"What does it mean, then?" asked Cordelia, faintly.

"Oh, it 's a long operation to tell about. It 's when you 've got a lee shore in a gale, and you want to go about and can't, because you miss stays every time, and you let go an anchor, and the ship swings to it, and just as she begins to get way on, you slip your chain, and she pays off on the other tack. Of course you lose your anchor."

"Oh — you lose the anchor? To save the ship? I see."

"Exactly."

"You lose the anchor to save the ship," repeated Cordelia, softly, as though she were trying to remember the words for future use. "Shall we go back?" she suggested rather abruptly.

"I wish you 'd answer me one question first," said Fanny.

"Yes. What is it?"

"Why are you so awfully anxious to stand up for Mr. Brinsley? You 're not in love with him, are you?"

Cordelia started very perceptibly, and turned her face away. Then, all at once, she laughed a little hysterically.

"In love? At my age?"

And she laughed again, and laughed, strange to say, till she cried, clinging all the time to the young girl's strong arm. Fanny did not ask any more questions as they walked slowly back to the house.

VII.

"COME with me into the village, and help me to do errands," said Fanny on the following morning, just as Lawrence was feeling for his pipe in his pocket after breakfast. "You can smoke till we get there. It would n't hurt you to smoke less, anyway."

They went down through the garden, fresh and dewy still from the short, cool night, toward the sea. The path to the village lies along a low sea-wall, just high enough to keep the tide from the lawns. But the tide was beginning to run out at that hour, and was singing and rocking itself away from the shore, leaving the big loose stones and the chocolate-colored rocks all wet and shining in the morning sun. The breeze was springing up in the offing, and would reach the land before long, kissing each island as it passed softly by, and gently breaking with dark blue the smoothly undulating water.

The sun was almost behind the pair as they walked along the sands, and shone full upon the harbor as it came into view, lighting up the deep green of the islands between which passes the channel, and bringing up the warm brown of the soil through thick, weaving spruces. The graceful yachts caught the sunshine, too, their hulls gleaming darkly, or dazzlingly white, their slender masts penciled in light against the trees, and standing out like threaded needles when they showed against the pale, clear sky. In the bright northern air the artist would have complained that there was no atmosphere, no "depth" nor "distance," but only the distinct farness of the objects a long way off — nothing at all like "atmospheric perspective."

"Is n't it a glorious day?" exclaimed Fanny, looking seaward at a white-sailed fishing-schooner, which scarcely moved in the morning air.

"It 's a little bit too swept and garnished," answered Lawrence — "that is, for a picture, you know. It 's better to feel than to look at, if you understand what I mean. It feels so northern, that when you look at it, it seems bare and unfinished without a little snow."

"But you like it, don't you?" asked the young girl, in prompt protest.

"Of course I do. What a question! I thought I 'd been showing how much I liked it, ever since I got here."

"I 'm not sure that you show what you like and don't like," said Fanny, in a tone of reflection. "Perhaps it 's better not to."

"You don't, at all events. At least — are n't you rather an inscrutable person? Of course I don't know," he added rather foolishly, pulling his woolen cap over his eyes, and glancing at her sideways.

"Inscrutable! What a big word! 'The inscrutable ways of Providence' — that 's what they always say, don't they? Still, if you mean that I don't 'tell,' you 're quite right. I don't, when I can keep my countenance. Do you? It 's always far better not to tell. Besides, if you commit yourself to an opinion, you 're committing yourself to jail."

"What a way of putting it! But it 's really true. I should so much like to ask you a question about one of your opinions."

"Why don't you?" asked Fanny, turning her eyes to his.

"Oh — lots of reasons; I 'm afraid, in the first place; and then I 'm not sure you have one, and then —"

"Say it all — I hate people who hesitate!"

"Well — no. There 's a great deal more to say than I want to say. Let 's talk about the landscape."

"No. I want to know what the question is which you wished you might ask," she insisted.

"It 's about Mr. Brinsley," said Lawrence, plunging.

"Well, what about him?" Fanny's tone changed perceptibly, and her expression grew cold and forbidding.

"Nothing particular, — unless it 's impertinent, — so I won't ask it."

"You won't?" asked Fanny, slackening her pace, and looking hard at him. "Not if I ask you to?"

"No," answered Lawrence. "I 'd oblige you by asking a different question, but not that one. You would n't know the difference."

"That 's ingenuous, at all events." She looked away again and laughed.

"I never fight when I can help it, and you looked dangerous just now. You always are, in one way or another."

"What do you mean?"

"Only when you don't happen to be frightening me out of my wits, you are charming me into a perfect idiot."

"Something between an express train and the Lorelei," laughed Fanny.

But the quick, girlish blood had sprung to her sunny cheeks and lingered a moment, as though it loved the light. They were now in the village — in the broad street where the shops are. At that hour there were many people moving about on foot, and in every sort of vehicle short of broughams and landaus. There was the smart couple in a high buckboard, just out for a morning drive; there was the elderly farmer with his buggy or his hooded cart, his wife seated beside him, with her queer, sad winter-blighted face, and her decent, but dusty black frock; there was the young farmer "sport," driving his favorite trotting horse in a sulky. And of pedestrians there was no end. A smart party, bent on a day's excursion by sea, came down the broad walk, brilliant in perfectly new blue and white serge, with bits of splendid orange and red here and there, fresh faces, light hearts, great appetites, and the most trifling of cares — the care for trifles themselves. Fanny nodded and smiled, and was smiled at, while Lawrence attempted to lift his soft woolen cap from his head with some sort of grace — a thing impossible, as men who wear soft woolen caps well know. But the air seemed lighter and brighter for so much youth laughing in it.

Fanny dived into one shop after another, Lawrence following her rather awkwardly, as a man always does under the circumstances, until he is old enough to find out that there is a time for watching as well as a time for talking, and that more may be learned of a woman's character from the way she treats shopkeepers than is generally supposed. Fanny showed surprising alternations of firmness and condescension, for she had the gift of managing people and of getting what she wanted, which is a rare gift, and one not to be despised. She asked very kindly after the fishmonger's baby, but she did not hesitate to tell the grocer the hardest of truths about the butter.

"I always do my own marketing," she said to Lawrence, in answer to his look of surprise. "It amuses me, and I get much better things. My poor dear cousins don't understand marketing a bit — though they ought to. That 's the reason why they never get on, somehow. I believe marketing is the best school in the world for learning what 's worth having and what is n't. Don't you?"

"I never had a chance to learn," laughed Lawrence. "I wish you 'd teach me how to get on, as you call it."

"Oh, it 's very easy. You only need know exactly what you want, and then try to get it as hard as you can. Most people don't know, and don't try."

"For that matter, I know perfectly well what I want."

"Then why don't you try to get it?" asked Fanny, pausing at the door of another shop as though interested in his answer.

"I 'm not sure that it 's in the market," answered the young man, his eyes in hers.

"Have you inquired?" Fanny's mouth twitched with the coming smile.

"No — not exactly. I 'm trying to find out by inspection."

"If you don't think it 's likely to be too dear, you 'd better ask — whatever it is."

"Money could n't buy it. Besides, I 've got none," added Lawrence.

"You might get it on credit," said Fanny. "But I think it 's very doubtful."

Thereupon she entered the shop, and Lawrence followed her, meditating deeply upon his chances, and asking himself whether he should run the great risk at once, or wait and watch Brinsley. To tell the truth, he thought his own chances very small; for he underestimated all his advantages by looking at them in the light of his present poverty, not seeing that in so doing he might be underestimating Fanny Trehearne as well. A somewhat excessive caution, which sometimes goes with timidity, though not at all of the sort which produces cowardice, is often the result of an education which has not brought a man closely into competition with other men. No one in common sense, save the Miss Miners and Lawrence himself, could have imagined that Brinsley had a chance against him. For anything that people knew, Brinsley might turn out to be an adventurer of the worst kind, whereas Lawrence was of good birth, a man of whom many knew who he was, and whence he came, and that he had as good a right to ask for Fanny's hand as any man. He was poor just now, but no one believed that his rich uncle, a childless widower of fifty-five, would marry again, and Lawrence was sure to have money in the end, though he might wait thirty years for it.

As for Brinsley, Fanny Trehearne either could not or would not pretend that she liked him, even in the most moderate degree of distant liking, after she had satisfied herself that he was not a truthful person in those matters in which truth decides the right of a man to be considered honorable. Being, on the whole, more careful than most people about the accuracy of what she said, she was less inclined to make allowances for others than a great many of her contemporaries. Besides, Brinsley had not only told a lie, which was mean in itself, but he had allowed himself to be found out, which Fanny considered contemptible.

Up to this time she had seemed to think him very pleasant company, and not a bad addition to the society of the place.

"He 's so good-looking!" she had often said to the approving Miss Miners. "And he

has good manners, and knows how to come into a room, and how to sit down and get up — and do lots of things," she added vaguely.

In this opinion her three old-maid cousins fully concurred, and they were quite ready to say as much in his favor as Fanny could have heard without laughing. They were therefore greatly distressed when she changed her mind.

"He 's handsome," Fanny now admitted, "but he 's a little too showy. I 've seen men like him at races, but they were not the men who were introduced to me. I don't think they knew anybody I knew — that sort of man, don't you know? And his English accent is n't quite English, and I don't like his little flat whiskers, and his hands irritate me. Besides, he said he had been in the navy, and now he admits that he never was. That 's enough."

"My dear Fanny," Cordelia answered, on such occasions, "there was a misunderstanding about that, you know. He was in the navy, since he was an officer of marines, but of course he was n't expected to know —"

"The marines!" exclaimed Fanny, contemptuously. "It 's only a way of getting out of it, I 'm sure."

Thereupon the three Miss Miners told her that she was very unjust and prejudiced, as they retired together to praise Mr. Brinsley, out of hearing of their young cousin's tart comment. Miss Cordelia had made it all right by giving the man an opportunity of justifying himself after he had privately explained to her that the marines were an integral part of the navy, but that they were not called upon to know anything about navigation — a fact which must account for his ignorance.

He had very firm friends, to say the least of it, in the three spinsters, who might have been said to worship the ground on which he walked, and who thought it a sin and a shame that Fanny should treat him as she did. As for young Lawrence, he looked on, with his observant artist's eyes, and never mentioned Brinsley, except to Fanny herself. For he was not at all lacking in tact, however deficient he might be in manly accomplishments.

"Do you know?" Fanny began, one day when they were walking in the woods, "I don't half mind your being such a bad hand at things. It 's funny. I thought I should at first, but I don't."

"I 'm awfully glad," answered Lawrence, not finding anything else to say to express his gratitude.

"Oh, you may well be," laughed Fanny. "I don't forgive everybody for being a duffer. And that 's what you are, you know. You don't mind my saying so?"

"Oh, no; not at all." The tone in which he spoke did not express much conviction, however.

"I believe you do," said Fanny, thoughtfully.

They were following a narrow path which led upward along the bank of a brook under overarching trees. Here and there the bank had fallen away, and the woodmen had laid down "slabs" of the rippings first taken off by the sawmill in squaring timber. It was damp underfoot, for it had lately rained, and the wet, chocolate-colored dead leaves of the previous year filled the chinks between the bits of wood, and sometimes lay all over them, a slippery mass. It was still and hot and damp all through the thick growth on the midsummer's afternoon. The whispered mystery of countless living things filled the quiet air with a vibration more felt than heard, which overcame the silence, but did not break the stillness.

The path was very narrow, and Fanny had to walk before her companion. Their voices seemed to echo back to them from very near, as they talked, for among the trees the rich undergrowth grew man-high. On their right, below them, the brook laughed softly to itself, as a faun might laugh, drowsily, half asleep in a hollow of the deep woods.

And then, through the warm-breathing secret places, where all that was living was growing fiercely in the sudden summer, stole the heart-thrilling fragrance of all that lived, than which nothing more surely stirs young blood in the glory of the year.

For some minutes the pair walked on in silence. The young man watched the strong, lithe figure of the girl as she moved swiftly and sure-footed before him. Suddenly she stopped, without turning round, and seemed to be listening. A low ray of sunlight ran quivering through the trees and played with a crisp ringlet of her hair, too full of life and strength to be smoothed to dull order with the rest.

"What is it?" asked Lawrence in a low voice, watching her.

"I thought I heard some one in the woods," she answered quickly, and then listened again.

Not a sound broke the dreamlike stillness.

"I 'm sure I heard something," said Fanny. Then she laughed a little. "Besides," she added, "it 's very likely. It 's awfully hot. Here 's a good place to sit down."

It was not a particularly good place, being damp and sloping, and Lawrence planted his heels firmly among the wet, dead leaves to keep himself from slipping down into the path as he sat beside her.

"There 's always something going on in the woods," she said softly and dreamily. "The trees talk to each other all day long, and the squirrels sit and crack nuts while they listen to the conversation. I like the woods. Somehow

one never feels alone when one gets where things grow — does one ?"

"I don't mind being alone when I can't be — I mean —" Lawrence did not finish his sentence, but bent down, and picked up a twig from the ground. "Is n't it funny!" he exclaimed, twisting it in his hands. "All the bark 's loose and turns round."

"Of course; it 's an old twig, and it 's wet. When don't you mind being alone ? You were saying something — 'when you could n't be with' — something or somebody."

"Oh — you know. What 's the use of my saying it ?" Lawrence kept his eyes on the twig.

"I don't know, and if I want you to say anything, that 's the use," answered Fanny, whose prose style, so to say, was direct if it was anything.

"Yes — but you see — I did n't mean anything in particular." He broke the twig in two, and tossed it over the path into the brook below.

Fanny changed her position a little, leaning forward, and clasping her gloved hands round her knees.

"You 're very nice, you know," she said meditatively. "I like you."

"Because I don't answer your questions ?" asked Lawrence, looking at her face, which was half turned from him.

"Yes; that 's one of the reasons."

"It 's a very funny one. I don't see much reason in it, I confess."

"Don't you ? Don't you know that a woman sometimes likes a man for what he does not say ?"

"I never thought of it in that way. I daresay you 're right. You ought to know much better than I do. Especially if you really like me, as you say you do."

"Oh — I 'm honest. I never said I 'd been in the navy!" Fanny laughed. "Besides, if I did n't like you, why should I say so ? Just to say something civil ? The way Mr. Brinsley does ?"

"Brinsley 's a horror! Don't talk about him — especially here."

"I don't mean to. I hate him. But if we were going to talk about him, this would be a good place — one 's sure that he 's not just round the corner of the veranda making one of my three cousins miserable."

"How do you mean ?"

"Well — they all love him. Can't you see it ? I don't mean figuratively. Not a bit. They are in love with him, poor dears!"

"Nonsense! not really ?" Lawrence laughed incredulously.

"Yes — really. It 's a rather dismal sort of love — they 've kept their hearts in pickle for such an age, you know — old pickles are n't good, either. I 've no patience with old maids who fall in love and make fools of themselves."

"Perhaps they can't help it," suggested the young man. "Nobody can help falling in love, you know."

"No," answered Fanny, rather doubtfully. "Perhaps not. I don't know. It depends."

"People don't generally try to keep themselves from falling in love," remarked Lawrence, with the air of a philosopher. "It 's more apt to be the other way. They are generally trying to make some one else fall in love with them. That 's the hard thing."

"Is it ?" Fanny smiled. "Perhaps it is," she added, after a pause. "I 'd like to tell you something — "

She hesitated and stopped. Lawrence looked at her, but did not speak, expecting her to go on. The silence continued for some time. Once or twice Fanny turned, and met his eyes, and her lips moved as though she were just going to say something. She seemed to be in doubt.

"I don't believe in friendship, and I don't believe in promises — and I don't believe much in anything," she said at last, in magnificent generalization; "but I 'd like to tell you, all the same. Do you mind ?"

"I won't repeat it if you do," said Lawrence, simply.

"No — I don't believe you will. You see I have n't any friends, so I never tell things — at least, not much. I don't believe much in telling, anyway. Do you ?"

"Not if you mean to keep a secret."

"Oh — well — this is n't exactly a secret — only I don't want any one to know it. Yes, I know. You laugh because I 'm going to tell you. But you 're different, somehow — "

"Am I ?"

"Oh, yes; you don't count!"

Lawrence's face fell a little at this last remark, and there was silence again for a few moments.

"I 'm not sure that I 'll tell you, after all," said Fanny, at last.

The quiet lids were half closed over the gray eyes, and she seemed to be thinking out something. Lawrence was unconsciously wondering why he did not think the white lashes ugly, especially when she had just told him that he did not "count."

"Are you sure you won't tell ?" asked the young girl, after another long pause.

"If you don't want me to, of course I won't," answered Lawrence, mechanically.

"It 's a sort of confession," said Fanny. "That 's the reason why I don't like to tell you. It 's cowardly to be afraid of confessing that one 's been an idiot, so I am going to do it at once and get it over."

"It 's a startling confession," laughed Lawrence, softly. "I don't believe it. Is that all?"

"If you laugh at me, I won't tell you anything more. Then you 'll be sorry."

"Shall I?"

"Yes."

"All right. I 'm serious now," said Lawrence.

"Don't you want to smoke?" asked Fanny, suddenly. "I wish you would. I should be less — less nervous, you know."

"What a curious idea! But I 'll smoke if you like."

He proceeded to fill and light a big brier-root pipe.

"I like the smell of a pipe," said Fanny, watching the operation. "I 'm so tired of the everlasting cigarette."

"I 'm ready," Lawrence said, puffing slowly into the still, hot air.

"Are you sure you won't laugh at me? Well, I 'll tell you. I liked Mr. Brinsley awfully — at first."

Lawrence looked at her quickly, and took his pipe from his mouth.

"Not really?" he exclaimed, only half-interrogatively, but with a change of color. "But then — well — I don't suppose you mean anything particular by that," he added, to comfort himself. "You don't mean that you —" he stopped.

Fanny nodded slowly, and the blush that rose in her face reddened her sunny complexion.

"Yes; that 's what I mean. I cared for him, you know — that sort of thing."

"It has n't taken you long to get over it, at all events," answered Lawrence, gravely, and wondering inwardly why she made the extraordinary confession, seeing that it hurt him and could do her no good.

"No — it has n't taken long, has it? That 's what frightens me. If I were n't frightened I should n't talk to you about it."

"I don't understand — why are you frightened? Especially since you 've got over it. I don't see —"

"I thought you might," said Fanny, enigmatically.

A long silence followed, this time. Lawrence crossed his hands on his knees as Fanny was doing, holding his pipe, which was going out. They both sat staring at the opposite bank of the brook.

The vital loveliness of the still woods was all around them, whispering in their young ears, breathing into their young nostrils the breath of nature's life, caressing them with bountiful warmth. They sat side by side, very near, staring at the opposite bank, and for a long time no words passed their lips. At last the young girl spoke in a low and almost monotonous tone.

"He has an influence over people who come near him," she said. "Besides, that kind of man appeals to me. It 's natural, is n't it? I 'm so fond of all sorts of things out-of-doors that I can't help admiring a man who can do everything so well. And he 's a splendid creature. You 've never seen him ride. You don't know — it 's wonderful! I wish you could see him on that thoroughbred Teddy Van De Water has brought up this summer. Teddy 's a good rider, but he can't do anything with the mare. You ought to see Brinsley — Mr. Brinsley — you 'd understand better."

"But I understand perfectly, as it is," said Lawrence, rather gloomily.

"Do you? I wonder whether you really do. Do you think there 's any — any excuse for me?"

The words were spoken in a faltering shame-faced way very unlike Fanny's usual manner.

"As though you needed any excuse for taking a fancy to any one who pleases you!" answered Lawrence, rather coldly. "Are n't you perfectly free to like anybody who turns up?"

During the pause that followed he slowly relighted his pipe, which had quite gone out by this time.

"I was afraid you would n't understand," said Fanny, in a disappointed tone.

"But I do —"

"No; not what I mean. I hate explaining things, but I shall have to."

Louis Lawrence wondered vaguely what there could be to explain, and, if there were anything, why she should be so anxious to explain to him in particular.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

F. Marion Crawford.

THE DAY'S SHROUD.

FROM sunrise to the set of sun
The Winds went to and fro,
Singing the while they deftly spun
A garment white like snow.

And, lo! at dusk unto the west
They bore the robe of cloud,
And for the grave the dead Day dressed
Within this snowy shroud.

Then, slowly vanishing from sight,
I heard them softly sing;
And saw above the grave at night
The stars all blossoming.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE RIGHT AND EXPEDIENCY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THE liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of government; the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and his country.— *Cowley.*



COWLEY'S definition of liberty is the definition of a thoughtful, wise, and benevolent monarchist. We should hardly be content nowadays with a liberty which in the last resort is dependent upon another's will, or on a decision in which we have no part. American women are part of the American people. But they certainly are not governed "by laws they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of government." For myself, I prefer, in discussing this question, rather to speak of self-government than of liberty. Liberty is worse than useless except it be as an opportunity for self-government. The Creator of the universe has placed mankind in this world that it may attain to that height of moral being which comes from resistance to temptation and from self-control or self-government. The sublimest thing in the universe, except its Creator, is a human will governing itself by a law higher than its own desire. The sublimest manifestation of that self-control is the self-government of a free State in which each of its citizens has his or her equal share.

I am not one of those who are impatient with the slow movement of the cause of woman suffrage. Its advocates seek to change a relation which has existed from the foundation of the earth. It is but a century since the experiment of a government in which all grown men could be admitted to an equal share was well under way, and even in that every sixth man was a slave. Many persons now living remember the time when it was not considered safe or decent that a married woman should control her own property, or that any woman should speak in public, or attend a public banquet, or practise medicine, or engage in many other honest and praiseworthy occupations. The changes of the last fifty years have demolished one by one most of the prejudices and most of the arguments which woman suffrage has now to encounter.

So, instead of discouragement, I am filled with astonishment and joy at its great hope. In two States in the West women vote for all officers, and are eligible to all offices. There is no doubt that several others will soon follow their example. In others they vote in municipal elections. In England the leaders of the Conservative party announce their readiness to give women the franchise for members of Parliament, and in municipalities, on the same terms as men. So the cautious, hesitating States of the East are not unlikely to find themselves beset behind and before.

I lament that Lucy Stone should not have lived to see the full triumph of the cause to which she devoted herself. We hear often of gentlemen of the old school. Lucy Stone was a lady of the old school. Her gracious smile would have been a most precious ornament in any household, however exalted or however humble. Her appearance by the sick-bed would have been a healing power like that of the best physician. Men and women would have intrusted their children to her, and the children would have gone to her without a misgiving. If she had been a queen, her personal qualities would have prolonged the life of a monarchy. She was an embodied argument for woman suffrage. The universal testimony to her loftiness, sweetness, uprightness, and wisdom is but a new challenge to those who are to undertake to tell us, if they can, why Lucy Stone should not have been permitted to vote.

Nor am I one of those who think that the right to vote is denied to women by men because of a tyrant's desire to keep to themselves the rule of the State. There are some exceptions; but I think it is chiefly an honest desire for the good of the State, and an honest desire for the welfare of women, that we have to deal with. We convert men to our cause almost as fast as we convert women. What we have to deal with is a misunderstanding of the true nature of men and women, and a misunderstanding of the true nature of government. It is the same misunderstanding and prejudice that the advocates of freedom have encountered from the beginning of time.

The chief single argument of the opponents of woman suffrage is that women do not want it. They say that whenever a majority of women in any State desire the right to vote, they ought to have it, and will have it. Just consider what this argument implies. The greatest single political question which can arise under a free government certainly is the question whether one half of its people shall be excluded from

a share in the government of the State. No person who sees destruction or peril to the State in admitting women to the suffrage, and certainly no person who sees degradation of women in its exercise, will deny this. Yet our opponents concede that the greatest political question which can come up should properly be left to their decision. It would seem that it would be difficult to make an admission more destructive to their contention than this. But I do not think this glib utterance bears serious examination. What single step toward the emancipation of women has been taken in obedience to their desire? I think it is quite doubtful whether the women of Turkey would be allowed to go abroad with unveiled faces if the question were left now to their decision, and the other sex disapproved. The admission of married women to control their own property, which has come to pass within a generation, is due to the law-making sex, and I think there was quite as much hesitation and opposition to it on the part of women as on the part of men. Miss Alice Stone Blackwell said in my hearing the other day that the various successive changes that have taken place in regard to the person and property and educational and professional liberties of women during the last fifty years were made before a majority of the women asked for them, and even in spite of the disapproval of a majority of women. She added that when a merchant in a town in Maine for the first time employed a woman in his store, the men in the place boycotted the store, and the women upheld the men; that when Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell studied medicine, the women refused to speak to her, and that their contemptuous and irritating attitude was more painful than any masculine objection; that in India the masses of Hindu women are so much opposed to the idea of education that when a progressive Hindu proposed to educate his daughter, the other women of that family threatened to commit suicide.

But nobody that I know of proposes to compel reluctant women to vote. The proposition we have to deal with is to allow such women to vote as may desire to, and upon the same terms and conditions as are prescribed for men. You may have any provision to secure intelligence, to secure education, to secure a property qualification, require residence in a State, or the payment of taxes as a contribution to its maintenance. All these things the governing power in the State must settle. What we say is, as we say about negro suffrage or Indian suffrage, that where these conditions exist the question of sex, as the question of race, is totally immaterial. I agree with Miss Blackwell in thinking that most of the women who now object to the responsibility of government would have objected to the responsibility of property, and would have thought the change of custom which has thrown open to them so many vocations dangerous to their womanhood.

All the evils of misgovernment affect women, and, in many cases, affect women far more than they affect men, while women are ordinarily free from the temptation which would lead to their continuance. Women are a little more than one half of the population, but they endure far more than one half of the suffering and evil caused by bad legislation or bad administration. The mother commonly knows best if the child is growing up in a bad school, and is most distressed by the knowledge. If the husband comes home besotted from a den of vice, his faculties benumbed to an unconsciousness of his own degradation, the purer and gentler the wife the more intense is her suffering. If the home suffers, she suffers most whose place is always at home. If the husband is out of employ, or his wages are cut down to a point which will barely keep his household from starvation, the worst of it is for her. If she has an interest in these matters, if her wish or her welfare is to be considered, pray, should not her vote be counted?

There cannot be found, either in our constitutions, or in the discussions of this subject by great philosophers, any definition of the right to vote which does not include women.

When it is said in the Declaration of Independence that "we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," no man will claim, I suppose, however restricted or however extended a meaning may be given to the language, that the general proposition is not as applicable and as true in the case of women as in the case of men. The mechanism of our constitutions, State and National, is imperfect, and has needed repair and change from time to time. It has not been in all cases consistent with the general principle upon which its framers propose, in their bills of rights or preambles, to construct it. But there never has been any serious fault found with their statements of fundamental principles. So far, at any rate, nobody has been hardy enough to propose to strike out these statements of fundamental principles from any constitution, State or National. The Constitution of Massachusetts repeats in substance the opening sentences of the Declaration of Independence, which are taken from the Bill of Rights of Virginia. It goes on to declare that the various powers of instituting, constructing, and administering government belong to the people, and that the several magistrates and officers

of government are their substitutes and agents; and that no men, or association of men, have any title to particular and exclusive privileges distinct from those of the community other than what arise from the consideration of services rendered to the people, and that the idea of a man born a magistrate, law-giver, or judge is absurd and unnatural. It further declares that the people alone have an incontestable, unalienable, and indefeasible right to institute government, and to reform, alter, or totally change the same when their protection, safety, prosperity, and happiness require it; that all the inhabitants of the Commonwealth having such qualifications as they shall establish by their frame of government have an equal right to elect officers, and to be elected for public employment; that no tax ought to be laid without the consent of the people or their representatives; that no subject ought to be arrested, imprisoned, or deprived of his property, or of his life or liberty, but by the judgment of his peers.

The Massachusetts Constitution of 1780 seems to me as perfect a system of government for its purposes as was ever devised by man for mankind. I am almost tempted to say there was never a good amendment to it. At any rate, there never was nor will be a good amendment made to it except to carry into practical effect the logic of its fundamental principles. But if there were to be anywhere a conflict between the principle and the mechanism, there, as everywhere, the principle must abide, and the mechanism must be changed. This constitution, like every constitution of that day, was framed by men for men. But the inexorable logic of its principles demands of us a constitution framed, adopted, administered by the whole, men and women alike, for the whole people. If it had been attempted to deny to a woman any right declared in the constitution, except the right to vote and the right to be tried by a jury of her peers, the answer would have been that the constitutional terms, "the people," "every subject," "every citizen," of course and beyond question include women as well as men. What I have said in regard to the constitution of my own State applies equally to the constitution of every free State. It applies equally to all constitutions where the government is partly free, and partly the government of a privileged class. With monarchies, with a rare exception in those to which the Salic law is applicable, a woman may succeed to the highest function in government, even that of the throne itself. So if you look to the statement of fundamental and universal principles contained in any existing constitution, you find that those principles involve an affirmation of equal title to woman to share in the government, and her rightful title to that share is established unless you can bring her within the excepted or disqualified class which arises out of personal unfitness for the function, of which the other examples are idiots, lunatics, criminals, children, and foreigners.

Take next the definitions of the right of suffrage given by writers on such questions.

I have never seen anywhere any well considered statement of the conditions upon which the right to vote ought to depend except these:

(1) A stake in the country;
(2) Attachment to the country;
(3) Capacity to judge of the character of candidates;
(4) Capacity to judge of the public interest;
(5) Contribution to the cost of the government;
(6) Capacity to serve it in public offices;
(7) Capacity to bear arms in its defense;
(8) An intelligent interest in public affairs;
(9) Sufficient education.

I am but repeating a familiar argument. I am repeating what I have said many times, and what others have many times said better. Does any land-owner, any director of business enterprises, any man who bears a great family name, or has inherited a great title to public gratitude for the services of a famous ancestor, possess a stake in the country like that a mother has in her children?

Whatever the boy may get of instruction, or stimulus, or example, from his father, he best learns the lesson of patriotism, as he best learns the lesson of religion, at his mother's knee. The love of country is the highest and purest emotion of which human nature is capable. Whatever dreamers or moralists may affirm, whenever the love of humanity at large overcomes this passion in the human bosom, it is diluted, weakened, and spoiled, and the man becomes worthless to his own country and to mankind. There has been but one example to the contrary in all history, and that example is divine, not human. This loftiest and purest of human passions surely is as lofty and pure in the breast of woman as in the breast of man.

2. Does any man claim that in whatever other respect he may excel woman, that in the capacity of affection she is not his superior? Man values the objects of his affection for the comfort and dignity and benefit that comes to him from them. Woman values herself only for the comfort which she can be to the objects of her affection.

3. The intuitive and instinctive judgment of personal character especially distinguishes women. One of the acutest, most philosophical,

and most conservative observers of modern times, in a great political speech, declared what everybody agreed to, and which will be always accepted as the literal truth, except when uttered from a woman-suffrage platform. Rufus Choate, in his great speech to the Whigs at Salem, in 1848, says:

> I do not suppose I enter on any delicate or debatable region of social philosophy, sure I am that I concede away nothing which I ought to assert for our sex, when I say that the collective womanhood of a people like our own seizes with matchless facility and certainty on the moral and personal peculiarities, and character, of marked and conspicuous men, and that we may very wisely address ourselves to her to learn if a competitor for the highest honors has revealed that truly noble nature that entitles him to a place in the hearts of a Nation. We talk and think of measures; of creeds in politics; of availability; of strength to carry the vote of Pennsylvania, or the vote of Mississippi. Through all this, her eye seeks the moral, prudential, social, and mental character of the man himself — and she finds it!

Whatever contribution to the public maintenance of the State is to be required of men who vote should of course be required of women, whether in the way of paying taxes on property or polls, imposts, excise, or the maintenance of whatever other burden.

I do not think that the capacity to bear arms, which is sometimes suggested as essential to the right to vote, has anything to do with it. It is said that it is not just that any class of persons should have a voice in deciding whether the nation shall go to war that is not itself exposed to the perils of war. But we apply no such principle to the large number of persons who are above the military age, the persons who are physically unfitted to bear arms, or the persons whom we exempt because of their profession, as clergymen, or because of their being assigned to other public duties, as legislators. Certainly the woman who cannot go to war does not so much deserve to be disfranchised as the man who can go and won't go. Besides, in modern times women have to bear a large share both of the risk and the burden of carrying on war. That new occupation,— I am sometimes tempted to say the most valuable and useful of all professions which in our time has been added to the list of highest human employments,— that of the trained nurse, belongs to women. Since Florence Nightingale visited the Crimea, and since Clara Barton's services in the war for the Union, the strength and efficiency of armies has been due almost as much to the corps of nurses as to the commissariat itself. Besides, that man must hold human nature cheap who thinks the suffering of war does not fall as heavily upon the mother, the wife, the sister, or the daughter of the soldier as upon the soldier himself. The husband will be quite as likely to be willing to go to war in an unjust cause as his wife to send him. The wife and mother, who have always in our own history shown themselves willing to give the life of husband or son for the life of the country, have made the sacrifice with a keener pang and heavier burden of sorrow than fell upon the youth or the man whom they gave.

Whatever educational test, also, we impose upon the voter, should be imposed equally upon both sexes. So, in considering whether women could comply with the conditions upon which the right to vote should depend in a well-ordered State, it is immaterial what opinion we may form as to the fitness of an educational test.

Next, the capacity to serve the State in public offices. I am quite willing to agree that no class of persons who are permitted to vote should be excluded, as a class, from holding office. But it must be remembered that eligibility to office, or exclusion from office by the constitution of the State, is quite a different thing from the right of the individual belonging to that class to be elected. There is a vast number of persons whose occupation in life does not fit them to be judges of our highest courts, or even to be inferior magistrates. They are never, or almost never, appointed to such places. But they are not disqualified by the constitution. I do not think any bartender has ever been appointed to the cabinet; but the law does not exclude the bartenders from appointment to these places. Eligibility to office is one thing. It is treated in our constitutions, with some few exceptions, as a matter of common right. Being elected, or appointed, to office is a question of individual and personal quality, and depends upon the judgment of the appointing power, whether the people or the executive, as to the capacity and character of the person under consideration. But I shall, I think, show in a moment that the public functions for which intelligent women are fitted are quite as numerous and quite as important as those for which men are fitted, and I think this will be admitted, upon consideration, by our opponents.

The discussion upon this point, as of the two other conditions upon which the right to vote ought to depend, namely, the capacity to judge of what is for the public benefit, and an intelligent interest in public affairs, requires us perhaps to look somewhat more deeply into the subject. The reluctance on the part of wise and honest men and women to admit women to the privilege, and to impose upon them the duty, of a share in the government comes from

a conception of the nature of the government, and a conception of the nature of women, not perhaps very clear, and not commonly avowed, even to themselves, by the persons who are controlled by it. But doubtless many intelligent people feel that the nature of woman and the government of States have something in them which are repugnant to each other; that women will debase government and that government will debase women. You hear the phrases, "Shall our mothers and wives and daughters leave their place in the household and plunge into politics?" "Shall they be contaminated by the vile company of the ward room?" "Shall they scuffle and quarrel at polling-places?" "Shall they learn the devices by which elections are manipulated and the will of the majority is defrauded?" "Shall woman turn her thought from plans for making home happy to the abstruser problems of finance or currency, for which she has little aptitude?" "Shall she forsake the cradle or the sick chamber for the jury-room or the House of Representatives?" Such people cannot conceive that a modest and pure woman shall do or help to do these things without changing her nature, or of these things being done under the direction of feminine intellect without being badly done.

Now I am disposed to concede to these reasoners, or to the people who make these suggestions, whether they depend wholly on reason or not, pretty much all that they ask. I am willing to concede that there are large domains of legislation and administration, of intelligent direction of the conduct of the State, for which the great mass of women are, and are likely to be, so little fitted that, even if there are some conspicuous exceptions, it would be better to exclude them as a whole from this domain than to admit them as a whole.

But is not this true of all our most intelligent citizens? How few in proportion to the whole number ever reason intelligently on questions of finance, or currency, or protection, or ever know the facts in regard to questions of foreign policy? Men take their opinions about these things from their political leaders, or follow their political party. One man is interested in finance, one in education, one in protection, one in the Chinese question, one in the question of State rights or honest elections, and each takes his opinion on most subjects upon trust or authority. There is still a large proportion of our voters in large sections of the country who cannot read or write. A much larger number who claim these accomplishments never use the power to read or write as a means of receiving or conveying information. Many workingmen, and a good many men of wealth and leisure, read some newspaper of a Sunday, from which they get very little, in the way either of counsel or of fact, that is trustworthy on many very great political questions; and that is all. They attend a political meeting two or three times a year, and vote with their party. They love their country, and would give their lives, if they were needed, to preserve the Union, or to preserve the honor of the flag. Somehow and someway an intelligent and wise government, which deals pretty well with most public questions, is the result, whatever party is in power. Even those persons whose spirit is a public spirit, and who give much labor and thought to the common weal, deal with some one matter alone, and leave other things to other men.

Now I maintain that the management of schools — whether it depend on legislation or administration; the management of colleges; the organization and management of prisons for women, of hospitals, of poor houses, of asylums for the deaf and dumb and the blind, of places for the care of feeble and idiotic children; the management and improvement of the hospital service in time of war; the collection and management of libraries, museums, galleries of art; the providing for lectures on many literary and scientific subjects in lyceums and other like institutions; the regulation — so far as it can be done by law — of the medical profession, and of the composition and sale of drugs; the management of our factory system, and the employment of children; and a great many other kindred matters which I might mention, taken together, ought to make up, and do make up, a large part of the function of the State. To these we may add what has not been in this country for some generations a part of the duty of the State, but still is a political function of the same kind, the government of parishes and churches. Now for all these things women are as competent and as well qualified as men. I do not see why a woman like Clara Leonard or Clara Barton, who knows all about the management of hospitals and the care of the sick and wounded, is not performing a public function as truly and as well as a West Point graduate like General Hancock, who can lead an army, but who thinks the tariff is a local question. If women keep themselves to these things, and keep off the ground which the opponents of woman's suffrage seem to dread to have them occupy, they still are helping largely in the work of the State. I do not see how it is to degrade them to have their votes counted, or why their votes, when they are counted, are any more likely to work an injury to the State than the vote of a man who knows nothing except the management of a ship or the management of an engine.

If ninety-five per cent. of the school-teach-

ers of Massachusetts are women, why should not their votes be counted in the choice of the governor who appoints the Board of Education? If women have charge of the stitching-rooms in our shoe-factories, why should not their votes be counted when the laws which determine for what hours and for what part of the year children may be employed in those factories, or even when the laws on which some of us think the rate of wages in these factories depend are to be framed?

The vote of the father has not yet quite accomplished the rescue of the children of our manufacturing States from overwork in crowded and heated factories. It might be well to have the voice of the mother also.

About thirty years ago, when I was beginning to think seriously on this question of woman suffrage, Mrs. John Ware of Lancaster, Massachusetts, one of the wisest and most accomplished persons in this country of either sex, addressed to the legislature of Massachusetts a remonstrance, which she headed, against the suffrage of women. A few weeks after, she came into my office to enlist me in a movement for the establishment in Massachusetts of a separate prison for women. She knew all about it; she had studied the subject at home and abroad. She gave an interesting account of the experience of Ireland and Germany and Belgium. She said there were many girls of sixteen or eighteen years of age, who were committed for some first offense, who could be saved and become good mothers and wives if they could be put in the charge of a humane and kind woman, and kept from prison association with vile and abandoned criminals. She said if they were associated with hardened criminals, and brutal turnkeys were put over them, their cruel and vulgar speech and behavior made the poor children sullen and morose, and crushed all hope in their bosoms. The plan was afterward carried out, largely through the influence of Mrs. Ware and Clara Barton. Mrs. Ware wanted to know whom I could think of among the people of influence in Massachusetts to whom she had better address herself to get the public interested in the matter. I said to her, "Why, Mrs. Ware, what do the brutal turnkeys think of this thing? Are they in favor of it?" She said, "Well, I suppose not; but what has their voice to do with it?" I said: "Their opinion, not yours, of course, ought to prevail. This is a matter of government. When you are advocating this thing you are a woman in politics. I think you are quite right, and the doing of these things not only elevates politics, but it is politics in the true sense. The only difference between you and me is that when you have understood the subject, and have made the people of Massachusetts understand it, and they come to decide the question, I think you should help decide the question yourself, and not leave it to the brutal turnkeys."

Clara Leonard is another of the women who are the pride and ornament of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. She is a great authority on the management of our hospitals. The governor of Massachusetts, some years ago, thinking to advance his political ambitions and to commend himself to the enemies of his State in the South, made a foul charge against the management of the almshouse at Tewksbury. Clara Leonard wrote a letter,—just a few lines,—saying that she had looked into the complaint, and there was nothing in it. The governor's charge fell, and nobody troubled himself any longer about the matter. Mrs. Leonard, a few years afterward, addressed to the Senate of the United States a remonstrance against granting suffrage to women.

The mistake of these good ladies was not in their desire that woman should not be debased, or her nature changed, and that she should not be called to the coarse and vulgar and vicious employments of base politics, but in not seeing that the thing they themselves were doing all their lives was public and not private, was a part, and a great part, of the management of the State, and that nobody wanted to change them one iota. All we want is that Clara Leonard shall give her vote on the questions she understands and has studied, and that Clara Barton shall give her vote on the questions she understands and has studied. We will run the risk that when they vote on the questions they have not studied, they will, each of them, vote as wisely as the majority of their masculine fellow-citizens vote on the questions they do not understand or have not studied. When Clara Leonard was one of the Massachusetts Board of Lunacy and Charity, when Clara Barton was the superintendent of the prison for women at Sherburne, when Mrs. Hale acted as one of the trustees of the great hospital for the insane at Worcester, these women were holding office, were engaged in politics. Will you, pray, tell us, if they were fitted to do that, why their votes on these matters should not be counted? If Alice Freeman Palmer and Kate Gannett Wells are upon the Board of Education, they are helping govern the State, they are engaged in politics, they are contributing as large, important, direct, and practical a share in government as any of their masculine companions in these offices. I know something of the men who are associated with them, and these women, each of them, would carry to all political questions which their votes would affect quite as wise, safe, and intelligent an understanding for their

solution as any of their masculine associates in these public functions.

I have never been able to see that women who can give high counsel are not capable of lofty action. Why should not the heroism of the Spartan mother, which inspired the individual son, contribute directly its share to that splendid heroism which we call Sparta? Why, if we agree that woman may teach, inspire, control, conduct, all the most important institutions of the State, if the State is to be kept largely in the pathway of honor and glory by the stimulus which she furnishes, why is it that when the question whether the State shall act wisely, or shall go on in the pathway of honor and glory, shall be taken, her voice shall not have its direct influence, and her vote be counted in determining the result? How often in the crisis of great historic occasions the warning or the encouraging voice of the woman has been heard, sometimes to be obeyed and sometimes to be disregarded! When Pilate ascended the judgment seat, his wife warned him to have "nothing to do with that just man." When Lord Croke gave his judgment for Hampden in the case of the ship-money, it is said he had first written an opinion for the crown, and changed it in obedience to the remonstrance of his wife. Lord Nugent says:

> This noble lady cast the shield of her feminine virtue before the honor of her husband, to guard it from the assaults equally of interest and fear; and with that moral bravery which is so often found the purest and brightest in her sex, she exhorted him to do his duty at any risk to himself, to her, or to their children, and she prevailed.

When D'Aguesseau was summoned to Versailles by Louis XIV., who demanded of him an unjust judgment against his conscience, he was about departing from his house trembling and prepared to submit. His wife laid her hand upon his shoulder, and said to him, "When you appear before the king, forget your wife, forget your children, forget everything but your duty and your God." It was this counsel that saved that matchless judicial reputation among the treasures of mankind.

To my mind the one most touching story in human history is that which Burnet tells of the parting of Lady Rachel Russell from her husband when he was about to die.

> Lady Russell returned alone in the evening. At eleven o'clock she left him; he kissed her four or five times, and she kept her sorrow so within herself that she gave him no disturbance by their parting. As soon as she was gone he said to me, "Now the bitterness of death is past," for he loved her and esteemed her beyond expression, for she well deserved it in all respects. He ran out into a long discourse concerning her, — how great a blessing she had been to him, — and said what a misery it would have been to him if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life.

These examples have been given to mankind by monarchies. Cannot a republic match them? When it does match them, when the forces of faith and wisdom and patriotism and self-sacrifice are measured against their antagonists to determine whether the conduct of the republic shall be wise and brave and honest, shall not the influence and votes of such women be counted?

The counsel of Lady Croke, or Lady Russell, or Mme. d'Aguesseau, the monarch himself might well heed. Each would have graced the throne. If one of them had been upon the throne, what shame and calamity would have been spared England or France! Would not the same counsel be worth listening to by the people? Should not the woman who was fit to wield alone the scepter of a powerful kingdom be held fit at least to share the self-government of a republic?

There are a great many things women are not expected to do. There are a great many things that no doctor of divinity or college professor, or very old man or very young man, is expected to do. If the process of voting or attending political meetings will degrade women, it will degrade clergymen. If it will soil the purity of delicate and refined ladies, it will soil the purity of delicate and refined gentlemen. Meanness, coarseness, selfishness, violence, and fraud are not of the essence of government. If the fastidious refined scholar or man of wealth will not leave his palace in Fifth Avenue to go to the polling-places in the city of New York, the government of that city will perhaps be abandoned to the base and criminal classes. But give his wife and daughter the right to go, and he will go with them, and he will see to it that the process of voting is conducted under conditions and with surroundings which will make it decent and clean, and fit for the participation of every refined person of either sex.

Shall women leave the cradle, or the parlor, or the kitchen, to plunge into politics? No. Shall our farmers leave the farm, or our scholars the study, or our workmen the factory, or our sailors the ship, to plunge into politics? No.

Women can contribute their share to, and exercise their right in, the government of the State with no more sacrifice of the other duties of life than is made by their husbands or brothers. There are some public duties which require the devotion of a large part of the working-

hours of life, and in some cases the entire life of the citizen to whom they are assigned. As many of these duties can be performed by women as by men, and the public duties which can be performed by women as well as by men are as important to the well-being of the State. There are many duties for which most women are unfitted. There are some few for which all women are unfitted. There are many public duties for which most men are unfitted, and there are some which — as I hope it may come in the course of time to be seen — are unfit for any human being, man or woman, to perform, and which in the better time that we look for will cease to be considered duties at all.

The same arguments with which we have to deal have been used against every extension of suffrage. Good and wise men dreaded to admit the large mass of ignorant and poor, men easily excited by passion, to the great and sacred work of ruling the State. But history and experience have shown us that on the whole that State is best ruled where the largest number of citizens have a share in its government. The evils of universal suffrage, whatever they are, can easily be shown to be less than the evils of oligarchy, or of a government by any privileged classes.

There are plenty of disturbing causes to swerve the governing power in the State from the simple course of wisdom and rectitude. But I believe that the larger the number of persons who share in the government the more likely the simple natural law is to prevail and the disturbing forces to disappear. Personal ambition may control the government given to one man. Give the government to twenty men, and you have twenty interests to control the disturbing cause. Each of the twenty will be likely to have some prejudice and some interests which conflict with those of the others. The larger the number, the less likely the disturbing causes to operate and the more likely to control one another. Add 100 per cent. to the voting population of this country, and you decrease the proportionate power of the disturbing forces operating to overcome the simple law and the interests of the nation which should direct and control its government. You make it harder to buy up votes in numbers enough to corrupt the community. The passion on one side is neutralized by the passion on the other. The rogues have less influence, because rogues do not agree. One has one motive of selfishness, another has a different one. The appeals to class prejudice, attempts to excite contempt and derision or ignorance or jealousy and envy toward wealth and education, abound, unhappily, to-day. But I believe they are less than they were in the time of Washington and Jefferson. The questions asked to-day on our political platforms, as to the matter which is up for discussion, are: Is it right? Is it just? Is it humane? Is it for the highest welfare of the State? No speaker touches a public audience better than he who appeals to the best, purest, and highest motives in our nature.

Some of our friends who admit that the argument is on the side of the champions of woman suffrage point to a few indiscreet or ungainly persons who appear on the platform at woman-suffrage meetings, and ask if we are willing to enlist ourselves under such leaders, or work in company with such companions. Doubtless this appeal frightens some sensitive women and some fastidious men. But it is an old story. Many a man remained a Tory in Revolutionary time because he did not like to have his sleeve rubbed against the sleeve of Sam Adams, or to be taunted with the leadership of Tom Paine. Many a good man in the North kept out of the antislavery movement who believed thoroughly in its principles, because he could not bear to clasp hands with Henry Wilson, or to be confounded with the followers of Garrison, or to appear among the grotesque figures that were visible on the Free-Soil platform. But we are getting past this in the movement for woman suffrage. If anybody's taste is shocked by an occasional exhibition of a queer character at a woman-suffrage meeting, or if his ear is pained by the shrill or strident voice of some feminine orator, we will invite him to a comparison — even if it were a question of mere taste — of the conspicuous opponents of woman suffrage with its conspicuous advocates. When they have matched, or over-matched, Lucy Stone or Lucretia Mott in everything that constitutes a sweet and gracious womanhood, we will ask them to find among the opponents of woman suffrage four masculine figures whom they will like to select as leaders or companions rather than Abraham Lincoln, Salmon P. Chase, John G. Whittier, and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens, by no means excluding women. — ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I think there will be no end to the good that will come by Woman's Suffrage on the elected, on elections, on government, and on woman herself. — CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.

For over forty years I have not hesitated to declare my conviction that justice and fair dealing, and the democratic principles of our government, demand equal rights and privileges of citizenship, irrespective of sex. I have not been able to see any good reason for denying the ballot to woman. — JOHN G. WHITTIER.

If the wants, the passions, the vices, are allowed a full vote through the hands of a half-brutal, intemperate population, I think it but fair that the virtues, the aspirations, should be allowed a full vote, as an offset, through the purest part of the people. — RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

George F. Hoar.

THE WRONGS AND PERILS OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THE pending proposal to extend the suffrage to women imposes upon men the duty of deciding whether to retain power where it was lodged by the founders of existing governments, or to make women eligible to vote and hold office upon the same terms as men.

DISFRANCHISED CLASSES.

WITH inconsiderable exceptions, the common sense of the human race, as expressed in civil government, has confined its prerogatives to men. When necessary to preserve an unbroken line in hereditary monarchies, women have been invested with sovereignty. In some communities, where property qualifications exist, they possess a limited right to vote, and to hold minor executive offices.

To portray an idiot, a criminal in prison garb, an Indian in barbaric finery, a lunatic staring in frenzy, and a woman whose features indicate intelligence and refinement, and to entitle the representation, "American Woman and her Political Peers," may beguile the unwary, but others will ask, Does the picture include all disfranchised classes? and, Is their exclusion from the suffrage for similar reasons?

It does not include all. To complete the picture, might be added a portrait of Alexander Hamilton, who, at the appearance of trouble between Great Britain and the Colonies, when he was still a school-boy barely eighteen years of age, wrote a series of papers in defense of the rights of the Colonies which were at first taken for the production of John Jay; and who, when only twenty,— and consequently not allowed to vote,— was aide-de-camp to Washington.

There would also be needed a portrait of one of the distinguished foreigners who, after a study of the Constitution of this country, have adopted it as their own, and yet, after arriving, are disfranchised for a term of years.

Foreigners are disfranchised for a period of time assumed to be long enough for men of average ability to comprehend the institutions and interests, and to identify themselves therewith sufficiently to "have a stake in the country"; criminals are not allowed to vote because, being foes to society and to the government, they have forfeited all claim to personal and political liberty; insane persons and idiots are debarred, being incompetent to understand; Indians, on account of their tribal claims to an independent sovereignty, and other causes peculiar to themselves; Chinamen, because forbidden naturalization. Young men under twenty-one years of age are not permitted to vote because it is assumed that the average male has not the knowledge and stability of character wisely to exercise the franchise until he has had twenty-one years of life in the land of his birth.

Woman is not refused admission to the suffrage on any of these grounds. The picture is not true to life, and the ideas which it is designed to suggest confuse rather than elucidate the question whether women should be eligible to vote, and hold office, upon the same terms as men.

Whether the suffrage shall be conferred upon any class of men or women cannot be decided exclusively upon the question of natural rights. These do, indeed, require the protection of all in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, so long as the same are exercised in a manner compatible with the rights of others. The arrival of a second man upon a desert island would necessitate a whole series of compromises which, if not accepted, would result in the abject submission of the weaker, his flight, or war to the death.

In this country it is agreed that the majority of voters shall rule. What fundamental principle gives to two millions the absolute right to rule over two millions less one? As at the age of seventeen some are better qualified for the suffrage than many at forty, what absolute natural right decrees that none shall exercise the franchise until twenty-one years old? These, and many other provisions, are compromises to which the people submit for the sake of the results. Should a citizen change his residence from one State to another, he must remain there a specified time before he can vote; nor could he, one day after legally changing his residence, return and cast a ballot where he had lived all his life. If born in Canada, though brought over the line when an infant, he could never become President. Also, every citizen must vote at such times and places as the law prescribes. Nor can one unavoidably detained from his legal residence, even in the service of

the country, as in the army and navy, or in the Federal Congress, demand a subsequent opportunity, or be permitted to deposit a sealed ballot in advance of the time, forward the same, or vote by proxy.

FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIETY.

An advocate of woman suffrage declares that its opponents "must show that it is incompatible either with the best conception of the State, or with the nature of womanhood." While the burden of proof should rest upon those who would change the universal practice, I hold, and will present the grounds for the belief, that to impose direct responsibility in this particular upon women is incompatible with the nature of womanhood, and with the best conception of the State.

There is a feminine, as well as a masculine, soul; a spiritual sex, as well as a corporeal.

Frederic Harrison, in contrasting men and women, justly says, "Not one man in ten can compare with the average woman in tact, subtlety of observation, in refinement of mental habit, in rapidity, agility, and sympathetic touch; in sudden movement, in perseverance, in passive endurance, in dealing with the minutest surroundings of comfort, grace, and convenience." He predicates of man, as distinguished from woman, "a greater capacity for prolonged attention, intense abstraction, wide range, extraordinary complication, immense endurance, intensity, variety, and majesty of will."

From the same difference arise the virtues and vices, respectively, of the sexes, modified by different degrees of physical strength.

If there be no such feminine nature as distinguished from the masculine; if the abstraction of the mental and spiritual elements peculiar to woman, and their being replaced by those characteristic of man, would make no radical and harmful difference in the constitution of society, there is no reason for exempting women from the responsibilities of government.

On closely considering the State, it appears that the fundamental fact is not most frequently the subject of discussion. The political economist occasionally refers to it, the statesman and legislator deal with a few of its phases, it is seen more frequently in the courts, and asserts itself in various details in a thousand forms, but it is seldom comprehended as a whole. That fact is that the individuals who form the State are constantly changing, are proceeding, in fact, across the earth, finally disappearing, rather than permanently domiciled upon it. Nevertheless, the State endures because there are constantly fresh arrivals through the families into which society is divided. The State directly takes no cognizance of these immature beings, who, though human, are without strength or understanding. Their parents are their rulers, responsible for their support, and exercising the prerogatives of government, issuing mandates, requiring submission; permitted to chastise, imprison, and to direct their actions in numberless ways. It depends upon the parents to train them in such a manner as to qualify them for the duties of citizenship, according to the statutes and laws of the land. Only when parents are incapable or unwilling to discharge their responsibilities does the State take cognizance of the situation. In proportion as this State within a State is maintained in its integrity is the nation strong, happy, and prosperous. It is the fountain of private, and the source of public, morality.

Whatever may be said of a few minds of a peculiar structure, lifelong partnerships for better or worse could not be maintained by two natures of the same kind, debating all questions in the same plane, with no natural predominating tendency. The coherence and permanence of the family depend upon the difference in the mental and emotional constitution of men and women. The family is a union of two manifestations of a common human nature, masculine and feminine of soul as well as body; molding, governing, and guiding the children, each after its own manner, and diffusing through society the blended influence of wife, mother, daughter, sister, and husband, father, son, and brother.

The bearing of these principles upon the relations of wives and mothers to the suffrage is that to govern in the State would unfit woman for her position in the family.

It is mere sophism to say that the simple dropping of a piece of paper into a ballot-box could not produce such a result. Unless women are to be treated like children, and furnished with the ballot by men, it is not the mere dropping of a piece of paper, for it implies the whole mode of thinking, feeling, and acting, of which a vote is the concentrated expression. "The vote is the expression of government; voting is governing." To vote intelligently is to think and act in the imperative mood; and to be qualified as voters, girls must be trained to think, feel, and act in the spirit of boys.

To avoid the force of this, it would be necessary to show that women will not be affected in this way, or that, should they be, no harm will result. John Stuart Mill admits that it will produce this effect, and asserts that women are held "in subjection" in the family, and should be emancipated. Wendell Phillips said, "No one can foresee the effect; therefore the only way

is to plunge in." Others affirm that "under all possible circumstances feminine instincts will preserve woman." "Plunging in" without a high probability that the effect will be good is never wise, except when destruction impends over the existing situation.

To assume that either men or women will remain unchanged in their intellectual, moral, and emotional susceptibilities, whatever their situation, is contrary to the facts of evolution, environment, and culture. In countless individual cases, and even in nations, woman has shown a capacity to rise or fall, a susceptibility to moral and intellectual modifications not surpassed, if equaled, by men.

Not only would the governing spirit become a part of her character, greatly obstructing the discharge of the duties of home, but it would make her position there an insupportable restraint. Man is naturally self-reliant; woman may, in an emergency, develop self-reliance and complete independence; but is naturally disposed either to coalesce in the determining tendency of her husband, or to control it by persuasion. Imbued with the governing spirit, she will become as restive in her position as would he if similarly placed. This is avowed by many advocates of woman suffrage, and held up as a result to be desired. The more consistent go fearlessly to the end, and define marriage as a civil contract to be terminated at the will of either party, and society as a collection of independent units instead of an assemblage of families.

That there are exceptions to the ideal family, here assumed as the nucleus of society, is true. Some women rule their husbands; a larger number through the misfortune, weakness, or wickedness of the husband are obliged to support the family, and there are many single women and widows. These exceptions to the general law often have much to bear; but not so much as to justify the overthrow of the whole structure with a view to rebuild upon exceptions. Every female child must be presumed eligible to wifehood and motherhood; therefore the whole sex should be left to the exercise of that kind of influence for which their nature and relation to the family qualify them, and which is required in the interest of society.

An argument drawn from exceptions may be very plausibly affirmed. Suppose a movement to enact a law requiring the training of all children in public institutions. In its support it might be maintained that there are numerous orphans, that many children have lost one parent, and that many parents are cruel, intemperate, incompetent, or unfaithful; that relatively few feel, and conscientiously and intelligently discharge, their responsibilities. These propositions are indisputable: how then shall the scheme to require all children to be educated by the State be shown to be untenable? Only by affirming that the general law of nature is that parents must be responsible for their offspring. To remove the children of those willing and able to train them, because of these exceptions, would be cruel and unjust; and such a wholesale destruction of home life is not necessary, because the general rule is that parents, with all their imperfections, do train their children in a manner better adapted to promote the public weal than is any institutional training. Individual exceptions must be cared for by private philanthropy, or by special statutes which are compatible with the effectual working of the general law.

The same method of reasoning vindicates the conclusion that the general law necessary for the preservation of the family should not be overthrown in order that unmarried women and widows might be introduced into political life.

Nor would a specific statute admitting single women to the suffrage, and excluding married women therefrom, be expedient or right; for then another evil of stupendous proportions would result, namely: the putting of a premium upon the unmarried or childless condition, since such women would have much more time and strength for the political arena than wives and mothers, and could gain many more personal, pecuniary, and political advantages.

NOTABLE REVERSALS OF OPINION.

It was a deep and serious consideration of these things which led some of the greatest of men to reverse their opinions after having been strongly in favor of woman suffrage, or inclined to espouse it.

Horace Bushnell, when assured that the principles of progress which he had adopted required him to support woman suffrage, reopened the question. After protracted thought he was forced to the conclusion that it would be "a reform against nature."

John Bright, the patriot, the tried and valued friend of every movement for the general benefit of woman, accustomed to equality of women in Friends' meetings, was one of those who on May 20, 1867, voted in favor of Mr. Mill's amendment to strike out of a reform bill the word *man*, and insert the word *person*. Nine years afterward, namely, in March, 1876, he spoke against the enfranchisement of women. When charged with having changed his opinions, he said that he gave Mr. Mill the benefit of the doubt, and sympathized with him in a courageous stand, and in a letter published in "The Woman Question in Europe," by Theodore Stanton, he wrote:

I cannot give you all the reasons for the view I take, but I act from the belief that to introduce women into the strife of political life would be a great evil to them, and that to our own sex no possible good could arise. When women are not safe under the charge or care of fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, it is the fault of our non-civilization, and not of our laws. As civilization founded on Christian principles advances, women will gain all that is right for them to have, though they are not seen contending in the strife of political parties.

To this he adds personal testimony:

In my experience I have observed evil results to many women who have entered hotly into political conflict and discussion. I would save them from it. I am, respectfully yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

Goldwin Smith is also one of those who voted with Mr. Mill. He was led to change his opinion by considerations similar to those adduced by Mr. Bright, and adds that another important reason was that he found "that those women whom he had always regarded as the best representatives of their sex among his acquaintances were by no means in favor of the change."

Herbert Spencer, in "Justice," renounces his former position, and maintains that there are fundamental reasons for keeping the spheres of the sexes distinct. He had formerly argued the matter "from the point of view of a general principle of individual rights," but he finds that this cannot be sustained, as he "discovers mental and emotional differences between the sexes, which disqualify women for the burdens of government and the exercise of its functions."

Mr. Gladstone, who had sometimes spoken as though he thought the change might have more to be said in its favor than against it, was appealed to two years ago in the most desperate crisis of his life by those women in England who demand the suffrage offering their support if he would avow himself in favor of the principle. He sat down to investigate it in the light of the bill then proposed in parliament, "Extending Parliamentary Suffrage to Women," but confined to unmarried women, and after pointing out the impropriety of that proposal says:

I speak of the change as being a fundamental change in the whole social function of woman, because I am bound in considering this bill to take into view not only what it enacts, but what it involves. . . . It proposes to place the individual woman on the same footing in regard to Parliamentary elections as the individual man. She is to vote, she is to propose or nominate, she is to be designated by the law as competent to use and to direct, with advantage not only to the community but to herself, all those public agencies which belong to our system of parliamentary representation. She — not the individual woman marked by special tastes, possessed of special gifts, but the woman as such — is by these changes to be plenarily launched into the whirlpool of public life, such as it is in the nineteenth century, and such as it is to be in the twentieth century. . . . A permanent and vast difference of type has been impressed upon woman and man respectively by the Maker of both. Their differences of social office rest mainly upon causes not flexible and elastic like most mental qualities, but physical and in their nature unchangeable. I, for one, am not prepared to say which of the two classes has the higher, and which the other, province, but I recognize the subtle and profound character of the difference between them. . . . I am not without fear lest, beginning with the state, we should eventually have been found to have intruded into what is yet more fundamental and sacred, the precinct of the family, and should dislocate or injuriously modify the relations of domestic life. . . . As this is not a party question, or a class question, so neither is it a sex question. I have no fear lest the woman should encroach upon the power of the man; the fear I have is lest we should invite her unwittingly to trespass upon the delicacy, the purity, the refinement, the elevation of her own nature, which are the present sources of its power.

I admit that in the universities, in the professions, in the secondary circles of public action, we have already gone so far as to give a shadow of plausibility to the present proposals to go farther; but it is a shadow only, for we have done nothing that plunges the woman as such into the turmoil of masculine life.

Upon Bishop John H. Vincent, the founder of Chautauqua, the consideration of this subject has naturally been forced, and to it he has given years of reflection, closely following the influence of modern general and higher education upon society, and in particular upon the home. In former years he was an advocate of woman suffrage; but though enthusiastically devoted to the spread of knowledge, and having distributed diplomas to thousands of women who have pursued the extended course of reading of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, he has been compelled to reverse his attitude. In response to a request for a concise statement of the grounds which led to the change of his views, I received the letter which appears as a foot-note.[1]

[1] When about thirty years of age I accepted for a time the doctrine of woman suffrage, and publicly defended it. Years of wide and careful observation have convinced me that the demand for woman suffrage in America is without foundation in equity, and, if successful, must prove harmful to American society. I find some worthy women defending it, but the majority of our best women, especially our most intelligent, domestic, and godly mothers, neither ask for nor desire it. The instinct of motherhood is against it. The basal conviction of our best manhood is against it. The movement is at root a protest against the representa-

AFFIRMATIVE ARGUMENTS WEIGHED.

THE previous considerations, if well founded, will be sufficient to deter every thoughtful citizen who believes the family to be the foundation and safeguard of all that is valuable in civilization from attempting an experiment so dangerous; yet an examination of the popular phrases relied upon to prepare the way for the plunge seems necessary.

It is alleged that "it is obviously fair and right that those who obey the laws should have a voice in making them; that all who pay the taxes should have a voice in levying them; and that men cannot represent women until women shall have legally consented to it, and this they have never done."

But if it is better to exempt them from the responsibilities of government, that the influence which they are naturally qualified to exert, and which is essential to the well-being of society, may not be diminished, it would not be "fair and right" to give women the same kind of voice in making laws that men have. Woman's influence in forming the characters and principles of the law-makers insures care for her.

"No taxation without representation" as an abstract principle is just, but it does not follow that the representation must be identical. The authors of the Declaration of Independence, the framers of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights, did not perceive any incongruity between declaring that "all men are born free and equal," that there should be "no taxation without representation," that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and at the same time relieving women from the responsibility and burdens of government. Taxation is not levied upon the property of men and women respectively upon different principles, but upon property as such by whomsoever held.

The property rights of woman are better protected now than they could be if she were actively engaged in politics. Not long since, a lady of rare intelligence, arguing in favor of the suffrage, stated that it was proposed to pave a street in which she lived, contrary to the judgment and wishes of the property-holders, most of whom were widows and single women. She attributed the scheme to "recklessness on the part of men, most of whom paid no taxes. Had she and her friends been able to vote, such a thing would not have been attempted." When asked concerning the outcome, the response was that she and a few other interested women "went to the leaders of both parties, and easily persuaded them to defeat the proposition." She did not appear to perceive that if she had been a voter her influence would have been confined to members of her own party.

Should it be said that this principle, if admitted, would justify slavery, it may be fairly replied that the motive of slavery was self-aggrandizement by individuals, its method the violent restraint of personal liberty. But the motive which relieves woman from government is the belief that the exercise of the suffrage by her will work an injury to herself and to the family, and thereby to the State.

The proposition that men cannot represent women until they have legally consented to it is specious, but not sound. Who has ever been asked whether he consents to the government that exists here? That government was established before the present inhabitants were born. Under it the supreme power inheres in adult male citizens. The consent of the governed is and must be taken for granted, except as changes are made by constitutional methods, until a revolution arises. Then all questions sink out of sight save this, "Shall the government stand?" and that question must be decided by the arbitrament of war.

It is affirmed that "capacity indicates sphere; woman has a capacity to vote intelligently, therefore she should be empowered to do so," and that "the dignity and authority of the ballot would increase her influence as it does that of man." There are various acts for which

tive relations and functions by virtue of which each sex depends upon and is exalted by the other. This theory and policy, tending to the subversion of the natural and divine order, must make man less a man, and woman less a woman. A distinguished woman advocate of this suffrage movement says, "We need the ballot to protect us against men." When one sex is compelled thus to protect itself against the other the foundations of society are already crumbling. Woman now makes man what he is. She controls him as babe, boy, manly son, brother, lover, husband, father. Her influence is enormous. If she use it wisely, she needs no additional power. If she abuse her opportunity, she deserves no additional responsibility. Her womanly weight, now without measure, will be limited to the value of a single ballot, and her control over from two to five additional votes forfeited.

The curse of America to-day is in the dominated partizan vote — the vote of ignorance and superstition. Shall we help matters by doubling this dangerous mass? Free from the direct complications and passions of the political arena, the best women may exert a conservative and moral influence over men as voters. Force her down into the same bad atmosphere, and both man and woman must inevitably suffer incalculable loss. We know what woman can be in the "commune," in "riots," and on the "rostrum."

Woman can, through the votes of men, have every right to which she is entitled. All she has man has gladly given her. It is his glory to represent her. To rob him of this right is to weaken both. He and she are just now in danger through his mistaken courtesy.

JOHN H. VINCENT.

TOPEKA, Kansas, April 18, 1894.

woman has the ability that she should not be asked or compelled by the law to perform. If it be said, Why not leave the question to her judgment and instincts? it is because the qualifications of voters must be prescribed by law. If the population of the globe consisted exclusively of men *or* women, to confer the ballot upon any who had been without it would increase their dignity and authority. But since it is composed of both, and woman's influence is not derived from authority, or her true dignity symbolized by the ballot, the clenched fist, or the drawn sword, it would add nothing to her power.

The claim is made that "woman suffrage has worked beneficially wherever tried." It was tried in New Jersey. On July 2, 1776, the provincial assembly conferred the suffrage upon women; in 1797 seventy-five women voted, and in the Presidential election of 1800 a large number availed themselves of the privilege. At first the law was construed to admit single women only, but afterward it was made to include females eighteen years old, married or single, without distinction of race. In the spring of 1807 a special election was held in Essex County to decide on the location of the court-house and jail. Newark and vicinity struggled to retain the county buildings, Elizabethtown to remove them. The contest waxed warm, and, according to a paper on "The Origin, Practice, and Prohibition of Female Suffrage in New Jersey," read by the Hon. William A. Whitehead, Corresponding Secretary of the New Jersey Historical Society,

> It was soon found, though only women of full age, possessing the required property qualification, were permitted by judges of election to vote, that every married woman in the country was not only of "full age," but also "worth fifty pounds proclamation money clear estate," and as such entitled to vote if they chose. And not only once, but as often as, by change of dress or complicity of the inspectors, they might be able to repeat the process. . . .
>
> In Acquackanonk township, thought to contain about three hundred voters, over eighteen hundred votes were polled, all but seven in the interest of Newark.

One woman voted three times. Her name was Mary Johnson, and she cast her first vote under that name. Afterward, as a somewhat stouter-looking woman, she voted as Mary Still, and later in the day as a corpulent person whose name was Mary Yet. The legislature set aside the election as fraudulent, and the whole State was so disgusted that an act was passed restricting the suffrage to white male citizens twenty-one years of age.

It was tried in Utah. Introduced by the Mormons, who designed by it to maintain their ascendancy over the Gentiles, the women supported not only polygamy wherever they had an opportunity, but anything else suggested by the Mormon hierarchy. On March 22, 1882, the Federal Congress passed an act deciding that no polygamist, or any woman cohabiting with such, could take part in any election. This left the wives of monogamists, and unmarried women, in possession of their vote; but the Edmunds-Tucker bill, designed to destroy polygamy, by a Federal law, February 9, 1887, withdrew the suffrage from all women in Utah.

"It has been tried in the great State of Wyoming, where it has worked so beneficially that the legislature has unanimously adopted a resolution of commendation."

The entire population of the State of Wyoming, according to the census of 1890, is only 60,705, of which 39,343 are males and 21,362 females. The largest city is Cheyenne, with a population of 11,690, and the next, Laramie, which has 6388. Besides these there was only one town with a population of more than 3000, and only one with more than two and less than three, and only four with more than 1000 and less than two. Of the population of the State, 16,291 are between five and twenty years of age, and there are only 27,044 males of voting age in the State; and this sparse population is scattered over an area twice that of the State of New York. According to Judge Cary of Wyoming the women consist of less than twenty per cent. of the voting population. "Usually about half of them go to the polls."

The complacency with which the legislature unanimously praises itself and its constituents has often been paralleled, but in the absence of details can hardly be regarded as the best testimony of which the case admits. None of the questions comprehended in the government of dense populations and vast cities is brought to the test. Citizens so generally isolated are practically a law to themselves. Pauperism would not be likely to exist under such conditions; vice in many sections could be practised without attracting attention; crowds at elections, in the absence of people enough to make a crowd, would be difficult to assemble. Unless the State has been grossly slandered, various troubles have occurred within a few years approximating the gravity of civil war. There is no unusual restraint upon the sale of liquor, and little attention is paid to enforcing such laws as women might be supposed to be specially interested to maintain. Without intending to reflect in a wholesale way upon the officers elected in that State, such inquiries as I have made, with some observation, show that, as a whole, they do not merit any unusual eulogium. But the population is too small, and

the conditions are too peculiar, to make the experiment of any value; nor is the legislative testimony of importance when it is considered that any class, male or female, the commendation of whose influence might be under consideration, contains a sufficient number who would execute vengeance at the polls upon those who would venture to take a negative position.

"Women are better than men, and therefore would make better laws, and would reform politics."

To show that women are better than men it is customary to present statistics of the number of the sexes respectively in prisons and in churches. Undoubtedly more than two thirds of the imprisoned criminals of the country are men, and probably more than two thirds of the communicants of the churches are women. But that this indicates that women are naturally better than men it is easier to assert than to prove. The majority of women are shielded and protected, while most men lead adventurous lives, away from home. Men have excessive physical energy, which frequently involves them in fierce conflicts. When they commit crimes they are more likely, under the present *régime*, to be convicted; for juries dislike to convict women, especially of crimes punished by long terms of imprisonment or death. Men's crimes are generally of violence, the result of excess, or distortion of those natural characteristics which in normal degree and legitimate use give them the power of defense and aggression. Women's abstention from crimes of violence is due to those characteristics which fit them for the persuasive influence which in their normal condition they exert.[1]

The same differences affect their attendance at church. The majority of church-going women spend their lives during the week at home, so that to attend religious meetings is a pleasant variety. Most men spend their lives away from home in laborious exercises, for which they find little relief in attending church, except when sustained by high religious motives. That under ordinary circumstances the instincts of women would be in favor of good laws, there is no doubt; but how far their temperaments would affect the character of special enactments, and how far their personal prejudices and prepossessions would affect their political action, are practical questions of moment.

"Women will always vote against war, and thus put an end to it in the world. They will not send their husbands, brothers, fathers, and friends to the slaughter."

Does history support this statement? Wherever there has been a war, women have been as much interested as men. They have even encouraged their husbands, fathers, brothers, and lovers to enlist, and would have despised them if they had not. In the last war in this country, the women on both sides were more intense and irreconcilable than the men.

It is alleged that "the demand for the suffrage is the inevitable consequence of the higher education."

This follows only when the normal dissimilarity in the constitution of the sexes — "a difference but not a scale of inferiority or superiority" — is ignored or underestimated. The proper characterization of such culture is the lower education.

IV.

INSURMOUNTABLE OBJECTIONS.

THE practical objections to woman suffrage can be most clearly stated in detail.

Universal suffrage exists in the United States, with the exception of the classes hereinbefore specified. It is an unreasonable expectation that this policy will be changed. If women are to be admitted to the suffrage, all of sound mind, of legal age, not disfranchised by the effect of crime or other special causes applying equally to men, will be entitled to vote. This will add the more than three millions of negro women, all naturalized women of foreign birth, all domestic servants — in a word, all women without respect to intelligence, character, or race, except the Chinese and Indians. In the whole country it will nearly double the vote, and in several States much more than double it. Similar considerations apply to jury duty, which is a concomitant of the ballot.

That the nation has gone so far in a dangerous path does not make it necessary to proceed farther.

The physiological and pathological reasons for the abstention of women from political work and excitement are not diminished but increased by the complexity of modern civilization. Exceptional cases of voluntary endurance of physical and mental strain, exhibited by the triumph of certain women in the contests of scholastic life, or in bearing unusual burdens in business, should not divert attention from the usual facts of personal or domestic life, or from the fact that a large proportion of the best women in youth, middle life, and age will be unable to respond to demands upon them at set times, in storm or calm, for the different forms of service involved in voting and holding of-

[1] With these general views of men and women in respect to crime, etc., Frances E. Willard seems to agree; for in an article entitled "The Woman's Cause is Man's Cause," in the "Arena" for May, 1892, she says: "We do not claim that this is because woman is inherently better than man (although his voice has ten thousand times declared it); we are inclined to think it is her more favorable environment."

fice, or in securing the qualifications for the one or the other.

Here and there a physician may evoke smiles and compliments from advocates of the suffrage for women by declaring that he knows of no anatomical or physiological impediment to the assumption by women of the duties of political life. But the medical faculty as a whole have no sympathy with his sycophancy, and the common sense of the race, and the observation and experience of most women, concur with them rather than with those who would render legal and necessary the participation of the whole sex in the agitations and exposures of campaigns and elections.

Woman suffrage cannot achieve what its advocates expect. They think that it will reform public morals, close the saloons and other places of evil resort, and realize absolute prudence, honesty, and economy in management.

Laws that do not carry the votes of a majority of the men of a community cannot be executed. Law-abiding citizens require no force to induce obedience; but those disposed to break the law can be compelled to keep it only by force. There is a natural instinct in man which leads him to submit to persuasion by women, and to resist force applied by them. It cannot be eradicated by philosophy, refinement, or religion, and in every generation reappears with undiminished vigor. If women were admitted to political life, the tendency would be for both parties to pass all kinds of laws to please women, which would be dead letters unless they carried the judgment of a majority of the male citizens. In the absence of this, to enforce them would involve a change in the character of the government in the direction of despotism.

Religious feuds would affect political life much more than under present circumstances. It is of immense importance to the welfare of this country that the separation of Church and State be complete. The feelings of women upon the subject of religion are so intense that the franchise, in a large majority of instances, would be exercised under the power of religious prejudice. John Bright, in one of his most important speeches on this subject, exclaimed, "Of one thing there is no doubt: the influence of priest, parson, and minister will be greatly increased if this measure is passed."

Chivalry, with its refining influence over men, must pass away when women become politicians. It is not a favorable portent that of late it has become customary for the advocates of woman suffrage to disparage that chivalrous feeling which causes normal men, wherever modern civilization exists, to treat women with deference, and to be ready to extend them needful aid. At present one of the chief refining elements of society is the respect felt for women as such by men. Even those who voluntarily form evil associations still esteem the ideal woman. The passing or decline of this sentiment is equally unfavorable to both; for it will accustom men to resist the influence of women.

That it will be undiminished when the fierce conflicts of party politics are involved is an unwarranted hope. All special courtesy to women grows out of the recognition of a kind of influence peculiar to them, and a dependence on their part which must be swept away when they contend on the same plane with men in the political arena. There are many indications that it lessens in proportion as women come forward to compete with men in public life and in business. In the latter case it is an incidental result of a necessity; but it will be the natural consequence of a condition when women appear in politics.

In England, when women first appeared upon the hustings, they were received with the old chivalry, but in recent elections, the contest being fierce, all respect has disappeared. Noted women were treated most disrespectfully in the very heart of London, and people of all parties agree that England has never seen so much participation of women, or such rude treatment of them, as in the last election. In Wales Mrs. Cornwallis West tried to quell a disturbance among the electors who refused to hear Colonel West speak. She obtained a momentary hearing, but the disorder revived, and she exclaimed with much heat, "I am an Irish woman, but it was not until I came to Wales that I found men capable of refusing to hear a woman who was pleading a cause." She was silenced by yells and hisses, and was finally compelled to retire from the platform.

The introduction of women into political life will increase its bitterness. That politics create violent feuds is too evident to be questioned. At present they are modified by the undisturbed relations between the wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters of the combatants. When the struggle has been decided at the polls, these social relations serve to bring about a calm, and the resumption of personal harmony. This was admirably stated by Horace Bushnell:

> Hitherto it has been an advantage to be going into our suffrages with a full half, and that (when left to its normal environment and habits) the better half morally, as a corps of reserve left behind, so that we may fall back on this quiet element, or base, several times a day, and always at night, to recompense our courage, and settle again our mental and moral equilibrium. Now it is proposed that we have no reserve any longer, that we go into our conflicts taking our women with us, all to be kept heating in the same fire for weeks or months together, without interspersings of rest,

or quieting times of composure. We are to be as much more excited of course, as we can be, and the women are of course to be as much more excited than we as they are more excitable. Let no man imagine that our women are going into these encounters to be just as quiet or as little nerved as now, when they sit in the rear, unexcited, letting us come back to them often to recover our reason. They are to be no more mitigators now, but instigators rather, sweltering in the same fierce heats and commotions, only more fiercely stirred than we.

It is the very distinctive qualities culminating in an exquisite sensibility, the source of woman's charm in private and family and social life, which, exposed to the attrition and agitations of party conflicts, will most fan the flame.

In this country these liabilities have been illustrated where women have come into anything analogous to political life. The feud that existed for years between two wings of the Woman Suffrage Association in the United States is ancient but still instructive history.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, organized for the promotion of an end in which all were agreed, managed by leaders to whom all are accustomed to defer, would not be expected to have any serious difficulty. But when a feud arose which ostensibly began because of a divergence of opinion with respect to the relation which the Union should sustain to political parties, it speedily became intense, and a distinguished woman, the leader of the minority, more than intimates concerning the national president, that,

> in all her great work she has been but seeking a background for her personal exploits, and a theater for the exercise of her wonderful powers and accomplishments.

To this, by order of the executive committee, a reply was prepared by a sub-committee of four women of national recognition, which, after making various charges, culminates in a passage unsurpassed in sting of innuendo:

> Whatever values —— has won as chairman of the Women's Republican National League, as one of the famous "spell-binders," and wife of a Republican official, she has lost the faith of her old comrades in her sincerity, the chaplet of their admiring love, and the crown of leadership in the grandest body of women known in the world.

The closest approximation to political life on a national scale ever made in this country was the National Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair. These were women of high character and social influence, most of them accustomed to various forms of public life, selected because of their standing in the States whence they came. A large proportion of them at all times spoke and acted in such a manner as to command universal respect, and their work as a whole secured the approbation of the country.

But the Board had honors to confer, awards to make, and patronage to distribute. Discord arose between the secretary and the president, the former being a lawyer and a noted advocate of woman suffrage. This controversy lasted for months, threatening to embroil the country. Jealousy of the president's failure to introduce some of her colleagues to the Duchess de Veragua caused a stormy scene. Later, another charged a woman in higher office with instructing the presidents of the various meetings to exclude her from participation in the speaking. Owing to various bitter quarrels among the members, and factional opposition, the president intimated her intention to resign. It must be remembered that the president was a woman of tact and rare ability as a presiding officer. On one day, after a long altercation, accompanied by many personal contradictions, the Board stopped business, and the members left the hall in confusion without adjourning. A sectional war broke out, when a lady exclaimed with reference to the nomination of jurors: "New York has eight representatives and North Dakota none. I want to know the reason why. There is something crooked going on here, and I am going to find it out."

Subsequently several women commissioners appealed to the National Commission against alleged injustice. And later, in open debate, one delegate charged another with being "an arrogant, malicious, injurious, and vindictive woman," which caused intense general excitement accompanied by ejaculations and tears. For several days the disturbance was renewed; but peace was finally made, and the account of the controversy was expunged from the records. Such was the effect of these scenes that some of the members of the Board reversed their opinion on the desirableness of woman's entering political life.

Further illustrations appeared during the recent canvass in the State of New York for petitions to strike out the word male from the Constitution, when a counter-movement was begun by women. The protestants were characterized by educated ladies in public assemblies as "traitors to their sex," "copperheads," "betrayers of the cause of woman," and such was the intensity of the feeling that these terms and phrases evoked general applause. The women who presumed to resist the innovation were characterized by one of their sisters, in a contribution to an important periodical, as "parasites who have mentally retrograded."

It will place a new and terrible strain upon the family relation. The ratio of marriages relatively to the number of the population is

diminishing; the number of divorces has been increasing alarmingly for the past thirty years. They are most numerous in sections of the country where there has been a persistent and almost fierce demand for the ballot.

The introduction of political disputes and party work into family life will develop and increase incompatibility, a prolific cause of separations, infidelity to the marriage contract, and divorce. To this it has been responded: "There has always been more contention over religion than over politics, yet often the wife is a member of one church, and the husband of another or of none; and yet the family is not disrupted, and it is evident from the seeming concord of the household that the two have agreed to disagree." That the family can bear existing strains does not prove that it could endure all that it has and a greater than any of them. Even the worst of men generally wish their wives, unless they become fanatics, to be religious, or do not seriously object to it. But there is a radical difference between political excitement and any other. A political difference means that the most intense feelings shall be excited and kept at fever heat for several weeks or months, liable to culminate in a direct act of opposition, the wife going to the polls against her husband, and he against her, exchanging glances of sympathy with life-long political opponents, perhaps coöperating in active opposition. The wife may be working and voting against her husband's most intimate business or personal friends, and endeavoring to secure the passage of laws especially obnoxious to him. In cases of disagreement, where there are children, each parent would endeavor to surpass the other in capturing recruits at the family altar, the table, and the fireside. At the end of the conflict the defeated would be left without the sympathy of the other; and not only without the sympathy, but in many cases with the taunt and sneer.

These possibilities should not be considered merely or chiefly with respect to established families, united "by the reciprocal ties of friendly intercourse," through many years down to the time of the introduction of woman suffrage. The strain will be most felt whenever and wherever the tie is weakest, whether the cause be the inexperience and impulsiveness of early married life, or the accumulated incompatibilities which test the self-control of many. To resort to the assumption that "women will generally vote as their husbands do" is to renounce most of the considerations advanced in favor of the movement.

To invest her with the responsibility of voting will diminish the real power of woman in speech. At present she may say what she will; men hear, and, without subjecting her words to too close a scrutiny, are influenced by her spirit. Require her to vote, identify her with a party, and in some instances she will grow timid; where she refuses to restrain herself, she will become an impediment to party success, and will be ignored. When women oppose women, their party conflicts will deprive them of that power by which they now leaven public sentiment.

In an argument in favor of giving the suffrage to woman, a senator of Massachusetts brought forward as an example of intellectual and moral fitness for the franchise Mrs. Clara Leonard, whom he justly characterized as the highest living authority on private and public charities. Mrs. Leonard has recently thus expressed her estimate of the value of the ballot to woman:

> It is the opinion of many of us that woman's power is greater without the ballot, or possibility of office-holding for gain, when, standing outside of politics, she discusses great questions on their merits. Much has been achieved by women for the anti-slavery cause, temperance, the improvement of public and private charities, the reformation of criminals, and by intelligent discussion and influence upon men. Our legislators have been ready to listen to women and carry out their plans when well formed.

It may reasonably be expected to deteriorate the moral tone of most of the women who become political leaders, and affect unfavorably all who take an active part in politics; and it will introduce dangerous forms of corruption. The principal causes of political immorality are the desire for power, for "spoils" in money and office, bribery, craft, party and personal prejudice. Is it reasonable to believe that women who become political leaders, and intensely excited in political campaigns, will escape the influence of these demoralizing elements? Certainly it will not be maintained that women are destitute of ambition, that they are above the influence of prejudice or prepossession, that personal favoritism can never warp their judgment, that money, or what it procures, has no charm for them. While some — in the aggregate, many — would resist every temptation, preserve their womanliness, and illustrate in high places all the virtues, is certain. But to subject the entire sex to such influences would inevitably lower its moral tone.

When women vote generally, — and if they are not to vote generally the agitation is useless, — all classes will need to be instructed and led to the polls. There must be women leaders for different classes, as there are among men. Women who aspire to be leaders, or are made such by their constituents, will be compelled to associate for political purposes with other wo-

men similarly related to the party. At present the morals of society are largely preserved by the fact that a woman of doubtful character is not admitted to the society of women of unspotted reputation. It is easy to maintain such an attitude now; it would be impossible in a general participation of women in politics. Also that leading political women will be brought into confidential relations with men occupying similar relations in the same party is a consequence of the proposed revolution which would not long be delayed. Its effect upon domestic peace, and public and private morality, could not be salutary.

A RATIONAL FORECAST.

SHOULD the suffrage be extended to women the grant can never be recalled. Experiments in legislating upon economic questions, even if unwise, need not be permanently harmful, for they may be repealed; but in dealing with the suffrage, or with moral questions, new laws, if bad, are exceedingly dangerous. They will develop a class lowered in tone, or deriving personal, pecuniary, or political advantages from the new environment, who will vehemently declare that the effect of the innovation is beneficial, and resist all efforts to return to the former state.

Should the duty of governing in the State be imposed upon women, all the members of society will suffer; children, by diminished care from their mothers; husbands, from the increase of the contentions, and the decline of the attractions of home; young men and maidens, from the diminution or destruction of the idealism which invests the family with such charms as to make the hope of a home of one's own, where in the contrasts of the sexes life may be ever a delight, an impulse to economy and virtue—but the greatest sufferer will be woman. Often those who recollect her genuine freedom of speech, "the might of her gentleness," the almost resistless potency of her look and touch and voice, will long for the former proud dependence of woman on manliness, reciprocated by man's reverence for womanliness; while "the new generation, to whom such sweet recollections will be unknown, will blindly rave against their fate or despondently sink under it, as women have never done (from similar causes) under the old régime." Meanwhile the office-holding, intriguing, campaigning, lobbying, mannish woman will celebrate the day of emancipation,— which, alas, will be the day of degradation,— when, grasping at sovereignty, she lost her empire.

The true woman needs no governing authority conferred upon her by law. In the present situation the highest evidence of respect that man can exhibit toward woman, and the noblest service he can perform for her, are to vote NAY to the proposition that would take from her the diadem of pearls, the talisman of faith, hope, and love, by which all other requests are won from men, and substitute for it the iron crown of authority.

J. M. Buckley.

[In accordance with the conditions of this debate, the foregoing articles were written independently, and have not been changed since they were sent to the authors in order to enable them to prepare the postscripts which follow—which are also written independently of each other.—EDITOR C. M.]

POSTSCRIPT BY SENATOR HOAR.

I HAVE read Dr. Buckley's paper entitled "The Wrongs and Perils of Woman Suffrage." It does not seem to me to make it necessary that I should restate my own argument. The reading of the paper has given me great pleasure. It is, in my judgment, the strongest argument ever made on that side. All patriotic persons, whatever their present opinion, must desire that this great step should not be taken without seriously weighing everything that can be said against it. Dr. Buckley has discussed powerfully and clearly what seem to me the true points of the controversy:

"Will it be a bad thing for woman that woman should help govern the State?

"Will it be a bad thing for the State that woman should help govern it?"

I do not suppose Dr. Buckley himself ascribes much importance to the portion of his paper headed "Disfranchised Classes." He says that the common sense of the human race, with inconsiderable exceptions, has confined the prerogatives of civil government to man. But in general the common sense of the human race has confined the prerogatives of government to a very few men — to monarchs, noblemen, aristocracies, oligarchies. We are at present addressing an audience who are agreed that what is largely the common sense of the human race is entirely mistaken in its opinion, as expressed in existing civil governments, or the civil governments of the past. So we surely need not occupy time or space in debating whether we should exclude women from a share in the gov-

ernment of the republic in which manhood suffrage is the law, because the common sense of the human race has agreed that nearly all mankind, whether masculine or feminine, should be excluded from a share in the government. Our question is, whether women should help in self-government, not whether, if it be true that most of mankind are born to obey, and a few are born to rule, it is better that the ruler should be of one sex or the other.

Dr. Buckley denies that voting is a birthright. This denial he extends to all persons; not merely to idiots, lunatics, persons under the age of discretion, and foreigners not attached to the government, or not familiar with its principles. His readers will easily see that this claim is essential to his argument. So, we are fairly entitled to insist that all persons who think a share in the government to be a birthright shall, if no reasons but Dr. Buckley's stand in the way, come to our conclusion. It can hardly be worth while to take much space in making an argument to persons who accept the American Constitution, State and National, as founded on sound principle, or in debating over again what our grandfathers settled.

I do not, also, care to take much more time than I have already taken in dealing with the authority of Mrs. Leonard and other ladies who, while active in affairs of government, disapprove conferring the ballot on women. I have endeavored to show already that Mrs. Leonard's practice is against her theory, and that she is mistaken only as she misunderstands what is proposed. Dr. Buckley quotes a sentence from her to the effect that woman's power is greater when, standing outside of politics, she discusses great questions on their merits. I do not think she is standing outside of politics when she discusses great political questions on their merits. I do not think she is standing outside of politics when she manages a government hospital or a normal school. I do not see how, when it is proposed to the people that some important change shall be made in these political instrumentalities, that after saying "yes" in a report, or a magazine, or a letter in a newspaper, and giving her powerful and cogent reasons, she or anybody is to be harmed if, when the vote is counted, her vote shall not be excluded. Mrs. Leonard votes when she is a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Lunacy and Charity. Mrs. Hale votes when she is a member of the Board of Trustees of the great hospital for the insane at Worcester. Other ladies vote in the Board of Education. They exercise their power by direct vote when they manage these great political instrumentalities. Will it harm either of these ladies any more to do the same thing in the town or ward where they live under the quiet security of the Australian ballot?

So we come to what I am glad to see Dr. Buckley considers the chief question, which he has dealt with so admirably and powerfully.

"Do we propose anything likely to injure womanhood, or anything likely to injure the Republic?"

I am afraid I shall do Dr. Buckley's argument injustice if I attempt to sum it up in a few lines. But of course that is all I can do here.

The argument is, if I understand it, that if women take a share in governing the State they are so far to control other wills by an authority which is submitted to because the persons submitting are subjected, governed, constrained, and obey because they are subjugated and not because they are persuaded. Women now, Dr. Buckley says in substance, exercise their control in the family as wives, mothers, or daughters, by reason of an influence which the person who submits to it is perfectly free to disregard. But the ruler of a State governs by reason of a power which the person controlled by it is not at liberty to disregard or disobey. Now he says that for women to substitute the habit of government by authority for the habit of influence by persuasion will destroy the sweet nature of womanhood itself. Dr. Buckley says a great deal more than this, which I have not time to deal with. But I select only the point which has made the most impression upon me.

It seems to me we shall find the answer to this proposition by inquiring whether the function of voting bears such a proportion to the other influences that form and affect the character, that it will tinge and color the whole character and life, or whether it will take its own color and tinge from the general character of the person who exercises it. If Lucy Stone had voted, would her character have become arrogant, quarrelsome, dishonest, ambitious, intriguing, because there is danger that political activity will create a temptation to indulge in these vices, or would the function of voting, as discharged by Lucy Stone, have been characterized by sincerity, patriotism, calmness, wisdom, sweetness, and unselfishness? Now I affirm that in mankind, in general, the function of voting takes its hue and tincture from the general character of the person who exercises it, and that the general character of the person who exercises it is not changed by the temptations which attend the struggle for political power. Voting and politics, to most men, are but a small and insignificant portion of life. They do not change opinions, or control the character of the citizen; but they take their character from the character that he brings to them. The German who has lived under the iron rule of the Cæ-

sars, the Irishman who has lived as a peasant under the heel of the Englishman, the Englishman who has lived under the hooped republicanism by which the Englishman governs himself, and with that arrogant disregard for human right with which the Englishman deals with other nations — each, when he comes here, brings to his American citizenship the quality which he gained at home, and does not change it when he takes his share in our republicanism. It may be added, also, that the function of motherhood is a function of absolute authority, perhaps the most absolute that one human being exercises over another.

Dr. Buckley narrates the story of the old New Jersey election frolic. He gives also some amusing narrations of some more recent, and rather undignified scuffles in which ladies have engaged. But these can be matched a thousand times by like scenes in deliberative bodies controlled by men. I am afraid even ecclesiastical assemblies are not free from them. I suppose Dr. Buckley does not seriously contend, because of the example he has cited, that the great Woman's Temperance Union should disband, or that woman should not manage it any longer.

No person desires to change the essential character of American womanhood. It is a character whose beauty, dignity, grace, sweetness, and power come from causes with which the giving or denying to women of a share in the government of the State has nothing to do. It will not, in my judgment, be affected in the slightest degree for the worse if her vote shall be counted. On the other hand, when she shall be admitted to complete citizenship, these qualities of American womanhood will become more and more the qualities of American citizenship itself.

George F. Hoar.

POSTSCRIPT BY DR. BUCKLEY.

THE courteous admission of Senator Hoar that opponents of woman suffrage among men are not influenced by "the tyrant's desire to keep the rule of the State to themselves," but "chiefly an honest desire for the good of the State, and an honest desire for the welfare of woman," deserves recognition. Not less noteworthy is his acknowledgment of the changes already made in the laws concerning a married woman's relation to property and other subjects, by the "law-making sex." He might have added that where women are concerned law-makers are more than willing to rectify every real injustice and grant any reasonable request.

Woman suffrage, in his opinion, is "the change of a relation which has existed from the foundation of the earth"; yet upon this, the greatest political and social revolution, he generalizes without critically estimating the question of the value and elements of the influence of the sexes respectively under the existing order of things.

The typical man and the typical woman are contrasted by the senator in this passage: "Man values the objects of his affection for the comfort and dignity and benefit that comes to him from them. Woman values herself only for the comfort which she can be to the objects of her affection." Were this description of woman true to nature, no other argument against woman suffrage would be needed, for it would imply absolute incapacity for impartial legislation; but the characterization gives an unequal view of both sexes.

That the majority of the women of the country do not desire the suffrage is by no means "the chief reason" for withholding it. But the fact that it is so contrary to their instincts, intuitions, and sense of need that they do not wish it is a weighty reason for not imposing it upon them. The reference to Turkish ladies is not relevant, since they are deprived of the information accessible to American women.

The framers of the constitution of Massachusetts were not ignorant of the logical results of their principles. But they knew that every principle has its limits, and, when forced beyond them, mutilates or smothers some other truth. The Essex Convention, meeting at Ipswich in 1778 to consider the proposed new constitution and form of government, was particular to say that women were left unfranchised "not from a deficiency in their mental powers, but from the natural tenderness and delicacy of their minds, their retired mode of life, and various domestic duties. These concurring prevent that promiscuous intercourse with the world which is necessary to qualify them for electors."

Rufus Choate's tribute to the discrimination of character "by the collective womanhood of a people like our own" is just. But should she be compelled to "talk and think of measures, of creeds in politics, of availability, of strength to carry the vote," what reason is there to believe that her vision will not be dimmed or distorted by the medium through which she looks?

It is a suggestive phenomenon that General Butler was the particular admiration of a large number of women, conspicuous aspirants to

political life, who often commended him from the platform and in the press.

The senator concedes that there are large domains of legislation and administration from which "it would be better to exclude women as a whole than to admit them as a whole, because the great mass will be so little fitted for them," but affirms that this is true of the great majority of men. This, however, is an argument drawn from a vast evil which should be overcome, not increased by the addition of an immense number of voters whom he grants are destined to remain in the same condition.

To say that the same arguments which the advocates of woman suffrage have to meet have been used against every extension of suffrage merely acts as an opiate to thought, unless it be clearly proved that they do not now apply. Every important change, good or bad, has been opposed. The proposed extension is radically unlike any that has preceded it.

My eminent colleague in this comparison of views asks his opponents to "find four masculine figures whom they will like to select as leaders or companions rather than" those he names. Emerson and Whittier were idealists, neither qualified for leadership in politics or statesmanship, though a multitude rejoiced to come within the influence of their inspiration and elevating impulses. The deliverance of Mr. Lincoln was made at the very outset of his career, and so far as is known, though paying many a beautiful tribute to woman, he never referred to the subject again.[1] His later experience led to a profound conviction that the temperament of women was such as to make it more difficult to compose public feuds among them than among men. When the possibility of carrying out his conciliatory methods of reconstruction was under consideration, he remarked to the President of the Sanitary Commission that he expected more trouble from the women than from the men, and closed the conversation with these words, "Bellows, you take care of the women, and I will take care of the men."

It is not necessary to journey outside the senator's own paper to find two women worthy to be compared with Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell and Mrs. Howe. These are Mrs. John Ware, whom he declares to be "one of the wisest and most accomplished persons in this country of either sex," and Clara Leonard, "another of the women who are the pride and ornament of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." Both these ladies strongly and conscientiously disapprove of woman suffrage.

To these I add the name of "the most useful and distinguished woman that America has produced," whose influence is felt throughout the world upon every sphere of philanthropy, and is preserved in the laws of every civilized nation, Dorothea L. Dix. She saw the rise of the American woman-suffrage movement, studied it in its advocates, arguments, sentiments, and tendencies, and rejected it. The "divine discontent" which its leaders were and are endeavoring to kindle in the hearts of women she deemed merely one of the ever-changing forms of human unrest. Her biographer states that she believed in "woman's keeping herself apart from anything savoring of ordinary political action. She must be the incarnation of a purely disinterested idea, appealing to universal humanity, irrespective of party or sect."

J. M. Buckley.

[1] In response to an inquiry, Mr. John G. Nicolay, private secretary, and one of the authorized biographers of Mr. Lincoln, writes: "I know of no allusion or reference by Mr. Lincoln to the question of female suffrage, except that made in the card printed in the Sangamon Journal under date of June 13, 1836 (and which is reprinted in Lincoln's Complete Works, Vol. I, p. 7). [This is the passage quoted by Senator Hoar.]

So far as I know, the topic is nowhere else mentioned in his writings, speeches, or letters, nor did I ever hear him refer to it in conversation either directly or indirectly."

CONVERSATION IN FRANCE.

MUCH has been written, here in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE and elsewhere, about the French salons; but often it seems to be taken for granted that these exist no more. In fact, there are still several of them, which certainly have not all the importance they had before the advent of newspapers and free political discussion, but in which artists and men of letters still love to meet in companionship with intelligent people of the world. Conversation is, and will long continue to be, one of the greatest pleasures of the Gallic race, in which, as every one knows, the social spirit exists from the lowest to the highest rank. Wealth has never been necessary in order to have a salon. Mme. du Deffand lived very simply in the convent of St. Joseph; Mlle. de Lespinasse was so poor that her friends had to support her; and each of these two women had a real court in the 18th century. She who became later almost a queen, Mme. de Maintenon, then Mme. Scarron, gave celebrated dinners; yet it was during one of them that an

anxious servant came to her to whisper, "One more story, Madame, as there is no roast today." The old Maréchale de Beauvau, living after the Revolution in a small lodging of the Faubourg St. Honoré, saw quite the same number of interesting people mount her muddy staircase as when she was mistress of a splendid mansion. Good dinners and a grand household have nothing to do with the success of a salon. Yet they are not an obstacle to its success when the best elements exist; one proof of this is the salon of Princess Mathilde, assiduously frequented for so many years by writers and painters. She herself paints, working not in an amateurish and princess-like way, but busy in her studio from morning to dusk. When night comes, her guests are to be found in the two large drawing-rooms of her house in the Rue de Berri, which are filled with old pictures, and precious works of art, and in the greenhouse, which is nothing else than a square yard covered with glass and transformed into a winter-garden. People sit and talk under the tropical foliage of the palm-trees, while the princess, showing still, notwithstanding her years, a classical profile, snowy shoulders, a very graceful movement, and the finest hands in Paris, receives the few survivors of the last empire, with other men of more or less fame who have been faithful to her under all governments. There are some of the younger artists also: Besnard, Doucet, poets like José-Maria de Heredia, novelists like Paul Bourget, critics like Louis Ganderax. Groups of congenial persons settle themselves freely in the corners. The private talk is interrupted now and then by a little music, and tea is served in an informal way by the lady of honor, Baronne de Galbois. The princess has wit, and, moreover, she has eloquence of a fiery, passionate, splendid sort, above all when she is roused to discussion. Her brother, Prince Napoleon, had the same imperial way of speaking. Notwithstanding the atmosphere of liberty and ease which her highness wishes to create, every one has present to his mind the fact that she is a princess, and she herself from time to time shows that she is aware of it. When Taine wrote a hard and severe portrait of her uncle, the great Napoleon, she simply put him out of her house by sending him a formal card, with the letters "P. P. C." Taine mourned the end of their long intimacy.

"But what would you have done in my place?" he inquired sadly of Renan, another friend of the house.

"My dear Taine," answered the author of the "Life of Jesus," "I have, for the sake of what I think truth, quarreled with a much greater lady than all the princesses on earth: I have quarreled with the Church."

We have said that Princess Mathilde is eloquent, and eloquence is supposed to be the enemy of conversation, which never flourished in the days of great oratorical art—during the Revolution, for example. This is probably true in a general way, the chief qualities of conversation being in *apropos* good humor, piquancy, and cheerfulness; but after all, Mme. de Staël was eloquent, and none the less understood conversation. She has written the most delightful things about it—for instance:

> The sort of enjoyment that lively conversation makes us feel does not precisely consist in the subject of the conversation; neither are the ideas or the knowledge that may be developed in it the principal interest. It is a certain manner of acting upon each other, the exchange of a quick pleasure, a way of speaking as soon as one thinks, of rushing instantly out of one's self, of winning applause without effort, of manifesting one's wit in all shades, by accent, gesture, look — in short, of producing a sort of electricity which causes sparks to fly, relieves some of the excess of sprightliness which is in them, and awakens others from apathy.

Such is conversation as we see it practised at Paris in the much renowned salon of Mme. Aubernon de Nerville, who is heiress to the best traditions of the eighteenth century. Her day is Saturday—the day of Mlle. de Scudéry in the time of the "Précieuses," which name has been more than once given, very unjustly, to Mme. Aubernon de Nerville and to her mother, who was one of the most accomplished women of Parisian society. "Les précieuses radicales" they were called, both of them being republicans. Every Saturday a dinner is given in the fine house of the Rue d'Astorg, usually a dinner of eight, never more than ten, persons, all of them carefully chosen, with one great talker only. Mme. Aubernon believes that two *premiers rôles* will never do. Either they clash unpleasantly, or, what is more probable, they annihilate the effect of each other. Then, to throw and catch the ball, some academician, chosen from among the more agreeable; a younger poet or novelist; a professor in the Sorbonne; one or two women only, cultivated and open-minded, not too youthful, not too handsome, not too self-conscious, and caring as little as possible to monopolize attention; perhaps as many brilliant men of fashion, capable of listening — of listening even to serious conversation if it happens to be serious, and practising that intelligent silence which is a good "accompaniment to the music of speech." Observe that silence has its value; there may be wit in the manner of responding by a glance, or a smile, to some striking word, and the sympathy thus expressed is the best excitement for a talker. The hostess

excels in this sort of encouragement, having kept the pretty dimpling smile of her youth and the most sparkling black eyes. She has also the knack of making original and unexpected witticisms which turn the current into another channel when she feels that a subject has been dwelt upon long enough, or is becoming dangerous. She never cuts the conversation, a thing which must not be done, she says, even with golden scissors; but she passes rocks and breakers like an experienced seaman, or changes the course when the wind seems to be lacking in the sail. In the choice and treatment of subjects she has plenty of freedom, always kept, of course, within the limits of good breeding; some slanderers accuse her of preparing in her mind the program of each dinner's talk, so that she has the advantage over her guests of being ready, while they are taken unawares, upon such or such a topic. It may be true for the starting, in behalf of what will follow; but very soon she is carried away by her natural and genuine wish to make others shine, and by her perfect unconsciousness.

The prominent star among the more or less brilliant surrounding clusters was very often, while he lived, Ernest Renan. He would speak, with the exquisite grace which pervades all his writings, of the historical and archæological researches which he made in Syria as in the Holy Land. Although by the natural current of his mind he was always brought to religious questions, never did a word of his offend any Christian feeling. The very peculiar combination of belief and unbelief which appears in his books, and makes him, as has been said, a beacon with changing lights (*un phare à feux changeants*), rendered him sympathetic in conversation to every kind of interlocutor. His large tolerance, his broad manner of looking at things on all sides at once, his slightly ironical and perhaps disdainful though courteous acceptance of other people's opinions, made any passing intercourse with him perfectly delightful. When I remember his fine smile and the bright twinkle of his eyes, I cannot help having a grudge against Bonnat's portrait. It is admirable painting, of course, but it does not give an idea of the charm, the very real charm, of a face so heavy in lines, yet so completely refined by the power of expression. M. Renan was at his best at Mme. Aubernon's house; even the most wonderful talkers fall to nothing if they are not given opportunities, and the good nature of that exceedingly amiable man allowed him to yield without protest to any current into which he was pushed. The very first time I saw him — long ago — he was involved in a feminine discussion of shopping and the Bon Marché. Such accidents could never happen at the house of Mme. Aubernon; she carries the flag of conversation with a firm grasp, and never lets it droop.

Alexandre Dumas has been for many years the idol of this salon. Second only to his father, he certainly deserves to be considered as the greatest spendthrift in conversation, lavishing the gold of genius as if it were brass. This is by no means always the case; on the contrary, some writers are great misers, and keep every valuable thing that comes to their minds for the market — that is to say, for their printed work. Dumas's bon mots are like a continual exhibition of fireworks. Another prodigal of wit is Henri Becque, the writer of some sharp comedies, who has also been one of Mme. Aubernon's favorite guests. Foremost among them all we must still name Jules Simon, Ferdinand Brunetière, and Victor Cherbuliez. Jules Simon's perfect moderation in speech, and his comprehension of social problems, have sometimes allowed the talk to wander toward politics, although this is generally a forbidden subject, the passions which are excited by the public events and discussions of the day being banished from a circle where thought is supposed to soar above all earthly things. Brunetière, the strong and deeply original critic, is also the best lecturer in France. Cherbuliez, who is also known under the name of Valbert, has made his novels the vehicle of much deep thought and information, while he has given to his miscellaneous papers on politics, esthetics, or philosophy, all the charm of romance. His humor, enriched by the intimate knowledge of many foreign countries and languages, has a wonderful cosmopolitan flavor.

It would be a mistake to believe that when Mme. Aubernon invites only one great man at a time, she means to let him take the talk all to himself among admiring listeners. This would never do in France, where long dissertations and anecdotes are quite contrary to the national spirit, which is one of continual take and give, the well-edged weapons clashing together. *Glissez, n'appuyez pas*, is the first rule of conversation. One of the most exquisite talkers of the Aubernon salon, Professor Deschanel, once wrote, "Ten minutes of Parisian conversation are more full of ideas, images, feelings of every sort, than three days of provincial talk." This is true. Provincial talk has always some stiffness and heaviness in it, and it admits of a great many stories good or bad, old or new. The anecdotic manner is, on the contrary, very little used in Paris, where ideas seem far more interesting than people or facts. Some lazy minds think that conversation at Mme. Aubernon's dinners must be work rather than pleasure, and that she behaves among her guests like the leader of a symphony, bringing each

instrument to action or to silence. It is perfectly true that she permits no private chats between neighbors, which would be a trespass against the good traditions of the eighteenth century; she finds it impolite and vulgar, injurious to the general effect, and when by some rare chance it happens, she rings a tiny bell in the most decided way. She was punished once for this tyranny. While some one was speaking,— I think it was Bardoux, the biographer of Chateaubriand's lovely friends, Mme. de Beaumont and Mme. de Custine,— another guest whispered to the lady seated next to him; the tinkling of the bell stopped his untimely words. When M. Bardoux had ended, Mme. Aubernon bade the guilty one speak in his turn.

"What had you to say?" she inquired.

"Oh, little, very little," he answered in a rather distressed way.

"I am sure it was something valuable; we cannot afford to lose it. Pray speak out!"

With hypocritical modesty the other demurred. At last, with eyes lowered upon his plate, he answered, "I was just saying I would willingly have taken a little more salad."

There was a laugh, and some confusion for the autocrat. In truth, Mme. Aubernon deserves to be called by Dr. Holmes — who, if he chose, would have the seat at her right hand, — the autocrat of the dinner-table.

After dinner, as soon as coffee is brought into the drawing-room, the players in her orchestra are released; they may go to smoke a cigar in the *fumoir*, and either vanish afterward in the mysterious way which is called *à l'anglaise* in France, and *à la française* by other nations, or come back to meet the pretty and well-dressed women, and the men of leisure, who call during the evening on their way to a ball or to the last acts of the opera. Stage performances of the rarest quality have been given at Mme. Aubernon's. Chosen fragments of Alexandre Dumas' comedies were played there by artists and amateurs together, the latter — among whom was the mistress of the house — showing sometimes as much talent as the former. Once she was inspired to try the effect of Sardou's "Divorçons," with the last act cut off, and with actors of the Théâtre Français as interpreters. It became thus a delightful comedy instead of a farce. The translation of Ibsen's "A Doll's House" was first given in her salon. But the best representations are always the Saturday dinners, and some of her friends say that she ought to invite people to sit about; she thinks with reason, however, that this attitude of *cure-dents*, so to speak, would only make the listeners feel doubly famished. Nor are the Saturday dinners the only ones she gives; there is a Wednesday dinner for younger and less well-trained guests — dinners of anarchists, as she calls them, before they get to be tamed and broken to harness.

It has been said that Pailleron thought of this autocratic salon when he wrote "Le monde où l'on s'ennuie," and that Mme. Aubernon was portrayed in his comedy. She went to see it, applauded warmly, and told the author, who was among her guests: "People make a mistake; they think you have wished to paint us, while you know as well as I do myself that we are "le monde où l'on s'amuse."

But the truth is that she cares only for highly intellectual amusements, and that, without being a lion-hunter, she has a great respect for established fame. Many among the Forty Immortals come to her assiduously, and, notwithstanding her democratic feelings, Mme. Aubernon clings to the old institutions, to classical forms. Each election to the Academy is to her a subject of the deepest interest. She is decidedly a conservative in art; the excesses of realism were always hateful to her, and she cannot forgive the so-called *jeunes* their trespasses against the integrity of the French language. The sort of mysticism which has lately become fashionable does not appeal to her, since she has the truly national taste for what is clear, sound, and definite, scorning shadows and mists and metaphysics, and wishing to know where she is going, and to feel the solid ground under her feet. As to her religion, it is sufficiently expressed by the words, "I keep myself equally ready for eternity and for nothingness."

An eternity without lively talk and literary interests would of course seem dreary to this leader of a salon. She could not even understand the witchery of nature, or taste the delightful rest of country life, without some sort of social condiment. When she leaves Paris it is to go a short distance to a place that seems to have been specially made for her, in the neighborhood of those enchanting woods of Marly to which Louis XIV. so often resorted, and of that lovely Louveciennes which his successor cherished. "Cœur Volant" is the name of this delightful dwelling-place. The house is built in the unpretending style of the eighteenth century, so favorable to close intimacy. Every piece of furniture belongs to the same time. There, on summer Sundays, the friends who meet on Saturdays through the winter at the Rue d'Astorg come to luncheon or to dinner for an afternoon or evening of conversation; sometimes under the shade of the stately old trees,— suggesting a refined Decameron of modern times,— sometimes, according to the hour and weather, in the drawing-room, the walls of which, if they could speak in their turn, would certainly have much interesting matter to repeat. This also is very helpful; a salon needs

to have been warmed by many conversations, to imprison, as one might say, contagious atoms of thought and wit.

A new, splendid, glaring mansion, without any association with the past, would never answer the purpose. Mme. Récamier knew what she did when she retired behind the walls of L'Abbaye-aux-Bois, where a chosen set came to worship the god whose priestess she chose to be.

This central figure of worship is certainly an excellent means of success, as one may see from the examples of Chateaubriand in Mme. Récamier's salon, and of Alfred de Vigny in that of Mme. Ancelot. Yet the "chosen set" is before anything indispensable. A woman vain enough to suppose that her *habitués* come to her specially for herself will never create anything like a salon. She ought to know that the pleasure of meeting together stands foremost in the mind of each of her guests, and she must leave them to that pleasure with a wholesome fear of breaking the spell. She is not free to open her door to the more pleasant outsiders without making sure that they will not be troublesome to her set; she is not allowed to be hospitable, as she perhaps would like to be; she must stand firm against letters of introduction and suing for invitations: otherwise the salon very promptly becomes an inn, and there is an end of it. Anger, resentment, and jealousy of course follow each of her refusals; she may make many enemies; some bitter attacks may be made in the newspapers: but all this she will have to endure; no difficult work is achieved without a good deal of self-sacrifice and suffering.

The women of the great French salons enjoyed the enjoyment of others without any selfish wish to attract attention, or to shine for their own sakes, even when they did shine. Such is Mme. Aubernon. Her salon, notwithstanding the disappearance by death of some of its most noteworthy people, stands unique in its way. Two others which have very close links with it aspire only to a more subdued and quiet sort of fame, which is not, however, of inferior quality.

Some families seem to be happily gifted. Mme. Aubernon is a near cousin of the two sisters-in-law, Mesdames Baignères, whose Thursdays on the one side, and Sunday afternoons on the other, are frequented by much the same people; but there are more poets than at Mme. Aubernon's, whose preferences are for prose — more painters, more artists of the pen, as well as of the brush. Symbolists like M. de Regnier, impressionists like M. Jacques Blanche, are seen there among the flower of diplomacy and the best of traveling foreigners. In those two very elegant houses a vivid interest is shown in English literature.

A salon which has made me often think what may have been the surroundings of the accomplished and highly cultivated Rahel Levin of Berlin is that of Mme. Arman de Caillaret, a salon where science, philosophy, and literature are blended. There one may meet Anatole France, and G. Laffitte, the present chief of positivism, the heir and representative of the theories of Auguste Comte.

To all these various salons comes a man who, by his intense knowledge of the eighteenth century, seems really indispensable. M. Victor du Bled, the particular friend of all witty French women of all centuries, has tried something new and interesting at the Vicomtesse de Tauzé's Saturday afternoons; he has given short and brilliant private lectures about old French society; one of them, before two princesses of the house of Orleans, on that feminine incarnation of virtue in an unvirtuous time, the Duchesse de Choiseul. This innovation was full of fitness, Mme. de Tauzé, the biographer of Berryer, being a Choiseul herself, and the frame, so to speak, of the picture, a wonderful art-gallery full of carefully selected bric-à-brac, adding to its charm. That more or less fortunate fashion of lectures brought in and through conversation is carried to the highest degree in the palace-like mansion of a worthy English lady much given to what is called spiritualism, the Duchess of Pomar, formerly Lady Caithness.

But we are wandering very far from genuine French conversation. This we should find, and of the best kind, seasoned with tact and taste, within the chosen circle — notabilities of birth, wealth, and talent — which seeks in her modest retreat Mme. Caro, widow of the philosopher. She is herself the author of some very good novels. Her "Péché de Madeleine" was, when it appeared anonymously, a rival to the child in the story of Solomon, having been claimed by two persons, and awarded finally to the true owner, to the great annoyance of the pretender.

An interesting and valuable exchange of ideas is to be found at the fireside of the learned and humorous essayist whom the world at large believes to be a man, under her Russian pseudonym of "Arvède Barine." But her duties as a wife and mother are not neglected for those of a writer. Here we are on Protestant ground, and also at Mme. C. Coignet's, the historian of the French renaissance and reformation, who gathers about her a knot of thinkers belonging to every creed or to no creed at all, provided they be high-minded, and ready for good work; on the ladies' side, the widow of Michelet, the widow of the great liberal preacher, Pressensé, and some other strong-minded, interesting women, who have devoted themselves to pedagogy, or to some philan-

thropic work. Among the men was seen more than once last winter a very remarkable political writer of the "Temps," who is also professor of dogmatics in the Protestant faculty of the Paris University, and has given some admirable lectures in the Sorbonne upon Christian literature. The first one, on "The Intimate Life of Dogmas," was perhaps still more admired by the Catholics than by the Calvinists and Methodists, who found him too liberal, though he is thoroughly Protestant. But like many large-minded men of the period, he seems to wish to throw a bridge from one religion to another, in bringing all Christians to adore in spirit and in truth. His "St. Francis of Assisi" was the event of the season. An irreverent wit said of it, "St. Francis is becoming so fashionable that he will soon be worn upon bonnets."

It would need a separate paper to show at length the powerful sympathy and encouragement which were received in the home of the late Baronne Blaze de Bury by that special group of reformers who represent the neo-Christian movement in France. "Le Devoir Present" and "Jeunesse" have been translated, and many an American has become interested in the ethical league of the "Compagnons de la Vie Nouvelle." Among these one woman only has taken a prominent place — a woman, however, of powerful intellect and inexhaustible enthusiasm, who also is a most clever writer on subjects which would seem to need the masculine mind; but Mme. de Bury had a man's brain. The long illness which has just ended fatally stopped her pen about one year ago. She contributed at least as often to the English reviews or magazines as to those of France. Born in Scotland, she had passed many years in Germany before marrying one of the best Frenchmen of his time, and though she always remained an Englishwoman at heart, she seemed to belong to three countries. Half-foreign salons have more than once succeeded in Paris, as in the case of Mme. Mohl. Mme. de Bury had known well, and admired deeply, Madame Swetchine. Such men as Montalembert, Villemain, and Père Gratry had been the friends of her husband and herself — an association which often made her severe and fastidious in judging the talents of the hour. The afternoon receptions in the old house at the Rue Oudinot, formerly the house of Chateaubriand, were of the most varied sort. One could see at once the Viscount de Vogüé, the late Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, Mr. Hamilton Aïdé, people of the Faubourg St. Germain, members of the republican government, representatives of the London "Times," and distinguished Americans who chanced to pass. The hearty welcome of the hostess it is not easy to forget.

We might well give the name of salon — and even call it a very brilliant one — to the cozy library of Alphonse Daudet, where every Thursday night men like Edmond de Goncourt, Pierre Loti, Paul Hervieu, Raffaelli the painter, and now and then Henry James, come informally to be received by him and his charming wife, who allows his friends the freedom of smoking-jacket and cigar. We could easily add to our list one or two attractive Bohemian resorts; we could describe a certain Monday enjoyed by many a hunter of new forms in prose and verse — Mallarmé and Léon Rosny, for example, with several others, who, however hostile to bourgeois taste, prefer the atmosphere of a friendly home to that of a *brasserie*. But we should be carried too far, since there is almost no house in the world belonging to artistic and literary people where conversation, as an art, does not naturally flourish. For a like reason I have purposely omitted to mention in this sketch of salons, great and small, and their annexes, some of the most conspicuous, which are those that the editor of an important paper or magazine is always able to create with the help of a clever and charming wife. It will be easy to imagine what elements of success a staff like that of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" may bring to conversation at a dinner, or an entertainment of any kind. The salon of Mme. Adam has already been written about more than once. Mme. Eugénie Yung, the widow of the able founder of the "Revue Bleue," has kept near her a group of her husband's collaborators and friends, such as Jules Lemaître, Challemel-Lacour, Larroumet, and Édouard Grenier, who speaks as well as he writes about the romantic period whose most glorious representatives have been his friends. As a poet he grew up under the influence of Lamartine, and among the clever and charming women who were his friends were Bettina von Arnim, Daniel Stern (Comtesse d'Agoult), and George Sand.

In the stately building of the Institut, an incomparable court surrounds Mme. Camille Doucet, the wife of the perpetual secretary of the French Academy. The trouble of choosing is spared to her; a more difficult judge than any *maîtresse de maison* can be — the Academy itself — decides. Every Tuesday some of the Forty, who are like a large and very friendly family, come to her, and no reception of a new member takes place without tea following in her hospitable and stately drawing-room, where candidates enter with a low bow, and which is a most pleasant center for the whole illustrious company. Three salons of the Faubourg St. Germain have been closed, one after another, by death: that of the Comtesse d' Haussonville, Mme. de Staël's worthy granddaughter; that of the Comtesse de Chambrun,

and that of the Marquise de Blocqueville. The latter was an invalid during many years, and never went out — which is one of the best ways to succeed, if you wish to have a salon, out-of-door life being incompatible with such an ambition. Salons belong to the time when people stayed much at home, shut their doors to visitors, and wrote dozens of pretty notes every morning, instead of sending telegrams in the modern fashion of Paris, which threatens to be the death of letter-writing, an exquisite sequel to conversation. The same people daily kept those late hours that the "herculean weakness" of an aged Mme. du Deffand could bear, but which would kill any young woman of the present century; they had midnight supper, the meal which has always most suggested wit; they never traveled. By the way, Mme. de Chambrun, who traveled a good deal, managed to have a sort of double salon, one at Nice, the other in her Parisian home, the splendid historical Hotel de Condé. She herself was the author of some poetry. Mme. d'Haussonville wrote two books, one of them relating to the youth of Lord Byron, and the other to Ireland and Robert Emmet. Mme. de Blocqueville has left some refined essays, and a volume of thoughts and maxims. This mode of writing has been familiar to more than one brilliant woman-talker, and many jewels may be found among the "Pensées" of Mme. Barratin, who believes in the power of excellent dinners to stimulate conversation, and is, moreover, able to appreciate the wit of foreign guests, as she knows three or four languages excellently well. The Comtesse de Beausacq (Comtesse Diane) has chosen from among her own sayings the material for a pretty little volume, "Maximes de la Vie," for which the great man of her salon, Sully Prudhomme, has written a preface.

Have I said that it was to be noticed that the women who succeed best in creating a salon are those who have no husbands? The great salons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were, without exception, presided over by widows or single ladies. When it was otherwise, the husband had to efface himself, as did insignificant M. Geoffrin, whom the philosophers at his wife's table never noticed until some one happened to ask why that silent little gray-haired man, generally sitting at the end of the table, came no more. It was then rumored that it had been M. Geoffrin, and that he was dead.

Fortunately for some women, it is possible to have excellent conversation within reach without resorting to widowhood. Mme. de Girardin, the first wife of the clever newspaper writer and editor, the author herself of the weekly masterpieces called "Lettres du Vicomte de Launay," not to speak of her well-known poetry, comedies, and dramas — Mme. de Girardin shone like a star some forty years ago in the neighborhood of her very brilliant husband. She has given in a humorous way very good receipts for conversation: "First of all, the quality of the talkers; secondly, the harmony of their minds; and thirdly, a propitious arrangement of the furniture." "An amusing conversation," she says, "cannot start if the chairs are arranged symmetrically. The disposition of a drawing-room must be like that of an English garden — apparent disorder, which is not the effect of chance, but, on the contrary, of consummate art, the result of fortunate combinations. In a symmetrically furnished drawing-room, it is only at the end of the evening, when the furniture has against its will yielded to the necessities of society, that enjoyment begins. You just begin to amuse yourself when it becomes necessary to take leave.

"And remember," she adds, "that good talkers hate idleness, the most witty men hardly know what to say when they ceremoniously hold their hats in their hands; they must have some valuable thing to finger, and help them keep countenance — dainty scissors or penknife, a golden chain, a jeweled smelling-bottle. The more you scatter trifles and baubles in your salon, the less nonsense there will be in conversation. But before anything," she recommends, "let yourself go; do not think of yourself; forget the talent you may have."

And Deschanel, to whom we already have referred, the professor in the Collège du France, the delightful lecturer, adds some more precious and deeper advice: "Banish the words *I* and *me* as much as you can; be courteous in contradiction, ready to understand a joke, although unwilling yourself to use that weapon too frequently; employ no *banalité*, no commonplace; be merry; remember that gaiety is the soul of conversation, that mockery often shows the lack of real wit. Talk can never be good unless men and women are brought together, all of them comfortably seated in a congenial atmosphere. Try to be neither above nor below the persons you talk with, and avoid, like the plague itself, that sort of people who by their very presence, as they enter, take off the wit of others, and spoil the already settled affinities. Let conversation be clear, prompt, and lively, with sound good sense at the bottom."

Perhaps, however, good advice is not quite enough to prepare good talkers. There must be a sort of initiation which no one can get outside that refinement which is the result of elegance and leisure. Less and less, very probably, shall we see anything like the magic of conversation as it existed in some high-born women

of the past, as it exists in the Comtesse de Beaulaincourt, who still lives, and lives most intensely too. She was reared in the midst of it, in the salon of her mother, the Marquise de Castellane, where she knew in her youth Merimée and Alfred de Musset, playing comedies and proverbs with the one, and keeping up a correspondence with the other, of which delightful letters fortunately remain. She remembers to the smallest details the days which one cannot believe her old enough to have seen; but the most distinguished figures of that time passed before her eyes while impressions were quickest and strongest. Her first great dinner, when she was a newly married beauty of seventeen, was given in her honor by Talleyrand, and while she can speak as no one else can of everything relating to the old monarchy, her personal friendship with the Empress Eugénie made her no less familiar with the last court. Imbert de St. Amand, the *évocateur* of interesting women in the last two centuries, often comes to breathe near her the atmosphere of the *ancien régime;* so, also, does Mlle. Herpin, who signs herself "Lucien Perey" in her works of curious research, which are most valuable books. Mme. de Beaulaincourt is keenly interested in history, and she can speak of political subjects, French or foreign, with any statesman. To hear her rouse the eloquence of such a man as Émile Olivier is great good fortune to the listener.

Strange to say, the name of this remarkable woman is not known in America for any social or intellectual reason, but simply as that of a maker of artificial flowers. Among the women's work exhibited last year in Chicago were some of these unique flowers made for the great exposition, which many a visitor made the mistake of thinking natural. While engaged in making these she was busy with an entirely different piece of work — preparing the memoirs of her father, the late Marquis de Castellane, maréchal de France.

I remember that when Merimée was passing the winter at Cannes he used to send Mme. Beaulaincourt baskets containing anemones, which she returned to him full of the same flowers so exactly copied that one needed to go very close and to touch them to know them from the models.

Mme. de Beaulaincourt displays her diploma from one of our universal exhibitions in a conspicuous place in her drawing-room, feeling more proud of it than of many greater distinctions. French tradesmen know how well she has deserved it, for she has brought excellent additions to their art through her good taste, her knowledge of botany, and the ingenious researches for which they themselves lacked time and money. More than once she has taught working-girls, calling them in to help her in some emergency, — such as a sale for the poor, — when they have not only learned the refinement of flower-making, but have discovered that constant, laborious work may be chosen as a pleasure by a great lady who could afford to be idle.

Every day, during part of the afternoon and almost every evening, unless she is taken away by music, Mme. de Beaulaincourt sits at a large plain deal table, which is covered with masses of natural flowers and the materials for their counterfeit presentments, at which she works diligently. She dyes, folds, and curls the small parts of what will presently be a rose, talking meantime to the guests who come and go as no one else will talk when she is gone, because no one else will have, like her, the spirit of the past. Her active fingers have always seemed to help her active brain, for she never talks so well as when most busily at work. She does not strive to imitate the *grandes dames d'autrefois*. She is by nature one of them — the last of them; and it is surprising enough that such vivid interest in the present can exist side by side with such a wealth of ancient traditions.

Democratic life, from its general conditions of haste and effort, is not favorable to conversation. This has often been said and proved; yet we have seen that the great accomplishment still exists in republican France, and, for my part, I have never heard better talk than in republican America. But the American gift for conversation seems, with several glorious exceptions, to be most given to women, which is certainly not the case elsewhere. The reason for this must be in the excitements and engrossments of business, which fill the time of most men, and to some extent in the influence of ladies' clubs. The regular meetings where charitable, literary, or social subjects are discussed seem to be in every respect a very good and wise institution. They develop self-possession, ease, fluency, and clearness of expression. They accustom the speakers to contradict courteously, and to discuss without too much warmth. Even if such a club does not carry its members to the threshold of political life — a life which many of us think undesirable — it will help them a great deal to excel in general conversation, always provided that they do not lose the taste for men's society, keep fast to simplicity, and avoid all over-pretension and pedantic forms of speech. It is very necessary to find the right word, but the technical one is often *de trop*, and an apparent ignorance is very becoming to both sexes, I must say, in purely social intercourse, especially to women. Never will the pedants know how nearly a far-fetched scientific expression produces the effect of the

snakes and toads which fall from the lips of the beautiful princess in the old French fairy-tale.

After all, no one can be taught the art of conversation; it must be a natural gift, or, rather, the individual expression of many gifts, both natural and acquired. "Use what language you will," says Emerson, "you never can say anything but what you are." And to sum up, I can do nothing better than transcribe that great man's praise of what he considers best in life: "What a train of means to secure a little conversation! This palace of brick and stone, these servants, this kitchen, these stables, horses, and equipage, this bank-stock, and file of mortgages; trade to all the world, country-house and cottage by the water-side, all for a little conversation, high, clear, and spiritual!"

Th. Bentzon.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Intelligent Citizenship.

IT is encouraging to note that in various parts of the country, and especially in the large cities, increasing attention is being paid to questions relating to additional safeguards about the ballot-box. Many earnest reformers are beginning to suspect that perhaps we have been somewhat too liberal in extending the suffrage to foreign-born citizens, and also somewhat too eager to make the exercise of the suffrage easy to those least qualified to exercise it intelligently. As a consequence, our naturalization laws are undergoing careful scrutiny, and our ballot laws and election regulations are being examined for the purpose of discovering whether it is desirable to make them more stringent.

These subjects are at present receiving thoughtful consideration in the New York Constitutional Convention, and it is not improbable that the outcome will be amendments making important changes in the fundamental law of the State. Discussion of ballot-reform legislation in this State has turned always upon the meaning of the words in the present Constitution — "all elections by the citizens shall be by ballot, except for such town offices as may by law be directed to be otherwise chosen." The opponents of the most desirable form of the Australian ballot system, as it has been embodied in our American laws, held at one time that the words "by ballot" meant a written or printed ballot, and hence a ballot which a voter may prepare for himself and take with him to the polls. For these reasons they opposed the official ballot as unconstitutional, since its exclusive use prevented the voter from preparing his ballot outside the polling-place. Being driven from this position as untenable, they took up another one, to the effect that any law which did not allow the voter to write or paste upon the ballot the name of any candidate, not printed thereon, for whom he desired to vote, was unconstitutional. Under this contention the "blanket paster" provision was incorporated in the present New York law, and repeated efforts to dislodge it have proved vain.

It is made very plain by the debates and resolutions of the Constitutional Convention of 1776-77, which framed the New York Constitution, that the words, "by ballot" were used to distinguish secret methods of voting, which were just then coming into use, from the open or *viva voce* method, which had previously prevailed. Previous to the Revolutionary War the word "ballot" was used to signify various forms of voting other than that of holding up the hand, or *viva voce*, but in no case was it used to signify a written or printed vote. Thus, in Pennsylvania, voting with black and white beans was voting by ballot; in New Jersey balls were used under the same name, and in New England Indian corn and beans were so used. Whenever written ballots were used, they were spoken of as "papers," or "votes," and sometimes as "written votes." The framers of the New York Constitution had this custom in mind when they used the words "by ballot," and without reasonable doubt they had no other intention than to designate a form of voting which should be secret as distinguished from open voting.

The contention that not only was a printed or written ballot called for by the words "by ballot," but that the words carried with them also a right for the voter to write or paste upon that ballot any name he chose, and, if necessary, to have help in so doing, is based entirely upon legislation which has been enacted during the last fifty years or more. Because the laws have recognized the right of the voter to write his own ballot entirely, or to write or paste names upon it, the claim has been made that the Constitution gives him this right. As a matter of fact it does nothing of the kind; but years of legislative assumption that it does have given as much force to the contention as if it were based on the Constitution itself.

In fact the ballot laws of nearly all our States recognize the same right when they provide a blank space at the bottom of all groups of candidates' names in which the voter may write any name he chooses. The only reform ballot law that we know of which has not such a provision is that of Colorado, which in its original form had nothing of the kind, though it may have been amended recently.

The question has been raised in more than one State whether or not it is wise to have this provision allowing a voter to write in the name of a candidate which does not appear on the official ballot. If this provision were not incorporated there would be no need of supplying aid to the illiterate voter in all States having laws which arrange the names of candidates in party groups with symbols at the top. It is the necessity of providing aid for illiterates, in order that they may exercise their right of voting for a candidate other than those regularly nominated, which opens the door to all the worst frauds and most pernicious corruption at the polls. If the laws were to say that no one should be permitted to vote for anybody except those whose

names were printed on the official ballot, all this trouble about illiterates would vanish, and with it most of the loopholes for fraud. Of course an educational qualification, like that of Massachusetts, makes such prohibition unnecessary.

It is claimed by those who advocate this prohibition that the privilege of writing in names on the ballots is of no practical use whatever; that it merely enables a voter to throw away his vote in order to gratify a whim; that with all the privileges that are given under the reform laws, in the way of nominations by petition, etc., every candidate who has any following, or any chance of election, has abundant opportunity to get his name on the official ballots; and that it is unreasonable, and not in the interest of honest and fair elections, to ask for anything more. On the other hand, it is said that it might happen, in case the objectionable character of the regular candidates for a given office was not discovered till a few days before election, that the privilege of writing in, or of pasting on, a name would be the only way by which the honest voters could defeat the bad candidates, and elect a good one of their own. Whether it would be desirable, in order to obtain the greater and more general good, to run the risk of exceptional evil like this, is a question which we do not presume to answer.

We believe that the New York Constitutional Convention will consider carefully the question of so altering the language of the Constitution that there will be no doubt as to the forms of voting allowed. We believe it will also give thoughtful attention to our naturalization laws. These at present permit any foreign-born citizen to vote who has been a resident of the United States for five years, and who has been naturalized ten days before election. While these laws are much more stringent than similar laws in many other States, they are more lax than many others in one respect, namely, the time which must elapse between naturalization and election. In sixteen States aliens are permitted to vote on the mere declaration of an intention to become citizens, the time of required residence in the State varying from three months to a year and a half. In New York and many other States they cannot vote till they have become citizens, which makes a five years' residence in the country obligatory, and the time of State residence varies from three months to a year. To let a man vote before he becomes a citizen, and especially after a few months' residence, is to invite evils like those which fell upon Louisiana with the Mafia crimes and the riots that followed them. The source of evil in the New York law is the ten-day limit before election. It is because of this that each year great squads of new citizens are naturalized on the eve of election in ways which always cause public scandal. If the limit were to be placed a full year before election, the corrupt bosses would not interest themselves in naturalization to anything like the same extent that they do under the present law. It is a very easy matter for them to keep track of a new voter for ten days, but they would not undertake to do so for a year. The consequence would be that naturalization would be largely a spontaneous act on the part of aliens, and would cease to be a farce and a scandal as at present. Other States than New York have a short limit, and in those we are glad to learn that movements are on foot to extend the time to six months or a year before election. It is worse than folly to allow our electorate to be swollen and debased by unfit voters, when we have so completely in our hands the means of controlling the foreign supply.

Legal Tender Money in History.

WHAT is the meaning of the term "legal tender," as applied to money? "The Century Dictionary" defines it as "currency which can lawfully be used in paying a debt." A briefer and common definition is "compulsory circulation," and this is the term applied to such money habitually in most South American countries, *curso forzado*. Edward Atkinson, in a recent very interesting pamphlet, cites legal tender among some examples of words of which the meaning has been perverted to the vitiation of public thought, and says legal tender should be defined as "an act by which bad money may be forced into use so as to drive good money out of circulation." He has made a search through history for legal-tender acts, and concludes from his discoveries "that no decree and no statute of legal tender ever originated anywhere except for the purpose of forcing a debased coin into circulation, or for the purpose of collecting a forced loan by making paper substitutes for coin a legal tender for debts."

This conclusion must be confirmed by everybody else making like research. The first case of legal tender on record, Mr. Atkinson thinks, was in Greece, in the sixth century before Christ, when Solon debased the coinage so that one hundred new drachmæ were worth no more than seventy-three of the old ones. Another case occurred in Rome, when the senate reduced the weight of the copper money of the republic during the second Punic war. Philip le Bel, of Spain, about 1506, debased the pound sterling, and enforced the circulation of the depreciated money based upon it by decree of legal tender. Professor James B. Thayer of the Harvard Law School is cited by Mr. Atkinson as authority for the statement that the first appearance of legal tender in English history was in the time of Edward III. (1312–1377), who debased the coin, and by a decree of the crown made it a penal offense to refuse the debased money.

A little more than three hundred years later, in 1689, James II. of England made a similar experiment. He was then reigning in Dublin, whither he had returned after abdicating and fleeing to France, and was seeking to regain his throne with the aid of an Irish Parliament. He was confronted with an empty treasury, and conceived the notion, according to Macaulay, that "he could extricate himself from his financial difficulties by the simple process of calling a farthing a shilling." He reasoned that since the right of coining money belonged to the royal prerogative, the right of debasing the coinage must also belong to it. Macaulay gives an entertaining account of the outcome of his experiment, from which we quote a few passages:

> Pots, pans, knockers of doors, pieces of ordnance, which had long been past use, were carried to the mint. In a short time, lumps of base metal, nominally worth near a shilling sterling, intrinsically worth about a sixteenth part of that sum, were in circulation. *A royal edict declared these pieces to be legal tender in all cases whatsoever.* A mortgage for a thousand pounds was cleared off by a bag of counters made out of old kettles. . . . Any man who belonged to the cast now dominant might walk into a shop, lay on the counter a bit of brass worth three pence,

and carry off goods to the value of half a guinea. Legal redress was out of the question. . . . Of all the plagues of that time none made a deeper or more lasting impression on the minds of the Protestants of Dublin than the plague of the brass money.

During our Revolutionary War the Continental currency was made a legal tender, and one of the most formidable obstacles with which the patriot cause had to contend was the debased money which was thus given a forced circulation. Readers of THE CENTURY'S Cheap-Money series remember the disastrous results which followed the efforts of the State government of Rhode Island, between 1785 and 1787, to enforce its decrees making the money of the Rhode Island Paper Bank a legal tender. Business of all kinds was paralyzed, money ceased almost entirely to circulate, the State's credit was ruined, and its prosperity dealt a blow from which it did not recover for many years. France, as was shown in the same series, went through the same experience twice—once with John Law's money, between 1718 and 1720, and again with its assignats and mandats, between 1789 and 1796. So also did Alabama with its State Bank in 1823–42; Michigan with its "wildcat" banks in 1837–39; Mississippi with its Planters' Bank in 1833–1840; and the Argentine Republic with its Hypothecary Banks in 1884–90. All these diversified forms of debased money were made legal tenders, and their circulation was forced by all the powers of the governments which had issued them.

No one can examine historical evidence upon this point and not be convinced that every act of legal tender has been passed to force into circulation a form of money which would not otherwise circulate at all. Sometimes this has been the assumed necessity of a great war like that of the Revolution, and later, of the Rebellion, but oftener it has been the outcome of ignorance or something worse.

Good money needs no act of legal tender to make it circulate. Mr. Atkinson makes an unanswerable argument on this point by citing the fact that the great international commerce of the world has been carried on from its beginning to the present time without international act of legal tender. There has been no trouble experienced in finding a satisfactory form of money for this trade. The traders of the world have selected gold as the medium of exchange, because it best answers the purpose, and no act of international legal tender, if such a thing were possible, would have the slightest effect upon them. They would still go on using gold.

Why, then, should we go on making silver, or any other form of money, a legal tender? Why not accept the proposal made by Mr. Wells and other economists years ago, and put in the form of a bill in the House of Representatives by Congressman Harter of Ohio, to *open the mints to the free coinage of both gold and silver, with no legal-tender quality imposed upon either?* The people of the country could then decide with which form of money they would prefer to transact their business, in the same way in which the international traders of the world decide now. Is not this the best and fairest way out of our financial complications? What objections have the bimetallists to such a plan? Will they consent, after a ratio between gold and silver shall have been agreed upon, to leave both metals to stand upon their own merits as money, without the aid of any legal-tender enactment? That would surely be doing as much for silver as for gold, and it would soon be demonstrated which metal the people preferred to use as money.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Senate and the Constitution — A Reply.

THE purpose with which Mr. Warner's article entitled "An Attack on the Senate," in THE CENTURY for July, was written has my full sympathy. I understand he seeks to maintain that representation in the Senate, as now obtained, is an essential part of our scheme of government, and cannot be modified without prejudice to that whole scheme. The suggestion that a different method of selecting senators in the States, viz., by popular vote, would be preferable to selection by the legislatures, has attracted some attention, though it seems to me that the argument of Senator Hoar in April, 1893, vindicating the present plan, is virtually unanswerable.

A proposition to abolish the Senate altogether would hardly meet with favor in any one of the States; certainly it could not be carried so long as the Constitution remains unaltered in this provision: "no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate."

I think, however, while agreeing with the purpose of the article, that there are statements in it which ought not to pass unquestioned.

On page 375, readers are told that the Constitution was framed and adopted "without the slightest reference to the *doctrinaire* propositions of the Declaration of Independence." This seems to be contrary to the current opinions upon the subject, and lays a foundation for most unfortunate inferences. Gouverneur Morris, in the convention which framed the Constitution, stated, "On the Declaration of Independence a government was to be formed." If he referred to the Articles of Confederation, then, it is also true that the Constitution was formed upon the same foundation: its object was the securing of a more perfect union. Chief Justice Taney, in the Dred Scott case, seems to have had very strongly in his mind the idea that the *doctrinaire* propositions of the Declaration of Independence had a great deal to do with the Constitution. His opinion concedes it in its effort to exclude the negro from the application of those propositions. The judges who concurred in that opinion must have entertained precisely the same notion, or they would not have so approved the elaborate discussion by which Taney C. J. sought to establish the exception.

President Lincoln also entertained the idea that these *doctrinaire* propositions had not been abandoned in the formation of the Constitution, for in his speech at Independence Hall, February 22, 1861, he announced it as his object to save the country upon the basis of the

Declaration of Independence. He repeated this in his first inaugural:

> The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the articles of association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of Confederation in 1778. And, finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was, "*to form a more perfect Union.*"

Again at Gettysburg he said:

> Fourscore and seven years ago [1776] our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

It is undoubtedly true that the idea prevailed in the convention that the States were to a very large extent the guardians of the rights asserted in the Declaration. This was believed by the delegates, and among them by the authors of "The Federalist." And so it was contended in that remarkable collection of papers that the Constitution as it stood furnished adequate protection of those rights so far as the general government was concerned. (See Nos. 54 and 55.)

"The Constitution does not give to Congress the power to interfere with the great body of the rights of the citizen." (Miller on the Constitution, p. 294.) This being true, the members of the convention were not the sort of men to spend time during the sessions in repeating the Declaration of Independence.

When the Constitution came before the people in their conventions, it was felt that further safeguards were desirable, so the first batch of amendments was proposed and adopted. These had the direct assent in the conventions in the States of many men who were members of the Constitutional Convention, and practically were agreed upon by all; so that the document as it stands furnishes ample protection for those so-called "*doctrinaire* propositions," and ample evidence that the gathering at Philadelphia had these propositions in mind. The Constitution, with the first eleven amendments, must be taken as representing the mature views of the statesmen of that time.

It is hardly to be supposed that the men who fought the battles of the Revolution, conducted its diplomacy, participated in the acts of Congress, under the old confederation,— many of them were members of the Constitutional Convention,— would turn their backs upon the propositions which the foundation paper announced. Fancy Roger Sherman and Benjamin Franklin, members of the committee which drafted the Declaration, cutting themselves loose, in the convention which established their government, from the principles announced in the instrument with which they had so much to do! Imagine Robert Morris, James Wilson, George Clymer, George Ross, and George Read engaged in that business — imagine, if one can, the officers of the Revolutionary Army who were in the Convention, with George Washington at their head, in that kind of performance! The truth is, that the Constitution is a grant of power, and the Declaration of Independence is a sovereign rule for the interpretation of the grant.

It is an interesting fact that the great act of freedom, the Ordinance of 1787, was adopted at the very time the Constitutional Convention was engaged in its great work, and was confirmed by an early Congress under the Constitution.

A careful consideration of the Constitution, providing as it does for *habeas corpus*, forbidding bills of attainder, *ex post facto* laws, titles of nobility, and making it obligatory upon the nation to guarantee to every State a republican form of government, and the first eleven amendments, indicate a very general belief in the *doctrinaire* propositions of the Declaration of Independence. In short, taking all these things together, they do conserve the rights which the Declaration set forth. But so careful were the statesmen of that period upon this point that they provided in the IXth Amendment, "The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."

The doubt suggested by Mr. Warner as to the early existence of the definite national idea is unfortunate. The proclamation of Elias Boudinot, President of Congress in 1783, is an interesting illustration of its prevalence, but far less important than the fact that for years the confederacy had representatives abroad engaged in negotiating treaties with various nations,— only nations can, in the sense of international law, make treaties,— and several had been actually signed before this date. The idea runs through the diplomatic correspondence of the Revolution. It is strikingly presented in a letter written by Benjamin Franklin to Hartley, May 24, 1782. Franklin observes, "We Americans consider ourselves a distinct and independent power or State." It is imbedded in the Declaration in emphatic terms. That paper by the authority of the good *people of these colonies* "declares that these *United* colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."

On page 377 is the assertion that "the States ratified the Constitution." The doctrine announced by Mr. Warner seems to be, (1) That the Constitution was ratified by the States; (2) That it had its origin in the States.

This seems to be clearly erroneous, and full of mischief. The question came up in legal form in the case of McCulloch *v.* The State of Maryland (4 Wheat. 316) in 1819. The cause was elaborately and exhaustively argued by the greatest lawyers of that time. Walter Jones, of great professional repute, one of the counsel for the State of Maryland, "insisted that the Constitution was formed and adopted, not by the people of the United States at large, but by the people of the respective States. To suppose that the mere proposition of this fundamental law threw the American people into one aggregate mass, would be to assume what the instrument itself does not profess to establish. It is, therefore, a compact between the States, and all the powers which are not expressly relinquished to it are reserved to the States." William Pinkney of Maryland closed the discussion on the part of the United States; he said "that the State sovereignties are not the authors of the Constitution of the United States. They are preceding in point of time, to the national sovereignty, but they are postponed to it in point of supremacy, by the will of the people. . . . But the State powers are no more original than those belonging to the Union. There is no original power but in the people, who are the fountain and source of all political power."

Chief Justice Marshall gave the opinion of the court, in which it was declared:

> From these conventions the Constitution derives its whole authority. The government proceeds directly from the people. . . . The assent of the States, in their sovereign capacity, is implied in calling a convention, and thus submitting that instrument to the people. But the people were at perfect liberty to accept or reject it; and their act was final. It required not the affirmance, and could not be negatived, by the State governments. The Constitution, when thus adopted, was a complete obligation, and bound the State sovereignties.

This opinion was concurred in by Washington of Virginia, Johnson of South Carolina, Livingston of New York, Duvall of Maryland, and Story of Massachusetts — certainly a respectable tribunal.

Years afterward, Chief Justice Chase, speaking for the Supreme Court in 1868 (Lane Co. *v.* Oregon, 7 Wall. 71), declared that the people established a national government. So one may well suppose that point, at least judicially, set at rest.

It was supposed to have been settled also by the debate in 1830–33, in the nullification days, and especially by the great speeches of Webster, and the remarkable proclamation of President Jackson, drawn by the master hand of Edward Livingston.

The question was by some thought to be an open one from 1861 to 1865, during the War of the Rebellion, but it is generally agreed to have been finally closed by the surrender at Appomattox. I cannot but think it unfortunate that this undoubted heresy should be repeated at this late day by so important a writer as Mr. Warner, in so important a periodical as THE CENTURY.

On the same page is the proposition that "The form of government can be changed, but it can be changed, except by revolution, only by the action of the States in the manner that they prescribed in the Constitution." I cannot think that this statement announces constitutional law.

It is clear that the States did not form the Constitution, and if this be so, then clearly they did not, in the language of the article, "prescribe" in it the manner in which it was to be changed; on the contrary, the people prescribed the manner in which it may be changed. It is not, under that document, to be changed by the States at all. The manner of accomplishing the change is fixed by article V:

1. Two thirds of both houses may propose amendments.

2. Congress may call a convention on the application of two thirds of the States.

When amendments are proposed under either of the two methods they may be ratified in one of the two ways:

1. By the legislatures of three fourths of the States.

2. By conventions in three fourths of the States.

Congress, however, is to determine which of the two methods shall prevail.

Obviously, the statement I have quoted fails to set forth the plan provided by the Constitution for the introduction or perfection of changes in that instrument.

I pass now to a notice of only two of the specifications indicating, according to Mr. Warner, a tendency to disregard limitations in the powers of Congress, and even a disposition to overrun State lines.

The first relates to a proposition for legislation by Congress in respect of conditions such as were presented by the riot in New Orleans when several Italians were killed. The theory of the article is, that the proposed legislation merely had reference to the opinion of other nations concerning the United States. I do not so understand it. I understand that the claim was asserted on the part of the Italian government that it is the duty of one nation to protect the citizens of other nations who may be temporarily within its borders — an obligation of unquestioned sanctity, and, in this instance, reinforced by treaty stipulations. When demand was made, the Italian government was met by a statement of the relations subsisting between the national and State governments, which it was thought precluded the nation from any attempt to procure the punishment of those who composed the mob. Eminent statesmen felt that a condition was presented which called for legislation in that regard, and bills were introduced into Congress for that purpose. It will not be disputed that the General government ought to have some power to protect itself in respect of violations, within State lines, of international obligations.

A kindred situation was presented in the famous case of McLeod, who was arrested by the New York authorities on the charge of perpetrating a murder on board the steamer *Caroline* in the Niagara River. Undoubtedly, as between nations, the British government, having avowed its responsibility for the acts of the armed body who cut out the *Caroline* and sent her over the falls, McLeod, who was an armed soldier acting under the authority of Great Britain, could not be held personally responsible for his act. It was found that, under the law as it then existed, his discharge could not be procured, the State of New York refusing to recognize the right of the General government to demand his discharge as an international obligation. Fortunately, McLeod was acquitted, but immediately an act was passed in Congress giving the right to the writ of *habeas corpus* in such cases. That has always been held, and is now considered a wise piece of legislation. A charming situation would have been exhibited if McLeod had been executed after the avowal of his act by the British government. If war had then resulted, it would not have presented a case of what other nations thought of us, but of what another nation did to us.

Again, the article contains this surprising statement:

> A lack of delicacy in the Supreme Court in reaching into State conflicts, and too great readiness to take out a kink which it were much better for the State's honor that it should take out itself, at any inconvenience.

Such an attack as this ought not to be made on a great tribunal without some reference to facts sustaining it. I insist that it cannot be supported by any fair treatment of the history of the court. In my judgment it is not only unwise, but unjust. I think an examination of its decisions will show that the court has a remarkably clear and creditable history on this point. The Supreme Court has no power by its own action to reach into State conflicts. It cannot institute any proceedings; it can do nothing but take cognizance of causes which are properly brought before it by regular process sued out by litigating parties. It is well known that the Supreme Court is reluctant to pass upon questions regarding State laws. It avoids them whenever it can do so, and perform its duty. For instance, when a cause is brought before it on a writ of error from a State

court, the first question considered is whether a determination of a Federal question was necessarily involved in the decision; and if the court find that a Federal question might have disposed of the case, and also that a question of mere State law might have disposed of the case, the court will not take jurisdiction, presuming that the case was disposed of upon a question of State, not Federal law. The books are full of cases of this sort.

Again, suppose a question comes before the Supreme Court involving the constitutionality of a State law. The court will not decide, as I understand it, the State law unconstitutional unless the cause is argued before a full bench. For instance, if upon an argument of such a question before eight of the nine judges five of them be against the State statute and three in its favor, the court will order a reargument, and not rehear the case until there is a full bench. And this situation, as I believe, is one of the reasons why such a considerable number of cases were postponed during the term which has just ended, while the seat of the late Justice Blatchford was vacant. Take also the attempts which have been made within a few years to enforce a State liability in the Supreme Court, the liability arising out of the various railroad transactions in the Southern States where State indorsements had been given. The court has carefully avoided these questions in every case where avoidance was possible, and uniformly regarded constitutional limitations.

There are many other things in the article which might well be made the subject of criticism, but there is space in these columns for no more.

Cephas Brainerd.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Brother Rolly's Drawback.

IT was Saturday afternoon at the Station. A number of men sat out in the front porch of Bundy's store, which was also the post-office. The two benches on each side of the door were filled with men, and several were balanced on the porch railing. Brother Rolly McKittrick occupied a goodly portion of one of the benches, his long legs, incased in brown jeans trousers and calfskin boots, comfortably crossed. He presented a pleasing aspect, with his white hair and beard, ruddy skin, benevolent and inquiring eyes, and sturdy figure, somewhat bent at the shoulders.

"Well, gentlemen," he was saying in a mellow voice, "my experience in religion has certainly been funny. Mighty strange, I should call it. I know I'm saved, and that my sins is forgive,—I got the assurance of justification,—but I don't seem to git no further. I 've got the peace of religion, but not the joy, so to speak—saved, but not sanctified. Here I been seekin' sanctification for two year, and ain't got any more 'n I had at first. W'y, pretty near everybody in the Station's been sanctified in that time but me. I 've kep' up a sight of prayin', and walkin' in the narrow path, and got all the preachers and saved a-prayin' for me, but look like it ain't no use. There 's bound to be a drawback somewheres, I say. I ast Brother Cheatham about it last quarterly meetin', and he says: 'It 's faith you 're lackin', Brother Rolly. Keep a-prayin' for more faith.' But seem like I got the faith a plenty. Now I ain't got no doubt that the Lord *could* sanctify me if he was a mind to. I 'm always lookin' for the blessin'—always gettin', but never got. So I think there must be somethin' else in the way. I wish somebody 'd tell me what it is! Now, I ain't a drinkin' man, and goodness knows I never played no cards, and never swore but once, and that when I was a little fellow six year old ridin' a stick horse, and he shied at a stump, and I cussed him. That sounded so bad I never swore no more. I was brought up in the way I ought to go, and although I 've been a tol'able sinner, I ain't never been to say ornery. Now, I say the Lord's dealin's with me is strange, for here I 've been seekin' the blessin' for two year, and seen worse sinners sanctified in two days. It 's a funny thing. There 's a drawback somewheres, Brother Jones."

During this time Brother Rolly had been turning over tenderly in his fingers a new plug of "Kentucky Orphan," with a shining silver band around it, and he now proceeded, with keen relish and much delicacy of touch, to slice off an end of it with his barlow knife. The slice, being satisfactorily square and straight-cut, was conveyed on the point of his knife to his mouth.

"I should say with Brother Cheatham that it was faith you was lackin', Brother Rolly," replied Brother Gilly Jones. "The grace is free to them that 's got the faith to lay hold of it." Brother Jones was perched on the porch railing, and spat vigorously over to the other side of the porch to emphasize his remark. He was a thin, wiry little man, with pale red hair and chin-whiskers, much-wrinkled skin, and watery blue eyes.

A young boy, who, standing outside of the charmed circle, leaned inward over the railing, here ventured to say with some hesitation: "I heard Preacher Hockersmith say down to Lebanon at camp-meetin' last week that no man that chawed tobacco could hope to git the blessin'. He said it was 'filthiness of the flesh.'" He gasped rather than spoke the last words, for all eyes were turned upon him in stern surprise and disapproval, and all the moving lower jaws suddenly dropped rigid. There was silence for the space of a minute. Then Brother Jones recovered himself.

"Well, I know I got the evi*dence* of the Spirit in me, and I 've chawed since I was five year old. You must have heard wrong, Charlie. Sholy Brother Hockersmith never said that!"

"Yes, he did," replied the boy, not without a visible tremor.

"Where 's his refer*ence?* Where 's his Bible for it?" demanded Brother Jones. "Got to show me Bible on any line before I 'll believe it."

"Well, he said somewheres in Corinthians it said, 'Havin' therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit.' He say if chawin' tobacco was n't filthiness of the flesh, he 'd like to know *what* it was. He say a *hog* would n't chaw tobacco. He say he had a special call to preach on that line."

"Well, he need n't be noratin' it around none in these parts!" exclaimed Brother Jones, in a high and scornful voice. "W'y, what 's tobacco made for, I say?

Jest to set on a stump and look at? Jest to plant and plow and worm? No, gentlemen; things has their uses. I ast you all, gentlemen, if it wa' n't made for to chaw?" He extended his right arm in an inclusive gesture. "I reckon Brother Hockersmith ain't the *only* man that has leadin's. I reckon there 's others that 's got some po'tion of the Spirit!"

Brother Rolly moved uneasily, and slowly pushed his broad straw hat off of his forehead. "What else did he say on that line, Charlie?" he asked, after a few minutes' reflection.

"He said there was jest lots of folks that was plumb ready for the blessin', all but that, and look like they found tobacco harder to give up than all the rest, and kep' rackin' around with their mouth full of tobacco, lookin' for the blessin', and wonderin' why they did n't git it."

"That may be the very thing your soul 's hangin' back on, Brother Rolly," said Brother Melton, a tall, fine-looking young man, with clear, direct eyes, who was leaning against one of the posts. "Everybody has their drawbacks. Sometimes it 's one thing, sometimes another. The devil 's sure to nose around, and find out the partic'lar spot where he can git his holt on a man. With me it was my gold collar-button. The devil mighty near got me on that! I 'd heard a sight of preachin' on the gold line, but look like I could n't see the harm in that there little old collar-button that my father 'd wore before me. I kep' a-strivin' for the blessin', and prayin' fit to kill. I taken off my necktie, for of co'se I knowed that was superfloo-ous adornment. But then it seem like I had more need than ever of that collar-button. Well, gentle*men*, it got so, when I 'd be up at the mourners' bench or prayin' anywheres, that collar-button it 'd burn right into my neck, and after while it never quit burnin' at all. I was jest in misery, and done give up hopes of gettin' the blessin'. Kep' resistin' for all I was worth, till one day when I was dressin' I got the strength to snatch it off, and throw it out of the window. Well, sir, I had n't no more 'n done it before I got the blessin' all thoo my soul, and commenced to shout. Rulaney she come a-runnin' from the kitchen, and she said she never seen nobody have a more glorious experience than me that mornin', less 'n it was the time she throwed her new spring hat into the fire."

"It was swearin' with me," mournfully remarked Brother Gideon Blevins, his lantern jaws snapping to after each sentence. "I was born a-cussin'. My pa he cussed before me. I could n't be out-cussed. Somehow got religion. Commenced seekin' the blessin'. Look like I 'd never git it. Was always helt back. Then I 'd git mad, and turn in and cuss the devil for all I was worth. One day I was wormin' tobacco, and set down on a log to meditate. I commenced to think about the devil holdin' me back, and how he helt Adam and Eve back in the first place, and Jonah, and them, and first thing I knowed I was cussin' him like a blue streak. Pretty soon I heard a rustlin' in the bushes behind that log, and every cuss-word I 'd say, somethin' would say over again. Well, I knowed the devil and me was in pretty close quarters then, so I turned in to cuss him black and blue. Well, sir, the more I talked, the more he talked, till after awhile he was sayin' about ten words to me one, and I could n't hear what I *was* sayin'. I set and listened awhile, and then I up, and made a bee-line for the house. I seen I was whipped, and that he could beat me at it so bad I was n't nowheres. So I quit."

"Boiled shirts was my drawback," timidly said young Brother Tice Deacon, a mild-eyed young man with a dawning mustache. "I used to send my shirt up to town every week to be boilt and laundered. But I had a leadin' on the fine linen line, and finally give it up, and got the blessin'."

Here Mr. Bundy, the storekeeper, who stood bracing his elbows against the door-posts, put in a scornful remark. "By gosh! You folks 'll swallow a camel next! Seems to me if a man lives righteous as he knows how, and don't shoot nobody, and pays his just debts, he 's goin' to come out at the big end of the horn. I 'd bet my money on him every time a durn sight quicker 'n on some of them that 's got such a terrible sight of religion and sanctification, and don't pay their honest debts!" He gazed in a non-committal way at the western sky. There was a dead silence. Some of the gentlemen, noticeably Brother Jones, squirmed uncomfortably.

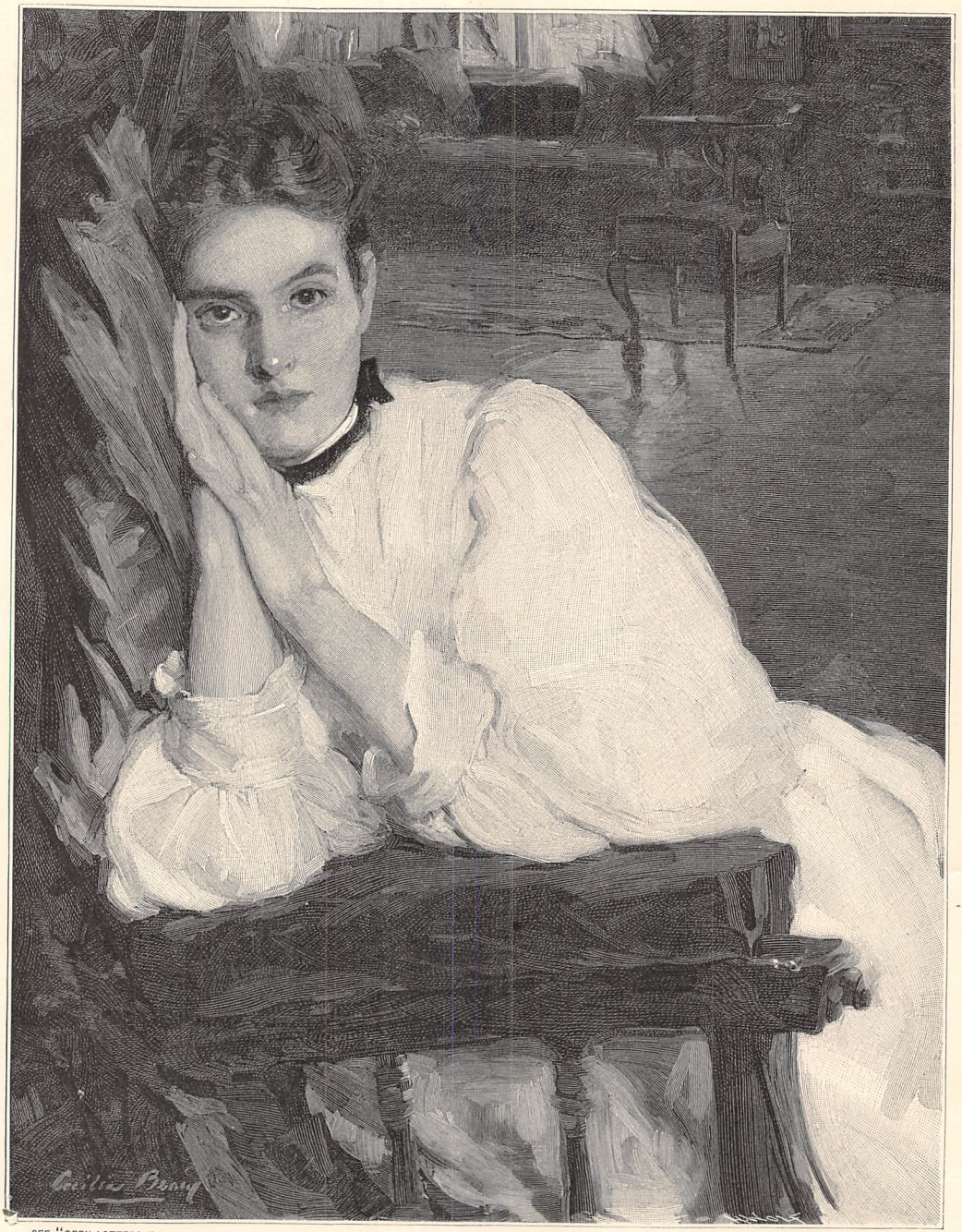
The conversation had received too much of a damper to thrive after this, and the men sauntered off one by one to the hitching-bar after their horses. Brother Rolly mounted his fat bay mare in silent meditation, and set off at a brisk canter for home. Keziah gradually slackened her speed as they went down the one long street of the Station, until, reaching the end of it, and not receiving the expected discouragement from Brother Rolly, she relapsed into a slow walk, leisurely switching her tail from time to time. Meanwhile Brother Rolly sat, rapt and unseeing, on her back. Not for him did the evening sky flame with gold and red and purple; not for him the heavy yellow light slant through the trees in great bars, glorifying the dusty road and grass and weeds. Brother Rolly was looking inward. They went slowly on, through the green woods, between broad fields where the stately tobacco plant spread its soft, ample leaves, or tall corn rustled lazily. Once Brother Rolly slipped his hand into his trousers pocket, and drawing therefrom the plug of "Kentucky Orphan," gazed at it long and earnestly, and with a deep groan slipped it back again. Keziah walked on, through more woods, past the three-mile covered bridge, and presently stopped short before Brother Rolly's own big gate. Brother Rolly slowly raised his eyes, and gazed around him, his usually placid brow contracted in a frown, a stern gleam in his eye. Once more he brought forth the 'Kentucky Orphan," and, raising his arm, prepared to throw it far out into the field. But, in so doing, a whiff of its odor reached him. It was too much. He jerked his extended arm back, and inhaled the fragrance. The plug brushed against his mustache. His teeth spasmodically closed upon it. He drew a long, sighing breath; the frown melted away; he closed his eyes.

Suddenly his whole frame stiffened; his eyes flew open; he grasped the "Kentucky Orphan," and flung it far out into the corn-field, with a loud shout as of victory.

The next day it was told in the Station that Brother Rolly had found the blessing.

Lucy S. Furman.

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SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

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SCHOOL EXCURSIONS IN GERMANY.

WITH PICTURES BY WERNER ZEHME.

WHILE the body of the present article will be devoted to the description of a seven days' excursion undertaken during the summer of 1893 by the school of practice of the University of Jena, I shall devote a few words at the opening to the consideration of school excursions in general, in order that their purpose may be clearly understood.

The principal purpose of instructive excursions, as conducted by the schools of Germany, is to lead the child, by guided observation, to acquire a broad knowledge of his environment. Indeed, the study of the home surroundings of the child is recognized in the German schools as a special branch of knowledge, and it is included in the curriculum for the first three school-years under the name of *Heimathskunde* (home-ology).

While in some of the German schools instruction in this branch is still limited to class-room work, in others — perhaps the majority — the teachers are in the habit of taking their pupils upon instructive walks for the purpose of introducing them, in a natural manner, into almost every branch of knowledge. Cannot everywhere material be found for teaching, from nature, botany, zoölogy, geology, and the elements of geography? Are not the works of man represented by the streets and buildings, the shops and factories? Does not the government of every town contain the elements of general government? And may not the local historical associations serve to introduce the child into the study of universal history?

The most progressive German teachers are accustomed to take their pupils upon an excursion whenever occasion calls for one, whether the interval be a month, a week, or even a day. And, depending upon the aim of the particular outing, they walk with their pupils over the hills, or along the banks of streams, or visit instructive buildings, such as museums, castles, and factories. As a rule, sufficient material is collected on a single outing to serve as a basis for a number of lessons in home-ology in the class-room.

That instruction of this nature is not a new departure is proved by the fact that a work on Heimathskunde, founded on walks that had been taken by the author of the book with his pupils, was published as early as 1844.

When the child has passed his third school-year, the ideas acquired during the study of the home surroundings are constantly called into play, and by their means life is frequently given to words and symbols which otherwise would convey little meaning to the pupil.

But in some schools of Germany objective teaching has reached a still higher stage of development. In these schools the idea of the Heimathskunde is extended so as to include, after the third year, the study of the broader home — the fatherland. On many occasions even Switzerland and Italy have been visited by German schoolmasters, accompanied by large classes of children. Where the broader aim is found, the children, after entering upon their fourth school-year, are taken annually on an excursion the duration of which is from one to two weeks. Long outings are usually termed

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"school journeys." Extremely novel as the idea of the extended tour may appear, it is nevertheless true that journeys were undertaken by the eminent pedagogues Basedow and Salzmann, a hundred years ago. Since the initiative was given by these educators, pedagogical journeys have been constantly growing in favor. At the present time they are regularly conducted by a rather large number of German schools, both public and private. During the course of time not only has the number of followers increased, but the journeys themselves have become more scientific in their management. Generally speaking, the work now undertaken on a tour is more organically connected with the curriculum than was the case in former years, and the material to be studied is more definitely selected with reference to the interests and mental capacity of the pupils. It is necessary to add, however, that even at the present time the journeys conducted by some schools are much more scientific in their aim than those undertaken by others.

Among the most scientific journeys are those conducted by the school of practice of the Pedagogical Seminary at Jena. This institution is unique in so far as it is a model school connected with a university. It is directed by the university professor of pedagogy, at present Professor W. Rein, and it exists for the purpose of affording to students of pedagogy an opportunity to apply in practice, under the direction of regular class-teachers, the educational theories as taught in the university. The school contains only three classes, and each class is limited to about fifteen members. There is probably no city in the world that offers to the student of pedagogy so many advantages as Jena. While every one may not agree with all the phases of the work as there carried on, it cannot be denied that those who study pedagogy at Jena become imbued with the idea that education is a science, and that he who teaches without a proper pedagogical training is guilty of quackery.

In the school of practice the pedagogical journey is regarded as an invaluable element in the development of the child, intellectually, morally, and physically. The instruction here undertaken during a journey is not only regulated in accordance with the curriculum, but the ideas acquired on the tours actually constitute central points around which either directly or incidentally the instruction during the entire year revolves. Thus, while on the one hand the class-room instruction is directed largely either toward the assimilation of ideas acquired on preceding journeys or to preparing pupils for future excursions, on the other hand each outing serves the double purpose: first, of broadening and impressing more forcibly ideas acquired in the class-room, and, secondly, of introducing the pupils in an interesting and impressive manner into the work of the following year. Further, as an abundance of opportunity is offered on a journey to converse freely with the scholars, and to observe their actions while associating with their companions, the excursions are supposed to enable the teachers to acquire a more thorough insight into the individuality of each particular child, and consequently to obtain important clues serviceable in the development of his character.

The territory to be covered on the excursions is determined by the historical interest, because the instruction throughout is conducted on the principle of unification, history being the common center. The remaining interests, geographical, botanical, industrial, and so on, are however, duly regarded. As the school's historical course has been thoroughly planned, the ground to be covered on the five journeys to which each child is entitled has been rather definitely fixed.

The journey of the summer of 1893, upon the consideration of which I shall now enter, was undertaken for the purpose of preparing the pupils for the study of the history of the Reformation. It involved, first, a visit to Bavaria, in order that the pupils might become somewhat acquainted with the appearance and customs of a Catholic country, and, secondly, a tour through the Thuringian Forest, and particularly through the districts where Luther spent much of his time while translating the Bible into the German language. While this tour was intended primarily for the pupils in their seventh school-year, the tourists were met at the end of the third day by the members of the fourth-year class. I shall, however, for want of space, limit my remarks to the studies undertaken with the older children. The party, including teachers, students, and the pupils of both classes, numbered thirty-eight. The ages of the children ranged between ten and twelve years.

The last school-day before the start was devoted entirely to the final preparations. On that day the boys made their appearance with their knapsacks packed, ready for the tour. The things to be taken had been definitely prescribed, and they were now inspected by the teachers. The foot-wear was examined with particular care, as imperfections in this direction would be liable to incapacitate the pupils for the long tramps. Besides the necessary clothing, each pupil was required to be provided with a piece of soap and a towel, and every third child with a clothes-brush, a blacking-brush, needles, thread, and buttons. The school supplied for the benefit of the party the following articles: a medicine-chest, a field-glass, a compass, a magnifying-glass, a barometer, and a tape-measure. When the knapsacks had been

inspected, the boys were drilled in packing, regard being had for both speed and order.

Next, the class was divided into sections or committees of three, for the performance of special duties. These committees were: first, an advance-guard, whose duty consisted in leading the way, and thus determining the rapidity of the gait; secondly, a rear-guard, whose members were obliged to search through rooms and cars, in order that nothing might be forgotten on leaving hotels and trains, and, further, to coax or push along children inclined to fall behind during the march; thirdly, the purchasing committee, who attended to the purchasing of the lunches required by the party during the day; and lastly, the committee of inquiry, to ask the way when necessity required, and to search for points of interest which the party would not be likely to come upon naturally. In order that the pupils may become trained in the performance of these various duties, each section serves in the same capacity only one day at a time. During the excursion each section is placed in charge of a teacher or a student, who is required to observe that the duties are properly performed by the children. The hotel arrangements are made by the principal of the school a week or two in advance.



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE ARTISTS.

The session concluded with a final recitation concerning the special points of interest to be observed. During this recitation a map of the route was drawn on the board, and copied by the pupils in their note-books. Each child was provided with a memorandum-book containing

notes taken during the preparatory lessons, each alternate page being left blank for entries to be made on the way.

When the children had been dismissed, the teachers and students who had decided to take part in the journey met for their final conference. During the journey, however, conferences were held every evening after the children had retired. At these meetings the work of the day was criticized, and special traits of character that had been observed among the children were discussed. While the excursion was conducted under the general supervision of one of the regular class-teachers, the direct instruction was, as a rule, left in the hands of the students, each student who had volunteered to take part in the instruction being placed in charge of the excursion for a whole day. Again, a number of students were appointed each to make a report of the proceedings of a single day. The final preparations were made on Saturday, July 29, the time of starting having been set for the following Monday morning at six o'clock.

Monday morning was ushered in by a tremendous downpour of rain, which showed no sign of abating as six o'clock approached. I fully expected that the inclemency of the weather would result in a change of program. On arriving at the school-house, however, I found everything in readiness, and was informed by the teachers that the plans of the excursionists were never changed by reason of unfavorable weather. A few minutes after six, the members of the party threw their knapsacks over their shoulders, fell into line, three abreast, started a national air, and while singing left the building. On the march to the station no one appeared to think of the rain. Lichtenfels, Bavaria, being our destination, we were booked for a six hours' ride.

Both the valley of the Saale and the valley of the Loquitz, through which we passed on our way across the Thuringian Forest to Bavaria, are naturally very picturesque, and the numerous castles on the surrounding peaks serve to increase the beauty of the scenery. Among the points in the valley of the Saale in which the pupils were particularly interested were: first, Orlamünde, a village that played a not important part during the period of the Reformation; and secondly, the castle of the Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, a very fine structure plainly to be seen from the train. Not far from this castle is situated the village of Kailhau, where, in 1817, Friedrich Froebel established the famous institute which is still in existence. The valley of the Loquitz proved of interest not only on account of its scenery, but also by reason of its numerous slate-quarries. In some of the villages that we passed, the houses were built entirely of slate. Near the southern end of this valley, a few minutes before entering Bavaria, the train passed through a tunnel into the valley of the Main. At one o'clock we arrived at Lichtenfels. By this time the rain had ceased. Indeed, with the exception of the first few hours, we were fortunate enough to enjoy excellent weather during the entire excursion.

After lunching hastily at Lichtenfels, we started on our way to the first of the points of interest on our program—Die Vierzehnheiligen, a magnificent Catholic church, and one of Bavaria's celebrated places of pilgrimage. It occupies a commanding situation on one of the plateaus surrounding Lichtenfels, and is within an hour's walk of that city. When we had reached the top of the plateau we halted for the purpose of giving the pupils the benefit of the view. From the spot where we rested an excellent view of the city could be obtained. In all directions the country was peculiar in so far as it abounded in plateaus, and the teachers did not fail to take advantage of the opportunity for giving a lesson on the plateau. The boys were led to observe the landscape before them systematically, and they recited upon the results of their observations. They compared the plateaus now before them with those they had seen on previous occasions, and thus incidents of former journeys and excursions were recalled. Some peculiar stones that had been found during the walk were shown to the class and discussed. Halts made for the purpose of incidental instruction are usually cut short, in order that the time to be spent on essential points may not be given to matters less closely connected with the particular aim of the journey. Interesting specimens found on excursions are presented to the school in the name of the finder.

When the Vierzehnheiligen was reached, the boys were fascinated with the grandeur of the structure. A systematic study of the church was now undertaken. First, the front of the building was observed and described by the pupils, and a sketch of the portals made by them; next, a walk around the building was taken, in order that the pupils might receive a general idea of its size; finally, the church was entered and the interior examined. After an hour had been devoted to the observation of the church, the class assembled to recite upon what they had learned. That the boys possessed almost incredibly fine powers of observation, as well as excellent memories, was apparent to all who attended the recitation.

Next in order was a visit to the hermit who for many years has occupied a small house on the Staffelstein, a mountain not far from the Vierzehnheiligen. During the ascent several stops were made for the purpose of studying certain phases of plant-life. We were more



IN LUTHER'S ROOM.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

than repaid for our walk by the magnificent view that greeted us from the Staffelstein. Here the pupils received a valuable lesson in geography. Below us lay the valley of the Main, and the river itself could be followed with the eye for miles. The mountains in which this river rises (the Fichtelgebirge) were plainly to be seen in the distance. Other mountain ranges were also in view, and the numerous castles in the field lent additional charm to the scenery. The observations were as usual followed by a recitation. Recitations following upon such observations serve a double purpose: first, they act in the nature of a drill, the points becoming more thoroughly impressed by means of the repetition; and secondly, they enable the teachers to learn whether the pupils have received the correct impressions. It is foreign to the methods of this school to take for granted that children know everything that they ought to know.

The visit to the Staffelstein virtually ended the first day. Another hour's walk brought us to the railway station, where we boarded the train for Coburg, our resting-place for the night. The particulars in regard to the distances walked, the food, the hotel accommodations, and the spirit manifested during the journey, will be discussed after the consideration of the intellectual features.

The morning of the second day was devoted principally to the study of the Feste (Fortress) Coburg. It was here that Luther spent his time during the session of the Augsburger Reichstag, from April 16 to October 6, 1530. The fortress, moreover, is a splendid specimen of a Roman castle, and it is peculiar in so far as the main structure is surrounded by two massive stone walls.

Before ascending to the fortress, some observations were made in the city of Coburg itself. On the market-place we found a number of buildings of both legendary and historical interest. The walks through the principal streets enabled the pupils to receive a general impression of the appearance of the city. The castle, which is situated on a hill commanding an extensive view, was reached by means of a road leading through the court-yard of the residence of the Duke of Coburg, and across the beautiful park surrounding the palace.



AN ACCIDENT ON THE JOURNEY. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

On arriving at the outer wall of the fortress, we halted for the purpose of examining its structure. The large door guarding the entrance to the first court-yard is a work of art. Its artistic merits were discussed, and a sketch of the door was made. The tour of the castle was next undertaken. While Luther's room and the Reformation room were to us the most important, there were many other things in which the boys were interested. It was in the apartment known as Luther's room that the reformer lived during the session of the Reichstag at Augsburg. In this room a bronze bust of Luther, a collection of his writings, and numerous other relics, are kept. In the Reformation room the large painting representing the Reichstag in session was carefully examined, and the events of that session recalled. A general talk on the Reformation followed. Before leaving, the children sang in chorus Luther's hymn, "Ein' feste Burg," which is said to have been composed in that apartment. During the recitation that followed the visit to the castle, the pupils spoke so well that one who did not know how their information had been received would have been liable to believe that the matter had been studied *verbatim* from



A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY ON THE INSELSBERG.

ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

a text-book. The recitation over, we wended our way to the railway station to board the noon train for Suhl, a city in the heart of the Thuringian Forest. On reaching the station, we found a large number of people assembled, and we learned that the excitement was due to the fact that the King of Roumania was expected in Coburg. He was indeed traveling on the train for which our party was waiting. The children's desire to have a good look at the king was gratified, for within a few feet of where we were standing he held conversation with the Duke of Edinburgh — the man destined, within a month, to become the Duke of Coburg.

Two hours after leaving Coburg our train arrived at Suhl, the place that had been selected by the teachers for beginning the ascent to the Adlersberg, one of the highest peaks in the Thuringian Forest. After the visit to the Feste Coburg, several days elapsed before further points of interest relating to the history of the Reformation were reached. In the mean time the attention was directed principally to geography, botany, and the industries. The Adlersberg was placed on our program because the extensive view from the summit affords an opportunity for a good lesson in geography. Besides, the view from this mountain is one of the most picturesque to be obtained in the forest. Unfortunately, the lesson in geography that had been prepared for this occasion was destined to be a failure, the peak, during the party's visit, being wrapped in clouds.

The second night was spent in Schmiedefeld, an industrial village of some importance, situated at the foot of the Adlersberg. A considerable amount of porcelain and glassware is here manufactured. It had been our intention to visit both the porcelain and the glass factories, but we were doomed to disappointment, in so far as the latter was not in operation at the time.

The tour through the porcelain works, however, proved to be one of the most interesting features of the journey.

Owing to the kindness of our guide, the children received a good idea of the numerous processes involved in the manufacture of this ware. We began with the room where the raw material passes through its first process, and ended with the apartment where the finished articles are placed on exhibition. It was interesting to notice how well the guide played the

part of the teacher, and how, on this occasion, the pupils recited to him. On school excursions the teachers frequently resign their positions, for a time, in favor of persons better acquainted with the matters brought to the notice of the pupils. After completing the round of the room in which the raw material is molded and glazed, the large ovens in which the articles are hardened were shown to the boys, and explained to them. In another room we saw a number of men engaged in painting on porcelain, and the method of fixing the colors was also demonstrated. Next, we were taken into the packing-room, and, lastly, into the salesroom.

The remainder of the day was devoted to a visit to the highest point in the Thuringian Forest — namely, the observatory on the Schneekopf. Its elevation is 3250 feet. A tramp of two and a half hours from Schmiedefeld brought us to our destination. On this occasion the atmosphere was perfectly clear. The view was very extensive and proved of much value geographically, as the children received a bird's-eye view, not only of the entire forest, but also of a considerable amount of territory beyond. Here, indeed, the pupils were enabled to determine from nature the relative positions of several of the mountain ranges about which they had received instruction in the class-room.

For conveying to children the meaning of a map, a view of this nature is ideal. With the aid of a field-glass a large number of castles and ruins could plainly be seen. The recitation that followed again showed that the pupils were able to observe accurately, to grasp situations quickly, and to memorize with remarkable facility. Before descending from the mountain, a number of observations were made upon plants, and the geological conditions were studied. From the Schneekopf, an hour's walk brought us to the village of Gehlberg, where we were booked to pass the night. At this place we were joined by the twelve pupils of the fourth grade, accompanied by their teacher and a number of students.

As the next point on our program was situated in an entirely different part of the forest, some thirty miles from Gehlberg, the fourth day of the journey was virtually devoid of pedagogical features. It was devoted simply to traveling on foot to Finsterbergen, a village twenty miles nearer our destination. Although, taken all in all, that day was a very wearisome one, it was not entirely devoid of interest. Between Gehlberg and the next railway station (Oberhof) there is a tunnel two miles in length, and in order that the children might experience the sensation of riding through a long tunnel, the first few miles were made by train. Again, the pupils were delighted with their march through Oberhof, which is one of the most beautifully situated summer resorts in Thuringia.

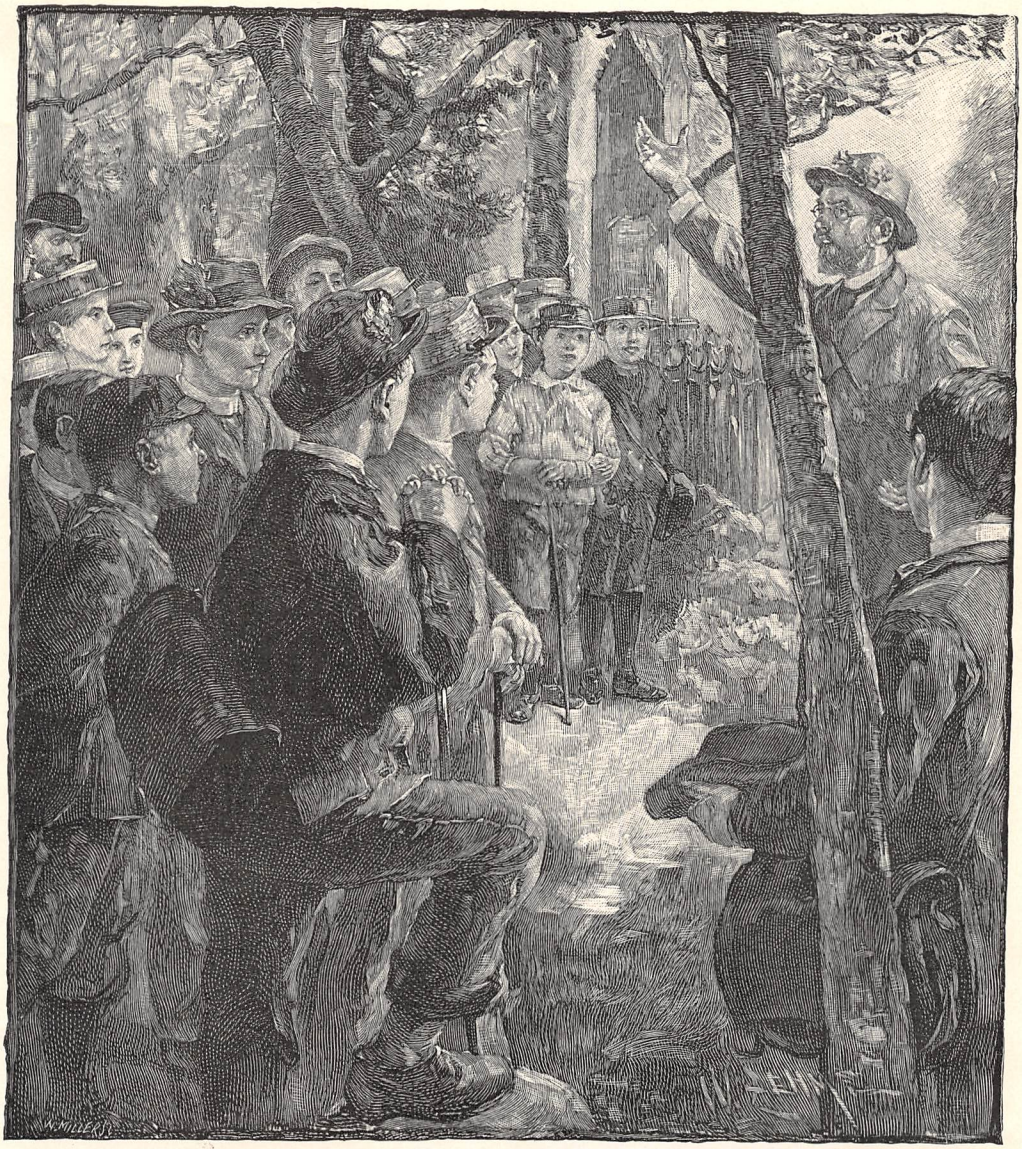
It might naturally be supposed that the children, on arriving at their destination, were ready to succumb. When Finsterbergen was reached, some of them were, indeed, very tired; but a few minutes' rest, followed by a good wash, served to refresh them so thoroughly that even before supper they were amusing themselves by running and jumping about the grounds. In the evening their feet were examined by the teachers, and sore spots were covered with carbolized vaseline and bandaged.

The last three days of the journey were fully as interesting and instructive as the first three days had been. While the distances traveled on foot on the fifth and sixth days were long, there was so much variation both in the character of the scenery and in the subjects of instruction that the drudgery of the tramp was reduced to a minimum.

The special points included in the program for the fifth day were two: first, a visit to the Inselsberg, a mountain commanding a very picturesque and extensive view; and secondly, a walk over a part of the historical Rennstieg.

The distance from Finsterbergen to the Inselsberg can be covered at a brisk walk in three and a half hours. Among the interesting places passed on the way were, Friedrichroda, the most frequented summer resort in the forest; and Reinhardsbrunn, a romantic spot where one of the residences of the Duke of Meiningen is situated. When we reached the Inselsberg, the view was especially good, and the pupils received another important lesson in geography.

On leaving the Inselsberg on the opposite side, we came upon the Rennstieg, a historical road one hundred and ten miles in length, extending through the forest almost from end to end. Of all the places visited on the journey, none offered richer opportunities than the Rennstieg for instruction both in history and in geography. Geographically the road is of interest, first, because it forms a watershed between two important river-basins, the Elbe and the Main, and, secondly, because it forms a boundary line between north and south Germany, separating directly the country of the Thuringians from the land of the Franks. There is, consequently, on the two sides of the Rennstieg a marked difference both in the dialect and in the customs of the people. As an illustration of a watershed no better example can be found than the Rennstieg in the vicinity of the Inselsberg, running as it does on a narrow strip of land highly elevated above the valley on each side. It is needless to state that the teachers made excellent use of the instructive material afforded by the road. When at clearings



RECITING POEMS IN LUTHER'S VALLEY

ENGRAVED BY W. MILLER.

glimpses were received now of north Germany and now of south Germany, appropriate poems were recited by the pupils and national airs were sung. The fact that the Rennstieg forms a boundary line between north and south Germany is as interesting to historians as it is to geographers. It is over this road that St. Boniface is supposed to have found his way into Thuringia.

Just before leaving the Rennstieg, we came upon a triangular stone known as "Der Drei Herrnstein" (The Stone of Three Masters), so called because it indicates the point of meeting of three dominions — namely, the kingdom of Prussia, and the duchies of Meiningen and Coburg. An hour's walk from Der Drei Herrnstein, through the garden-like valley of the Steinbach, brought us to the village of Steinbach, a small manufacturing place, where we passed the night.

The next day, again, was interesting and instructive throughout. It was begun with a visit to a factory in Steinbach where clasps, locks, and similar articles are made. Among the most interesting of the processes here followed by the tourists was the manufacture of the metallic framework for pocket-books and purses. As an object lesson, it proved as valuable as the one received on the tour through the porcelain works at Schmiedefeld. Some rather extensive cutlery works also were visited.

After the round of the factories had been made, we started on our way to a neighboring

rock, upon which St. Boniface is said to have preached. This rock forms a prominence in the park surrounding Schloss-Altenstein, another of the palaces of the Duke of Meiningen. As we had been informed at Steinbach that the duke was at the time stopping at this residence, we doubted whether permission to enter would be granted to us. We were, however, not long in suspense. On the road leading to the park the duke, who was at the time on his morning walk, came upon the party, and entered into conversation with the teachers. On learning their mission, he cordially invited them to visit the grounds. He led the tourists across the magnificent park to the balcony of his palace, from which a fine view may be obtained. After looking over the children's note-books, and offering cigarettes to the teachers, he summoned a soldier to guide the party over the grounds. When the rock which we sought was reached, some incidents relating to the work of St. Boniface were discussed. The Duke of Meiningen is one of the regents, as well as a supporter, of the University of Jena.

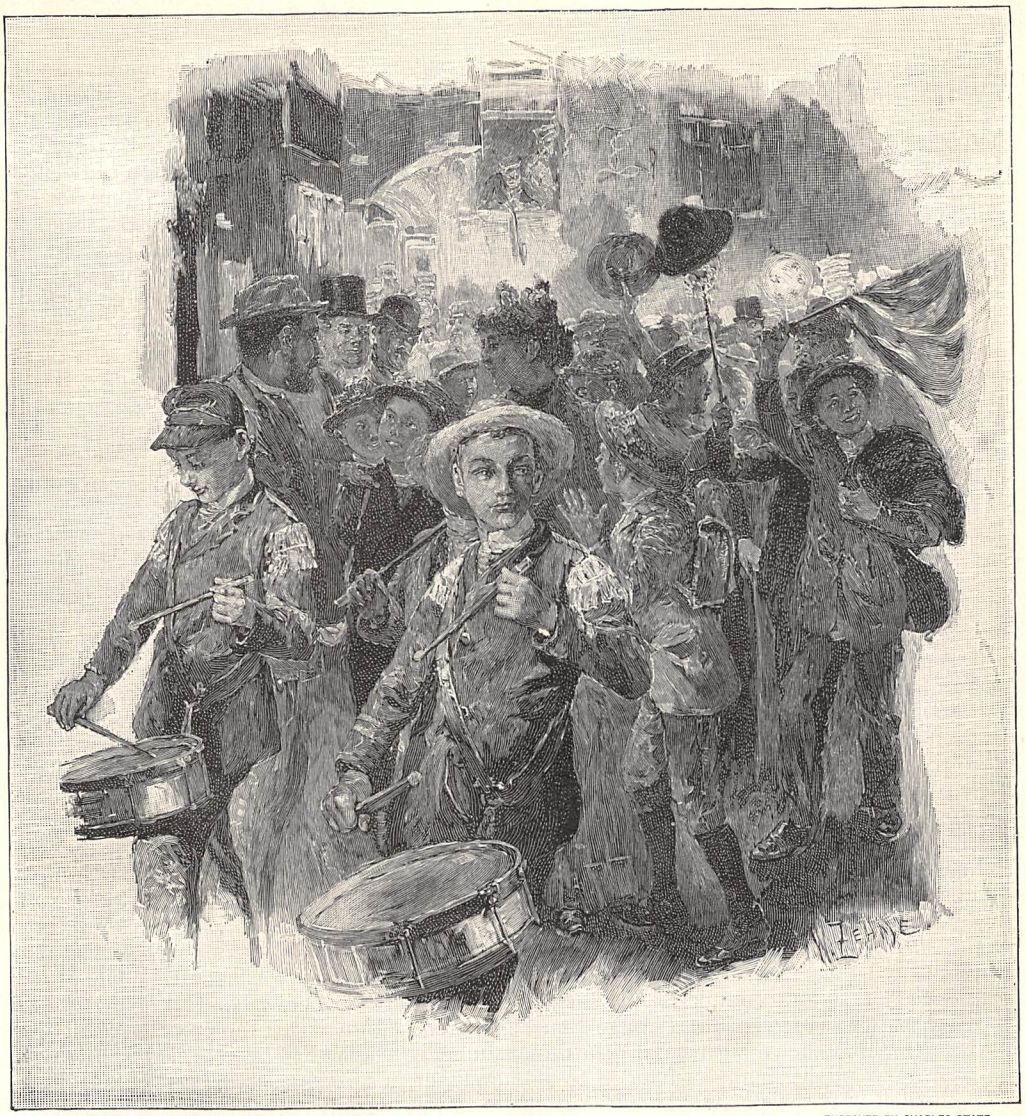
Soon after leaving Schloss-Altenstein, we reached a stretch of land known as Luther's Valley. It was here that the reformer, while fleeing from Worms, was captured, and, against his will, taken to the Wartburg for protection. Upon the spot where he was made prisoner a monument has been erected. At the monument the pupils received another lesson on the Reformation, Luther's conviction by the Reichstag at Worms and his friendly capture being discussed. The inscriptions on the monument were explained by the teachers, and copied by the boys in their note-books. Next, Luther's hymn was sung, and a few poems suited to the occasion were recited. Lastly, the excursionists quenched their thirst at Luther's spring, which flows within a few feet of the monument.

From Luther's Valley it was but an hour's walk to Ruhla, an important manufacturing town and a favorite summer resort. Ruhla was visited principally for the purpose of witnessing the manufacture of meerschaum pipes, the meerschaum industry being conducted here on a very large scale. On our arrival, however, we learned to our disappointment that, on account of a festival then in progress, all the factories were closed. As a substitute, we were obliged to accept a parade of the villagers, and the music of the local band. These incidents were, however, thoroughly enjoyed by the children, who soon met with another pleasant surprise in the form of a visit from their principal, who had come to finish the journey with them. After a rather prolonged stay at Ruhla, we started on our two-hours' walk, through one of the most beautiful districts in the forest, to Eisenach, the last place on our program.

The morning of the last day was devoted to the study of the gem of Thuringia, the Wartburg, which is said to be the most perfect relic of a Roman castle in existence. It is situated on a hill near the city of Eisenach, and the view from its terraces is picturesque beyond description. As the Wartburg forms the most prominent figure in the history of Thuringia, and the castle was Luther's home during the time of the Reformation, the teachers regarded this visit as the most instructive period of the journey. On this occasion the principal of the school took charge of the classes.

During the tramp through the woods from the hotel to the fortress, many places of historical interest were passed, and the more important points were discussed. A few appropriate songs and verses given by the pupils served more fully to impress upon them the grandeur of the situation. When the castle was reached the final preparatory recitation took place. Before entering the structure some time was spent in observing its exterior from the various court-yards, and a view from the terraces was taken. After we had entered the building we were first ushered into the gallery containing the series of fresco paintings representing important incidents in the life of St. Elizabeth, who spent much of her time on the Wartburg. When the guide here began in a mechanical manner to explain the meaning of the pictures, Mr. Scholz, the principal, requested him to allow the boys to do the talking, as they had all seen copies of the paintings. The man gave his consent very reluctantly, stating that he was obliged to complete the round of the buildings in half an hour; but when the pupils began to talk, he was so thoroughly surprised at the knowledge they displayed, that he no longer thought of his haste. Indeed, in passing from room to room, he now requested the teachers to take their time, and he did not speak unless his services were required to elucidate points not clearly understood by the members of our party.

While there were things innumerable in which the boys became interested, the center of attraction was the room that had been occupied by Luther during the period of his captivity — from May, 1521, to March, 1522. It was in this room that the translation of the Bible was begun. Among the relics here to be found are portraits of Luther and his parents, two of the reformer's letters in manuscript, a book-case containing a number of Bibles, and the famous ink-spot. In Luther's room the boys reviewed in outline what they had learned during the journey concerning the history of the Reformation. Incidents relating to the early life of Luther, with which they had become familiar on a previous excursion, were also re-



ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

THE RETURN.

called. Before leaving, Luther's hymn was once more sung.

The visit to the Wartburg over, the work that had been planned for the journey was concluded. The remainder of the closing day was spent in strolling about the city of Eisenach. Here the attention of the pupils was called to a number of interesting things, among which were the building in which Luther resided as a boy while in the charge of Widow Cotta, and the house in which John Sebastian Bach was born. As the children were tired and thinking of home, the day dragged on rather heavily. At six o'clock in the evening we boarded the train for Jena. The return trip was uneventful. When, at ten o'clock, the lights of Jena came into view the boys were happy, and they gave vent to their feelings in a song of greeting.

As the journeys undertaken by this school are always closed with a parade through the city of Jena from the railway station to the school-house, we were not surprised to find, on our arrival, a large number of people in waiting. As a festival was in progress on that evening, the usual number of musicians could not be obtained. Nevertheless, the two drummer-boys who had volunteered their services played with so much energy that they succeeded in preventing the procession from becoming chaotic. Many of those who had come to meet us were supplied with Chinese lanterns, and the streets through which we passed were further illuminated by means of strontium lights, which had been prepared by friends of the pupils.

When the school-house was reached the procession halted. The principal of the school now

spoke a few words, intended mainly for the purpose of explaining to the parents the significance of a school journey. An outline of the work that had been done during the week was also given. In answer, one of the men who had listened to the address spoke in behalf of the parents, thanking the teachers for their pains, and expressing complete confidence in the methods of the school. It was eleven o'clock when the company dispersed.

WHEN the attention is directed to the features of the journey other than those purely intellectual, the story to be told is by no means a glowing one. The distances to be covered on foot were long, the sleeping accommodations poor, and the meals plain and uniform. But as the German mode of living differs so widely from our own, things that might be regarded as hardships by American boys would not necessarily be so regarded by boys brought up in Germany, amid poor home surroundings. Besides, it is one of the particular purposes of a German school-journey to harden the boys.

From the start until the end of the third day the boys fared well enough; the walks were not very long, and the hotel accommodations were passable. On the first night mattresses were placed at the disposal of the tourists, and on the second night even beds were secured. On the evening of the third day, however, the difficulties were destined to begin. Owing to an act of negligence, no positive arrangements had been made for that night. On our arrival at the only available inn at Gehlberg, the proprietor stated that he was not prepared, at a moment's notice, to accommodate a party of thirty-eight (we were to be joined before dinner by the members of the younger class). The host, on seeing our plight, finally concluded to accommodate us. He proposed to allow the party to occupy during the night a large meeting-room, promising to spread shavings on the floor, and to supply an adequate number of blankets.

As the children were tired and hungry, and the prospects before them were poor, their humor was naturally not of the best. And when the teachers, instead of endeavoring to raise their spirits, voluntarily added trouble to the unavoidable ones, the boys became very much depressed. In the first place, on this evening, when the dinner was much more meager than usual, the pupils were punished for a slight offense, committed on the previous day, by being deprived of their regular allowance of beer. Again, when, after the meal, two boys became engaged in a harmless war of words, a teacher settled the question by striking one of them.

When the time for retiring arrived, matters were found to be even worse than had been expected. The proprietor of the inn — who was the only mean man we met on the journey — had furnished no more than five blankets for the accommodation of over thirty persons, and besides, the supply of shavings was far too scanty. As we were at an elevation of twenty-two hundred feet, and the temperature was exceptionally low even for that region, some of the children suffered severely from the cold. It was, indeed, the lot of more than one to be obliged to rest on the bare floor, and without even a part of a blanket for a cover. One of the boys in the party weighed only forty-eight pounds, and another not more than fifty. That, on rising the next morning, the excursionists were not in excellent condition, it is not difficult to imagine; yet this was the day that had been set for the long walk to Finsterbergen, to which I have already referred. On the night following this walk the children rested on straw, but the proprietor of the hotel was kind enough to make them comfortable by means of a liberal supply of sheets and blankets.

While the fifth day's tour was interesting, it was nevertheless a difficult one, as the distance walked was nearly twenty miles, and the boys had finally begun to tire. The little fellow that weighed only forty-eight pounds carried a knapsack weighing nine and a half, while some of the knapsacks weighed no more than five pounds.

By far the most disagreeable experiences during the journey, however, were those that befell the party in the place where the fifth night was spent. The village itself bore a look so uninviting that even on entering we were thoroughly disgusted. The odor that pervaded it was awful. But this was not all. While on our way to the inn where we had arranged to stop, we were informed that the proprietor had died suddenly, that he had been buried on that day, and that, in consequence, we should be obliged to stay at the only other available house. Even under the most favorable circumstances it would have been bad enough to spend a night in such a place; but now matters were very much worse. The house to which we were conducted by our informant was kept by a butcher who had absolutely no regard for sanitary laws. As to the room which had been placed at our disposal for the night, although it was large enough for the purpose, it was so badly ventilated and so poorly lighted that it was scarcely habitable for human beings. The straw that had been strewn upon the floor for the accommodation of the guests bore the appearance of having been used in the stalls for a considerable period. It was fortunate that all escaped on the following morning no worse for the experiences of that memorable night. On the sixth day, again, a walk of nearly twenty miles was taken; but the night was spent in a good hotel, and, on that occasion, the straw was clean.

While the food during the journey was plain, it was better than most of the boys were accustomed to receive, for nearly all the children attending this school are from the poorest of homes. The breakfast, which was usually taken at seven, consisted of a cup of coffee and a roll. At dinner — the evening meal — the boys were generally served with a roast, one or two vegetables, bread, and half a pint of beer. Breakfast and dinner were taken at the hotels where the nights were passed. During the day three luncheons of bread and sausage were made. The luncheons at ten and at five were hastily partaken of on the road or in the woods. The midday meal, however, was usually spread on a table, either in a restaurant or a beer garden, and each child at this time received, in addition to his sandwiches, half a pint of beer. As a rule, a long time was spent over this meal. It was the period set aside for resting after the morning's exertions. Socially, it was the most enjoyable part of the day, and the only time when the family life may be said to have been led by the school.

The expense, although fully as high as on other occasions of a similar nature, was almost incredibly small. All things included, the cost, *per capita*, did not exceed sixty cents a day. The highest amount paid in any one inn for dinner, lodging, and breakfast was thirty-two cents — eighteen cents for dinner, nine cents for lodging, and five cents for breakfast. Fifteen cents covered the cost of the three lunches. The remainder was spent on railway-fares, and on entrance-fees to castles and observatories. To school excursionists railway-tickets are sold at a reduction of sixty-six per cent. from the regular rates, and still greater reductions are made on entrance-fees to instructive places. Thus, in Germany, school excursions are in every way encouraged. The funds required for the journey are in part provided by the university, and in part given in the form of donations by the students of pedagogy, and other friends of the school. The pupils are not obliged to contribute, but a few of them usually pay a small sum.

The spirit manifested during the journey was in full accord with the physical features. Indeed, lack of sympathy on the part of the teachers was a characteristic phase of the tour.

As for the boys, although they endured the physical hardships with scarcely a murmur, their behavior in other directions showed a complete lack of manliness. Nor did the feeling of good-fellowship exist. In many of them the tears were always near the surface, and they were shed in profusion on the slightest provocation. If a boy happened to take the smallest liberty with one of his companions, the affair was seldom passed over good-naturedly, the usual result being either a crying spell, or a flow of abusive words. One of the pupils wept long and bitterly simply because some one had called him a shoemaker. Worst of all, petty spats arising among the pupils were seldom settled by themselves. Sooner or later the tale of woe was carried to one of the teachers, and the latter not infrequently brought affairs to a close by boxing the ears of one of the boys, it mattered little which. No attempt was made by the teachers to cure the children of their babyishness, and tattling was always encouraged. Once a boy's mental equilibrium was disturbed, he became sullen, and remained aloof from the others for hours. As ill-humor on the part of a few pupils naturally reacted on the other members of the party, the prevailing feeling during the journey was one of gloom. Again, in the evening, when the boys were tired, nothing was done to afford them pleasure. And when, after retiring, children were found who failed promptly to fall asleep, their restlessness, which was most likely due to exhaustion, was put down by the teachers as unruliness, and they received as an anodyne a box on the ears.

Although the spirit and the physical features of the described journey may not meet with our approval, it is clear that its suggestive value, from the standpoint of intellectual development, is in no way affected by the former. In themselves the German methods are not antagonistic to sympathy. Is not, for example, the kindergarten — the institution which above all fosters helpfulness, love, and sympathy — a creation of Germany? And are not our progressive schools abounding in sympathy, while their system of instruction is founded on theories evolved by German educators? In a word, as it has been shown in so many directions that when German educational theories are planted in American soil, the fruit begins to approach the ideal, is it not reasonable to suppose that the same would be true in regard to the school excursions?

The material for instruction offered by our country, with the exception of the historical, is in every way equal to that offered by Germany. Nor is our country by any means lacking in historical associations interesting to Americans. In regard to the latter, I take the liberty to quote the following from Mr. Lyman P. Powell's highly suggestive article, "The Renaissance of the Historical Pilgrimage," which appeared in the "Review of Reviews" for October, 1893:

> Our land is a great historical laboratory in which our historic wealth has been too long neglected. In each of the thirteen original States, pilgrimages could easily be planned for a study of its colonization. A week in New England will furnish a new insight into the colonization of that

section. The Swedish, Dutch, and English settlements of the Middle Atlantic States could be visited in little time. Doubtless the early Southern colonies could easily be picked out, including a visit to the site of Sir Walter Raleigh's fort on Roanoke Island. . . . There is scarcely a spot, east or west, which is not within easy access of some historic survival which has in it a lesson for the child and for the adult. The whole Southwest is rich with vestiges of those Spanish institutions of which Professors Bernard Moses and Frank W. Blackmar have recently written. The school-children of St. Louis and New Orleans will find in those cities abundant traces of the French occupation of Louisiana. The dweller upon the Great Lakes will find Detroit of as great historic as commercial interest.

Again, as the spirit manifested by our progressive teachers in the class-room is such as to exert an excellent influence on the esthetic feelings and the sympathies of the child, it is but natural to suppose that amid surroundings in themselves inspiring the influence exerted on the character of the child would be doubly favorable. Finally, by careful attention to the physical needs of the pupils, a school journey could not fail to exert a favorable influence on their health. As money is more plentiful here than it is in Germany, an American school journey might be made in comfort; suitable accommodations for the night might be secured, and the food made commensurate with our mode of living. Moreover, by means of wagons, the physical exercise might be regulated according to the strength of the pupils. The experiment is certainly worth trying.

J. M. Rice.



AT LUNCH. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

It is interesting to note that, on the suggestion of the author of this article, the experiment was made last June by the public-school authorities of Anderson, Indiana. The excursion, which was seven days in duration, proved successful. The party, including teachers, pupils, and members of the school-board, numbered seventy-two.—EDITOR.

PLAYGROUNDS FOR CITY SCHOOLS.



USINESS led me over on the West Side and into Wooster street the other day. It was the noon hour. Below Bleecker street, in front of Grammar School No. 10, a knot of boys obstructed the sidewalk, intent on some game that was new to me. I stopped to watch them. While I looked, some one in the crowd shouted to go into the yard and finish it, and they all went. I wanted to see the end of the game, so I went too.

The "yard" was a gloomy little well between the school and a big factory building. I was going to say it was called yard by courtesy, but courtesy could never have been stretched so far. Nobody but a boy born in a tenement would have thought of it as a yard. A stairway ran up at the farther end, and to the right was an open door, through which the boys disappeared. I followed them in. If it was twilight in the yard, in there it was midnight. A gas-lamp burned on the opposite side of the room. It seemed to me a long way off, though it was only a few steps. Its rays merely served to show how dense the darkness was. Doors were slamming; they let in smells, but no light. One of the romping boys ran against me, but though I caught and held him, it was some time before my eyes, accustomed to the sunlight in the street, could make him out. By degrees I saw. I was in a room about half the width and, I judged, nearly the length of the building, full of dust and drafts, in which a score of boys were running around. Presently they were all bunched at the rear, where there was some kind of a recess, and a teacher, coming in from the yard, went swiftly over to see what they were doing. The impulse was upon me to do as he did. The place seemed suggestive of nothing so much as of deeds of darkness. Coming back, he told me that some of the class-rooms up-stairs were as dark as this playground. Even on a day as bright with summer sunshine as this one, they had to burn gas in them. Then a bell rang, and all went up-stairs.

I knew well enough that he spoke the truth, for I remembered a report made by Dr. Moreau Morris of the Health Department, two years before, on this Wooster street school among others, and of course it was not to be expected that it would have had any other effect so soon than to make some of the school officers angry. Schools are not built or reformed in a day — at least not in New York. There was, years ago, a conscientious board of trustees that had doubts as to their school, and resolved to have it investigated by the Board of Health. The inspector reported that it was bad, and told how it should be made good, and supposed that he had heard the last of it. But the next year there was another resolution asking for an inspection. It was made, and disclosed that nothing had been done. The same faults were pointed out, and the same remedies suggested. It was not until this performance had been gone through four or five times — for all I know it is going on yet — that it dawned upon the inspector that he was never to hear the last of it. So I was prepared to find the Wooster school unchanged. I have been at the pains since of looking up Dr. Morris's report, and these are some of the things it said: that the class-rooms were dark; that in some the little light that came in fell on the right side of the children, which was most injurious to their sight; that the closets were foul; that the air in the class-rooms was so "vitiated, foul, and unhealthy" that "the teachers are compelled to suspend the studies for a time during each session to open all the windows and doors for the admission of fresh air, exercising the children by calisthenics during the time the windows are open, whatever may be the outside temperature at any season of the year."

The doctor said nothing about the "playground," for the reason, probably, that there was little to say that would not be a virtual condemnation of every other school playground in the city, and just then he had his hands full with the class-rooms in which the children spent five hours of the day, breathing sometimes little less than rank poison. Such as it is, this Wooster street playground is typical of the New York public school in all essential things. Perhaps it is darker than most of them, but none of them is well lighted. There is always need of the lamp. Herds of rats forage about the old buildings. In all but the newest schools rows of closets open upon the playground. In the cellar-like gloom of this cheery apartment the boys and girls dodge countless iron posts and pillars in their play. In the most recently built schools these have been abolished, and a stone floor has been substituted for the dusty boards, but there is no trick of construction that



IN THE WOOSTER STREET SCHOOL — THE BOYS' PLAYGROUND.

can bring sunlight and cheer into them. I never enter one without experiencing a real shock at the thought that such things can be. I know of a mother in this city, the wife of a missionary, who, having spent half a lifetime sharing her husband's labors among the heathen, returned to New York and civilization overjoyed at the thought of having an opportunity to give her boys proper schooling; but horrified at what she saw at the public school to which she took them, she marched them off at once to the nearest private school that was not like a dungeon, as she said; and there they stayed.

Perhaps it is unjust to criticize the Board of Education on this account. It must be admitted that it is no easy task to keep step, even a long way behind as we do, with the demands of our growing population upon the schools, and the idea that they had any duties in the matter of the children's play that were not covered by the "system" as it has been handed down to them probably never entered the commissioners' heads. If it had, it is highly improbable that any proposition to spend money for such an object in a city that pays thirty millions a year for the running of its municipal machinery would have provoked anything but ridicule in those who hold its purse-strings. It is not to be assumed that they would comprehend that children have other rights than to be stuffed with "knowledge" that is sometimes of more than doubtful quality. The proof of it is in the very recent condemnation by the Health Department of at least one school-building as dangerous to life, and the arraignment by one of the school commissioners of a dozen others as unfit for use. The old Greeks, with whom we are fond of comparing ourselves in seasons of civic gloriation, rather to our own advantage, knew better than that. They gave the boy the first chance, and the man they made of him would have passed muster, intellectually and physically, even with a New York school-board.

In the matter of healthy play the school-boy in New York does not have a chance. Any village boy is better off than he. He has playgrounds, so called, but it is idle to say that he plays there. He could not if he would. With boys, to play is to run. To run one must have room. How much room is there on one floor for the children to run in, who, sitting down, pack three rooms? They must either go on the street, or they are let loose in the play-room on sufferance. The limit is reached as soon as they begin to let themselves out. Up-stairs there are pupils who study during recess, and teachers with nerves. The result was described to me by an employee in one East Side school up-town, one of the best in the city, where more than three thousand children go. "There is generally one of the teachers looking after them to see that they don't over-do it. They have to make noise kind of easy-like, you know. Anyhow, they can't all be here. Most of them stay up-stairs studying at recess. It has to be that way." And down in the Allen street school, No. 42,—which is one of the worst, if not the worst, in the city,—where the playground is, if anything, darker and more repulsive than the one in Wooster street, the janitress explained the prevailing quiet in so great a crowd by the statement that "these children are of a kind that have to be kept down." As if they were not kept down enough out of school, poor wretches! They were the children of the poorest refugee Jews.

I know of at least one school in this city where there never was any other playground than the street outside. After forty years of this sort of thing, I am told that an indoor one is at last to be provided this year, the crowd of children having been reduced enough by the building of another school-house in the neighborhood to allow space for it. In another, where nine hundred of the poorest children go, all little ones, the only playground is a narrow hallway with rows of vile-smelling closets strung along it. To offset these, there is to my knowledge one real public-school playground in New York, not counting the two-acre lot at the West Farms school, or the accidental playground afforded the boys of Grammar School 94, at 68th street and Amsterdam Avenue last winter, by some building lots that are now being fenced in. It is characteristic that this one real playground as such is also an accident, or at least it was never acquired for that purpose. It is in the heart of a tenement block adjoining the First street school, on the site of an old graveyard, which was acquired with infinite trouble to protect the school's light. No less than two special laws had to be passed to gain possession of it. The veteran principal builded better than he knew when he persevered through many obstacles. His school is to-day one of the brightest in the city. It is noted for the spirit his boys put into their singing and into all their work. Nor is it all the reflection of the spirit of the master. The playground, I am persuaded, is responsible for its share of it. "Money would not compensate us for the loss of it," said Mr. Litchfield, the master, to me one day recently. Exclusion from the playground he has found to be a most effective punishment, if any is needed, which is not often. The demand for this, the only playground in the neighborhood, is so great that he has been compelled to allow its use after school-hours in the afternoon. It is not big enough for all at once, but for as many as it can hold it is an ideal spot, with enough shelter



THE HALL THEIR PLAYGROUND — ESSEX MARKET SCHOOL.

when it rains, and sunlight in plenty when it is dry. Some of the boys come an hour earlier in the morning to get a chance for a good romp.

It may have been a mere coincidence that the rough gang of boys which used to disgrace that block on Second Avenue, and occasionally did much mischief, has not been heard from since the old graveyard became a playground. It is a fact, anyhow, and my experience with Poverty Gap makes me feel quite certain that there is a connection between the two things. Over there it used to be next to impossible to go through the block without being pelted with mud by the ragamuffins, who very early developed into toughs of a peculiarly vicious stamp. They half killed two policemen, and, out of sheer malice, beat to death the one boy in the block with a good reputation. The neighborhood was as desolate as it was desperate; but when the wicked old tenements were torn down, and a public playground was opened on the site of them, with swings and sand-heaps and wheelbarrows and shovels, the whole neighborhood changed as if by magic. There were no more outrages. I don't believe I heard once from Poverty Gap that year through the police. Even a man with spectacles might go undisturbed

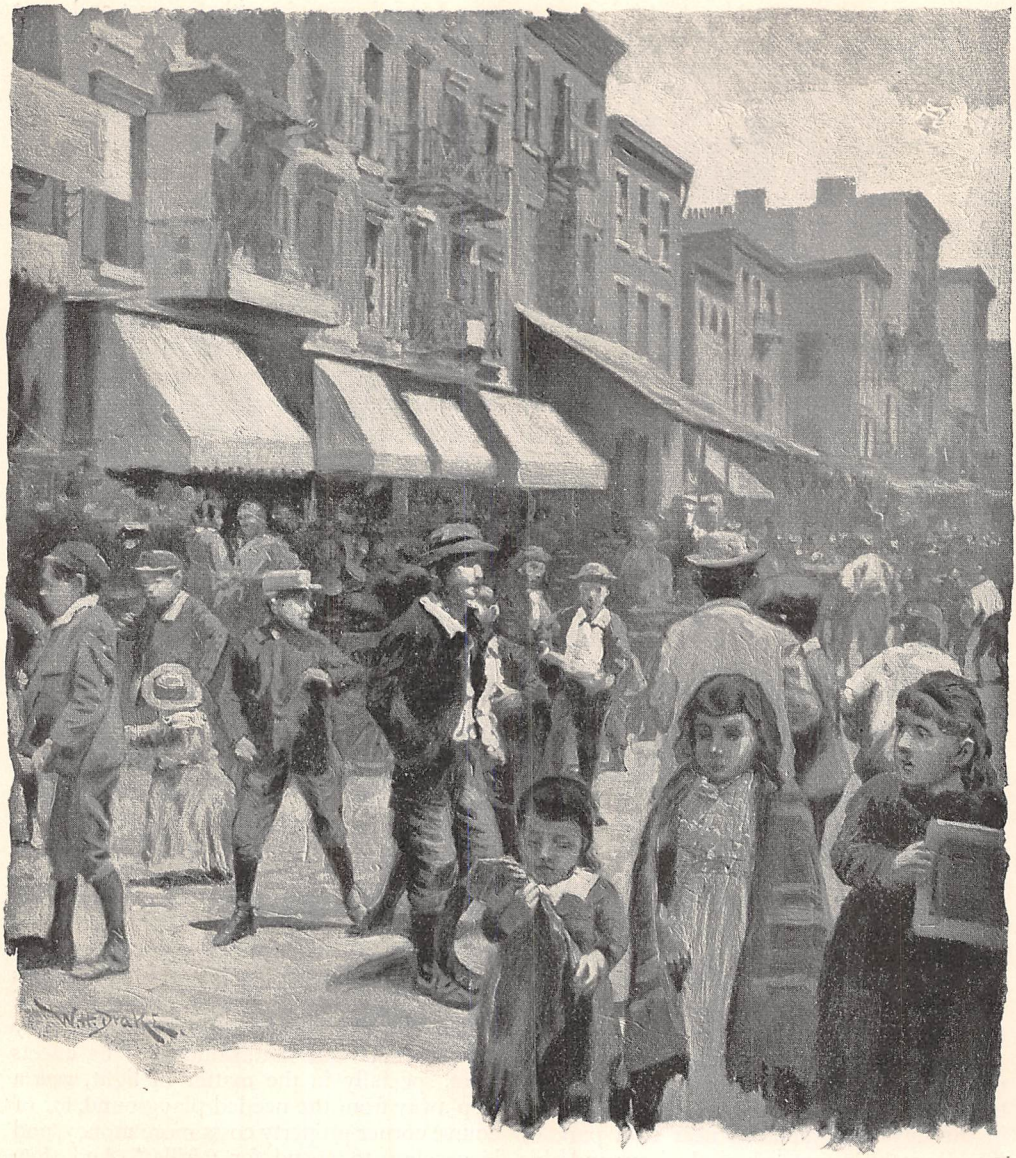
through the block. The boys had found other use for the mud. As an ingredient of pies it was a great persuader to peace, whereas in the gutter it had been a standing challenge to combat with society at large. All the wickedness that remained in Poverty Gap spent itself in the name it gave to the playground, "Holy Terror Park." But it was harmless. Unfortunately, the Park is gone. The building of the Wayfarers' Lodge wiped it out in part. There is room yet, however, and a rare chance for some public-spirited citizen to do his day and his generation (all but the police-reporter) a good turn.

If the transformation of Poverty Gap was magic, it was of a kind school-boards and city authorities ought to learn with all speed. But, after all, it is very simple. Boys in and out of school need to play, and in their own way. Their own way is not "kind of easy-like." They have to yell to be healthy. Unless they have the chance, they are likely to turn out either wicked or dull. Dr. Morris in his report on the schools commented upon the fact that where the ventilation was bad the children were always dull toward the end of the session. There are not a dozen schools among the hundred and thirty-odd in the city where the ventilation is as it should be. There are many in which it is exceedingly bad. The children are required to give close attention to their studies during five hours of every school-day. Unless that day is broken up by intermissions in the open air at healthy play, it is simply impossible for them to do it. They have not the chance. The street is the only playground that is open to them. But the street is an educator with its own plan, and the plan is not a safe one. Poverty Gap gave us a lesson on that point, and we have had more of the kind.

Real playgrounds must be provided for the children of New York, but from where are they to come? I do not know of a single school in the city to-day that is near to a park or other breathing-spot, where the boys and girls may romp to their hearts' content. Indeed, they seem to have been placed with a purpose of avoiding such neighbors. No relief is to be expected from the Board of Education. It has lost some good chances of providing it, and interfered to spoil some promising plans laid by more far-sighted ward trustees. A case in point was the new school, No. 7, in Chrystie street, on the corner of Hester street. It is a building with a magnificent sweep of nearly two hundred feet front, and is in the most densely crowded neighborhood, not only in New York, but in all the world. The census shows the packing of the Tenth Ward to be at the rate of 353,000 to the square mile, and it is growing all the time. The children that attend the school come, to a large extent, from the poorest and most desolate homes. There is no green spot within easy reach of it. To procure a playground for the children by the purchase of property was beyond the means of the trustees. They determined to make one on the roof of their big building, and laid their plans for a brick floor up there, and a parapet high enough to keep the boldest boy from climbing over. It was a beautiful idea, but it never became more than that. The Board of Education decided that the building would cost too much, and cut off all the "frills." The playground on the roof was the first of these. Now the school has a tin roof, which represents a lost opportunity of rare proportions. The city saved perhaps $40,000. What it lost cannot easily be computed in money. That roof-garden would have been cheap at almost any cost.

The new school in the Mulberry Bend has an attic gymnasium that was secured by a trick. As an educational influence it will rival the park under its windows, when that becomes a reality. Adjoining Grammar School No. 1, at Ludlow and Delancey streets, there was an open lot with a single tree in it upon which I cast longing eyes for years as a member of a committee interested in locating a playground in that neighborhood; but we were told at the Comptroller's office that it was for the school-children to play in. It was to be laid out for their use. Since then it has been built upon, and there is an end of that plan. I have heard of three or four instances in which ground had been procured with this professed aim, but it has not in any case been utilized. The longest step the Board of Education took in the direction of reforming the physical condition of the schools was when, some years ago, it committed itself to the policy of building thenceforward only on corners;[1] but that, salutary as its effects were, specially in the matter of light, was a step away from the needed playground, for of course corner property costs more money, and leaves less to spend for "frills." And then the improved looks of the thing made it easier to forget what was still lacking. Grammar School No. 77, on First Avenue between 85th and 86th streets, represents the development of that idea to its best advantage, though it was built before the idea was laid down as a rule of conduct. It occupies two corners, covering the whole end of the block, and is in all other respects an excellent school; but its indoor playgrounds are ridiculously inadequate to the accommodation of its three thousand and more

[1] At least so I understood it; but I see that in this year's report Superintendent Jasper recommends that preference be given to such sites, as if it were not a settled principle, as I thought. At all events, it has been the practice.



THE STREET THEIR ALTERNATIVE.

pupils. It is the one I spoke of in which the children had to "play kind of easy-like." Of course the effect is to thrust the children upon the street, which is hostile to the educational idea that the school-board represents.

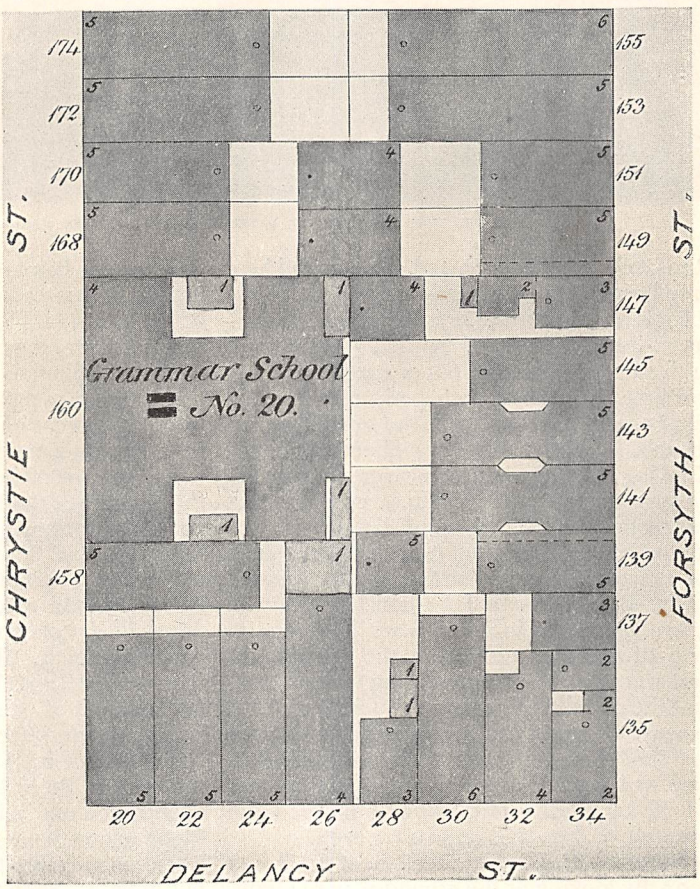
Some other way must be found, then, of providing the needed playgrounds, if they are ever to come. It happens that there is a perfectly simple and easy way. It is no Utopian back-yard reform, but a plain business-measure, for the operation of which the machinery is already provided by law. The need of breathing-spots for old and young in the crowded tenement districts appealed to the legislature seven years ago with sufficient force to procure the passage of what became known as the Small Parks Law. Under it the Board of Street Opening and Improvement is empowered to condemn lands anywhere below 155th street, and to take the necessary steps to locate and lay out "such and so many" public parks as it may "from time to time determine." Here was an unequaled opportunity, deliberately extended to meet a recognized emergency. How was it used? In seven years the city authorities have located, but not laid out, one park of a single block, which was urgently needed. I refer to the one which is coming, when all the red tape is unwound, in the Mulberry Bend. It has taken the commissioners seven years to award

a million and a half, in round numbers, to the holders of property in the block. It took the politicians less than seven weeks to get the half million they assessed for benefit upon adjacent property wiped out, and to saddle the whole thing on the city. That is the way of a good many reform efforts in New York. Still, one might condone even that, if the park were there, or even in sight. But the Bend is there instead, in all its pristine nastiness. All the change wrought so far has been on paper.

I say that is the only visible, or rather invisible, result wrought so far under this most beneficent law. To be sure, an addition was made to the East River Park, up-town, under it, at a cost of half a million, and the old Hudson street graveyard has been condemned at a like figure. But there was no crying demand for either, and as to the Corlear's Hook Park, that was authorized by a special act, and was never urgent except as a political measure. None of the sites that were urged by the health officers have been taken or even considered. As a means of "relieving the congestion of the tenement districts," the Small Parks Law has been a bad failure. The net results of seven years of its operation are an appropriation of two millions and a half, already paid out, or soon to be, and a promise of a park in the Mulberry Street Bend. Clearly, if this generation, or the next, is to derive the intended benefit from it, we must go about it in another way.

Here is the one I propose, for which the law furnishes all the needed machinery: Let enough land be condemned around every public school in the city that is not already isolated, to make a very small park that shall at once be a playground for the children, and a breathing-spot for the over-worked mothers with their babies, as well as a place where the fathers may smoke their evening pipes. And let these parks be laid out at once. There need be no long quarrel about the value of property to be so seized. It generally goes way up when the city manifests a desire for it; but, as is well known, schools depress rather than boom real estate, so that, without taking advantage of this fact, the fair selling value ought to be ascertained without long palaver. Then this plan would result in locating at once a hundred little "lungs" or more where the greatest crowds are, and where, therefore, they are needed most, and so would end that discussion. The question that arises in everybody's mind at once, quite naturally, is, What would it cost?

Without stopping to consider whether such a system of school-parks would not be cheap at any cost, let us look at the facts a moment. There are in this city from the Battery to West Farms 131 public schools. Of these about eighty-three are in the middle of blocks, squeezed in between other buildings that rob them of light and air, and four more are situated in that way, but run through to the next street. I say "about," because while that is the number at the time of writing this, yet some of them are to be abandoned,—none too soon,—as for instance the Vandewater street and the



PLAN OF CHRYSTIE STREET SCHOOL AND NEIGHBORHOOD.



WHERE THEY BURN GAS BY DAYLIGHT -- IN THE ESSEX MARKET SCHOOL.

Roosevelt street school, and are counted here only because they still exist. The rest of the schools are on corners, or isolated for the present at least. Leaving these last, which are all in the annexed district, out of consideration at this time, I find that such parks as I have in mind could be provided at the remaining 116 schools for about thirteen millions of dollars. Keeping in mind what we have or have not got for two millions and a half in seven years, does this seem an exorbitant sum? There is no reason why the carrying out of such a plan should take anything like the time that has been wasted in the Bend. It could be done as easily in seven months as in seven years, in season to give all the work needed by the unemployed next winter without surrendering to their claim that the city should make work for them. The expense of setting each of the 87 school-houses that stand in the middle of their blocks in such a park as I mean, I estimate at ten millions and a half, an average of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for each.

But what kind of park can be got for $125,000? By looking at the ground-plan of Grammar School No. 20, in Chrystie street, the reader will at once comprehend both the emergency and the scheme of relief. The school is seen to be set in a solid block of tenements, which, as the pressure of the population grows, will grow taller, trenching more upon its light and air until they must be removed. Already the teachers have to burn gas on the two lower floors on the brightest days, and in spite of the use of reflectors to catch what light struggles down between the tenements, the lower rooms resemble dungeons more than places for children to learn their lessons in. The class-rooms are so crowded that in two the children had to get up and move before I could enter. Their legs blocked the door. Their "playground" is dark, with closets opening upon it. The school is in the heart of the crowded Tenth Ward. My scheme includes the removal of one tenement on each side of it in Chrystie street, and the six on Forsyth street behind it. I have been at some pains to ascertain the value of the property to be so condemned, and believe that it could be bought for $240,000, if not for less. In fact, one of the houses is for sale at a lower figure than I had put upon it. So in the case of No. 7, at Chrystie and Hester streets, only a few blocks away.

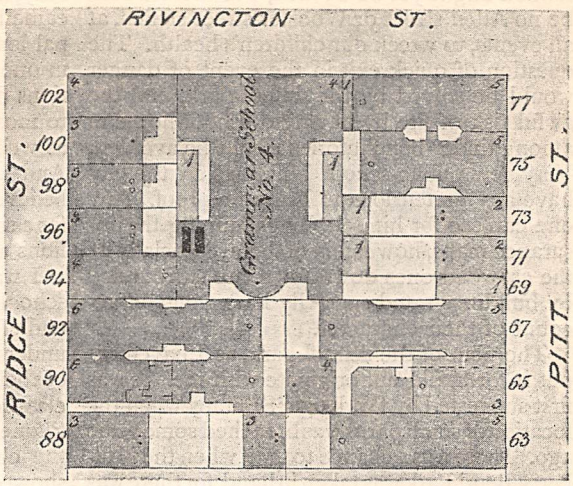
There I would pay for the "frills" rejected by the Board of Education by condemning all the property back of the school on Forsyth street at a cost of $220,000. If this were deemed too liberal an allowance because of the proximity of the other school park in Chrystie street, a hundred feet square or so behind the school, from the corner to No. 51 Forsyth street, might be acquired at a cost of $130,000. But this is of all places the neighborhood where parks are needed, and I would not skimp here, particularly as there are other localities where a simple playground will suffice. These help to reduce the average of cost, which in some of the East Side schools is much exceeded.

To this class belongs Primary School No. 15, in Stone street, for instance, which has a small attendance, and could get along nicely with a playground, Jeannette Park being in the immediate vicinity. The adjoining lot is in the market for $60,000. So, in the case of Primary School 34, in Pearl street, near Beekman street, where the population is small, $75,000 would cover the purchase of enough ground for the children to play in, and to secure light and air for the class-rooms, if the school is to remain there. In the case of Grammar School No. 4, in Rivington street, I would tear down all the houses that back up on it from Ridge and Pitt streets, and so make at once a breathing-spot capable of being made beautiful as well as useful. The city has already, I believe, acquired the property west of the school, but not for a playground. I am informed that a new wing of the school is to be built there at once. If this could not be prevented, the Pitt street property ought at least to be acquired at a cost of not much more than $100,000, though it is held at a higher figure. And so on. My figures are not random guesses. I have carefully examined the property on the insurance maps and personally, and while they would probably be disputed by those in interest, I am confident that they would not be greatly exceeded in the awards.

If the Wooster school is not to be definitely abandoned, it would be necessary to demolish the factories on both sides to improve its light, as well as to give the children a playground, and I have counted it in my footing at $175,000; but I do not think it would be worth spending any such amount upon it. Neither would the expenditure of $125,000 to secure relief for No. 42, in Allen street, be justified by the results. These schools should long since have been condemned, and other sites found. I have included them in my estimate for that event. For the Vandewater street and the Roosevelt street school I have allowed $100,000 to be laid out in a breathing-space about the new building in Oliver street. The site is now under discussion, and there is here a fine opportunity to test my plan in a district that is as much in need of a green spot as any in the city.

So far I have spoken only of the schools down-town. Some of those up-town are quite as bad as the worst. In the case of those that are not, as for instance Grammar School No. 77, at First Avenue and 85th street, and where Central Park is within reasonable reach of the grown-up people, I would add a playground of generous size by clearing at least two full lots adjoining the school. This is merely for economy's sake, since that is going to be where the fight will come in. If I had my way, I would surround every school in the city, up-town or down-town, with a park that would make it always the most attractive spot in all the neighborhood.

To my mind that is one of the chief advantages to be derived from the school park. Instead of being repelled, children would be attracted to a school that was identified with their playground. Truancy would cease. I would adopt the plan that has proved successful in London, of lending the schools to the boys for club-rooms in the evening hours,— under some system of effective but not intrusive surveillance, and not the kind that would aim at "keeping them down," — those evening hours when the manufacture of the tough goes on most actively in the street. The gangs would soon find their occupation gone when the schools became boys' clubs. Why is it so hard for our city authorities to learn a lesson which any man's unofficial common sense grasps at once? However, the club is not necessarily a part of the school park. It is one of the "frills" to be con-



PLAN OF RIVINGTON STREET SCHOOL AND NEIGHBORHOOD.

sidered afterward. The first consideration would be to make the park attractive as well as useful. I would have a few trees in it for shade, a shelter at one end or along the side for rainy days, and some simple gymnastic apparatus for the children. For the rest, there should be a combination of asphalt and grass, with the asphalt predominating, and never a sign of "keep off the grass," if the lawns had to be sodded every year anew. My school-park should be a people's park in which the children might play at recess, and where the mothers might take their babies during school hours. It should be always open, and there should be plenty of seats in it.

A school set in such a park could be made architecturally attractive. Perhaps it would be difficult to accomplish that with some of the structures which now stand, but in time that would follow, once the principle was laid down. Light in plenty there would be, and foul air would no longer make the children dull over their books. Dr. Morris reported that in all the schools he visited "the children and the teachers suffered from colds caused by the dangerous drafts" from the windows that had to be opened lest they smother. Mechanical ventilation might yet be needed, but there would be no Allen street or Wooster street stench, at all events, to wreck our children's health. The question of quick exit in the event of danger would be solved by the school-park, and the awful risk of fire by having a school-house in among tinder-box factories would be avoided. Very few public-school buildings in the city have any pretensions to being fireproof. Any one can see for himself, by examining the insurance maps, how many of them, especially of the crowded ones down-town, are surrounded by buildings rated specially hazardous on account of their character.

The plan of the school-park, as I have here put it forth, did not originate with me. It was first suggested by Dr. Roger S. Tracy when the location of small parks was broached some years ago. There was a chance to try it when the Mulberry Bend Park was taken in hand, for there was a public school in that very block. But that chance, like so many others, was lost. When I called attention to it at the time they were looking for a new site for the school,—since built on the opposite corner, and not included in the estimate above, because of the prospective proximity of the park, and because they have actually a gymnasium up in the attic,—and pointed out that the law allowed the Park Commissioners to erect in the small parks, "for public purposes, for the comfort, health, and *instruction* of the people," such buildings as they saw fit, I was told by a city official, a high-salaried lawyer, that that could not be made to include schools, and that the Park Department was not the Board of Education anyhow. There would be "a conflict of authority." Doubtless. This is one of the most efficient means of hindering and hampering reform of any kind. But it ought to be possible to overcome that obstacle in this case. The real argument, so far as there is any, against the school-park plan is on the question of expense. Dr. Cyrus Edson, Health Commissioner, answered that when, in 1892, he, as sanitary superintendent, forwarded Dr. Morris's report to the board with this comment: "The only objection that can be made to the recommendations is that their compliance would entail the expenditure of a large amount of money. This objection should not weigh for a moment against the health of the school-children. Pure air is absolutely essential to their well-being. The air of our school-buildings should be made pure, regardless of cost." In Paris, and in other cities abroad, there are playgrounds for real play at every public school-house. I presume that real estate is high enough in the French capital, if not as high as in cramped New York; yet it does not appear that the city's credit has suffered by its liberality, if the statement is correct which recently came by cable to the effect that a new municipal loan had been taken eighty-five times over in one day by her own people. Local conditions differ; the school-park plan seems to me to meet for New York a double demand quite as well as anything I have heard of abroad. And when it comes to the actual pay-desk, I believe that the revenues of the sinking fund for a single year would almost pay the ten millions and a half, if not the thirteen.

I was told once by an ex-superintendent of school-buildings in a great city that he had no end of trouble trying to make his school-board understand the relation between the number of their scholars and the cubic air-space of the class-rooms. They paid no attention to him until one day he brought a copy of the Talmud to the chief among them, who was a Jew, and showed him that it was all down in the Mosaic law ages and ages ago. That settled it. After that he had his way. We in New York can get up a fine frenzy at short notice over the question of keeping the Bible in our public schools. By all means let it stay, and hoist the flag on the school, too, if it is worthy of it, but until our schools have been made places for which no Christian needs to blush, as he must for many that are crowded every day in this city, this zeal for the Bible is sheer mockery and humbug. It were better to put the Talmud on the principal's desk, and upon the desk of every School Commissioner as well, until they have learned its lesson.

Jacob A. Riis.

"THE PRICE OF PEACE."



N writing about the lobby, in his "American Commonwealth," Mr. James Bryce says: "All legislative bodies which control important pecuniary interests are as sure to have a lobby as an army to have its camp-followers. Where the body is, there will the vultures be gathered together. Great and wealthy States, like New York and Pennsylvania, support the largest and most active lobbies." This was written several years ago, and was, like all the same author's comments upon American affairs, singularly penetrating and accurate. The lobby evil was then substantially the same in all the older and wealthier States, and the problem of coping with it by means of laws for its regulation was a subject of current discussion. But within recent years there have been developments which have resulted virtually in the discontinuance of the lobby in the richest State, and in the establishment in its place of the political boss as the disposer and regulator of all legislation. Since Mr. Bryce wrote also one State, Massachusetts, has passed a law for the regulation and restraint of the lobby, and I will consider briefly the results achieved by that law before passing to the consideration of the modern substitute for the lobby.

The Massachusetts statute went into effect at the legislative session of 1891. It requires the sergeant-at-arms of the legislature to keep two dockets, one for the names of all persons employed as counsel before committees, and the other for the names of all agents employed in connection with any legislation affecting the pecuniary interests of any individual, association, or private or public corporation. Upon these dockets the names of each counsel and agent must be registered within one week of the date of his employment, with the length of time it is to continue, the special subject or subjects of legislation to which his employment relates, and the name and business address of his employer. Whenever additional subjects of legislation are assigned to an agent or counsel, they must be entered on the books in such a manner that the entries opposite the name of each employer will show all the subjects of legislation in relation to which any counsel or agent is employed by him, and that the entries opposite the name of each agent or counsel will show all the subjects of legislation with reference to which he is employed. No person whose name is not registered is allowed to appear as counsel before any committee, or to act in any manner as agent in respect to any legislation, and no person, or corporation, or association, is permitted to employ as counsel or agent any person who is not registered. Each register or docket is closed at the end of the session, and new ones must be opened at the ensuing session. Within thirty days after adjournment, every person, corporation, or association, whose name appears on the docket as having employed any counsel or agent, must render to the secretary of the Commonwealth a full, complete, and detailed statement, sworn to before a justice of the peace, of all expenses paid or incurred in connection with promoting or opposing in any manner, directly or indirectly, the passage of legislation. Violation of any provision of the act is punishable by a fine of not less than $100 or more than $1000 for each offense; and any person seeking to act as counsel or agent contrary to its provisions is liable to the same penalties, and in addition will be disbarred from acting in such capacity for a period of three years from the date of conviction.

The law demonstrated its usefulness in one respect immediately upon going into operation. At the first session of a legislature acting under its provisions, many professional lobbyists, including all those of the most notorious character, declined to put their names upon the dockets and departed forever from the State-house. Some of them took up their occupation in the hotel lobbies, and other places frequented by members of the legislature, but they plied their trade under such disadvantages that most of them abandoned it permanently not long afterward. The regular counsel of the railway companies and other corporations appeared as usual, and put their names on the dockets. At the close of the session of 1891, the secretary of the Commonwealth sent to the attorney-general the names of 67 employers of counsel and agents who had failed to make sworn statements in accordance with the law. These were classified as follows: making no returns, 8; making returns more than thirty days after adjournment, 28; making imperfect returns, 31. The attorney-general submitted the cases to the grand jury, but no indictments were returned. Since 1891 the attorney-general has sent notice to persons whose names have been given to him as those of employers failing to comply with the law, and they have all thereupon made the required returns. I

have obtained from the records of the attorney-general's office the following figures of registrations and returns for the four years in which the law has been in operation, those for 1894 being incomplete as to returns, which at this writing are not due:

	1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.
Legislative counsel	163 men. 223 cases.	183 men. 276 cases.	157 men. 262 cases.	142 men. 231 cases.
Legislative agents	49 men. 66 cases.	39 men. 57 cases.	20 men. 63 cases.	17 men. 28 cases.
Cases referred to the attorney-general	67	36	23	—
Prosecutions	0	0	0	—

As to the general working of this law, it is the verdict of all observers that it has made the air of the State-house steadily clearer each year, the number of lobbyists growing smaller at each succeeding session, as the official figures show. Of the seventeen agents registered this year, only seven were professionals—that is, men who have been about the State-house as lobbyists for several years. All these had a miserable year of it, or, as the sergeant-at-arms put it, "were living on apples and cheese." It has been shown that persons and corporations in search of legislation do not like to make public record of the fact, as they are obliged to do if they employ a counsel or an agent. They do not like to have it known, in the first place, that they are hiring men to help them to procure legislation, and they wish to avoid, in the second place, the importunities of agents who rush in for employment as soon as they see a possibility of obtaining it. Publicity, which is a wonderful reform agency wherever it is applied, works, first, to cut down the number of lobbyists by driving away the more pernicious of them, because they dare not register, and, second, to send the more reputable into other occupations by diminishing the number of employers and making the business unprofitable. One bad effect of the law, which was developed during its first three years, seems to have run its course, for it has not been apparent during the present year. Foreseeing that they could not ply their trade thenceforth in the lobby, certain professional corruptionists got themselves elected to the legislature, and plied it on the inside. They would go to the registered employers of counsel and agents, and offer for cash to pass certain measures, threatening to defeat them if their offers were not accepted. There was reason to suspect that something of this kind was done during the first three years of the law, but this year none of the persons suspected reappeared in either house, and that evil appears to have worked its own cure.

Ohio is the only other State which has shown any indication of even a desire to adopt the Massachusetts method, a bill embodying its principles having been introduced in the Ohio legislature at its last session. So far as I can discover, there are no other State laws bearing upon the subject except the old ones of California and Georgia, the former of which declares lobbying to be a felony, and the latter declares it to be a crime.

Let us now consider the case of New York, in which State, as I have said, the lobby has been superseded by a political boss who dispenses and regulates all legislation. It has been a part of my professional duty for many years to keep close watch upon legislation at Albany, and to examine every bill that was introduced in either house of the legislature. I began to notice four years ago that certain forms of "strikes"—that is, bills against corporations, designed to reduce their profits or otherwise injure them, which had been familiar for many years—were not so plentiful as formerly. This was in the session of 1891. In the session of 1892 a still further diminution was perceptible. In 1893 there was a total void. Not a "strike" of any size or consequence was to be found among the bills from the opening to the close of the session. In 1894 a few of the familiar ones reappeared again, but they were of comparatively slight importance, and were able to make no progress. When the "strikes" began to fall off in 1891, loud complaints were heard from the lobby, and when the supply failed entirely in 1893, the lobbyists disappeared from the capital, and, what was no less significant, members who for years had been notorious legislative jobbers began to complain audibly that there was no longer "anything in the business," since the bosses took all the profits.

The legislature of 1892 was the first one for many years which had in both houses a majority of the same political faith as the governor. This harmonious arrangement had been accomplished by proceedings which afterward became familiar to the whole State because of Judge Maynard's connection with them. It was during this session that my curiosity prompted me to set on foot inquiries as to the reasons for the falling off in anti-corporation legislation. There were rumors in circulation that a new system had been put in operation, and that instead of "sending up the stuff to Albany,"—to quote Mr. Tilden's phrase in description of the lobby method,—a way had been opened for the direct application of the "stuff" in New York city. I asked one attorney of a powerful corporation, who had spent much time at Albany every winter for many years, if he had any information on the point which he could give me. His answer was that he could only say that for the first time since his

connection with the corporation he had not been asked to go to Albany to oppose any measure either in committee or elsewhere. I asked another attorney, whose knowledge of the ways of corporations was intimate and large, what he thought about the matter, and his reply was that if the truth could be got at, he suspected it would be found that every corporation liable to attack at Albany had "bought peace" for itself in New York city.

It should be borne in mind, in order to follow step by step the development of the new system which is now thoroughly established in New York, that no assurance could be given, during the campaign of 1891, in which the legislature and governor of 1892 were elected, that one party would control the entire State government. Whatever system there was in that year for controlling legislation from New York city was put in operation, consequently, after election. When the campaign of 1892 came around, the outlook was much more certain. The Democratic party had the governorship; it had such sway in New York city that it was certain of rolling up a great majority there; its majority in the State Senate was to hold over for another year, and it had an excellent prospect for getting a majority in the lower house, or Assembly. Herein lay the conditions for constructing the new system, which was the simple one of "buying peace" by means of a contribution to a campaign fund. The "word was passed" that every contributor to the Tammany campaign fund would be "taken care of," not merely in the city, but at Albany. For years a request for a contribution to this fund had been recognized as carrying with it a pledge of immunity from various local annoyances, in case it were complied with. Consequently, in 1892 and 1893, when contributions were asked on a more generous scale, and were asked also in the light of recent experience in the new way of disposing of Albany legislation, they were granted with full understanding on both sides as to the ends in view. That these contributions were very large in some instances was admitted freely in private conversation, and the existence of the new system was as well known as that of the old had been. In the campaign of 1893 the system was in full operation, and there was scarcely a corporation in the city of New York, the great center of the corporate wealth of the land, that did not at least have an opportunity to fall beneath its sway.

More or less open allusion to the existence of the system had been made from time to time in the newspapers, but the first public exposure of its operation in specific cases, with names and amounts, was made by Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham in March of the present year. In a speech before a Good Government Club, Mr. Peckham described the new system in its true light as the successor of the old lobby, declaring that one man, the boss, "says whether a bill shall pass or not," and that to this boss "many pay large amounts 'for peace,' as they put it." He then went on to say that he had heard of one corporation, which he named, that "pays $50,000 a year for peace," and he knew of another that pays a similar amount for the same purpose. If a man of less character had made these statements, they might have attracted little attention; but Mr. Peckham had, only a few weeks earlier, been nominated by President Cleveland for Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the press of all political parties had agreed in declaring him eminently fitted, by ability and character, for that exalted position. That such a man should make statements like these was a serious matter, and there was a natural expectation that denial or explanation would follow from the corporation named. But, from that day to the present, not a word either of denial or of explanation has been heard. Silence, under such conditions, must be taken as confession.

I was led by this incident to make exhaustive inquiry as to the number of corporate and other interests which, from the nature of their business, would be likely to be called upon to "pay for peace," with a view to obtaining some idea of the gross income of this new system. I made a careful analysis of all the corporations existing under New York laws, and examined the business of those and of all other financial institutions subject in any way to legislative regulation. When the resulting list was completed, I submitted it in turn to eminent legal advisers of the various classes of corporations and institutions embraced in it, for the purpose of eliminating all whose claims to a right to be included were in any way doubtful. I left in none which did not belong to some class in which there were individual members that had, to my certain knowledge, paid something "for peace." As finally revised and sifted, this list contained 2126 names, with an aggregate nominal capital of $1,890,000,000. These can be subdivided as follows:

With capital less than 1 million	1864
With capital ranging from 1 to 5 millions	192
With capital ranging from 5 to 25 millions	55
With capital ranging from 25 to 100 millions	15
Total,	2126

I have not included in this list the foreign steamship companies, though these are all, through Tammany control of the quarantine regulations of the port, as sensitive to the demands of "peace" as any other elements of the organized wealth of the community. A partial

list of the larger groups of susceptible corporations is the following:

Insurance companies	170
State banks	32
Savings banks	25
Street railway companies	26
Ferry companies	21
Foreign steamship companies	37
Domestic " "	24

Whether all the members of these lists are contributors to the "peace" fund, it is impossible to say, but it is the opinion of the authorities to whom I have submitted them that the great majority of them are. It being an undoubted fact that individual members of each group or class do contribute, it is a logical and reasonable inference that other members do the same; but of course it is mere inference. There are undoubtedly exceptions, for some upon whom the demand is made refuse to accede to it. That the demand itself is made wherever there is a reasonable prospect of success can scarcely be questioned. A system of local government which levies tribute upon all forms of industry in the community, from the wealthiest corporation down to the Italian fruit-vender with his cart in the gutter, is not likely to let anything within its reach escape its clutches without an effort to grasp it. That its demands are systematic and well-nigh universal is the common belief, as was revealed in a remark which the head of a great business-house made recently, when he was asked why he did not form a corporation. "We would," he replied, "were we not afraid that Tammany would strike us the minute we did so." But the strongest testimony of all ever given on this point was that volunteered to the Senate Investigating Committee by Mr. Henry O. Havemeyer, President of the American Sugar Refining Company, known as the Sugar Trust. He said that the trust had made a campaign contribution to local political organizations, and the corporations composing the trust had done it before the trust was formed, and in explanation added: "We have large interests in this State: we need police protection and fire protection; we need everything that the city furnishes and gives, and we have to support these things. Every individual and corporation and firm — trust, or whatever you call it — does these things, and we do them."

As to the objects of the contributions, I have several incidents, of unquestionable authenticity, which leave no doubt upon that point. Toward the close of the campaign of 1893, the president of a powerful and wealthy corporation called a meeting of its directors to consider a special matter. There was some delay in getting them all together, and the meeting was not held till the Friday preceding election day. When the directors had assembled, the president stated to them that the corporation had been asked to contribute $15,000 to the Democratic campaign fund. He advocated the granting of the demand, saying that the amount was the same that they had paid the year before, that they had got all they had bargained for, that he considered the payment a good business investment for the company, and that as careful custodians of the interests intrusted to them they could not afford to refuse. The directors voted the payment. It was stipulated by the "peace" negotiators that the money should be divided into three equal parts, one check for $5000 to go to a State machine leader, another for the same amount to a local boss, and the third to a campaign-committee fund. The checks were drawn, and were to be called for by one of the beneficiaries on Monday following. They were locked in the company's safe. On Saturday the cashier or other employee in charge of the safe was called away, expecting to return on Monday. He was delayed, the safe could not be opened, and when the checks were called for, the person calling was told that they had been ordered and drawn, but could not be reached for the reasons given; he was told, however, that it was all right, and if he would call on Wednesday, the day after election, he could obtain them. On Tuesday the election was held, and the result showed that the Democrats had lost control of the legislature. When the checks were called for on Wednesday, they were withheld on the ground that the Democratic bosses "had no goods to deliver" in return for the money.

Another instance, no less authentic, is equally illuminating. A meeting of the board of directors had been called a few days before election to consider the question of a contribution of an amount similar to the one in the foregoing case. It was voted to pay it. One of the directors said that in his opinion there was considerable doubt as to the outcome of the election; and he suggested, therefore, that it might be expedient to have the check which had been drawn "mislaid quite accidentally" till after election. If the Democrats carried the election, he explained, it could be sent to them with a note stating that it had been mislaid, and no harm would be done. If they failed to carry the election, the check could be destroyed. It was destroyed.

Whatever else these instances show, they reveal a perfect understanding on the part of the contributors as to the real object of their contributions. They are not giving to the campaign fund because they believe in the principles of the party receiving the money, but because they are buying "peace." One prominent head of a great corporation, the "assessment" on which by Tammany in one campaign was

$100,000, and the regular contribution of which is fully half that amount, says in conversation that he and his corporation are well satisfied with the present system: "We get what we pay for, and think it well worth the money."

While it is probably true that in some instances the "peace" money is paid to protect a corporation in the maintenance of privileges that are hostile to the public interests, in the great majority of cases it is paid to secure immunity from all kinds of blackmailing attacks. Of course, it is itself blackmail, but it is a fixed sum as against an indefinite outlay for defense against innumerable and incessant attacks. All those who refuse to pay it find out sooner or later that it is much cheaper to yield. Not only is the legislative power in the hands of the men who ask the tribute, but the local administrative and police powers as well. A corporation carrying on its work in New York city, and subject to local regulations, will soon find that unless it makes a "peace" contribution, its business is practically at a standstill. I have in mind one instance, the full details of which are in my possession, but would occupy too much space to be set forth here, in which a corporation which had refused to buy "peace" was compelled to fight in the courts, all the way up to the Court of Appeals, for a permit to which it was justly entitled from the local authorities, to carry forward operations under its franchise. It got its rights in the end, but only after more than a year of delay, during which time the development of its business had been virtually stopped, entailing upon it in business injury and legal expenses a loss of not less than $100,000. A "peace" offering of $10,000 or $15,000 would have prevented unquestionably all this annoyance and expense.

Concerning the gross earning-capacity of this system, not even an approximate estimate can be made. I have not been able to discover anything like a regular scale of prices. The corporation which Mr. Peckham says pays $50,000 a year has a nominal capital of only $3,500,000. Its liability to harmful legislation is peculiarly great, and in this quality of its business lies its paying ability. That many other corporations pay equally large amounts, I am convinced by information which I have obtained. Among the 15 that have capital ranging from $25,000,000 to $100,000,000, there are several which have special reasons for paying heavily for "peace." The same thing is true of the 55 which have from $5,000,000 to $25,000,000, and of the 192 which have from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000. Contributions which range from $50,000 a year down through $15,000 and $10,000 to a few hundreds pile up a great total very rapidly. I have been given all kinds of guesses as to the grand total obtainable in a year like that of 1893, when both branches of the legislature, the governor, the quarantine office, and the entire city government were all in control of the same machine. The most conservative authorities have placed it in the millions, ranging from $2,000,000 to $4,000,000. This includes not merely "peace" revenue from reputable business enterprises, but that obtained from the liquor-traffic, and from the vice and crime of a great city, the rates of which are being revealed to the public by the Senate Investigating Committee as this article goes to press. As those in charge of these funds at the same time control legislation and all sorts of influence and opportunity, is it a matter of wonder that they rapidly amass great fortunes and expend their money like millionaires with ostentatious profusion?

That other bosses should cast covetous eyes upon so lucrative a system is inevitable, since all bosses are at bottom of the same character, all of them being in politics for corrupt and corrupting purposes. The first essential for the establishment of the system is a machine with a boss at its head whose power is absolute. Tammany Hall, being the most perfect machine of the kind ever known, is able to operate the system more scientifically than any of its rivals or imitators; but when Tammany lost control of the legislature at Albany last winter, there were not lacking signs that a Republican boss, with a machine at his command, seemed disposed to see how the system would work when applied to his party. He could not work it so successfully because he could not command such absolute obedience; but in at least one instance there was reason to suspect that the principle of "paying for peace" had been established by one of the $50,000 contributors to the Tammany fund. That the Republican politicians of a certain sort had caught a glimpse of the treasures within their reach was shown by their refusal to allow the Corrupt Practices Act to be so amended that every campaign committee would be compelled to make sworn publication, after election, of all moneys received or expended during the campaign. Of course, if it had been made a law, the exact amount which every corporation should contribute would have to be made public, and this would destroy the system. In this fact we find the explanation of the hostility of both parties to such amendment of the law.

It would be a mistake to infer that when the outlook concerning an election is doubtful, no contributions "for peace" are made. In such campaigns they are made in smaller sums to both sides. "We always give to the funds of Tammany Hall, the County Democracy, and the Republicans," said the head of a great corporation who was asked for a contribution a

few years ago. He was making himself "solid" with all sides, in the way in which Jay Gould declared that he was wont to do in the old Erie campaigns: "In Republican counties I was a Republican, in Democratic counties I was a Democrat, in doubtful counties I too was doubtful, but in all counties I was an Erie man."

I HAVE made inquiries of high authorities in other States containing large cities to ascertain if the "peace" method has gained any foothold there. Of course a large city is one essential to its establishment, and the existence of a machine with an autocratic boss is another. I find that Maryland and Pennsylvania are the only States except New York in which anything of the kind has been established. Maryland appears, in fact, to be entitled to the honor of inventing the system, for it came into being in that State early in the seventies. The political bosses established soon after 1870 what has since been known as the "Grandmother's Fund." Into this were poured all the "assessments" upon office-holders, all the voluntary contributions, and all the "peace" money which was levied upon corporations. At one time the "peace" tariff was a uniform one of 15 per cent. upon all bills "with money in them" which came before the legislature. Subsequently, the New York method of proportioning the levy to the liability of the corporation to injury, and to its ability to pay, was adopted, and single contributions sometimes rose as high as $30,000. At least two treasurers of the fund have become very rich men while holding the position.

In Pennsylvania the system has been put in operation only to a limited extent, and at somewhat widely separated intervals. In Massachusetts and Illinois it is entirely unknown. But it will spread to other States in time, unless steps are taken to prevent it. If the principle once becomes general that any corporation within the regulating control of a legislature can obtain the treatment it desires by a contribution to a campaign fund, every State will succumb to it, for there is untold "money in it for politics." Campaign committees exist in all States, with or without bosses, and they will not be slow to discover this method of swelling their funds. Party committees, like bosses, can control the action of members of the legislatures. If they have the funds in their hands, they can expend them in the elections for legislative candidates, on the understanding that after election these candidates shall take no action which the contributors will dislike. When an advocate of a measure in the public interest, who had tried in vain to find some member of the majority at Albany who would introduce his bill a few years ago, asked in great perplexity why they all refused to touch it, the leader of the majority in one house said: "Why, the corporation whose profits your bill would reduce paid $50,000 into our campaign fund last year. Any of our members who should even introduce that bill to the legislature would never be permitted by the machine to get a nomination again." That would be the effect of the system everywhere. The lobby would be abolished, corporations would cease to have dealings with individual members, as has been their custom heretofore in nearly all our legislatures, and legislation with money in it would all be contracted for with the campaign committees before the members were elected.

The remedies for this condition of affairs are not far to seek. I have mentioned one in the requirement of sworn publication, after election, of all receipts and expenditures by campaign committees as well as by candidates. That is in force now in Massachusetts, Missouri, California, Colorado, and Kansas. No corporation would venture to contribute such a sum as $50,000 if the fact were to be published, for the size of the contribution would of itself be proof of the bargain, expressed or implied, which was behind it. Another remedy, and the only one which can work a radical and lasting cure, lies in the awakened moral sense of the people who buy the peace. There has never been a time when these by combining and exposing their blackmailers could not have destroyed the system and driven its operators from politics forever. They not only keep silent about the levies that are made upon them, but many of them refrain from active participation in public affairs lest they may give offense to their oppressors. It is notorious that a reform movement can seldom hope to command the open sympathy and support of great corporations or great property owners. Not only do these by their "peace" offerings sustain corrupt and ignorant and debasing rule, but they also abstain from all assistance to those who are seeking to free republican institutions from the shame and burden of that rule. Such a condition of things cannot long endure. It is defended now on the plea that the interests of thousands of investors are at stake, and it is held to be cheaper to buy peace than to enjoy it as a right by securing honest government through active and vigilant performance of the duties of citizenship. Sooner or later it will be seen that there is something of far greater moment than private or corporate interests involved in this question, and that under popular government peace at the price of liberty, and at the sacrifice of patriotism, is bought too dearly to be worth the having.

Joseph B. Bishop.

JAKE STANWOOD'S GAL.

BY ANNA FULLER,

Author of "Pratt Portraits," "A Literary Courtship," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

JACOB STANWOOD was not the only college-bred man, stranded more or less like a disabled hull, upon the prairie sea of Colorado. Within the radius of a hundred miles — no great distance as prairie miles are reckoned,— there were known to be some half dozen of the fraternity, putting their superior equipment to the test, opposing trained minds and muscles to the stubborn resistance of ungenial Nature. The varying result of the struggle in different cases would seem to indicate that it is moral fiber which Nature respects and submits to, rather than any acquired advantages.

In Jacob Stanwood's case there was no such test applied, for there was absolutely no struggle. He would have found it much easier to send a bullet through his brain than to put that organ to any violent exertion. Up to this time, the alternative had not been presented to him, but he sometimes fancied that he saw it coming. At such times he would philosophize over himself and fate, until he had exhausted those two great subjects, and then, in a quiet and gentlemanly way, he would drown speculation in the traditional dram. He never drank anything but "Old Rye," and he flattered himself that he did so only when he pleased. If he somewhat misapprehended his relation with Old Rye, it was perhaps no wonder; for in his occasional encounters with this gentlemanly intoxicant, his only witnesses and commentators were his collie dogs, and they never ventured upon an opinion in the matter.

When he was in a good mood Stanwood would sit in his doorway of a summer evening, with the collies at his feet, and commune with nature as amicably as if she had been his best friend. Between his cabin door and "the range" stretched twenty miles of arid prairie; but when the sun was in the west, the wide expanse took on all the mystic hues that the Orientals love and seek to imitate, and he gazed across it to the towering peaks with a sense of ownership which no paternal acres, no velvet lawns, no stately trees, could have awakened in him. A row of telegraph-poles, which had doubtless once been trees, straggled along the line of the railroad, a few miles to the north, and his own windmill indicated the presence of water underground. But as far as the eye could reach not a living tree could be seen, not a glimmer of a lake or rivulet; only the palpitating plain and the soaring peaks, and at his feet the cluster of faithful friends, gazing into his face, from time to time, with rapt devotion.

On these meditative evenings Stanwood found a leisurely companionship in reminiscences of better days; reminiscences more varied and brilliant than most men have for solace. But it was part of his philosophy never to dwell on painful contrasts. Even into the memory of his wife, whom he had adored and lost, he allowed no poignant element to enter. He thought of her strong and gay and happy. He never permitted the recollection of her illness and death, nor of his own grief, to intrude itself. Indeed he had succeeded in reality, as well as in retrospect, in evading his grief. There had been a little daughter of six, who had formed part of the painful association which his temperament rebelled against. Foregoing, in her favor, the life-interest in her mother's estate to which he was entitled, he had placed the child under the guardianship of an uncle whom he equally disliked and trusted, and, having thus disposed of his last responsibility, he had gone forth into what proved to be the very diverting world of Europe. The havoc which some ten years' sojourn wrought in his very considerable fortune would force one to the conclusion that he had amused himself with gambling; but whether in stocks, or at faro tables, or in some more subtle wise, was known only to himself.

He had returned to his own country by way of Japan and San Francisco, and then he had set his face to the East, with an idea that he must repair his shattered fortunes. When once the Rocky Mountains were crossed, however, and no longer stood as a bulwark between him and unpleasant realities, he suddenly concluded to go no farther. It struck him that he was hardly prepared for the hand-to-hand struggle with fortune which he had supposed himself destined to; it would be more in his line to take up a claim and live there as master, though it were only master of a desert.

The little daughter, with whom he kept up

a desultory correspondence, had expressed her regret in a letter written in the stiff, carefully worded style of "sweet sixteen," and he had never guessed the passion of disappointment which the prim little letter concealed.

This had happened five years ago. He had taken up his claim successfully, but there success ended. After four years or more of rather futile "ranching," he sold most of his stock to his men, who promptly departed with it, and proceeded to locate a claim a few miles distant. The incident amused him as illustrating the dignity of labor, and kindred philosophical theories which the present age seems invented to establish.

One horse, a couple of cows, and his six collie dogs of assorted ages and sizes he still retained, and with their assistance he was rapidly making away with the few hundreds accruing from the sale of his stock and farming implements. He had placed the money in the bank at Cameron City, a small railroad-station in a hollow five miles north of him, and it was when his eyes fell upon the rapidly diminishing monthly balance that he thought he saw coming that unpleasant alternative of which mention has been made.

He found no little entertainment, after the departure of his men, in converting their late sleeping-apartment into what he was pleased to call a "museum." To this end nothing further was necessary than that two old sole-leather trunks should render up their contents, consisting of half-forgotten souvenirs of travel. The change was magical. Unmounted photographs appeared upon the wall, an ivory Faust and Gretchen from Nuremberg stood, self-centered and unobservant, upon the chimney-shelf among trophies from Turkey, and Japan, and Spain, and Norway. A gorgeous *kimono* served as curtain at the south window, a Persian altar-cloth at the west; and through the west window, Pike's Peak gazed with stolid indifference upon all that splendor, while the generous Colorado sunshine poured itself in at the south in unstinted measure, just as lavishly as if its one mission had been to illuminate the already gorgeous display.

And then, when all was done, Stanwood found to his surprise that he still liked best to sit at his cabin-door, and watch the play of light on peak and prairie.

Late one afternoon, as he sat in the doorway, at peace with himself, and in agreeable harmony with the world as he beheld it, his eye was caught by an indistinguishable object moving across the plain from the direction of Cameron City. He regarded it as he might have regarded the progress of a coyote or prairie-dog, till it stopped at his own gate, half a mile to the northward. A vague feeling of dissatisfaction came over him at the sight, but he did not disturb himself, nor make any remarks to the dogs on the subject. They, however, soon pricked up their ears, and sprang to their feet, excited and pleased. They were hospitable souls, and welcomed the diversion of a visitor. As the wagon drew nearer, Stanwood observed that there was a woman sitting beside the driver; whereupon he repaired to his own room to give himself a hasty polish. The dogs began to bark in a friendly manner, and, under cover of their noise, the wagon came up and stopped before the door. Suddenly a rap resounded, and in acknowledgment of this unusual ceremony, the master of the house went so far as to pull on his best coat before stepping out into the main room. There in the doorway, cutting off the view of Pike's Peak, stood a tall, well-dressed young woman, patting one of the dogs, while the others leaped, barking, about her.

Somewhat mystified by this apparition, Stanwood approached, and said; "Good-evening, madam."

"Good evening," came the reply, in a rather agitated voice. "I 'm Elizabeth."

"The deuce you are!"

Struck, not by the unfatherly, but by the ungentlemanly, nature of his response, Stanwood promptly gathered himself together to meet the situation.

"Pray come in and take a seat," he said; and then, falling into the prairie speech, "Where are you stopping?"

The tall young lady, who had entered, but who had not taken the proffered seat, looked at him a moment, and then came toward him with a swift, impulsive movement, and said: "Why, papa, I don't believe you know me! I 'm Elizabeth!"

"Yes, yes, oh, yes! I understand. But I thought perhaps you were paying a visit somewhere — some school friend, you know, or — or — yes — some school friend."

The girl was looking at him half-bewildered, half solicitous. It was not the reception she had anticipated at the end of her two-thousand-mile journey. But then, this was not the man she had expected to see — this gaunt, ill-clad figure, with the worn, hollow-eyed face, and the gray hair. Why, her father was only fifty years old, yet the lines she saw were lines of age and suffering. Suddenly all her feeling of perplexity and chagrin and wounded pride was merged in a profound tenderness. She drew nearer, extending both her hands; placed them gently upon his shoulders, and said: "Will you please to give me a kiss?"

Stanwood, much abashed, bent his head toward the blooming young face, and imprinted a perfunctory kiss upon the waiting lips. This unaccustomed exercise completed his discom-

fiture. For the first time in his life he felt himself unequal to a social emergency.

A curious sensation went over Elizabeth. Somehow she felt as if she had been kissed by a total stranger. She drew back and picked up her small belongings. For a moment Stanwood thought she was going.

"Don't you get your mail out here any more?" she asked.

"Not very regularly," he replied, guiltily aware of possessing two or three illegible letters from his daughter which he had not yet had the enterprise to decipher.

"Then you did not expect me?"

"Well, no, I can't say I did. But"—with a praiseworthy if not altogether successful effort—"I am very glad to see you, my dear."

The first half of this speech was so much more convincing than the last, that the girl felt an unpleasant stricture about her throat, and knew herself to be on the verge of tears.

"I could go back," she said, with a pathetic little air of dignity. "Perhaps you would not have any place to put me if I should stay."

"Oh, yes; I can put you in the museum"—and he looked at her with the first glimmer of appreciation, feeling that she would be a creditable addition to his collection of curiosities.

Elizabeth met his look with one of quick comprehension, and then she broke into a laugh which saved the day. It was a pleasant laugh in itself, and furthermore, if she had not laughed just at that juncture she would surely have disgraced herself forever by a burst of tears.

Cy Willows, meanwhile, believing that "the gal and her pa" would rather not be observed at their first meeting, had discreetly busied himself with the two neat trunks which his passenger had brought.

"Hullo, Jake!" he remarked, as the ranchman appeared at the door; "this is a great day for you, ain't it?"

The two men took hold of one of the trunks together, and carried it into the museum. When the door opened, Willows almost dropped his end from sheer amazement. He stood in the middle of the room, staring from Venus to altar-cloth, from altar-cloth to censer.

"Gosh!" he remarked at last. "Your gal 's struck it rich!"

The "gal" took it more quietly. To her the master of this fine apartment was not Jake Stanwood, the needy ranchman, but Jacob Stanwood, Esq., gentleman and scholar, to the manner-born. She stepped to the window, and looked out across the shimmering plain to the rugged peaks and the warm blue slopes of "the range," and a sigh of admiration escaped her.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, "how beautiful it is!"

"And I 'll be durned if 't wa' n't the mountings the gal was looking at all the time!" Cy Willows declared, when reporting the astonishing situation at the ranch.

Stanwood himself was somewhat impressed by the girl's attitude. The museum had come to seem to his long unaccustomed mind a very splendid apartment indeed. When, a few minutes later, Elizabeth joined him in the rudely furnished living-room of the cabin, he felt something very like chagrin at her first observation.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, "I 'm so glad the rest of it is a real ranch house! I 've always wanted to see just how a real ranchman lives!"

He thought ruefully that she would soon learn, to her cost, how a very poverty-stricken ranchman lived. His examination of the larder had not been encouraging.

"I am afraid we shall have rather poor pickings for supper, my dear," he said, apologetically. He called her "my dear" from the first; it seemed more non-committal and impersonal than the use of her name. He had not called a young lady by her first name for fifteen years.

"I have my dinner in the middle of the day," he went on, "and I seem to have run short of provisions this evening."

"I suppose you have a man-cook," she remarked, quite ignoring his apology.

"Yes," he replied, grimly. "I have the honor to fill that office, myself."

"Why, is n't there anybody else about the place?"

"No. I 'm 'out of help' just now, as old Madam Gallup used to say. I don't suppose you remember old Madam Gallup."

"Oh, yes, I do! Mama used to have her to dinner every Sunday. She looked like a duchess, but when she died people said she died of starvation. That was the year after you went away," she added, thoughtfully.

It seemed very odd to hear this tall young woman say "mama," and to realize that it was that other Elizabeth that she was laying claim to. Why, the girl seemed almost as much of a woman as her mother. Fifteen years! A long time to be sure. He ought to have known better than to have slipped into reminiscences at the very outset. Uncomfortable things, always — uncomfortable things!

He would not let her help him get the supper, and, with a subtle perception of the irritation which he was at such pains to conceal, she forbore to press the point, and went, instead, and sat in the doorway, looking dreamily across the prairie.

Stanwood noted her choice of a seat, with a curious mixture of jealousy and satisfaction. He should be obliged either to give up his seat, or to share it for a while; but then it was grati-

fying to know that the girl had a heart for that view.

And the girl sat there wondering vaguely why she was not homesick. Everything had been different from her anticipations. No one to meet her at Springtown; no letter, no message at the hotel. She had had some difficulty in learning how to reach Cameron City, and when, at last, she had found herself in the forlorn little prairie train, steaming eastward across the strange yellow expanse, unbroken by the smallest landmark, she had been assailed by strange doubts and questionings. At Cameron City, again, no longed-for, familiar face had appeared among the loungers at the station, and the situation and her part in it seemed most uncomfortable. When, however, she had made known her identity, and word was passed that this was "Jake Stanwood's gal," there were prompt offers of help, and she had soon secured the services of Cy Willows and his "team."

As she sat in the doorway, watching the glowing light, the sun dropped behind the Peak. She remembered how Cy had said he "had n't never heard Jake Stanwood speak of havin' a gal of his own." The shadow of the great mountain had fallen upon the plain, and a chill, half imaginary, half real, possessed itself of her. Was she homesick after all? She stood up and stepped out upon the prairie, which had never yielded an inch of space before the cabin door. Off to the southward was a field of half-grown alfalfa that had taken on a weird, uncanny green in the first sunless light. She looked across to the remote prairie, and there, on the far horizon, the sunlight still shone, a golden circlet. No. She was not homesick; anything but that! She had been homesick almost ever since she could remember, but now she was in her father's house and everything must be well.

When Stanwood came to look for her he found her surrounded by the assiduous collies, examining with much interest the tall, ungainly windmill, with its broad wooden flaps.

On the whole, their first evening together was a pleasant one. Stanwood listened with amused appreciation to the account of her journey. She would be a credit to his name, he thought, out there in the old familiar world which he should never see again.

He had relinquished to her the seat on the door-step, and himself sat on a saw-horse outside the door, where the lamp-light struck his face. Her head and figure presented themselves to him as a silhouette, and somehow that suited him better than to see her features distinctly; it seemed to keep their relation back where it had always been, a sort of impersonal outline.

Elizabeth, for her part, thought that, for all his shabby clothes and thin, sunburnt face, her father was more manifestly a gentleman than any man she had ever seen.

She learned several things in the course of that conversation. She found that when she touched upon her reasons for coming to him, — her feeling that they were only two and that they ought to be together,— his eyes wandered and he looked bored; when she spoke of her mother he seemed uncomfortable.

Was she like her mother? No, he said, she was not in the least like her mother; he did not see that she took after anybody in particular. Then, as if to escape the subject, was her Uncle Nicholas as rabid a teetotaler as ever?

He liked best to hear about her school-days and of the gay doings of the past year, her first year of "society."

"And you don't like society?" he asked at last, with a quizzical glance at her pretty profile. She had turned her eyes from the contemplation of his face, and seemed to be conjuring up interesting visions out of the darkness.

"Yes, I do!" she said with decision.

"You won't get much society out here," he remarked, and his spirits rose again. Of course she would be bored to death without it.

"I like some things better than society," she replied.

"For instance?"

She turned her face full upon him, and boldly said, "You."

"The deuce you do!" he cried, and was instantly aware that it was the second time that he had forgotten himself.

A little crinkle appeared in the silhouette of a cheek, and she said, "I do like to hear you say 'the deuce.' I don't believe Uncle Nicholas ever said 'the deuce' in his life."

"Nick was always a bore," Stanwood rejoined, more pleased with the implied disparagement of his pet aversion than with the very out-spoken compliment to himself.

"I think Uncle Nicholas has done his duty by me," Elizabeth remarked demurely, "but I am glad he has got through. I came of age last Monday, the day I started for Colorado."

"When did you decide to come?"

"About five years ago. I always meant to start on the 7th of June of this year."

"You make your plans a long way ahead. What is the next step on the program?"

"I have n't the least idea."

"For such a very decided young lady, is n't that rather odd?"

"There are some things one can't decide all by one's self."

"Such as?"

"The next step."

"Perhaps you will find it easier after a week or two of ranching."

"You don't think I am going to like ranching?"

"Hardly."

"Don't you like it?"

"Oh, I 'm an old man, with my life behind me."

The lamplight on his face was stronger than he was aware; Elizabeth saw a good deal in it which he was not in the habit of displaying to his fellow-creatures. She stooped, and patted one of the collies, and told him she thought she really ought to go to bed; upon which Stanwood rose with alacrity, and conducted her to the museum, which had been turned into a very habitable sleeping-room.

Having closed the door upon his latest "curiosity," Stanwood proceeded to perform a solemn rite in the light of the stars. He took his demijohn of Old Rye, and, followed by the six collies, he carried it out a few rods back of the cabin, where he gravely emptied its contents upon the sandy soil. At the first remonstrating gulp of the demijohn, which seemed to be doing its best to arrest the flow, a strong penetrating aroma assailed his nostrils, but he never flinched. Great as his confidence was in his own supremacy in his peculiarly intimate relations with Old Rye, he did not wish to "take any chances" with himself.

The dogs stood round in an admiring circle, and sniffed perplexedly at the strange libation which was clearly not intended for their kind. Did they realize that it was poured before the altar of parental devotion? They stood there wagging their tails with great vigor, and never taking their eyes off their master's countenance. Perhaps they appreciated the odd, half-deprecating, half-satirical expression of the face they knew so well. It would have been a pity if somebody had not done so. It is to be feared, however, that the remark with which Stanwood finally turned away from the odorous pool, and walked toward the house, was beyond the comprehension of the canine intellect. To himself, at least, the remorseful pang was very real with which he said, half aloud, "Pity to waste good liquor like that! Some poor wretch might have enjoyed it."

The morning following his visitor's arrival, the two drove together in the rattling old ranch wagon to Cameron City. Elizabeth was enchanted with the ingenious introduction of odd bits of rope into the harness, by means of which the whole was kept from falling apart. She thought the gait of the lazy old nag the most diverting exhibition possible, and as for the erratic jolts and groans of the wagon, it struck her that this was a new form of exercise, the pleasurable excitement and unexpectedness of which surpassed all former experiences. At Cameron City she made purchase of a saddle-horse, a very well-made bronco with dramatic possibilities in his eye.

"I don't know where you will get a side-saddle," Stanwood had demurred when the purchase was first proposed.

"A side-saddle? I have it in my trunk."

"You don't say so! I should think it would jam your bonnets."

"Oh, I packed it with my ranch outfit."

So they had jogged and rattled over to Cameron City, where Elizabeth made the acquisition, not only of a saddle-horse, but of two or three most interesting new acquaintances.

"I do like the people so much, papa," she declared as they drove out of town, having left the new horse to be shod.

"You don't mind their calling you 'Jake Stanwood's gal'?"

"No, indeed! I think it 's perfectly lovely!"

"It cannot but be gratifying to me," Stanwood remarked, in the half-satirical tone he found easiest in conversation with this near relative — "in fact, I may say it *is* gratifying to me, to find that the impression is mutually favorable. Halstead, the ruffianly looking sheep-raiser who called you 'Madam,' confided to me that you were the first woman he had ever met who knew the difference between a horse and a cow; and Simmons, the light-haired man who looks like a deacon, but who is probably the worst thief in four counties, told me I ought to be proud of 'that gal'!"

"Oh, papa, what gorgeous compliments! Don't you want a swap?"

"A what?"

"A swap. That 's what we call it when we pay back one compliment with another."

He turned and looked at her with an amused approval which was almost paternal.

"It is most refreshing," he said, "to have the vocabulary of the effete West enlivened with these breezy expressions from the growing East."

"But, papa, you must really like slang, now really! Uncle Nicholas could never tolerate it."

"There you strike a chord! I desire you to speak nothing but slang if Nick objects."

Agreeable badinage had always been a favorite pastime with Jacob Stanwood. If Elizabeth had but guessed it, a taste of it was worth more to him than all the filial devotion she held in reserve.

"And now for the swap," she said. "You are not modest, I hope?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Well, then! Miss Hunniman — you remember Miss Hunniman? — she used to make mama's dresses, and now she makes mine. She told me only a year ago that whenever she read about Sir Galahad or the Chevalier Bayard or

Richard the Lion-hearted, she always thought of you; which was very inconvenient, because it made her mix them up, and she never could remember which of them went to the Crusades and which of them did not."

Anything in the nature of a reminiscence was sure to jar upon Stanwood. He preferred to consider the charming young person beside him as an agreeable episode; he half resented any reminder of the permanence of their relation. Therefore, in response to this little confidence, which caused the quaint figure of Miss Hunniman to present itself with a hundred small, thronging associations of the past, he only remarked drily:

"I suppose you know that if you stay out here any length of time you will spoil your complexion."

Elizabeth was impressionable enough to feel the full significance of such hints and side-thrusts as were cautiously administered to her. She was quite aware that she and her father were totally at odds on the main point at issue, that he had as yet no intention of sharing his solitude with her for any length of time. As the days went by she perceived something else. She was not long in discovering that he was extremely poor, and she became aware in some indefinable wise that he held existence very cheap. Had her penetration been guided by a form of experience which she happily lacked, she might have suspected still another factor in the situation which had an unacknowledged influence upon Stanwood's attitude.

Meanwhile their relation continued to be a friendly one. They were, in fact, peculiarly congenial, and they could not well live together without discovering it.

They rode together, they cooked together, they set up a target, and had famous shooting-matches. Elizabeth learned to milk the cows and make butter, to saddle her bronco and mount him from the ground. They taught the puppies tricks, they tamed a family of prairie-dogs, they had a plan for painting the windmill. By the end of a week Stanwood was in such good humor that he made a marked concession.

One of the glowing, glimmering sunsets was beautifying the prairie as warmly as the sky. Stanwood came from the shed where he had been feeding the horses, and found his visitor seated in the doorway. For a few moments he stood observing her critically. She made an attractive picture there in the warm sunset light. Before he could check himself he found himself wishing that her mother could see her. Ah! If her mother were here, too, it would be almost worth while to begin life over again.

Unaware of his scrutiny, the girl sat gazing at the view he loved. As he watched her tranquil, happy face he felt reconciled and softened. Her hands lay palm downward on her lap. They were shapely hands, large and generous, a good deal tanned and freckled now. There was something about them which he had not noticed before; and almost involuntarily he said:

"Do you know, Elizabeth, your *thumbs* are like your mother's!"

Elizabeth felt that it was a concession, but she had learned wisdom. She did not turn her eyes from the range, and she only said quietly, "I am glad of that, papa."

Emboldened by the knowledge of her own discretion, she ventured, later in the evening, to broach a subject fraught with risks. Having armed herself with a piece of embroidery, and placed the lamp between herself and the object of her diplomacy, she remarked in a casual manner:

"I suppose, papa, that Uncle Nicholas has told you how rich we are."

"Nick wrote me with his usual consciousness of virtue that his investments for you had turned out well."

"Our income is twice what it was ten years ago."

"I congratulate you, my dear. I only regret the moral effect upon Nick."

"And I congratulate *you*, papa. Of course it 's really yours as long as you live."

"I think you have been misinformed, my dear. It was your mother's property, and is now yours."

"Oh, no, papa! You have a life-interest in it. I am surprised that you did not know that."

"And I am surprised that you should be, or pretend to be, ignorant that the property stands in your name. I have no more concern in it than — Miss Hunniman."

"But, papa!"

"We won't discuss the matter, if you please, my dear. We can gain nothing by discussion."

"I don't want to discuss it, papa," taking a critical survey of her embroidery; "but if you won't go snacks, I won't. Uncle Nicholas told me never to say 'go snacks,'" she added, with a side-glance around the edge of the lamp-shade.

His face relaxed so far that she ventured to add: "Uncle Nicholas would be furious if we were to go snacks."

Stanwood smiled appreciatively.

"Nothing could be more painful to me than to miss an opportunity of making Nick furious," he said; "but I have not lived fifty years without having learned to immolate myself and my dearest ambitions upon the appropriate altars."

After which eloquent summing-up, he turned the conversation into another channel.

It was not long after this that Stanwood found himself experiencing a peculiar depression of

spirits, which he positively refused to trace to its true source. He told himself that he wanted his freedom; he was getting tired of Elizabeth; he must send her home. It was nonsense for her to stay any longer, spoiling her complexion and his temper; it was really out of the question to have this thing go on any longer. Having come to this conclusion, it annoyed him very much to find himself enjoying her society. His depression of spirits was intermittent.

One morning, when he found her sitting on the saw-horse, with the new bronco taking his breakfast from a bag she held in her lap, the sun shining full in her clear young face, health and happiness in every line of her figure, a positive thrill of fatherly pride and affection seized him. But the reaction was immediate.

He turned on his heel, disgusted at this refutation of his theories. He was wretched and uncomfortable as he had never been before, and if it was not this intruding presence that made him so, what was it? Of course he was getting tired of her; what could be more natural? For fifteen years he had not known the pressure of a bond. Of course it was irksome to him! He really must get rid of it.

His moodiness did not escape Elizabeth, nor did she fail to note the recent accentuating of those lines in his face, which at first struck her painfully, but which she had gradually become accustomed to. In her own mind she concluded that her father had lived too long at this high altitude, and that she must persuade him to leave it.

"Papa," she said, as they stood for a moment in the doorway after supper, "don't you think it would be good fun to go abroad this autumn?"

His drooping spirit revived; she was getting tired of ranching.

"A capital plan, my dear. Just what you need," he replied, with more animation than he had shown since morning.

"Let 's start pretty soon," she went on persuasively, deceived by his ready acquiescence.

"Us? My dear, what are you thinking of? I 'm tired to death of Europe! Nothing would induce me to go."

"Oh, well. Then I don't care anything about it," she said. "We 'll stay where we are, of course. I am as happy and contented as I could be anywhere."

Stanwood turned upon her with a sudden, fierce irritation.

"This is nonsense!" he cried. "You are not to bury yourself alive out here! I won't permit it! The sooner you go, *the better for both of us!*"

His voice was harsh and strained; it was the tone of it more than the words themselves that cut her to the heart. He did not want her; it had all been a miserable failure. She controlled herself with a strong effort. Her voice did not tremble; there was only the pathos of repression in it as she answered: "Very well, papa; perhaps I have had my share."

Stanwood thought, and rebelled against the thought, that he had never seen a finer thing than her manner of replying. For himself, he felt as if he had come to the dregs of life and should like to fling the cup away.

They occupied themselves that evening a good deal with the collies, and they parted early; and then it was that Stanwood was brought face to face with himself.

For half an hour or more he made a pretense of reading the papers, and looking at the pictures in a stray magazine, thus keeping himself at arm's-length, as it were. But after awhile even that restraint became unendurable. He went to the back door of the house and opened it. The collies appeared in a delighted group to rush into the house. He suffered them to do so, and then, stepping out, he closed the door upon them and stood outside. There was a strong north wind, and, for a moment, its breath refreshed him like a dash of cold water. Only for a moment, however. The sense of oppression returned upon him, and he felt powerless to shake it off. With the uncertain, wavering step of a sleep-walker, he moved across to the spot where he had poured his libation three weeks ago. He stood there, strangely fascinated, glancing once or twice furtively over his shoulder. Then, hardly knowing what he did, he got down on his knees and put his face to the ground. Was it the taste or the smell that he craved? He could not have told. He only knew that he knelt there and pressed his face to the earth, and that a sickening sense of disappointment came over him at finding all trace of it gone.

He got up from his knees, very shaky and weak, and then it was that he looked himself in the face and knew what the ignominious craving meant. He slunk into the house, cowed and shamed. The sight of the dogs, huddled about the door inside, gave him a guilty start, and he drove them angrily out. Then he got himself to bed in the dark. He lay there wondering foolishly what Jacob Stanwood would say if he knew what had happened; till, suddenly, he became aware that his mind was wandering, upon which he laughed harshly. Elizabeth heard the laugh, and a vague fear seized upon her. She rose and listened at her door, but the noise was not repeated. Perhaps it was a coyote outside; they sometimes made strange noises.

She went to the window and drew back the Persian altar-cloth. The wind came from the other side of the house; she had been too pre-

occupied to notice it before. It shook the house rudely, and then went howling and roaring across the plains. It was strange to hear it and to feel its force, and yet to see no evidence of it: not a tree to wave its branches, not a cloud to scurry through the sky; only the vast level prairie and the immovable hills, and up above them a sky, liquid and serene, with steady stars shining in its depths, all unconcerned with the raving wind. She felt comforted and strengthened, and when she went back to bed she rested in the sense of strength and comfort. But she did not sleep.

She was hardly aware that she was not sleeping, as the hours passed unmarked, until, in a sudden lull of the wind, a voice struck her ear, a voice speaking rapidly and eagerly. She sprang to her feet. The voice came from her father's room. Had some one lost his way in the night, and had her father taken him in? It did not sound like a conversation; it was monotonous, unvarying, unnatural. She hastily threw on a dressing-gown, and crept to her father's door. She recognized his voice now, but the words were incoherent. He was ill, he was delirious. There was no light within. She opened the door and whispered "Papa," but he did not hear her. In a moment she had lighted a lamp; another moment, and she stood beside him. He was sitting straight up in his bed, talking and gesticulating violently; his eyes glittered in the lamplight, his face showed haggard and intense.

Elizabeth placed the lamp upon a stand close at hand.

"Papa," she said, "don't you know me? I 'm Elizabeth."

He caught at the name.

"You lie!" he cried shrilly. "Elizabeth 's dead! I won't have her talked about! She 's dead, I say! Hush-sh! Hush-sh! Don't wake her up. Sleep 's a good thing — a good thing."

On the table where she had placed the lamp was a tiny bottle marked "chloral." There was also a glass of water upset upon the table. Stanwood's clothing and other belongings lay scattered upon the floor. She had never before seen his room disordered. Well! he was ill, and here she was to take care of him.

He was not talking so fast now, but what he said was even more incoherent. The light and the presence of another person in the room seemed to confuse and trouble him. She took his hand and felt the pulse. The hand was hot, and grasped hers convulsively. She put his coat over his shoulders, and then she sat with her arm about him, and gradually he stopped talking, and turned his face to hers with a questioning look.

"What can I do for you, papa? Tell me if there is anything I can do for you."

"Do for me?" he repeated.

"Yes, dear. Is there nothing I can do, nothing I can get for you?"

"Get for me?"

He drew off from her a little, and a crafty look, utterly foreign to the man's nature, came into the tense face.

"I don't suppose you 've got a drop of whisky!" he said, insinuatingly.

The sound of the word upon his own lips seemed to bring the excitement back on him. "Whisky! Yes, that 's it! I don't care who knows it! Whisky! Whisky!" He fairly hissed the words.

For the first time since she came into the room Elizabeth was frightened.

"I think you ought to have a doctor," she said.

She felt him lean against her again, and she gently lowered him to the pillow. His head sank back, and he lay there with white lips and closed lids. She knelt beside him, watching his every breath. After a few minutes he opened his eyes. They were dull, but no longer wild.

"Ought you not to have a doctor, papa dear?" she asked.

Intelligence came struggling back into his face.

"No, my dear," he said, gathering himself for a strong effort. "I have had attacks like this before."

"And a stimulant is all you need?"

"All I need," he muttered. His eyes closed, and his breath came even and deep.

Elizabeth knelt there, thankful that he slept. How white his lips were! How spent he looked! He had asked for whisky. Perhaps even in his delirium he knew what he wanted; perhaps a stimulant was all he needed. Of course it was! How stupid not to have understood!

She hurried to her room and got a small brandy-flask that had been given her for the journey. She had emptied it for a sick man on the train.

She went back to her father. He was sleeping heavily. She glanced at his watch lying upon the table beside the chloral bottle. One o'clock! She wondered whether the "store" would be open. She would hate to go to a saloon. But then, that was no matter. If her father needed a stimulant he must have it. She dressed herself quickly, and put her purse and the brandy-flask into her pocket. Then she hurried to the shed, where she saddled the bronco. Her father had once told her that she would have made a first-rate cow-boy. Well, now was her chance to prove it.

The collies, who had taken refuge from the wind on the south side of the shed, came trot-



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"THE GIRL SAT GAZING AT THE VIEW HE LOVED."

ting in at the open door, and assembled, a curious little shadowy group, about her. But they soon dropped off to sleep, and when she led the bronco out and closed the door upon them, a feeble wag of a tail or two was all the evidence of interest they gave.

She twisted the bridle round a post and slipped into the house for one more look at her patient. He was sleeping profoundly. She placed the lamp upon the floor in a corner, so that the bed was in shadow. Then she came back to the bedside, and watched the sleeper again for a moment. She touched his forehead, and found it damp and cool. The fever was past. Perhaps he was right; there was no need of a doctor — it was nothing serious. Perhaps the stuff in that little bottle had done something queer to him. A stimulant was all he needed. But he needed that, for his face was pitifully pallid and drawn.

A moment later the bronco was bearing her swiftly through the night, his hoof-falls echoing in a dull rhythm. The wind still came in gusts, blowing straight into her face, but it was warm and pleasant. When she had passed through the gate of the ranch the road went between wire fences, straight north to Cameron City. Now and then a group of horses, roused, perhaps, by her approach, stood with their heads over the fence watching her pass, while the wind stretched their manes and tails out straight to one side. She wished she could stop and make friends with them, but there was no time for that. Her father might wake up and call for her. So on she sped, waking the cattle on either side of the road, startling more than one prowling coyote, and causing more than one prairie-dog, snug in his hole, to fancy it must be morning. And the great night, encompassing the world, gleaming in the heavens, brooding upon the earth, made itself known to her for the first time. Elizabeth never forgot that ride through the beautiful brooding night. Nature seemed larger and deeper and grander to her ever after.

As they came among the houses of the town she reined in the bronco and went quietly, lest she should wake the people. There was a light burning in the room over the store, and the window was open. A woman answered her summons. It was the wife of the storekeeper. Her husband was absent, she said, and she was up with a sick baby. She readily filled the little flask, and was sympathetic and eager to help. Should n't she send somebody over to the ranch? There was n't any doctor in Cameron City, but Cy Willows knew a heap about physic.

No. Elizabeth said her father was better already, only he seemed in need of a stimulant. No, she did not want an escort. The night was lovely, and she would n't miss her solitary ride home for anything. She was so glad Mrs. Stiles had the whisky. It would be just what her father needed when he waked up.

And when, some hours later, Jacob Stanwood awoke, he found his daughter sitting beside him in the gray dawn.

"Why, Elizabeth," he said, "is anything the matter? Did I disturb you?"

She leaned toward him, and laid her hand on his.

"You were ill in the night, papa, and asked for a stimulant, and I got it for you."

"A stimulant?" he repeated vaguely. "What stimulant? Where did you get it?"

"I got it at the store. It 's whisky."

"Whisky?" he cried, with a sudden, eager gleam.

Elizabeth was enchanted to find that she had done the right thing.

"Here it is, papa," she said, drawing the flask from her pocket, and pouring a little of the contents into a glass that stood ready.

He watched her with that intense, eager gleam.

"Fill it up! Fill it up!" he cried impatiently. "A drop like that is no good to a man."

He was sitting straight up again, just as she found him in the night. He reached his thin hand for the glass, which he clutched tightly. The smell of the liquor was strong in the room. His eyes were glittering with excitement.

The girl stood beside him, contemplating with affectionate delight the success of her experiment. Her utter innocence and unsuspiciousness smote him to the heart. Something stayed his hand so that he did not even lift the glass to his lips. Slowly, with his eyes fixed upon the sweet, young face, he extended his arm out over the side of the bed, the glass shaking plainly in his hold. She did not notice it; she was looking into his face, which had softened strangely.

"Elizabeth," he said.

There was a sound of breaking glass, and a strong smell of liquor pouring out upon the floor.

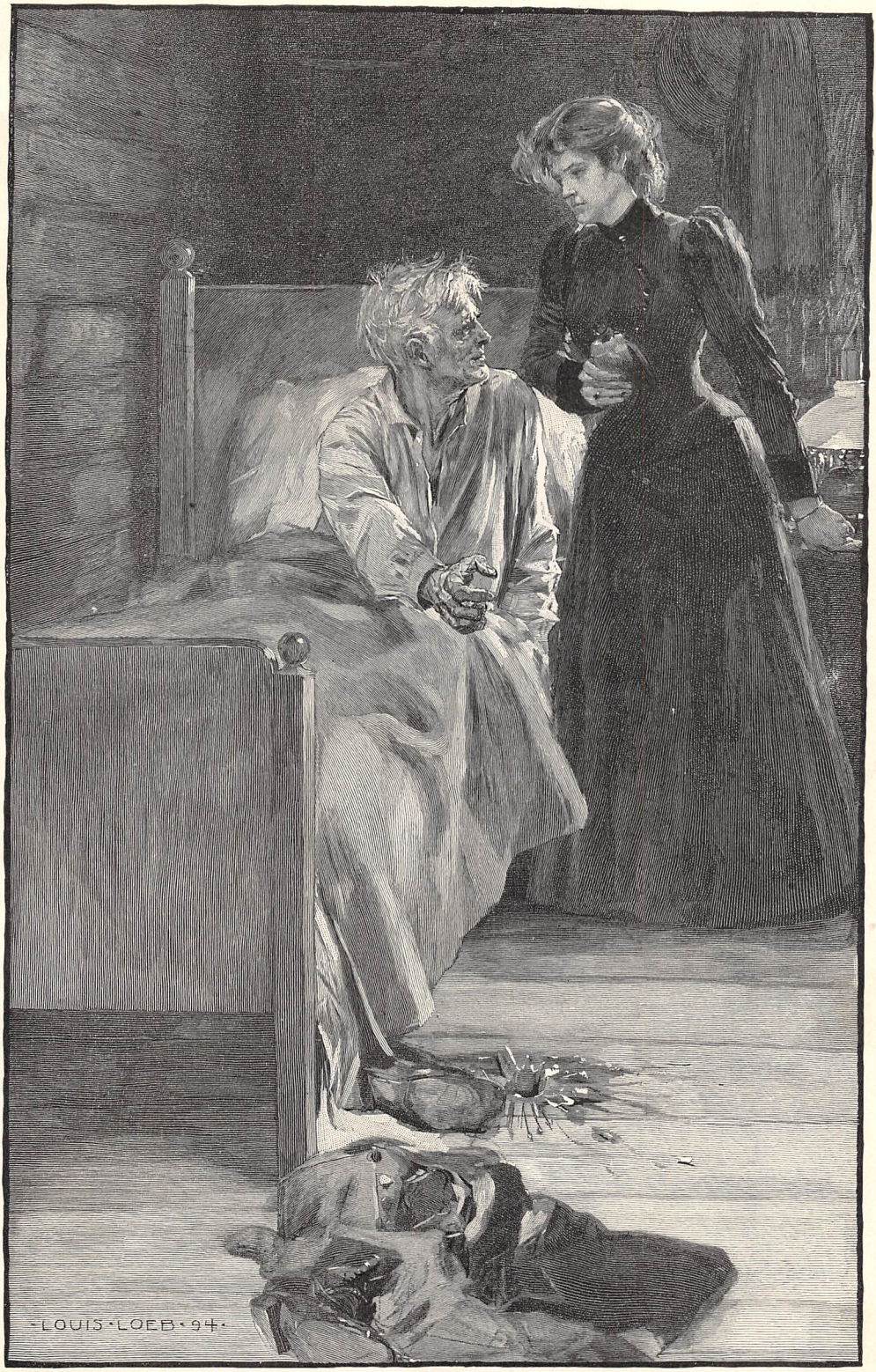
"Oh, papa!" she cried, distressed.

He had sunk back against the pillows, pale with exhaustion. But when she lifted the fragments of the glass, saying: "Is n't it a pity, papa?" he only answered in his usual tone, "There 's no harm done, my dear. I don't believe it was just what I needed, after all."

He smiled with a new, indescribable sweetness and weariness.

"I think I could sleep now," he said.

At noon Stanwood was quite himself again; himself and more, he thought, with some surprise. He would not have owned that it was a sense of victory that had put new life into his



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

"'ELIZABETH.'"

veins. Victory over a vulgar passion must partake somewhat of the vulgarity of the passion itself. No, Stanwood was not the man to glory in such a conquest. But he could, at last, glory in this daughter of his.

As she told him with sparkling eyes of her inspiring ride through the brooding night, her courage and her innocence seemed to him like a fair, beneficent miracle. But he made no comment upon her story. He only sat in the doorway, looking down the road where he had watched her approach a few weeks ago; and when she said, noting his abstraction, "A penny for your thoughts, papa!" he asked, in a purely conversational tone, "Elizabeth,"—she always loved to hear him say "Elizabeth,"—"Elizabeth, do you think it would make Nick very mad indeed if we were to go snacks?"

"Mad as hops!" she cried.

"Then let 's do it!"

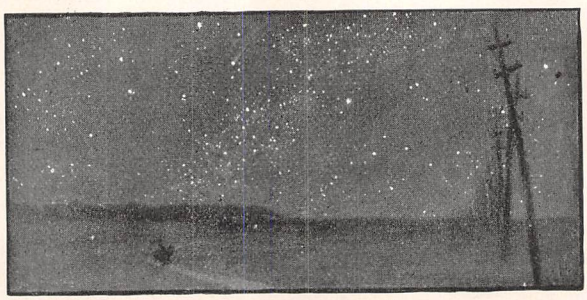
Elizabeth beamed.

"And Elizabeth, there 's no place like Switzerland in summer. Let 's pack up and go!"

"Let us!" she answered, very softly, with only a little exultant tremor on the words.

She never guessed all that she had won that day; she only knew that life stretched on before her, a long, sunny pathway, where she and her father might walk together in the daily and hourly good-comradeship that she loved.

Anna Fuller.



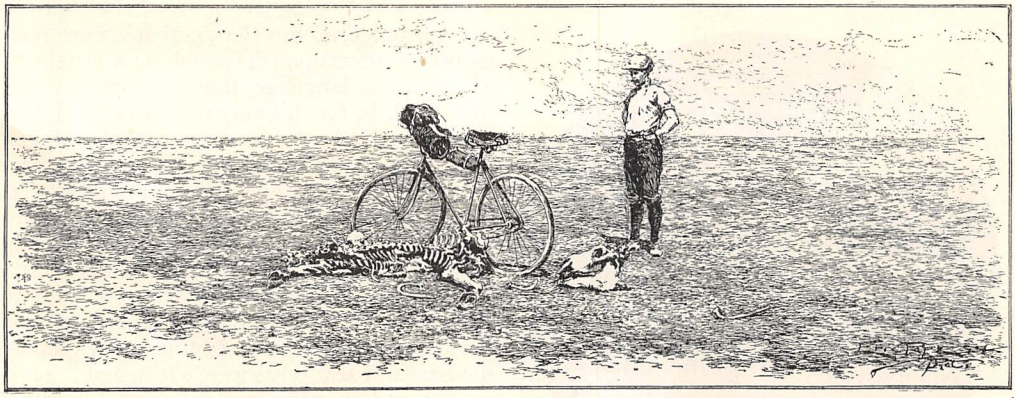
"THE BROODING NIGHT."

TIME'S LAPIDARY.

AS joys the skilful, stern artificer
When gems are laid within his eager hand,
And he, surveying, thinketh diversely,
His proud soul flaming with creative fire,
And full of possibilities divine:
"This blood-red ruby, dancing fauns shall tread;
Upon that sapphire stand a god; this sard
A mystic symbol bear; that emerald
Will I compel to sweet Diana's face;
Yea, all to strength and beauty will I shape!"

So I, when out of treasuries of light
The new day spreads before me all its hours,
Think to create on them the fairest forms:
This fill with work, and that with fancy free,
And this with brooding thought; this with swift speech,
And this with idleness; and all for thee
Who art the soul of all, the life of each.

Anna C. Brackett.



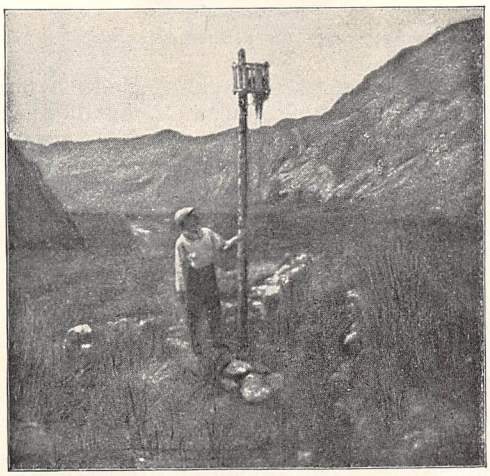
IN THE GOBI DESERT.

ACROSS ASIA ON A BICYCLE.

V—OVER THE GOBI DESERT AND THROUGH THE WESTERN GATE OF THE GREAT WALL.[1]

RUSSIAN influence, which even now predominates at Kuldja, was forcibly indicated, the day after our arrival, during our investigations as to the validity of our Chinese passports for the journey to Peking. The Russian consul, whose favor we had secured in advance through letters from Governor Ivanoff at Vernoye, had pronounced them not only good, but by far the best that had been presented by any traveler entering China at this point. After endeavoring to dissuade us from what he called a foolhardy undertaking, even with the most valuable papers, he sent us, with his interpreter, to the Kuldja Tootai for the proper visé.

That dignitary, although deeply interested, was almost amused at the boldness of our enterprise. He said that no passport would insure success by the method we proposed to pursue; that, before he could allow us to make the venture, we must wait for an order from Peking. This, he said, would subject us to considerable delay and expense, even if the telegraph and post were utilized through Siberia and Kiakhta. This was discouraging indeed. But when we discovered, a few minutes later, that his highness had to call in the learned secretary to trace our proposed route for him on the map of China, and even to locate the capital, Peking, we began to question his knowledge of Chinese diplomacy. The matter was again referred to the consul, who reported back the following day that his previous assurances were reliable, that the Tootai would make the necessary visés, and send away at once, by the regular relay post across the empire, an open letter that could be read by the officials along the route, and be delivered long before our arrival at Peking. Such easy success we had not anticipated. The difficulty, as well as necessity, of obtaining the proper credentials for traveling in China was impressed upon us by the arrest the previous day of three Afghan visitors, and by the fact that a German traveler had been refused, just a few weeks before, permission even to cross the Mazart pass into Kashgar. So much, we thought, for Russian friendship.



THE HEAD OF A BRIGAND EXPOSED ON THE HIGHWAY.

Upon this assurance of at least official consent to hazard the journey to Peking, a telegram was sent to the chief of police at Tomsk, to whose care we had directed our letters, photographic material, and bicycle supplies to be sent from London in the expectation of being forced to take the Siberian route. These last

[1] The accompanying pictures are from photographs taken by the authors.



A MAID OF WESTERN CHINA.

could not have been dispensed with much longer, as our cushion-tires, ball-bearings, and axles were badly worn, while the rim of one of the rear wheels was broken in eight places for the lack of spokes. These supplies, however, did not reach us till six weeks after the date of our telegram, to which a prepaid reply was received, after a week's delay, asking in advance for the extra postage. This, with that prepaid from London, amounted to just fifty dollars. The warm weather, after the extreme cold of a Siberian winter, had caused the tires to stretch so much beyond their intended size that, on their arrival, they were almost unfit for use. Some of our photographic material also had been spoiled through the useless inspection of postal officials.

The delay thus caused was well utilized in familiarizing ourselves as much as possible with the language and characteristics of the Chinese, for, as we were without guides, interpreters, or servants, and in some places lacked even official assistance, no travelers, perhaps, were ever more dependent upon the people than ourselves. The Chinese language, the most primitive in the world, is, for this very reason perhaps, the hardest to learn. Its poverty of words reduces its grammar almost to a question of syntax and intonation. Many a time our expressions, by a wrong inflection, would convey a meaning different from the one intended. Even when told the difference, our ears could not detect it.

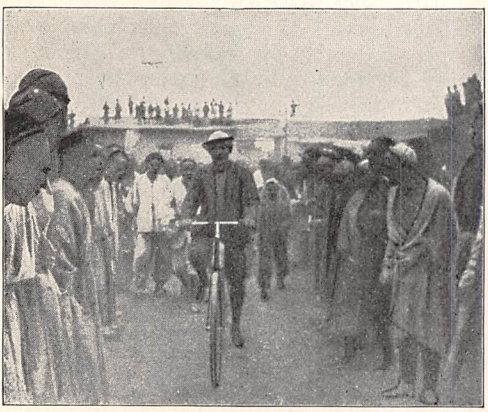
Our work of preparation was principally a process of elimination. We now had to prepare for a forced march in case of necessity. Handle-bars and seat-posts were shortened to save weight, and even the leather baggage-carriers, fitting in the frames of the machines, which we ourselves had patented before leaving England, were replaced by a couple of sleeping-bags made for us out of woolen shawls, and Chinese oiled-canvas. The cutting off of buttons and extra parts of our clothing, as well as the shaving



MONUMENT TO THE BUILDER OF A BRIDGE.

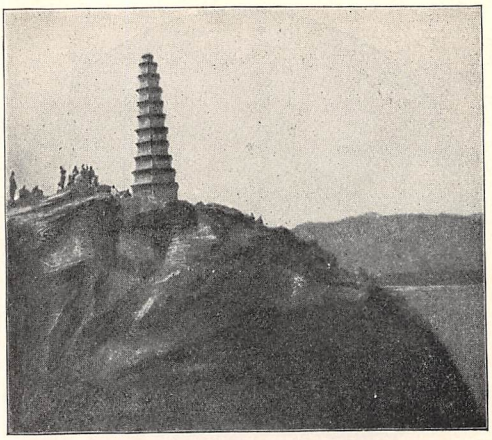
of our heads and faces, was also included by our friends in the list of curtailments. For the same reason one of our cameras, which we always carried on our backs, and refilled at night under the bed-clothes, we sold to a Chinese photographer at Suidun, to make room for an extra provision-bag. The surplus film, with our extra baggage, was shipped by post, via Siberia and Kiakhta, to meet us on our arrival in Peking.

And now the money problem was the most perplexing of all. "This alone," said the Russian consul, "if nothing else, will defeat your plans." Those western bankers who advertise to furnish "letters of credit to any part of the world" are, to say the least, rather sweeping in their assertions. At any rate, our own London letter was of no use beyond the Bosporus, except with the Persian imperial banks run by



RIDING BEFORE THE GOVERNOR OF MANAS.

an English syndicate. At the American Bible House at Constantinople we were allowed, as a personal favor, to buy drafts on the various missionaries along the route through Asiatic Turkey. But in Central Asia we found that the Russian bankers and merchants would not handle English paper, and we were therefore compelled to send our letter of credit by mail to Moscow. Thither we had recently sent it on leaving Tashkend, with instructions to remit in currency to Irkutsk, Siberia. We now had to telegraph to that point to re-forward over the Kiakhta post-route to Peking. With the cash on hand, and the proceeds of the camera, sold for more than half its weight in silver, four and one third pounds, we thought we had sufficient money to carry us, or, rather,



MONUMENT TO A PRIEST AT URUMTSI.

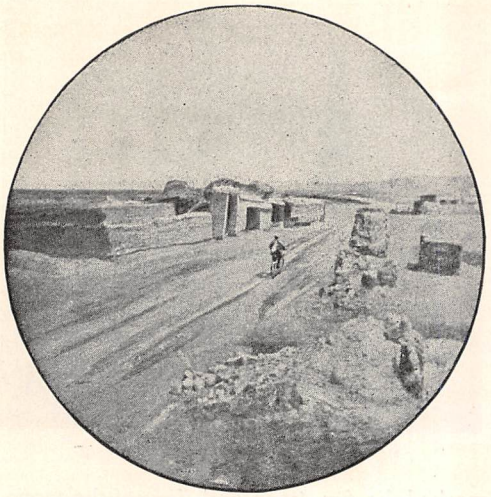


A BANK IN URUMTSI.

as much as we could carry, to that point; for the weight of the Chinese money necessary for a journey of over three thousand miles was, as the Russian consul thought, one of the greatest of our almost insurmountable obstacles. In the interior of China there is no coin except the *chen*, or *sapeks*, an alloy of copper and tin, in the form of a disk, having a hole in the center by which the coins may be strung together. The very recently coined *liang*, or *tael*, the Mexican piaster specially minted for the Chinese market, and the other foreign coins, have not yet penetrated from the coast. For six hundred miles over the border, however, we found both the Russian money and language serviceable among the Tatar merchants, while the *tenga*, or Kashgar silver-piece, was preferred by the natives even beyond the Gobi, being much handier than the larger or smaller bits of silver broken from the *yamba* bricks. All, however, would have to be weighed in the *tinza*, or small Chinese scales we carried with us, and on which were marked the *fün*, *tchan*, and *liang* of the monetary scale. But the value of these terms is reckoned in *chen*, and changes with almost every district. This necessity for vigilance, together with the frequency of bad silver and loaded *yambas*, and the propensity of the Chinese to "knock down" on even the smallest purchase, tends to convert a traveler in China into a veritable Shylock. There being no banks or exchanges in the interior, we were obliged to purchase at Kuldja all the silver we would need for the entire journey of over three thousand miles. "How much would it take?" was the question that our past experience in Asiatic travel now aided us to answer. That our calculations were close is proved by the fact that we reached Peking with silver in our pockets to the value of half a dollar. Our money now constituted the principal part of our luggage, which, with camera and film, weighed just twenty-five pounds apiece. Most of the silver was chopped up into small bits, and placed in the hollow tu-



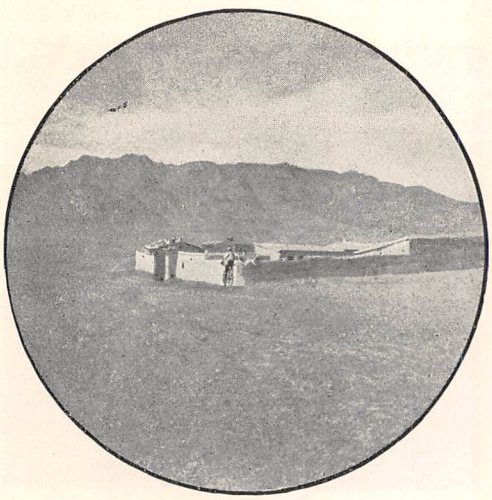
A CHINESE PEDDLER FROM BARKUL.



THE STATION OF KHANG-TSWANG-POOH.

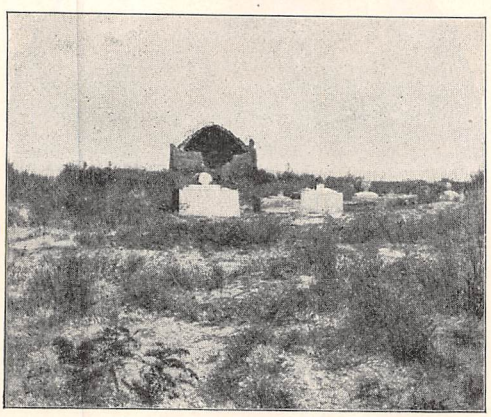
bing of the machines to conceal it from Chinese inquisitiveness, if not something worse. We are glad to say, however, that no attempt at robbery was ever discovered, although efforts at extortion were frequent, and sometimes, as will appear, of a serious nature.

The blowing of the long horns and boom of the mortar cannon at the fort awoke us at daylight on the morning of July 13. Farewells had been said the night before. Only our good-hearted Russian host was up to put an extra morsel in our provision-bag, for, as he said, we could get no food until we reached the Kirghiz aouls on the high plateau of the Talki pass, by which we were to cut across over unbeaten paths to the regular so-called imperial highway, running from Suidun. From the Catholic missionaries at Kuldja we had obtained very accurate information about this route as far as



STATION OF SEB-BOO-TCHAN.

the Gobi desert. The expression Tian Shan Pe-lu, or northern Tian Shan route, in opposition to the Tian Shan Nan-lu, or southern Tian Shan route, shows that the Chinese had fully appreciated the importance of this historic highway, which continues the road running from the extreme western gate of the Great Wall obliquely across Mongolian Kan-su, through Hami and Barkul, to Urumtsi. From here the two natural highways lead, one to the head-waters of the Black Irtish, the other to the passes leading into the Ili valley, and other routes of the Arolo-Caspian depression. The latter route, which is now commanded at intervals by Chinese forts and military settlements, was recently relinquished by Russia only when she had obtained a more permanent footing on the former in the trading-posts of Chuguchak and Kobdo, for she very early recognized the importance of this most natural entry to the only feasible route across the Chinese empire. In a glowing



CHINESE GRAVES ON THE ROAD TO HAMI.

sunset, at the end of a hot day's climb, we looked for the last time over the Ili valley, and at dusk, an hour later, rolled into one of the Kirghiz aouls that are here scattered among the rich pasturage of the plateau.

Even here we found that our reputation had extended from Kuldja. The chief advanced with *amans* of welcome, and the heavy-matted curtains in the kibitka doorway were raised, as we passed, in token of honor. When the refreshing kumiss was served around the evening camp-fire, the dangers of the journey through China were discussed among our hosts with frequent looks of misgiving. Thus, from first to last, every judgment was against us, and every prediction was of failure, if not of something worse; and now, as we stole out from the tent by the light of the rising moon, even the specter-like mountain-peaks around us, like symbols of coming events, were casting their shadows before. There was something so illusive in the scene as to make it very impressive. In the

morning, early, a score of horsemen were ready to escort us on the road. At parting they all dismounted and uttered a prayer to Allah for our safety; and then as we rode away, drew their fingers across their throats in silence, and waved a solemn good-by. Such was the almost superstitious fear of these western nomads for the land which once sent forth a Yengiz Khan along this very highway.

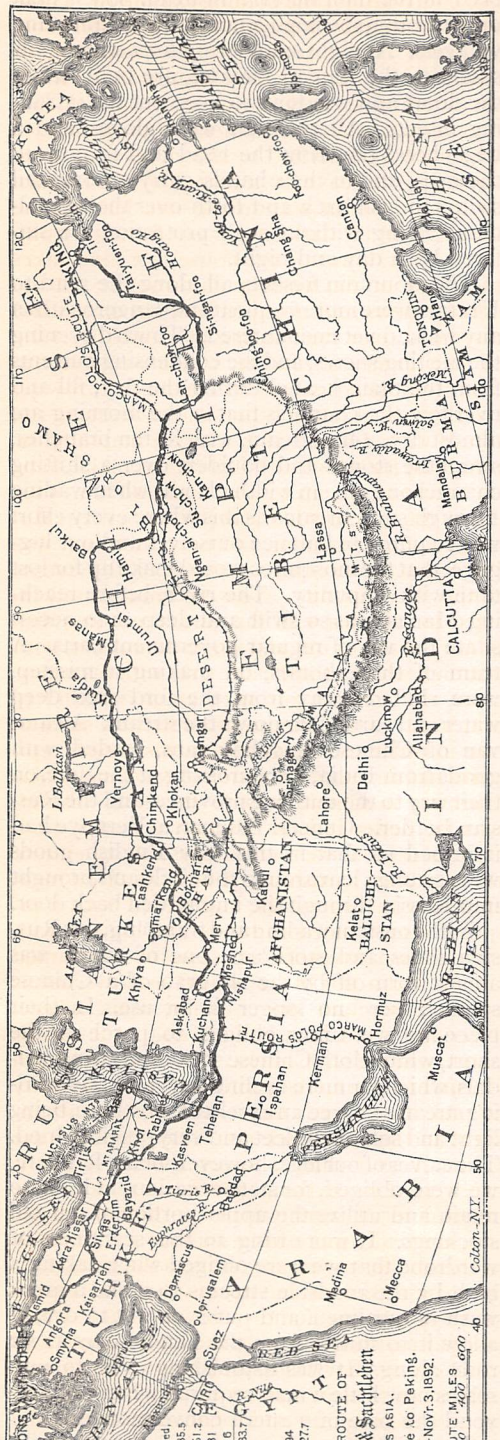
Down the narrow valley of the Kuitun, which flows into the Ebi-nor, startling the mountain deer from the brink of the tree-arched rivulet, we reached a spot which once was the haunt of a band of those border-robbers about whom we had heard so much from our apprehensive friends. At the base of a volcano-shaped mountain lay the ruins of their former dens, from which only a year ago they were wont to sally forth on the passing caravans. When they were exterminated by the government, the head of their chief, with its dangling queue, was mounted on a pole near by, and preserved in a cage from birds of prey, as a warning to all others who might aspire to the same notoriety. In this lonely spot we were forced to spend the night, as here occurred, through the carelessness of the Kuldja Russian blacksmith, a very serious break in one of our gear wheels. It was too late in the day to walk back the sixteen miles to the Kirghiz encampment, and there obtain horses for the remaining fifty-eight miles to Kuldja, for nowhere else, we concluded, could such a break be mended. Our sleeping-bags were now put to a severe test between the damp ground and the heavy mountain dew. The penetrating cold, and the occasional panther-like cry of some prowling animal, kept us awake the greater part of the night, awaiting with revolvers in hand some expected attack.

Five days later we had repassed this spot and were toiling over the sand and saline-covered depression of the great "Han-Hai," or Dried-up Sea. The mountain freshets, dissolving the salt from their sandy channels, carry it down in solution and deposit it with evaporation in massive layers, forming a comparatively hard roadway in the midst of the shifting sand-dunes, Over these latter our progress was extremely slow. One stretch of fifteen miles, which it took us six hours to cover, was as formidable as any part of the Turkoman desert along the Transcaspian Railway. At an altitude of only six hundred feet above the sea, according to our aneroid barometer, and beneath the rays of a July sun against which even our felt caps were not much protection, we were half-dragging, half-pushing, our wheels through a foot of sand, and slapping at the mosquitos swarming upon our necks and faces. These pests, which throughout this low country are the largest and most numerous we have ever met, are bred in the intermediate swamps, which exist only through the negligence of the neighboring villagers. At night smoldering fires, which half suffocate the human inmates, are built before the doors and windows to keep out the intruding insects. All travelers wear gloves, and a huge hood covering the head and face up to the eyes, and in their hands carry a horse-tail switch to lash back and forth over their shoulders. Being without such protection we suffered both day and night.

The mountain freshets all along the road to Urumtsi were more frequent and dangerous than any we had yet encountered. Toward evening the melting snows, and the condensing currents from the plain heated during the day, fill and overflow the channels that in the morning are almost dry. One stream, with its ten branches, swept the stones and boulders over a shifting channel one mile in width. It was when wading through such streams as this where every effort was required to balance ourselves and our luggage, that the mosquitos would make up for lost time with impunity. The river, before reaching Manas, was so swift and deep as to necessitate the use of regular government carts. A team of three horses, on making a misstep, were shifted away from the ford into deep water and carried far down the stream. A caravan of Chinese traveling-vans, loaded with goods from India, were crossing at the time, on their way to the outlying provinces and the Russian border. General Bauman at Vernoye had informed us that in this way English goods were swung clear around the circle and brought into Russia through the unguarded back door.

With constant wading and tramping, our Russian shoes and stockings, one of which was almost torn off by the sly grab of a Chinese spaniel, were no longer fit for use. In their place we were now obliged to purchase the short, white cloth Chinese socks and string sandals, which for mere cycling purposes and wading streams proved an excellent substitute, being light and soft on the feet and very quickly dried. The calves of our legs, however, being left bare, we were obliged, for state occasions at least, to retain and utilize the upper portion of our old stockings. It was owing to this scantiness of wardrobe that we were obliged when taking a bath by the roadside streams to make a quick wash of our linen, and put it on wet to dry, or allow it to flutter from the handle-bars as we rode along. It was astonishing even to ourselves how little a man required when once beyond the pale of western conventionalities.

From Manas to Urumtsi we began to strike more tillage and fertility. Maize, wheat, and rice were growing, but rather low and thin. The last is by no means the staple food of China, as is commonly supposed, except in the



southern portion. In the northern, and especially the outlying, provinces it is considered more a luxury for the wealthy. Millet and coarse flour, from which the *mien* or dough-strings are made, is the foundation, at least, for more than half the subsistence of the common classes. Nor is there much truth, we think, in the assertion that Chinamen eat rats, although we sometimes regretted that they did not. After a month or more without meat a dish of rats would have been relished, had we been able to get it. On the other hand we have learned that there is a society of Chinamen who are vegetarians from choice, and still another that will eat the meat of no animal, such as the ass, horse, dog, etc., which can serve man in a better way.

Urumtsi, or Hun-miao (red temple) of the Chinese, still retains its ancient prestige in being the seat of government for the viceroyalty of Sin-tsiang, which includes all that portion of western China lying without the limit of Mongolia and Tibet. Thanks to its happy position, it has always rapidly recovered after every fresh disaster. It now does considerable trade with Russia through the town of Chuguchak, and with China through the great gap which here occurs in the Tian Shan range. It lies in a picturesque amphitheater behind the solitary "Holy Mount," which towers above a well-constructed bridge across its swiftly flowing river. This city was one of our principal landmarks across the empire; a long stage of the journey was here completed.

On entering a Chinese city we always made it a rule to run rapidly through until we came to an inn, and then lock up our wheels before the crowd could collect. Urumtsi, however, was too large and intricate for such a manœuver. We were obliged to dismount in the principal thoroughfare. The excited throng pressed in upon us. Among them was a Chinaman who could talk a little Russian, and who undertook to direct us to a comfortable inn at the far end of the city. This street parade gathered to the inn yard an overwhelming mob, and announced to the whole community that "the foreign horses" had come. It had been posted, we were told, a month before, that "two people of the new world" were coming through on "strange iron horses," and every one was requested not to molest them. By this, public curiosity was raised to the highest pitch. When we returned from supper at a neighboring restaurant, we were treated to a novel scene. The doors and windows of our apartments had been blocked with boxes, bales of cotton, and huge cart-wheels to keep out the irrepressible throng. Our host was agitated to tears; he came out ringing his hands, and urging upon us that any attempt on our part

to enter would cause a rush that would break his house down. We listened to his entreaties on the condition that we should be allowed to mount to the roof with a ladder, to get away from the annoying curiosity of the crowd. There we sat through the evening twilight, while the crowd below, somewhat balked, but not discouraged, stood taking in every move. Nightfall and a drizzling rain came at last to our relief.

The next morning a squad of soldiers was despatched to raise the siege, and at the same time presents began to arrive from the various officials, from the Tsongtu, or viceroy, down to the superintendent of the local prisons. The matter of how much to accept of a Chinese present, and how much to pay for it, in the way of a tip to the bearer, is one of the finest points of that finest of fine arts, Chinese etiquette; and yet in the midst of such an abundance and variety we were hopelessly at sea. Fruits and teas were brought, together with meats and chickens, and even a live sheep. Our Chinese visiting-cards — with the Chinese the great insignia of rank — were now returned for those sent with the presents, and the hour appointed for the exhibition of our bicycles as requested.

Long before the time, the streets and housetops leading from the inn to the viceroy's palace at the far end of the city began to fill with people, and soldiers were detailed at our request to make an opening for us to ride through abreast. This, however, did not prevent the crowd from pushing us against each other, or sticking sticks in the wheels, or throwing their hats and shoes in front of us, as we rode by. When in sight of the viceroy's palace, they closed in on us entirely. It was the worst jam we had ever been in. By no possibility could we mount our machines, although the mob was growing more and more impatient. They kept shouting for us to ride, but would give us no room. Those on the outside pushed the inner ones against us. With the greatest difficulty could we preserve our equilibrium, and prevent the wheels from being crushed, as we surged along toward the palace gate; while all the time our Russian interpreter, Mafoo, on horseback in front, continued to shout and gesticulate in the wildest manner above their heads. Twenty soldiers had been stationed at the palace gate to keep back the mob with cudgels. When we reached them, they pulled us and our wheels quickly through into the inclosure, and then tried to stem the tide by belaboring the heads and shoulders in reach, including those of our unfortunate interpreter, Mafoo. But it was no use. Everything was swept away before this surging wave of humanity. The viceroy himself, who now came out to receive us, was powerless. All he could do was to request them to make room around the palace courtyard for the coming exhibition. Thousands of thumbs were uplifted that afternoon, in praise of the wonderful *twee-tah-cheh*, or two-wheeled carts, as they witnessed our modest attempt at trick riding and special manœuvering. After refreshments in the palace, to which we were invited by the viceroy, we were counseled to leave by a rear door, and return by a roundabout way to the inn, leaving the mob to wait till dark for our exit from the front.

The restaurant or tea-house in China takes the place of the western club-room. All the current news and gossip is here circulated and discussed over their eating or gambling. One of their games of chance, which we have frequently noticed, seems to consist in throwing their fingers at one another, and shouting at the top of their voices. It is really a matching of numbers, for which the Chinamen make signs on their fingers, up to the numeral ten. Our entry into a crowded *dungan*, or native Mohammedan restaurant, the next morning, was the signal for exciting accounts of the events of the previous day. We were immediately invited to take tea with this one, a morning dish of *tung-posas*, or nut and sugar dumplings, with another, while a third came over with his can of *sojeu*, or Chinese gin, with an invitation "to join him." The Chinese of all nations seem to live in order to eat, and from this race of epicures has developed a nation of excellent cooks. Our fare in China, outside the Gobi district, was far better than in Turkey or Persia, and, for this reason, we were better able to endure the increased hardships. A plate of sliced meat stewed with vegetables, and served with a piquant sauce, sliced radishes and onions with vinegar, two loaves of Chinese *mo-mo*, or steamed bread, and a pot of tea, would usually cost us about three and one quarter cents apiece. Everything in China is sliced so that it can be eaten with the chop-sticks. These we at length learned to manipulate with sufficient dexterity to pick up a dove's egg — the highest attainment in the chop-stick art. The Chinese have rather a sour than a sweet tooth. Sugar is rarely used in anything, and never in tea. The steeped tea-flowers, which the higher classes use, are really more tasty without it. In many of the smaller towns, our visits to the restaurant would sometimes result in considerable damage to their keepers, for the crowd would swarm in after us, knocking over the table, stools, and crockery as they went, and collect in a circle around us to watch the "foreigners" eat, and to add their opium and tobacco smoke to the suffocating atmosphere.

A visit to the local mint in Urumtsi revealed to us the primitive method of making the *chen*, or money-disks before mentioned. Each is molded instead of cut and stamped as in the

West. By its superintendent we were invited to a special breakfast on the morning of our departure.

The Chinese are the only people in the Orient, and, so far as we know, in the European and Asiatic continents, who resemble the Americans in their love for a good, substantial morning meal. This was much better adapted to our purpose than the Russian custom, which compelled us to do the greater part of our day's work on merely bread and weak tea.

From Urumtsi we had decided to take the northern route to Hami, via Gutchen and Barkul, in order to avoid as much as possible the sands of the Tarim basin on the southern slope of the Tian Shan Mountains. Two guards were commissioned by the viceroy to take us in charge, and hand us over to the next relay station. Papers were given them to be signed by the succeeding authorities on our safe arrival. This plan had been adopted by every chief mandarin along the route, in order, not only to follow out the request of the London minister as written on the passport, but principally to do us honor in return for the favor of a bicycle exhibition; but many times we would leave our discomfited guards to return with unsigned papers. Had we been traveling in the ordinary way, not only these favors might not have been shown us, but our project entirely defeated by local obstructions, as was the case with many who attempted the same journey by caravan. To the good-will of the mandarins, as well as the people, an indispensable concomitant of a journey through China, our bicycles were after all our best passports. They everywhere overcame the antipathy for the foreigner, and made us cordially welcome.

The costumes of our soldiers were strikingly picturesque. Over the front and back of the scarlet waistcoats were worked in black silk letters their military credentials. Over their full baggy trousers were drawn their riding overalls, which cover only the front and sides of the legs, the back being cut out just above the cloth top of their Chinese boots. Instead of a cap, they wear a piece of printed cloth wrapped tightly around the head, like the American washerwomen. Their well-cushioned saddles did not save them from the constant jolting to which our high speed subjected them. At every stopping-place they would hold forth at length to the curious crowd about their roadside experiences. It was amusing to hear their graphic descriptions of the mysterious "ding," by which they referred to the ring of the cyclometer at every mile. But the phrase *quai-ti-henn* (very fast), which concluded almost every sentence, showed what feature impressed them most. Then, too, they disliked very much to travel in the heat of the day, for all summer traveling in China is done at night. They would wake us up many hours before daylight to make a start, despite our previous request to be left alone. Our week's run to Barkul was made, with a good natural road and favoring conditions, at the rate of fifty-three miles per day, eight miles more than our general average across the empire. From Kuldja to the Great Wall, where our cyclometer broke, we took accurate measurements of the distances. In this way we soon discovered that the length of a Chinese *li* was even more changeable than the value of the *tael*. According to time and place, from 185 to 250 were variously reckoned to a degree, while even a difference in direction would very often make a considerable difference in the distance. It is needless to say that, at this rate, the guards did not stay with us. Official courtesy was now confined to despatches sent in advance. Through this exceptionally wild district were encountered several herds of antelope and wild asses, which the natives were hunting with their long, heavy, fork-resting rifles. Through the exceptional tameness of the jack-rabbits along the road, we were sometimes enabled to procure with a revolver the luxury of a meat supper.

At Barkul (Tatar) the first evidence of English influence began to appear in the place of the fading Russian, although the traces of Russian manufacture were by no means wanting far beyond the Great Wall. English pulverized sugar now began to take the place of Russian lump. India rubber, instead of the Russianized French *elastique*, was the native name for our rubber tires. English letters, too, could be recognized on the second-hand paper and bagging appropriated to the natives's use, and even the gilded buttons worn by the soldiers bore the stamp of "treble gilt." From here the road to Hami turns abruptly south, and by a pass of over nine thousand feet crosses the declining spurs of the Tian Shan Mountains, which stand like a barrier between the two great historic highways, deflecting the westward waves of migration, some to Kashgaria and others to Zungaria. On the southern slope of the pass we met with many large caravans of donkeys, dragging down pine-logs to serve as poles in the proposed extension of the telegraph-line from Su-Chou to Urumtsi. In June of this year the following item appeared in the newspapers:

> Within a few months Peking will be united by wire with St. Petersburg; and, in consequence, with the telegraph system of the entire civilized world. According to the latest issue of the Turkestan "Gazette," the telegraph-line from Peking has been brought as far west as the city of Kashgar. The European end of the line is at Osh, and a small stretch of about 140 miles now alone breaks

the direct telegraph communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Hami is one of those cities which may be regarded as indispensable. At the edge of the Great Gobi and the converging point of the Nan-lu and Pe-lu — that is, the southern and northern routes to the western world — this oasis is a necessary resting-place. During our stop of two days, to make necessary repairs and recuperate our strength for the hardships of the desert, the usual calls were exchanged with the leading officials. In the matter of social politeness the Chinese, especially the "literati," have reason to look down upon the barbarians of the west. Politeness has been likened generally to an air-cushion. There is nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully. As a mere ritual of technicalities it has perhaps reached its highest point in China. The multitude of honorific titles, so bewildering and even maddening to the Occidental, are here used simply to keep in view the fixed relations of graduated superiority. When wishing to be exceptionally courteous to "the foreigners," the more experienced mandarins would lay their doubled fists in the palms of our hands, instead of raising them in front of their foreheads, with the usual salutation *Homa*. In shaking hands with a Chinaman we thus very often had our hands full. After the exchange of visiting-cards, as an indication that their visits would be welcome, they would come on foot, in carts, or palanquins, according to their rank, and always attended by a larger or smaller retinue. Our return visits would always be made by request, on the wheels, either alone or with our interpreter, if we could find one, for our Chinese was as yet painfully defective. Russian had served us in good stead, though not always directly. In a conversation with the Tootai of Schicho, for instance, our Russian had to be translated into Turki and thence interpreted in Chinese. The more intelligent of these conversations were about our own and other countries of the world, especially England and Russia, who, it was rumored, had gone to war on the Afghanistan border. But the most of them generally consisted of a series of trivial interrogations beginning usually with: "How old are you?" Owing to our beards, which were now full grown, and which had gained for us the frequent title of *yeh renn*, or wild men, the guesses were far above the mark. One was even as high as sixty years, for the reason, as was stated, that no Chinaman could raise such a beard before that age. We were frequently surprised at their persistence in calling us brothers when there was no apparent reason for it, and were finally told that we must be "because we were both named *Mister* on our passports."

It was already dusk on the evening of August 10 when we drew up to the hamlet of Shang-loo-shwee at the end of the Hami oasis. The great Gobi, in its awful loneliness, stretched out before us, like a vast ocean of endless space. The growing darkness threw its mantle on the scene, and left imagination to picture for us the nightmare of our boyhood days. We seemed, as it were, to be standing at the end of the world, looking out into the realm of nowhere. Foreboding thoughts disturbed our repose, as we contemplated the four hundred miles of this barren stretch to the Great Wall of China. With an early morning start, however, we struck out at once over the eighty-five miles of the Takla Makan sands. This was the worst we could have, for beyond the caravan station of Kooshee we would strike the projecting limits of Mongolian Kan-su. This narrow tract, now lying to our left between Hami and the Nan Shan mountains, is characterized by considerable diversity in its surface, soil, and climate. Traversed by several copious streams from the Nan Shan Mountains, and the moisture-laden currents from the Bay of Bengal and the Bramahputra valley, its "desert" stretches are not the dismal solitudes of the Tarim Basin or the "Black" and "Red" sands of Central Asia. Water is found almost everywhere near the surface, and springs bubble up in the hollows, often encircled by exterior oases. Everywhere the ground is traversable by horses and carts. This comparatively fertile tract, cutting the Gobi into two great sections, has been, ever since its conquest two thousand years ago, of vast importance to China, being the only feasible avenue of communication with the western provinces, and the more important link in the only great highway across the empire. A regular line of caravan stations is maintained by the constant traffic both in winter and summer. But we were now on a bit of the genuine Gobi — that is, "Sandy Desert" — of the Mongolian, or "Shamo" of the Chinese. Everywhere was the same interminable picture of vast undulating plains of shifting reddish sands, interspersed with quartz pebbles, agates, and carnelians, and relieved here and there by patches of wiry shrubs, used as fuel at the desert stations, or lines of hillocks succeeding each other like waves on the surface of the shoreless deep. The wind, even more than the natural barrenness of the soil, prevents the growth of any vegetation except low, pliant herbage. Withered plants are uprooted and scattered by the gale like patches of foam on the stormy sea. These terrible winds, which of course were against us, with the frequently heavy cart-tracks, would make it quite impossible to ride. The monotony of many weary hours of plodding was relieved only by the bones of some abandoned beast of

burden, or the occasional train of Chinese carts, or rather two-wheeled vans, loaded with merchandise, and drawn by five to six horses or mules. For miles away they would see us coming, and crane their necks in wondering gaze as we approached. The mulish leaders, with distended ears, would view our strange-looking vehicles with suspicion, and then lurch far out in their twenty-foot traces, pulling the heavily loaded vehicles from the deep-rutted track. But the drivers were too busy with their eyes to notice any little divergence of this kind. Dumb with astonishment they continued to watch us till we disappeared again toward the opposite horizon. Farther on we would meet a party of Chinese emigrants or exiles, on their way to the fertile regions that skirt the northern and southern slopes of the Tian Shan Mountains. By these people even the distant valley of the Ili is being largely populated. Being on foot, with their extraordinary loads balanced on flexible shoulder-poles, these poor fellows could make only one station, or from twelve to twenty miles a day. In the presence of their patience and endurance, we were ashamed to think of such a thing as hardship.

The station-houses on the desert were nothing more than a collection of mud huts near a surface well of strongly brackish water. Here, most of the caravans would put up during the day, and travel at night. There was no such thing as a restaurant; each one by turn must do his own cooking in the inn kitchen, open to all. We, of course, were expected to carry our own provisions and do our own culinary work like any other respectable travelers. This we had frequently done before where restaurants were not to be found. Many a time we would enter an inn with our arms filled with provisions, purchased at the neighboring bazaars, take possession of the oven and cooking utensils, and proceed to get up an American meal, while all the time a hundred eyes or more would be staring at us in blank amazement. But here on the desert we could buy nothing but very coarse flour. When asked if they had an egg or a piece of vegetable, they would shout "*Ma-you*" ("There is none") in a tone of rebuke, as much as to say: "My conscience! man, what do you expect on the Gobi?" We would have to be content with our own tea made in the iron pot, fitting in the top of the mud oven, and a kind of sweetened bread made up with our supply of sugar brought from Hami. This we nicknamed our "Gobi cake," although it did taste rather strongly of brackish water and the garlic of previous contents of the one common cooking-pot. We would usually take a large supply for road use on the following day, or, as sometimes proved, for the midnight meal of the half-starved inndog. The interim between the evening meal and bedtime was always employed in writing notes by the feeble, flickering light of a primitive taper-lamp, which was the best we had throughout the Chinese journey.

A description of traveling in China would by no means be complete without some mention of the vermin which infest, not only inns and houses, but the persons of nearly all the lower classes. Lice and fleas seem to be the *sine qua non* of Chinese life, and in fact the itching with some seems to furnish the only occasion for exercise. We have seen even shopkeepers before their doors on a sunny afternoon, amusing themselves by picking these insidious creatures from their inner garments. They are one of the necessary evils it seems, and no secret is made of it. The sleeping *kangs* of the Chinese inns, which are made of beaten earth and heated in winter like an oven, harbor these pests the year round, not to mention the filthy coverlets and greasy pillows that were sometimes offered us. Had we not had our own sleeping-bags, and used the camera, provision-bag, and coats for pillows, our life would have been intolerable. As it was there was but little rest for the weary.

The longest station on the desert was thirty-one miles. This was the only time that we suffered at all with thirst. In addition to the high mean elevation of the Gobi, about four thousand feet, we had cloudy weather for a considerable portion of the journey, and, in the Kan-su district, even a heavy thunder-shower. These occasional summer rains form, here and there, temporary meres and lakes, which are soon evaporated, leaving nothing behind except a saline efflorescence. Elsewhere the ground is furrowed by sudden torrents tearing down the slopes of the occasional hills or mountains. These dried up river-beds furnished the only continuously hard surfaces we found on the Gobi; although even here we were sometimes brought up with a round turn in a chuck hole, with the sand flying above our heads.

Our aneroid barometer registered approximately six thousand five hundred feet, when we reached at dusk the summit of the highest range of hills we encountered on the desert journey. But instead of the station-hut we expected to find, we were confronted by an old Mongolian monastery. These institutions, we had found, were generally situated as this one, at the top of some difficult mountain-pass or at the mouth of some cavernous gorge, where the pious intercessors might, to the best advantage, strive to appease the wrathful forces of nature. In this line of duty the lama was no doubt engaged when we walked into his feebly-lighted room, but, like all orientals, he would let nothing interfere with the performance of his religious duties. With his

gaze centered upon one spot, his fingers flew over the string of beads in his lap, and his tongue over the stereotyped prayers, with a rapidity that made our head swim. We stood unnoticed till the end, when we were at once invited to a cup of tea, and directed to our destination, five *li* beyond. Toward this we plodded through the growing darkness and rapidly cooling atmosphere; for in its extremes of temperature the Gobi is at once both Siberian and Indian, and that, too, within the short period of a few hours. Some of the mornings of what proved to be very hot days were cold enough to make our extremities fairly tingle.

A constant diet of bread and tea, together with the hard physical exercise and mental anxiety, caused our strength at length to fail.

The constant drinking of brackish water made one of us so ill that he could retain no food. A high fever set in on the evening of August 15, and as we pulled into the station of Bay-doon-sah, he was forced to go to bed at once. The other, with the aid of our small medicine supply, endeavored to ward off the ominous symptoms. In his anxiety, however, to do all that was possible he made a serious blunder. Instead of antipyrin he administered the poison, sulphate of zinc, which we carried to relieve our eyes when inflamed by the alkali dust. This was swallowed before the truth was discovered. It was an anxious moment for us both when we picked up the paper from the floor and read the inscription. We could do nothing but look at each other in silence. Happily it was an overdose, and the vomiting which immediately followed relieved both the patient and the anxious doctor. What to do we did not know. The patient now suggested that his companion should go on without him, and, if possible, send back medical aid or proper food; but not to remain and get worse himself. He, on the other hand, refused to leave without the other. Then too, the outlying town of Ngan-si-chou, the first where proper food and water could be obtained was only one day's journey away. Another effort was decided upon. But when morning came, a violent hurricane from the southeast swept the sand in our faces, and fairly blew the sick man over on his wheel. Famishing with thirst, tired beyond expression, and burning with fever as well as the withering heat, we reached at last the bank of the Su-la-ho. Eagerly we plunged into its sluggish waters, and waded through under the walls of Ngan-si-chou.

Ngan-si-chou was almost completely destroyed during the late Dungan rebellion. Little is now to be seen except heaps of rubbish, ruined temples, and the scattered fragments of idols. The neglected gardens no longer check the advancing sands, which in some places were drifting over the ramparts. Through its abandoned gateway we almost staggered with weakness, and directed our course to the miserable bazaar. The only meat we could find was pork, that shibboleth between Mohammedanism and Confucianism. The Dungan restaurant-keeper would not cook it, and only after much persuasion consented to have it prepared outside and brought back to be eaten beneath his roof. With better water and more substantial food we began, from this time on, to recuperate. But before us still a strong head wind was sweeping over the many desert stretches that lay between the oases along the Su-la-ho, and with the constant walking our sandals and socks were almost worn away. For this reason we were delayed one evening in reaching the town of Dyou-min-shan. In the lonely stillness of its twilight a horseman was approaching across the barren plain, bearing a huge Chinese lantern in his hand, and singing aloud, as is a Chinaman's custom, to drive off the evil spirits of the night. He started back, as we suddenly appeared, and then dismounted, hurriedly, to throw his lantern's glare upon us. "Are you the two Americans?" he asked in an agitated manner. His question was surprising. Out in this desert country we were not aware that our identity was known, or our visit expected. He then explained that he had been instructed by the magistrate of Dyou-min-shan to go out and look for us, and escort us into the town. He also mentioned in this connection the name of Ling Darin — a name that we had heard spoken of almost with veneration ever since leaving Urumtsi. Who this personage was we were unable to find out beyond that he was an influential mandarin in the city of Su-chou, now only a day's journey away.

Near that same fortieth parallel of latitude on which our Asiatic journey was begun and ended, we now struck, at its extreme western limit, the Great Wall of China. The Kiayu-kuan, or "Jade Gate," by which it is here intersected, was originally so called from the fact that it led into the Khotan country, whence the Chinese traders brought back the precious mineral. This, with the Shanghai-kuan near the sea, and the Yuamin-kuan, on the Nankow Pass, are the principal gateways in this "wall of ten thousand *li*," which, until forced by Yenghiz Khan, protected the empire from the Mongolian nomads for a period of fourteen hundred years. In its present condition the Great Wall belongs to various epochs. With the sudden and violent transitions of temperature in the severe Mongolian climate, it may be doubted whether any portion of Shi Hoangti's original work still survives. Nearly all the eastern section, from Ordos to the Yellow Sea, was rebuilt in the fifth century, and

the double rampart along the northwest frontier of the plains of Peking was twice restored in the fifteenth and sixteenth. North of Peking, where this prodigious structure has a mean height of about twenty-six feet, and width of twenty feet, it is still in a state of perfect repair, whereas in many western districts along the Gobi frontier, as here before us, it is little more than an earthen rampart about fifteen feet in height, while for considerable distances, as along the road from Su-chou to Kan-chou, it has entirely disappeared for miles at a stretch. Both the gate and the wall at this point had been recently repaired. We could now see it rising and falling in picturesque undulations as far as the Tibetan ranges. There it stops altogether, after a westward course of over fifteen hundred miles. In view of what was before us, we could not but smile as we thought of that French abbé who undertook, in an elaborate volume, to prove that the "Great Wall of China" was nothing more than a myth.

We were now past another long anticipated land-mark, and before us, far down in the plain, lay the city of Su-chou, which, as the terminal point of the Chinese telegraph line, would bring us again into electric touch with the civilized world. But between us and our goal lay the Edzina River, now swollen by a recent freshet. We began to wade cautiously through with luggage and wheels balanced on our shoulders. But just at that moment we perceived, approaching from the distance, what we took to be a mounted Chinese mandarin, and his servant leading behind him two richly caparisoned and riderless horses. At sight of us they spurred ahead, and reached the opposite bank just as we passed the middle of the stream. The leader now rose in his stirrups, waved his hat in the air and shouted, in clear though broken English, "Well, gentlemen, you have arrived at last!" To hear our mother tongue so unexpectedly spoken in this out-of-the-way part of the world, was startling. This strange individual, although clad in the regular mandarin garb, was light-complexioned, and had an auburn instead of a black queue dangling from his shaven head. He grasped us warmly by the hand as we came dripping out of the water, while all the time his benevolent countenance fairly beamed with joy. "I am glad to see you, gentlemen," he said. "I was afraid you would be taken sick on the road ever since I heard you had started across China. I just got the news five minutes ago that you were at Kiayu-kuan, and immediately came out with these two horses to bring you across the river, which I feared would be too deep and swift for you. Mount your ponies, and we will ride into the city together."

It was some time before the idea flashed across our minds that this might indeed be the mysterious Ling Darin about whom we had heard so much. "Yes," said he, "that is what I am called here, but my real name is Splingard." He then went on to tell us that he was a Belgian by birth; that he had traveled extensively through China, as the companion of Baron Richthofen, and had thus become so thoroughly acquainted with the country and its people that, on his return to the coast he had been offered by the Chinese government the position of custom mandarin at Su-chou, a position just then established for the levying of duty on the Russian goods passing in through the northwest provinces; that he had adopted the Chinese dress and mode of living, and had even married, many years ago, a Chinese girl educated at the Catholic schools in Tientsin. We were so absorbed in this romantic history that we scarcely noticed the crowds that lined the streets leading to the Ling Darin's palace, until the boom of a cannon recalled us to our situation. From the smile on the jolly face beside us, we knew at once whom we could hold responsible for this reception. The palace gates were now thrown open by a host of servants, and in our rags and tatters we rolled at once from the hardships of the inhospitable desert into the lap of luxury.

A surplus is not always so easily disposed of as a deficit — at least we were inclined to think so in the case of our Su-chou diet. The Ling Darin's table, which, for the exceptional occasion, was set in the foreign fashion with knives and forks, fairly teemed with abundance and variety. There was even butter, made from the milk of the Tibetan yak, and condensed milk for our coffee, the first we had tasted since leaving Turkey, more than a year before. The Ling Darin informed us that a can of this milk, which he once presented to Chinese friends, had been mistaken for a face cosmetic, and was so used by the ladies of the family. The lack of butter has led many of the missionaries in China to substitute lard, while the Chinese fry their fat cakes in various oils. The Ling Darin's wife we found an excellent and even artistic cook, while his buxom twin daughters could read and write their own language — a rare accomplishment for a Chinese woman. Being unaccustomed to foreign manners, they would never eat at the same table with us, but would come in during the evening with their mother, to join the family circle and read aloud to us some of their father's official despatches. This they would do with remarkable fluency and intelligence.

As guests of our highly respected and even venerated host, we were visited by nearly all the magistrates of the city. The Ling Darin was never before compelled to answer so

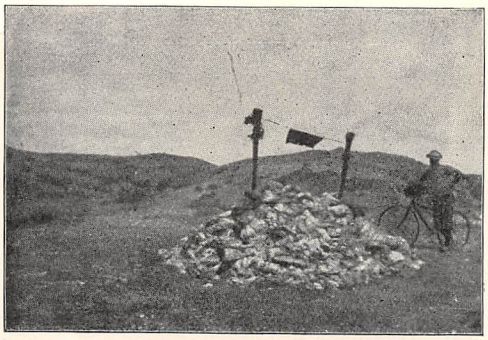
many questions. In self-defense he was at last forced to get up a stereotyped speech to deliver on each social occasion. The people, too, besieged the palace gates, and clamored for an exhibition. Although our own clothes had been sent away to be boiled, we could not plead this as an excuse. The flowing Chinese garments which had been provided from the private wardrobe of the Ling Darin fluttered wildly in the breeze, as we rode out through the city at the appointed hour. Our Chinese shoes, also, were constantly slipping off, and as we raised the foot to readjust them, a shout went up from the crowd for what they thought was some fancy touch in the way of riding.

From the barrenness of the Gobi to the rank vegetation of the Edzina valley, where the grass and grain were actually falling over from excessive weight, was a most relieving change. Water was everywhere. Even the roadway served in



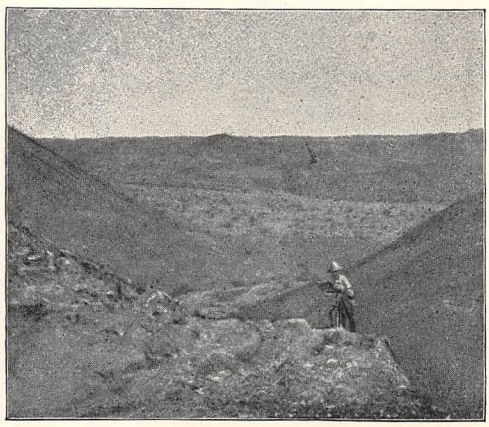
A TRAIL IN THE GOBI DESERT.

many places as a temporary irrigating canal. On the journey to Kan-chou we were sometimes compelled to ride on the narrow mud-wall fences that separated the flooded fields of wheat, millet, and sorghum, the prevailing cereals north of the Hoang-ho River. Fields of rice and the opium poppy were sometimes met with, but of the silk-worm and tea-plant, which furnish the great staples of the Chinese export trade, we saw absolutely nothing on our route through the northern provinces. Apart from the "Yellow Lands" of the Hoang-ho, which need no manure, the arable regions of China seem to have maintained their fecundity for over four thousand years, entirely through the thoughtful care of the peasantry in restoring to the soil, under another form, all that the crops have taken from it. The plowing of the Chinese is very poor. They scarcely do more than scratch the surface of the ground with their bent-stick plows, wooden-tooth drills, and wicker-work harrows; and instead of straight lines, so dear to the eye of a Western farmer, the ridges and furrows are as crooked as serpents. The real secret of their success seems to lie in the care they take to replenish the soil. All the sewage of the towns is carried out every morning at daybreak by special coolies, to be preserved for manure; while the dried herbs, straw, roots, and other vegetable refuse, are economized with the greatest care for fuel. The Chinese peasant offsets the rudeness of his implements with manual skill. He weeds the ground so carefully that there is scarcely a leaf above the ground that does not appertain to the crop. All kinds of pumps and hydraulic wheels are worked, either by the hand, animals, or the wind. The system of tillage, therefore, resembles market-gardening rather than the broad method of cultivation common in Europe and America. The land is too valuable to be devoted to pasture, and the forests nearly everywhere have been sacrificed to tillage to such an extent that the material for the enormously thick native coffins has now to be imported from abroad.

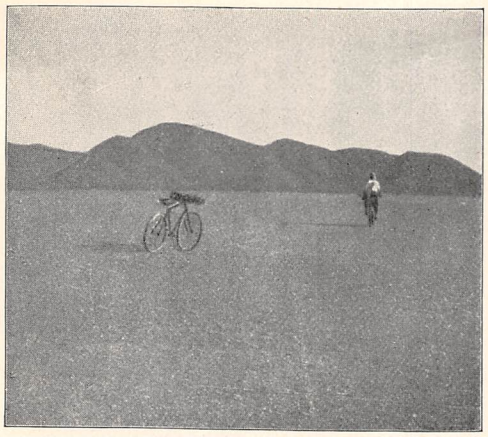


A ROAD MARK IN THE GOBI DESERT.

Streams and irrigating ditches were so frequent that we were continually saturated with water or covered with mud. Our bare arms and legs were so tanned and coated that we were once asked by a group of squalid villagers if "foreigners" ever bathed like themselves. On dashing down into a village, we would



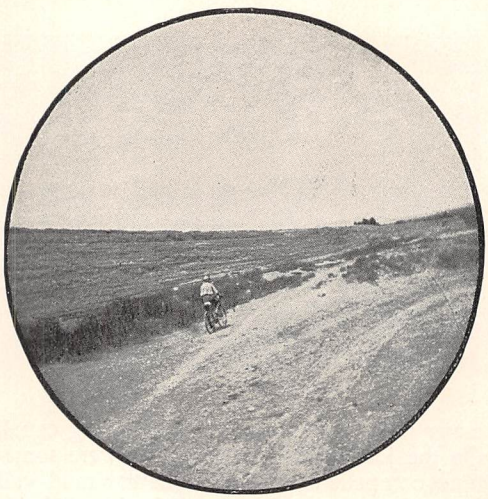
A ROCKY PASS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE GOBI.



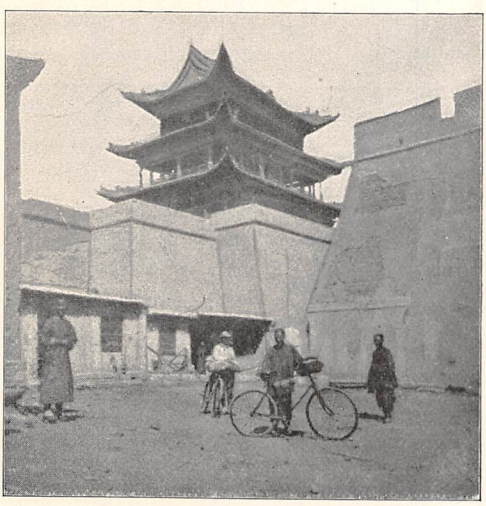
A WASTE OF BLACK SAND IN THE GOBI.

produce consternation or fright, especially among the women and children, but after the first onset, giggling would generally follow, for our appearance, especially from the rear, seemed to strike them as extremely ridiculous. The wheel itself presented various aspects to their ignorant fancies. It was called the "flying machine" and "foot-going carriage," while some even took it for the "five-wheel cart," or locomotive, about which they had heard only the vaguest rumors. Their ignorance of its source of motive power often prompted them to name it the "self-moving cart," just as the natives of Shanghai are wont to call the electric-light "the self-coming moon."

In one out-of-the-way village of northwestern China, we were evidently taken for some species of centaurs; the people came up to examine us while on the wheel to see whether or no rider and wheel were one. We became so harassed with importunities to ride that we were compelled at last to seek relief in subterfuge, for an absolute refusal, we found, was of no avail. We would promise to ride for a certain sum of money, thinking thus to throw the burden of refusal on themselves. But, nothing daunted, they would pass round the hat. On several occasions, when told that eggs could not be bought in the community, an offer of an exhibition would bring them out by the dozen. In the same way we received presents of tea, and by this means our cash expenses were considerably curtailed. The interest in the "foreign horses" was sometimes so great as to stop business and even amusements. A rather notable incident of this kind occurred on one of the Chinese holidays. The flag-decked streets, as we rode through, were filled with the neighboring peasantry, attracted by some traveling theatrical troupe engaged for the occasion. In fact, a performance was just



RIDING BY THE GREAT WALL ON THE ROAD TO SU-CHOU.

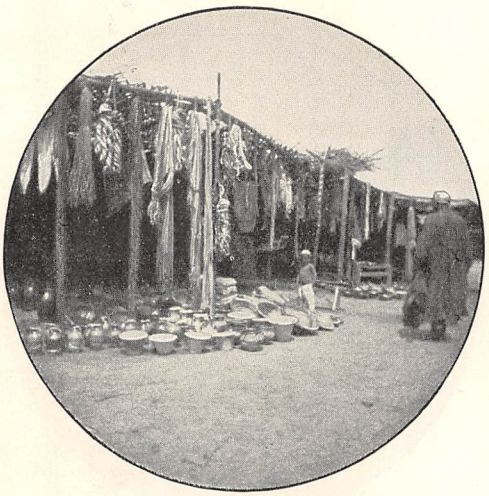


WITHIN THE WESTERN GATE OF THE GREAT WALL.

then in progress at the open-air theater close at hand. Before we were aware of it we had rolled into its crowded auditorium. The women were sitting on improvised benches, fanning and gossiping, while the men stood about in listless groups. But suddenly their attention was aroused by the counter attraction, and a general rush followed, to the great detriment of the temporary peddlers'-stands erected for the occasion. Although entirely deserted, and no doubt consumed with curiosity, the actors could not lose what the Chinese call "face." They still continued their hideous noises, pantomimes, and dialogues to the empty seats.

The last fifty miles into Liang-chou, a city founded by a Catholic Chinaman over two hundred years ago, we were compelled to make on foot, owing to an accident that caused us serious

trouble all through the remainder of our Chinese journey. In a rapid descent by a narrow pathway, the pedal of one of the machines struck upon a protuberance, concealed by a tuft of grass, snapping off the axle, and scattering the ball-bearings over the ground. For some miles we pushed along on the bare axle inverted in the pedal-crank. But the wrenching the machine thus received soon began to tell. With a sudden jolt on a steep descent, it collapsed entirely, and precipitated the rider over the handle-bars. The lower part of the frame had broken short off, where it was previously cracked, and had bent the top bar almost double in the fall. In this sad plight, we were rejoiced to find in the "City under the Shade" the Scotch missionary, Mr. Laughton, who had founded here the most remote of the China Inland Missions. But even with



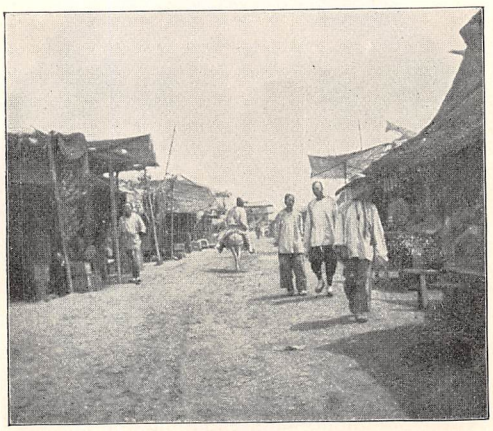
ROPES, CORDS, AND CROCKERY FOR SALE.

his assistance, and that of the best native mechanic, our repairs were ineffective. At several points along the route we were delayed on this account. At last the front and rear parts of the machine became entirely separated. There was no such thing as steel to be found in the country, no tools fit to work with, and no one who knew the first principles of soldering. After endeavoring to convince the native blacksmiths that a delicate bicycle would not stand pounding like a Chinese cart-wheel, we took the matter into our own hands. An iron bar was placed in the hollow tubing to hold it in shape, and a band of telegraph wire passed round from front to rear, along the upper and lower rods, and then twisted so as to bring the two parts as tightly together as possible. With a waddling frame, and patched rear-wheel describing eccentric revolutions, we must have presented a rather comical appearance over the remaining thousand miles to the coast.



A TYPICAL RECEPTION IN A CHINESE TOWN.

Across the Yellow Hoang-ho, which is the largest river we encountered in Asia, a pontoon bridge leads into the city of Lan-chou-foo. Its strategical position at the point where the Hoang-ho makes its great bend to the north, and where the gateway of the West begins, as well as its picturesque location in one of the greatest fruit-bearing districts of China, makes it one of the most important cities of the empire. On the commanding heights across the river, we stopped to photograph the picturesque scene. As usual, the crowd swarmed in front of the camera to gaze into the mysterious lens. All the missionaries we had met cautioned us against taking photographs in China, lest we should do violence to the many popular superstitions, but the only trouble we ever experienced in this respect was in arousing popular curiosity. We soon learned that in order to get something besides Chinese heads in our pictures it was necessary first to



SCENE IN A TOWN OF WESTERN CHINA.



BRICK-MAKERS MIXING STRAW AND CLAY.

point the camera in the opposite direction, and then wheel suddenly round to the scene we wished to take. As we crossed the river, the bridge of boats so creaked and swayed beneath the rushing rabble, that we were glad to stand once more upon the terra firma of the city streets, which were here paved with granite and marble blocks. As we rode down the principal thoroughfare, amid the usual din and uproar, a well-dressed Chinaman rushed out from one of the stores and grabbed us by the arm. "Do you speak English?" he shouted, with an accent so like an American, that we leaped from our wheels at once, and grasped his hand as that of a fellow countryman. This, in fact, he proved to be in everything but birth. He was one of that party of mandarins' sons which had been sent over to our country some years ago, as an experiment by the Chinese government, to receive a thorough American training. We cannot here give the history of that experiment, as Mr. Woo related it — how they were subsequently accused of cutting off their queues and becoming denationalized; how, in consequence, they were recalled to their native land, and degraded rather than elevated, both by the people and the government, because they were foreign in their sentiments and habits; and how, at last, they gradually began to force recognition through the power of merit alone. He had now been sent out by the government to engineer the extension of the telegraph line from Su-chou to Urumtsi, for it was feared by the government that the employment of a foreigner in this capacity would only increase the power for evil which the natives already attributed to this foreign innovation. The similarity in the phrases, *telegraph pole* and *dry heaven* had inspired the common belief that the line of poles then stretching across the country was responsible for the long-existing drought. In one night several miles of poles were sawed short off, by the secret order of a banded conspiracy. After several decapitations, the poles were now being restored, and labeled with the words, "Put up by order of the Emperor."



CARRIERS OF MUD MORTAR.

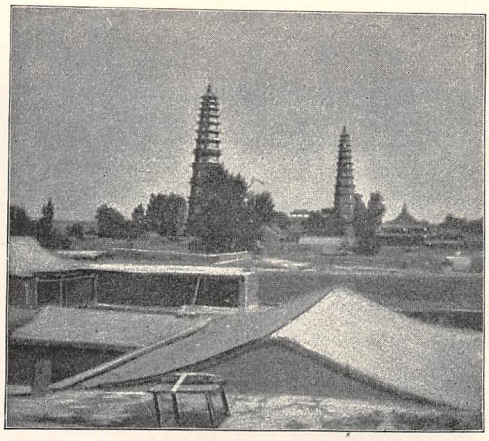


MISSIONARIES AT LAN-CHOU-FOO.

In company with the English missionary, Mr. Redfern, while attempting to get out of the city on the way to his mountain home, we were caught in another jam. He counseled us to conceal the weapons we were carrying in our belts, for fear the sight of them should incite the mob to some act of violence. Our own experience, however, had taught us that a revolver in China was worth nothing if not shown. For persistence, this mob surpassed any we had ever seen. They followed us out of the city and over the three miles' stretch to the mission prem-

ises, and there announced their intention of remaining indefinitely. Again Mr. Redfern feared some outbreak, and counseled us to return to the city and apply to the viceroy himself for protection. This proved a good move. A special exhibition on the palace parade-grounds gained for us the valuable favor of one who was only fourth in rank to the emperor himself. A body-guard of soldiers was furnished, not only during our sojourn in the city, but for the journey to Singan-foo, on which a good reception was everywhere insured by an official despatch sent in advance. In order to secure for us future respect, a small flag with the government stamp and of yellow color was given us to fly by the side of our "stars and stripes." On this was inscribed the title of "The Traveling Students," as well as answers to the more frequent of the common questions — our nationality, destination, and age. The best mechanic in the local cannon-foundry was then ordered to make, at government expense, whatever repairs were possible on our disabled machines. This, however, as it proved, was not much; most of his time was spent in taking measurements and patterns for another purpose. If his intentions have been carried out, Lan-chou-foo is to-day possessed of a "foot-moving-carriage" of home production.

Our sojourn in this city is especially associated with the three names of Woo, Choo, and Moo — names by no means uncommon in Chinese nomenclature. We heard of a boy named the abstract numeral, "sixty-five," because his grandfather happened to reach that age on the very day of his birth. Mr. Moo was the local



TWO PAGODAS AT LAN-CHOU-FOO.

telegraph operator, with whom we, and our American friends Woo and Shanghai, associated. All operators in the Chinese telegraph system are required to read and write English. The school established for this purpose at Lan-chou we occasionally visited, and assisted the Chinese schoolmaster to hear the recitations from Routledge's spelling-book. He, in turn, was a frequent partaker of our "foreign chows," which our English-speaking friends served with knives and forks borrowed from the missionaries. Lily and bamboo roots, shark's fins and swallows' nests, and many other Chinese delicacies, were now served in abundance, and with the ever-accompanying bowl of rice. In the matter of eating and drinking, Chinese formality is extreme. A round table is the only one that can be used in an aristocratic household. The seat of honor is always the one next to the wall. Not a mouthful can be taken until the host raises his chop-sticks in the air, and gives the signal. Silence then prevails; for Confucius says: "When a man eats he has no time for talk." When a cup of tea is served to any one in a social party, he must offer it to every one in the room, no matter how many there are, before proceeding to drink himself. The real basis of Chinese politeness seems to be this: They must be polite enough to offer, and you must be polite enough to refuse. Our ignorance of this great underlying principle during the early part of the Chinese journey led us into errors both many and grievous. In order to show a desire to be sociable, we accepted almost everything that was offered us, to the great chagrin, we fear, of the courteous donors.



A CHINAMAN'S WHEELBARROW.

(To be continued.)

Thomas Gaskell Allen, Jr.
William Lewis Sachtleben.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, FROM MEZZOTINT BY JEAN SIMON.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

ADDISON, THE HUMORIST.

THERE is not a name in the entire range of English literature to which so full and universal an appreciation has been given by posterity as to that of Addison. He had his critics in his day: he had, indeed, more than critics, and from one quarter at least has received in his breast the fiercest and sharpest sting which a friend estranged could put into poetic vengeance. But the burden even of contemporary voices was always overwhelmingly in his favor, and nowadays there is no one in the world, we believe, who has other than gentle words for the gentle writer — the finest critic, the finest gentleman, the most tender humorist, of his age. It is not only admiration, but a sort of personal affection with which we look back, detecting in all the bustling companies of that witty and depraved period his genial figure, with a delightful simplicity in the midst of all the formalism, and whole-heartedness among the conceits and pretensions, of the fops and the wits, the intriguing statesmen and busy conspirators, of an age in which public faith can scarcely be said to have existed at all. Addison is the very embodiment of that delightful gift of humor on which we pride ourselves so much as a specially English quality. That in its way his style is the perfection of English style is less dear and delightful to us than that what it conveys is the perfection of feeling. His art is the antipodes of that satirical art which allows human excellence only to gird at it, and insinuate motives which diminish or destroy. Addison, on the other hand, allows imperfections which his interpretation turns into something sweeter than virtue, and throws a delightful gleam of love and laughter upon the eccentricities and characteristic follies of individual nature. That he sees everything is one of the conditions of his genial forgiveness of all that is not mean, or base, or cruel. With these he makes no terms.

This most loved of English writers was the son of one of those English parsons who confuse our belief in the extremely unfavorable account of the condition of country clergymen given by both the graver and the lighter historians of the time. Neither Parson Adams in his virtue, nor Parson Trulliber in his grossness, nor Macaulay's keen and clear picture, nor Thackeray's fine, disrespectful studies of the chaplain who marries the waiting-maid, seem to afford us any guidance to the nature of the household which the Rev. Launcelot Addison, after many wanderings and experiences, set up in the little parish of Milston in Wiltshire somewhere about the year 1670. Steele's description of it has, no doubt, the artificial form affected by the age, and sets it forth as one of those models of perfection, and examples to the world, which nowadays we are more disposed to distrust and laugh at than to follow. Dr. Addison had seen the world in no very brilliant or luxurious way. He had been chaplain at Dunkirk, and afterward at Tangiers among the Moors, upon which latter strange experience he wrote a book; and he rose afterward to be dean of Lichfield, a dignified clergyman. One of the brothers went to India, and attained to some eminence; the other was eventually, like Joseph, a fellow of Magdalen. They dispersed themselves in the world as the children of a clergyman might very well do at the present day, and it is evident belonged distinctly to the caste of gentlemen. The sons — or at least the son with whom we have specially to do, after sundry local schoolings, went to the Charterhouse, which he left at fifteen for Oxford, perhaps because of his unusual advancement, but more probably because the custom of the time sent boys earlier to the university, as is still the practice in Scotland. Addison was much distinguished in that elegant branch of learning, the writing of Latin verse, a kind of distinction which remains dear to the finest minds, in spite of all the remarks concerning its inutility, and the time wasted in acquiring the art, which the rest of the world has so largely indulged in. A copy of verses upon the accession of King William, written while he was still a very youthful scholar at Queen's College, — no more than seventeen, — got him his first promotion. The boy's verses came perhaps from some proud tutor at Queen's, boasting what could be done under the cupola in the High street, — finer than anything attempted in more distinguished seats of learning, — into the hands of the Provost of Magdalen, to the amazement and envy of that more learned corporation. There had been no election of scholars in the previous year, during the melancholy time when the college was embroiled with King James, and the courtly Quaker Penn had all the disturbed and troubled fellows under his heel; but now that freedom had returned with the revo-



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN, FROM MEZZOTINT BY JOHN SMITH. AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

SIDNEY, EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

lution and the Heaven-sent William, there was room for a double number of distinguished poor demies. Dr. Lancaster of Magdalen decided at once that to leave such Latinity as that of the young author of these verses to a college never very great in such gifts would be a sin against his own, and young Addison was accordingly elected to all the privileges of a Magdalen demyship. The stranger may realize still in the quiet of the cloistered shades how the shy young student wandered in Addison's Walk, and pondered his verses, and formed the delicate wealth of speech which was to distinguish him from all his companions. He spent about ten years in his college, first as a student, and then as a fellow, in the position which, perhaps, is more ideal for a scholar than any other in Christendom. But the young man was not much more enlightened than the other young men of his age, notwithstanding his genius at Latin verses, and that still finer genius which had not as yet come to utterance. He wrote an "Account of the Greatest English Poets," not much wiser than the school-boy essays of our own day which set Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning down in their right places. Addison went further. He leaves out all mention of Shakspere, and speaks of Cowley as a "mighty genius." He describes "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" as "a barbarous age," amused by "Old Spenser" with "long-spun allegories" and "dull morals," which have lost all power to charm an age of understanding. The youth, indeed, ran amuck among all the greatest names till we shiver at his temerity. But he knew better afterward, and, if he still condescended a little to his elders and betters, learned to love and comprehend them, too.

It would seem that he wavered for a time whether he should not take orders, a step necessary to retain his fellowship, and dedicate himself to the church, as was the wish of his father. The manner in which the question was decided is curiously characteristic of the age. The matter came to the ears of Charles Montague, afterward Lord Halifax, himself an elegant scholar, and at that time in office. He wrote to the authorities of Magdalen, begging that Addison might not be urged into holy orders, and in the mean time took more active measures to secure him for the state. Lord Somers was equally interested in the young man's career. Between them the two statesmen secured for him a pension of three hundred a year, on no pretense of work to be done or duty fulfilled, but merely that he might be able to prepare himself the better for the public service, and be thus at hand and ready when his work was wanted. Public opinion has risen up nowadays against any such arrangement, and much slighter efforts at patronage would now be denounced as a job over all England. And yet one wonders whether it was so profitless a proceeding as we think it. Addison was worth more than the money to England. To be sure, without the money he would still have been Addison; yet something of the mellow sweetness of humanity in him was, no doubt, due to this fostering of his youth.

He went abroad in 1699, and addressed himself in the first place to the learning of French, which he did slowly at Blois, without apparently gaining much enlightenment as to the state of France or the other countries which he visited in his prolonged tour. No doubt, with his pension and the income of his fellowship, Addison traveled like a young man of fortune and fashion in those times of leisure, with excellent introductions everywhere, seeing the best society, and the greatest men both in rank and letters. Boileau admired his Latin verses as much as the English statesmen did, and the young man went upon his way more and more convinced that Latin verses were the high road to fame. From France he went to Italy, making a classical pilgrimage. "Throughout," says Mr. Leslie Stephen, quaintly, "if we are to judge by his narrative, he seems to have considered the scenery as designed to illustrate his beloved poets."

When Addison returned home after four years of classical wanderings, it was to prospects sadly overcast. King William had died a year before, which had stopped his pension; Halifax was out of office, and all the hopes of public life, for which he had been training himself, seemed to drop as he came back. It is said that during the last year he had charge of a pupil; but there is no proof of the statement, nor has the pupil ever been identified by name. An offer was made to him to accompany upon his travels a son of the Duke of Somerset, his services in that office to be paid by the present of a hundred guineas at the year's end, which did not seem to Addison an advantageous offer; but this, which came to nothing, is the only authentic reference to any possible "bear-leading" such as Thackeray refers to in "Esmond"; and fine as is the sketch made by that kindred humorist, he seems to exaggerate at once the poverty and the neglect into which for the moment Addison fell. He returned to England in 1703, being then thirty-one, full of every accomplishment, but with only his fellowship to depend upon. But if he carried a disappointed or despondent heart, he never made any moan on the subject, and, it is very likely, enjoyed his freedom and the happy sense of being at home like other young men. He seems to have been at once advanced to the membership of the Kit-Cat Club, which would supply him with the finest of company, and a center for the life which otherwise must have appeared as if it had come to a broken end. It was not long, however, that this period of neglect was suffered to last, and once more the transaction which elevated Addison to the sphere in which he passed the rest of his life is admirably characteristic of the period, and, alas! profoundly unlike anything that could happen to a young man of genius now.

We will not return again to any bewildering discussion of the Whigs and Tories of Queen Anne, but only say that Godolphin and Marlborough, those "great twin brethren" of the state, had come into the possession of England. The Lord Treasurer, who had everything in his hands at home, while his great partner fought and conquered abroad, was almost comically at a loss how to sound the trumpet of warlike success so as to excite the country, and, if possible, turn the heads of the discontented. He went to Halifax to ask where he could find what was wanted — a poet. So it happened that that day, all blazing in gold lace and splendor, the coach of the Chancellor of the Exchequer stopped before the little shop in the Haymarket over which the young scholar had his airy abode; and that great personage clambered up the long flights of stairs, carrying with him, very possibly, the patent of the appointment which was an earnest of what the powers that were could do for Addison. This was how the great poem of the "Campaign," that illustrious composition, was brought into being. Poems made to order seldom fulfil expectation, but in this case there was no disappointment. Godolphin and England alike were delighted, and Addison's life and success were at once secured, yet no one now, save as an illustration of his-

tory, would think of reading the "Campaign," though it served Addison well.

Two years later he was promoted to be one of the under-secretaries of state, and from that time languished no more in the cold shade of obscurity, where Halifax had upbraided the Government for leaving him. He was not a man born to linger there. Shy though he was, and little apt to put himself forward, this favorite of the muses — to use the phraseology of his time — was also the favorite of fortune. Everything that he touched throve with him.

This event brought more than mere prosperity to the fortunate young man. If he had been already of note enough to belong to the Kit-Cat Club, with what a blaze of modest glory would he now appear! — not swelling in self-conceit, like so many of the wits; not full of silent passion, like the strange big Irish clergyman who pushed into the chattering company in the coffee-house, and astounded them with his masterful and arrogant ways; but always modest — never heard at all in a large company, opening out a little when the group dispersed and an audience fit but few gathered around him, but with one companion *half* divine. The one companion by and by became often that very same Irishman whose silent prowl about the room in which he knew nobody had amused all the luckier members. It was then that the "Travels in Italy" were published, while the fame of the "Campaign" was still warm; and Addison gave his new friend a copy inscribed to "Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age." They were both in their prime — Swift thirty-eight, Addison five years younger, still young enough to hope for everything that could befall a man. Addison gave "his little senate laws" for many years in these convivial meetings, and all who surrounded him adored him. But Swift was never again so close a member of the little company. Politics, and the curious part which the Irish parson took in them, separated him from the consistent and moderate politician who acted faithfully with his party, and who was always true, whoever might be false. But Swift held fast to Addison so far, at least, as feeling was concerned. Over and over he repeated the sentiment, that "if he had a mind to be king he would hardly be refused."

In 1708 Addison lost his post as under-secretary by a change of the ministry, or rather of the minister, it being the habit in those days to form a government piecemeal, a Whig here, a Tory there, as favor or circumstances required, so that it was by no means needful that all should go out or come in together. But no sooner was the under-secretary deprived of one place than he obtained another, that of Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland — the same office, we presume, as that which is now called Chief-Secretary for Ireland, though its seriousness and power are now so much greater. In those days there was no Irish people to deal with, however; only a very lively, contentious, pushing, and place-hunting community — the Protestant English-Irish, which, so far as literature and public knowledge go, has by mistake been accepted as the type of the Celt, a much darker and less simple character. The wild, mystic, morose, and often cruel nature of the native race, with its gleams of poetry, and dreams of fortune, has turned out a very different thing to reckon with. Addison's post was "very lucrative," we are told, — in fees and pieces of patronage, no doubt, for the income was only £2000 a year, — and he soon acquired an even greater popularity on the one side of the Channel than on the other. Something amiable and conciliatory must have rayed out of the man: otherwise it is curious to understand the popularity in brilliant and talkative Dublin of a stranger whose chief efforts in conversation were only to be accomplished *tête-à-tête*. But he had the foil of a detestable and detested chief — Wharton, whose corrupt and brutal character gave double acceptance to the Secretary's charm and goodness, and the Tories contended with the Whigs, says Swift, as to which should speak best of this favorite of fortune.

It was while Addison was in Ireland, thus gathering golden opinions, that an event occurred which was of the utmost importance to his reputation, so far, especially, as posterity was concerned. Among the little band of friends over whom he held a kind of genial sway, and who acknowledged his superiority with boundless devotion, was one who was more nearly his equal than any other of the band; a friend of youth, one of those erratic but generous natures whose love of excellence is almost rapturous, though they are unable themselves to keep up to the high level they approve. Steele can never be forgotten where Addison is honored. He had been at Charterhouse and at Oxford along with his friend, and no doubt it was a wonder among the reading men, in their earlier days, how it was that the correct, the polished, the irreproachable scholar of Magdalen, with his quiet ways, could put up with that gay scapegrace who was perpetually in trouble. But Addison was not a mere "spectator" so far as the friend of his youth was concerned. When he began to rise, there seems little reason to doubt that he pulled Steele up with him, introducing him to the notice of the fine people who in those days might make the fortune of a gentlemanly and clever adventurer, and that either by his own interest, or by that of one of his powerful friends, he procured him a place, and

started him in public life. Steele had already floated into literature, and whether it is true or not that Addison helped him in the concoction of one play at least, it is clear that the latter kept his purse and his heart well open to his friend, now a man about town, ruffling at the coffee-houses with the best, and full of that energy and readiness which so often strike out new ways of working, though it may require steadier heads to carry them out.

It was, however, while Addison was in Ireland that Steele was moved by the most important of these original impulses, an idea full, as it proved, of merit and practical use. Journalism was then in its infancy. A "News-Letter" or a "Flying Post"—a shabby broad-sheet containing the bulletin of a battle, a formal and brief notice of parliamentary proceedings, an account of some monstrous birth, as a child with two heads, or that perennial gooseberry which has survived into our own time, and an elaborate list of births, deaths, and marriages — was almost all that existed in the way of public record. The post to which Steele had been appointed was that of Gazetteer, which naturally led him to the consideration of such matters; and among the crowd of projects which worked together in his "barmy noddle," there suddenly surged uppermost the idea of a paper which should come out on the post days, the Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays which were, up to that time, the only days of communication with the country—a paper written after the fancy of the time, in itself a letter from the wits and the knowing persons in town, revealing not only the existing state of public affairs, but all those exquisite particulars of society which have always been the delight of country circles, and which were doubly sure to please at a time when society was governed by talk, when all public criticism was verbal, and the echoes of the wits in the coffee-houses were blown about on all the breezes. Steele saw at once what a thing it would be to convey these impressions at first hand, in a privileged "Tatler," direct to the houses of the gentry all over the country. Perhaps he did not perceive at first what a still finer thing it would be to have them served up with the foaming chocolate, or fragrant tea, at every breakfast in Mayfair.

Steele had gone on for some numbers before his new venture attracted the attention of Addison. He recognized whose the hand was from a classical criticism in the sixth number which he himself had made to Steele; and he must have been pleased with the idea, since he soon after appears as a coadjutor, sending his contributions from the Secretary's office in Dublin. There has been a great and prolonged controversy upon the respective merits of these two friends: some, and first among them Macaulay, will have it that Addison had all the merit of the publication. "Almost everything good in the 'Tatler' was his," says the historian. But there are many who, despite Macaulay's great authority, find a certain difficulty in distinguishing Addison from Steele and Steele from Addison, and are inclined to find Steele as entertaining and as gifted as his friend. Indeed, we think in these early essays at least, it would be a mistake for the critic to risk his reputation on the superiority of Addison. He set up no higher standard than that which his friend had raised, but fell into the same humor, adding his contribution of social pictures with less force of moral generally, and with more delicacy of workmanship, but with no remarkable preëminence. The character of the publication changed gradually as the great new pen came into it; but whether by Addison's influence, or by the mere action of time and a sense of what suited the audience he had obtained,—which a soul so sympathetic as Steele's would naturally divine with readiness,—no one can tell. Gradually the news which at first had regularly filled a column dropped away. It had been, no doubt, well authenticated news, the freshest and best, as it came from the authorized hand of the Gazetteer; but either Steele got tired of supplying it, or a sense of the inexpediency of publishing anything which might displease his patrons and the Government convinced him that it was unnecessary.

The "Tatler" ended in January, 1711; the "Spectator" began in March of the same year. The one died only to be replaced by the other. It is said that Addison did not know of his friend's intention to cut the "Tatler" short, and it was he who was the chief agent in beginning the "Spectator." Therefore it may have been that the breach was only an impatience of Steele's, to which his slow, less impulsive, and more constant comrade could not permanently consent. No doubt Addison had by this time learned the advantage of such a mode of utterance, and felt how entirely it suited his own manner of work and constitution of mind. There is, perhaps, no book which is so characteristic of an epoch in history, and none which gives so clear a conception of the English world of the time. We sit and look on,—always amused, often instructed, while the delicate panorama unfolds before us,—and see everything pass—the fine coaches, the gentlemen on foot, the parsons in their gowns, the young Templars jesting in the doorways; but always with the little monologue going on which accompanies the movement, and runs off into a hundred byways of thought, sometimes serious, sometimes gay, often with no particular connection with the many-colored streams of passers-by, yet never obscuring our

sight of them as they come and go. Like other men, he takes it for granted that the fashion of his contemporaries is to go on forever. For posterity that smiling, keen observer takes no thought.

But of all the things that Addison did, there remains one preëminent creation which is his chief claim to immortality. "The Campaign" has disappeared out of literature; "Cato" is known only by a few much-quoted lines; the "Spectator" itself, though a work which "no gentleman's library can be without," dwells generally in a dignified retirement there, and is seldom seen on any table but the student's, though we are all supposed to be familiar with it: but Sir Roger de Coverley is the familiar friend of most people who have read anything at all, and the acquaintance by sight, if we may so speak, of everybody. There is no form better known in all literature. His simple rustic state, his modest sense of his own importance, his kind and genial patronage of the younger world, which would laugh at him if it were not overawed by his modesty and goodness, and which still sniggers in its sleeve at all those kind, ridiculous ways of his as he walks about in London, taken in on all sides, with his hand always in his purse, and his heart in its right place, and always familiar and delightful. We learn with a kind of shock that it was Steele who first introduced this perfect gentleman to the world, and can only hope that he was Addison's idea from the first, and that he did not merely snatch out of his friend's hands, and appropriate, a conception so entirely according to his own heart. To Steele, too, we are indebted for some pretty scenes in the brief history: for Will the Huntsman's wooing, which is the most delicate little enamel, and for the knight's own love-making, which, however, is pushed a little too near absurdity. But it is Addison who leads him forth among his country neighbors, and to the assizes, and meets the gipsies with him, and brings him up to town, carrying him to Westminster, and to Spring Gardens, in the wherry with the one-legged waterman, and to the play.

We have all met in later years a certain Colonel Newcome, who is very like Sir Roger, one of his descendants, though he died a bachelor. But the Worcestershire knight was the first of his lineage, and few are the gifted hands who have succeeded in framing men after his model. We seem to know Sir Roger from our cradle, though we may never even have read the few chapters of his history. This is the one infallible distinction of genius above all commoner endowments. Of all the actors in that stirring time Sir Roger remains the most living and real. The queen and her court are no more than shadows moving across the historic stage. Halifax, and Somers, and Harley, and even the great Bolingbroke, what are they to us? Figures confused and uncertain, that appear and disappear.

We are not informed that the "Tatler" and the "Spectator," the real foundations of his fame, gave Addison any help in his career. That was assured by the "Campaign." He received his first post, that of "a commissionership with £200 a year," at once, in the end of 1704. In 1706 he became Under-Secretary. In 1708 his chief, Lord Sunderland, was dismissed, and Addison along with him; but he stepped immediately into the Irish Secretaryship. Two years afterward Addison, with his leaders, was once more out of office; but in 1714 they came triumphantly back, and he rose to the height of political elevation as Secretary of State, with a seat in the Cabinet. Though he did not retain this position long, on account of his failing health, he retired on a pension of £1500 a year. In 1711, at a period when he was supposed to be at a low ebb of fortune, in the cold shade of political opposition, he was able to buy the estate of Bilton, near Rugby, for which he paid £10,000 — which is not bad for a moment of misfortune. The success of the "Spectator," however, which was more his than Steele's (as the "Tatler" had been much more Steele's than Addison's), was apparently very considerable; Addison himself says, in an early number, that it had reached the circulation of 3000 copies a day. On a special occasion 14,000 copies are spoken of; and the passing of the Stamp Act, which destroyed many of the weaker publications of the time, did comparatively little harm to the "Spectator," which doubled its price without much diminishing its popularity. It had also what no other daily possessed, and very few periodicals of any time ever reach, the advantage of a permanent issue afterward in a succession of volumes, of which the first edition seems to have reached an issue of 10,000 copies. Fortunate writers! pleasant public!

The "Spectator" ended with the year 1712, having existed less than two years. Whether the authors had found their audience beginning to fail, or their inspiration, or, as is most likely had considered it wise, to forestall the possibility of either catastrophe, we are not informed. Almost immediately after the conclusion of this the greatest undertaking of his life, Addison plunged into what probably appeared to the weakness of the contemporary vision a much greater undertaking, the production of his tragedy "Cato," which made a commotion such as few plays did even at that period. It was partly as a political movement, to stir up the patriotism and love of liberty which were supposed to be failing under the dominion of the Tories, suspected of all manner of evil designs, that his Whig friends urged Addison to bring out the great play which had been simmering in his

brain since his travels, and which had no doubt been read in detached acts and pieces of declamation to all his literary friends. These friends had received several additions in the mean time, especially in the person of Pope, who was still young enough to be proud of Addison's notice, yet remarkable enough to be intrusted with the composition of a prologue to the great man's work. Swift, notwithstanding the coldness which had ensued between them on his change of politics, was still sufficiently in Addison's friendship to be present at a rehearsal, and the whole town on both sides was moved with excitement and expectation. On the first night, "Our house," says Cibber, "was in a manner invested, and entrance demanded by twelve o'clock at noon; and before one it was not wide enough for many who came too late for their places."

Of this great tragedy, which turned the head of London, and which the two great political parties vied with each other in applauding, there are only a few lines virtually existing nowadays. To be sure, it is in print, with the rest of Addison's works, to be read by whosoever will. But very few avail themselves of that privilege.

The end of a man's life is seldom so interesting as the beginning. After he has achieved all of which he is capable, our interest is more usually a sad than a cheerful one. Addison made in 1716 what seems to have been an ambitious marriage, though he was not the man, one would think, to care for the rank which gave his wife always a distinct personality and another name than his. The Countess of Warwick was, however, it would appear, a beautiful woman. She had the charge of a troublesome boy, for whom, no doubt, she would be eager to have the advice of such a man as Mr. Addison, whom all the world respected and admired. The little house at Chelsea (the house was called Sanford Manor House, and was figured some years ago against its present doleful background of gasometers in THE CENTURY) which that statesman had acquired, and where he delighted to withdraw from the noise and contention of town, was within reach through the fields of Holland House, the residence of Lady Warwick.

Addison was forty, and her ladyship had been a widow for fifteen years; but there is no reason for concluding that there was no romance in the wedding, which, however, is always a nervous sort of business under such circumstances. There was the boy, too, to be taken into account, who evidently was not a nice boy, but a tale-bearer, who did not love his mother's faithful lover, and made mischief when he could. There seems no evidence, however, that the marriage was unhappy, beyond a malicious note of Pope's, which all the commentators have enlarged. The poor women who have the misfortune to be married to men of genius fare badly at the hands of the critics. There seems no warrant whatever for Thackeray's picture of the vulgar vixen whom he calls Mrs. Steele. Steele's letters exist, but not those of poor Prue, who was so sadly tried in her husband; and so that suffering woman has to suffer over again in her reputation after her life's trouble is over. It is very unfair to the poor women who have left no champions behind.

The end of our "Spectator's" life, was, however, clouded with more than one unfortunate quarrel, the greatest of which has left its sting behind to quiver in Addison's name as long as Pope and he are known. It is neither necessary nor edifying to enter at length into the bitternesses of the past. Pope fancied himself aggrieved in various ways by the man who had warmly acknowledged his youthful merits, and received him (though so much his senior in years and fame) on a footing of equality, and who all through never spoke an ill-natured word of the waspish little poet.

Addison did not end his periodical work with the "Spectator." He took up that familiar character once again for a short time, long enough to produce an additional volume,—the eighth,—in which he had no longer the help of his own vivacious companion. The series is full of fine things, but we are not sure, though Macaulay thinks otherwise, that we do not a little miss the light and shade which Steele helped to supply. And other publications followed. Steele himself set up the "Guardian," in which Addison had little share; and various others after that in which the latter had no share at all. And Addison himself had a "Freeholder," in which he said some notable things; but these are all dead and gone, like so much of the contemporary furnishings of the age. Students find and read them in the old, collected editions; but life and recollection have gone out of them. Perhaps his own time even had by then got as much as it could enjoy and digest out of Addison. We, at least, have done so after nearly two centuries, and are capable of no more.

Thackeray has a little scoff at him as a man without passion. But Addison's fine and meditative genius had no need of passion. He is the "Spectator" of humankind. He had little temptation in his own calm nature to descend into the arena: the honors of the fight came to him somehow without any soil of the actual engagement. But it is not his part to fight. He makes no pretense of any inclination that way. He is the looker-on, and, as such, more valuable than a thousand men-at-arms.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

A BACHELOR MAID.

By Mrs. Burton Harrison,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," "Belhaven Tales," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY IRVING R. WILES.

V.

A GOOD Briton, says Henley, must wear his heart in his breeches-pocket, or anywhere but on his sleeve. Alec Gordon, a good American, did not consign to his breeches-pocket the heart so unceremoniously returned to him by the girl he loved, although he certainly did not wear it upon his sleeve. He put it, rather, into an office envelop stamped with the firm's name, tied it with legal tape, and consigned it to a pigeon-hole of his desk. There was work in plenty, and of a congenial sort, ahead of him, without forever playing the lorn lover. When he awoke on a bright, crisp Sunday morning, the day following his meeting with Marion at Mrs. Romaine's luncheon, and went to his window to fill his lungs with invigorating air, he felt that delight in living, that renewal of mind and body after healthy sleep, which is nearest akin to being born again in the flesh.

A church-bell, sounding near, did not act upon him like a prick of conscience, as it does upon older people who have nearly lived their span. He liked its reminder of peace and order in the calm of the usually noisy streets, as he did the Puritan demureness of many of the groups trooping churchward, and the quiet space to think and be glad in his youth and strength. Through his veins ran an exulting sense that the world outside his narrow chamber was his heritage, where there was nothing seriously awry in which he might not take a hand for bettering it.

But while, in bright day, the image of his lost love may not have glowed as effectively as in the mystery of night, when others around it had faded, his loyalty to her and to her father remained undiminished. He was not satisfied with the new inmate of their home. The hold Sara Stauffer had evidently acquired there made him vaguely uncomfortable. That afternoon he should make it his business to warn the judge in plain words that his daughter's friend was an unsafe guide for a girl full of opinions, like tendrils swaying in the wind, seeking a support to cling to. Disagreeable as this task might be, it was rendered doubly obligatory upon him by the fact that from him had originally come the urgent request that a companion to Marion's solitude should be provided according to her wish.

Strengthened in disagreeable resolution by bath and toilet and a cup of tea, he stopped, on his way out of the building, at the quarters of his friend Clarkson. Of this gentleman he caught a glimpse in his inner room, in light attire, engaged in a matinal exercise of lifting himself some hundreds of times successively upon his toes, with a view to the ultimate enlargement of a pair of unsatisfying calves.

"Sit down, old chap," called out Clarkson, cheerfully. "I 'm on my last hundred, and shall be with you in a minute — ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six — I 'm really tremendously encouraged. Talk about climbing Alps — ninety-seven, ninety-eight — it 's nothing to this — ninety-nine, one hundred — there! I really believe I 'll be able to wear knickerbockers this summer. Though the increase in girth is slow, I don't find the exercise half so tiresome as I did, and I mean to give the thing full trial. Stop and breakfast with me, won't you? Can't promise you much to eat; but I 'll have my tea and toast and an egg in, directly."

"It is so late now, I 'm going to lunch with my maiden aunts, instead of breakfasting," said Gordon. "There 's a matter I want to consult you about. I think you told me you have a relative who was or is one of the instructors at Somerville College?"

"Yes," said Clarkson, emerging in a gorgeous dressing-gown. "A cousin — about my age — brought up in our house. Don't mind telling you that I 'd have married her once, if she 'd have had me. But she preferred single-blessedness, and illimitable power to boss. Nice little fortune of her own, too. Teaches because she likes it. Writes pamphlets — all that sort of thing. Fine woman, though — very."

"Could I trouble you to find out from her, in confidence, any information they may have in the faculty about a lady who was once an inmate of their institution?"

"Gad! you speak as if it were a lunatic asylum, Gordon," said Clarkson, with a grin. "What you mean is a 'student of their university.'"

"Not a student — a teacher," said Gordon, giving the name of the object of his search.

"A client, eh?"

"I am acting in the interest of a friend; and I need not tell you that whatever information I receive will be treated with respect, and brought to bear only upon righteous ends."

"I 'll write to Kitty to-day — Katharine — I beg her pardon. And to think, Gordon, that woman — nicest creature you ever saw — round and rosy, with dimples — by George! such dimples! — might have been my wife long ago, if she had n't sacrificed us both to an ideal. Said I would n't sympathize with her aims, and therefore she could n't make me happy. Here am I, an old bach.; and she a spinster of thirty-five — pretty, still! Well, hearts don't break, Gordon; hearts *don't* break, in this world. Look at that for a pair of calves, now. Pretty fair, aren't they? Not quite up to silk fleshings for a fancy ball perhaps — but fair. I 'm thinking of going in for a new health-food I 've seen greatly advertised for fattening, if I could be sure of getting it properly cooked at the club. That 's one advantage a man has when he 's married, Gordon. He can keep at it till they cook things to suit him in his home; but the nuisance of trying to teach those servants at the club is — why, sir, I —"

"I won't keep you from your breakfast, longer," said Gordon, smiling. "Good-by, and thank you for your promised coöperation in my little affair."

"Little affair," he repeated to himself on his way to luncheon with his aunts. "That 's a misnomer. Marion's life, heretofore, has been like a fair white page. What may not that woman inscribe on it? For I do not, I cannot, feel satisfied there is not a niche sealed up in Madame Stauffer's past, that contains some record of a moral warfare with society in which she has been worsted. She is a mistress in the art of self-control, but I saw in her eyes that which sought to evade the too close scrutiny of mine. It was but for an instant, but the red flag warned me; and for Marion's sake, I pray God the woman may be got out of Marion's home and thoughts as quickly as possible."

THE Misses Stella, Clarissa, and Euphemia Gordon enjoyed the claim to respectful consideration, rare in New York of the present day, of residing in the house where they, and their father before them, had first seen the light.

Now well advanced in years, these maidens, whose fortune was to descend to the son of their younger brother Alexander, had survived the old-time pretension of their family to "lead New York." From time to time, indeed, they received their friends in this house built by their grandfather on a suburban property of his near the Hudson River, in preference to a site of greater value in Broadway, because the old gentleman feared the noise and dust of a post-road outside the windows of his wife's drawing-room. On such occasions — although fashion, save when engaged in paying its respects to the Gordons, had kept aloof from the spot now hemmed in by houses given over as tenements to an encroaching population of foreigners, its garden overshadowed by an elevated railway — "every one" was there, because not to be seen there would have argued unacquaintance with the "best old stock."

Newcomers and youngsters of the ruling generation might stray through the large, dull rooms, wondering how life could have been endured upon carpets artlessly sprinkled with the lily and the rose, amid furnishings of rosewood and satin damask, girandoles with twinkling lusters, florid mirror-frames, and statuettes on pedestals in every other window. But still society respected the Gordon house, and obeyed its summons as of yore. In the eyes of some ancients there lingered about the place a softly lambent halo, recalling the merry days of their youth. It was all very well, they would allege, for brilliant latter-day architects to reproduce, for new people with long purses, purely "colonial" interiors, and call them a revival of the best of early American art. Early America never dreamed of such beauty and harmony as these artists evolve for their clients. But, with all its sins against modern creeds in decoration, here were the actual surroundings of the gentlefolk who were the founders of their body social. One must needs be a Gordon to display, on a center-table with a marble top, a wreath of shell-flowers under a dome of glass.

As far as Alec knew, this wreath had never left this table. So, also, on a little mahogany stand in the dining-room, a "Scott's Bible" still nestled in a worsted mat. This he could not see without a vision of himself in infancy at family prayers, fatally impelled by original sin to kneel where he could have an eye upon a certain china basket containing crullers, kept always upon the buffet. Abhorring at this date of his life the old Dutch dainty as he had loved it then, it was yet inextricably associated in his mind with the act of devotion.

Through a like twist of psychology, he could never kiss the ivory-tinted cheek of his Aunt Stella, presented to him by that gentle old lady, without fancying he perceived the scent of rose geranium in the air. He had always heard of her "dressed for a party" in a book-muslin, with a blue scarf, a cameo brooch, a camellia with rose-geranium leaves in the hair behind her ear. This tradition of the family beauty equipped for conquest, as described to him in

childhood, was indelible; as likewise the picture of Aunt Clarissa dancing a shawl dance for the company at a ball given upon her "coming out." Alec quite believed he had seen the latter performance, although a reflection upon dates would have proved it impossible.

The same endurance of early impressions upon the mind of a child kept in him a faint belief in the ability of puzzle-cards tied together with faded ribbon to amuse a visitor. Nor did he doubt that Aunt Clarissa had an "admirable finger" for the guitar; and he sympathized earnestly when Aunt Stella confided to him that, in deference to a promise once extracted by her mama, she had never read any of the works of Lord Byron!

His two elder aunts, who were twins, were sitting together awaiting summons to the early dinner that on Sunday did duty for luncheon, when Gordon was shown into their presence.

The dim room, its shutters bowed to keep sunshine from the carpet, the gray cerements upon chairs and sofas, the tiny coal-fire in the grate, Miss Stella's pug, and Miss Clarissa's pussy, were all as usual.

The sisters, having returned from morning service, were, according to custom, engaged in analyzing the sermon until the dinner-bell should ring.

As the young man entered, Aunt Stella arose automatically and presented her cheek for his salute. Alec knew just how many steps he would have to make across the hearth-rug to meet Aunt Clarissa and *her* cheek. Then, sitting between them, he heard from Aunt Stella the exact condition of Aunt Clarissa's health, and from Aunt Clarissa how the last medicine had affected Aunt Stella's harmless malady. It was next in order to stroke the cat, which, advancing to greet him, made of her back an arch against his leg, and the pug, which, resting his forefeet on Gordon's knee, wheezed an asthmatic "how d' ye do."

"And Aunt Effie?" asked Alec, cheerfully.

Aunt Stella cleared her throat in a feebly deprecating fashion. Aunt Clarissa did likewise.

"Euphemia has not yet returned from service," said the twins, reluctantly.

"She still keeps up her preaching to those poor people in the Hell's Kitchen district?"

"Oh, yes, my dear Alexander; she still does," said Aunt Stella, the readier speaker of the two. "When I think of my poor mama, who was the most shrinking and sensitive of females, of my papa, who had a horror of ladies of our position being put before the public in any way — I really am almost glad they are spared Euphemia's extraordinary conduct. To teach in a Sunday-school — that, indeed, is one thing; but to conduct a service of her own arrangement,— a service *not in the prayer-book*,— to stand on a platform and speak before the men and women of that horrible quarter!"

"Yes, my dear Alexander, in spite of all we can say," chimed in Aunt Clarissa. "It is not only that she has the most shocking-looking characters calling here and waiting in the hall; that she receives visits from people who, I know, had just as soon as not throw a bomb into our dining-room if they caught a glimpse of the plate upon the side-board; that she attends meetings, and offers resolutions just like a man; but she now writes for the newspapers — and what is going to become of us, Heaven knows!"

"At Effie's age, she should be more careful than she is of appearances," began Miss Stella; "not even a maid to attend her when she goes into those dreadful places!"

"At fifty-odd I think Aunt Effie might be trusted," said Alec, smiling; and the midday meal being announced, his energies were for a time devoted to carving a turkey upon a willow-pattern dish, and to appeasing the pangs of his vigorous appetite.

"What has Aunt Effie been writing about to the newspapers?" he said, at a convenient opportunity.

"Hush!" said Aunt Stella, warningly, till assured that the servant was out of hearing. "We try to keep it from our people, Alexander. It is a great sorrow, but we must bear it as we can. It was bad enough when she wrote a letter defending the character of a Greek flower-seller unjustly arrested, and even went into court to testify to his good character; but what will you say to her communicating to the press a new scheme she has for the cremation of — I hate to mention it at table — of — garbage in the flats of poor people?"

"Kitchen refuse would have been a better word, sister," said Clarissa, in mild rebuke. "Yes! What a subject for a refined, elegant female. Why, she should not know that such a thing exists!"

"It is a mystery I can never solve, why Euphemia, who was given just the advantages we had, should be so far from sharing our tastes and occupations."

"Alec, my lad, you 're as welcome as flowers in March," exclaimed a hearty voice; and Miss Euphemia Gordon, in a tailor-made suit of masculine cut, and a pointed felt hat, walked into the dining-room, and took her place, after greeting her nephew with a stout shake of the hand.

Between the pastel tints and old-time poses of her sisters, this daughter of the house of Gordon resembled a vigorous sketch in black and white. Stout of frame, and never in her best days called handsome, Miss Effie's face was radiant with health, good-nature, and indomitable purpose.

Luncheon over, she carried Alec away to her own room, an apartment severely devoted to papers, a table with a type-writer between two southern windows full of sunshine, some chairs, and a desk, of which the pigeon-holes were well filled with neatly parceled documents. Here Miss Effie transacted the business of her life — in its broadest and truest sense the business of other people's lives.

"Now, answer me," she asked, wasting no words in preliminaries, "what did you mean by going off on that journey without coming to tell me in person of your trouble with Marion?"

"I simply could not speak of it," he said.

"I ought by this time to know the Gordon lock-jaw," she said, sitting down in her office-chair, opposite him. "Well, are you disposed to be more communicative now?"

"I ought to hold you accountable, Aunt Effie," he answered, with a half smile. "It is your creed that has infected her. And all this while I was comforting myself with the idea that, if Marion's indulgence in certain notions should make her turn out to be such a big-souled woman, helpful to herself and all around her, as you are, they could do her only good."

While he told her in brief his story, Miss Effie, listening, let the tenderness of her nature creep into her homely face.

"My boy," she said softly, when he had done, "don't you know we women have to learn our wisdom as you men do — by experiments, blunders, and new experiments controlled by experience? And don't you know my ideal society, wherein men and women shall work side by side, having share and share alike of the duties, responsibilities, and rewards of life? I had hoped that you and Marion were going to be its corner-stones; and if she has stumbled and fallen away from you in the darkness before dawn, I mean to believe that you will grope till you find each other's hands again, and grasp them never to be separated."

"I 'm afraid you 're a dreamer, dear Aunt Effie," the young man said sadly.

"It 's the first time I 've been accused of it, then. Bless me, Alec, don't I *know* this girl is just stifled by the life she 's been leading as a polite slave of the nineteenth century in America. She must have time and opportunity to gratify her longing for a certain independence of thought and action; to find out for herself the values of the prizes of life, before she settles down to the task of being a wife and mother. She can't compromise with her conscience, to sacrifice to the petty duties of home her mental powers, until she has tested the exercise of them in a wider field. You ask me what she wants to do — what she thinks she can do? You don't know, I don't know; perhaps she does n't know yet. But she has put to herself the question that is the question of the age: 'What am I? What do I mean to be? Am I not folding my talent in a napkin, by just allowing a man to love me and loving him in return? Who knows how long this love will last intact? When I look around me, what do I see but strained, disillusioned couples, who live together because they have sworn to do so, whose hearts are cold, whose spirits hold each other forever to account?' Marion may not recognize this, but it is what makes her fearful. The sense of her responsibility to herself is just now greater than her desire for love."

"Decidedly greater," said the young man, with a reddening face, as he got up to walk about the room.

"Now, Alec, don't be miffed with your plain-speaking old auntie. If Marion knew you as I do, she would have no fear. Be fair; and own that if all girls weighed as well their chances of married happiness, there would be fewer of the fearful mistakes we see about us. But no! Most of them go to the altar, their heads dizzy with their own importance, with thoughts of their presents, bridesmaids, jewels, establishment, at the side of a lover who swears they are perfection. How many of these escape the hour of bewildered dismay when they realize the bond that makes them subject for life to a man they can have known only on the surface? I believe if wedding-presents could be made into a pile, and the wife of a month could offer herself upon them in suttee, it would be a not uncommon event."

"You are not cheering, Aunt Effie."

"But I speak the truth — the truth that mothers know, and yet hide under wedding frippery, giving their girls no chance to discover it, until too late. It seems to me that, until girls are educated to think and act more freely, even the foreign fashion of the parents deciding for them in marriage would be a wiser one than that now prevailing."

"No fault can be found with the average young woman's willingness to 'know all things'," said Gordon. "That is, if we are to judge by the freedom of speech and discussion that seems to be the outcome of young woman's emancipation. I declare to you, Aunt Effie, my gorge rises at the books I hear discussed in modern drawing-rooms. I am told even school-girls read these stories, written by women 'with a purpose,' happily sometimes too well-veiled to be perceived by their innocent readers. But who knows, if they are to explore all veins of thought, what our girls will not come to knowing or surmising? No, no; the girl of my imagination, like that of every honest and healthy-minded young man, is the old-fashioned Una sitting upon the lion's back, passing unsmirched

through the world — the girl who loves and trusts, and accepts with womanly dignity the lot her Creator has set aside for her. As to some of the advisers of young femininity in these days — those who rant and shriek, and ferment society without arriving at any result — may the Lord settle with them according to their deserts for the mischief they are doing!"

"I don't know what they are reading, and I don't go to the play," said Miss Effie. "When I want to be entertained I just take down a volume of Sir Walter Scott, or Thackeray, or Dumas. I feel no call to investigate these Ibsens and Maeterlincks, and the queer English novels — written generally by women — I see mentioned in the newspapers."

"I wish there were more like you, Aunt Effie, and you might bring us over to your way of thinking."

"Oh, my dear, I am just a plain old woman, not clever or progressive, in the 'highfalutin'' modern sense. Long ago I found out my work, and I am happy without husband or chick or child. I have never had experience of the feverish mental conditions of many women of this hour — but I can understand them, and, in a degree, sympathize with them. I believe they will end in something sane and sound. And, to come back to where we started, — to Marion, — I repeat that she is developing in a period when women no longer accept their fate blindly. She knows it would be as disastrous to you both, to devote her life to a union in which she is not absolutely sure of her willingness to submit to a tremendous will like yours, as to live that life in any pure self-indulgence."

"Marion could hardly have felt herself called on to sacrifice anything that was good in her to selfish or trivial demands from me," he said coldly.

"There, there, I 've cut you, without intending it. I know you, but how can she? How can any girl know the lover who is captive to her youth and beauty? She sees you through a veil, dimly. Bide your time, and I trust she will come back to you — for, oh, Alec! what a grand couple you would make!"

Aunt Effie's all-feminine burst of admiring championship was too much for her nephew's sense of humor. He laughed; she laughed, patted his head, made him light a fresh cigar; and stretched upon her hard little lounge, he entered into one of the long, intimate talks he well knew how to value.

LATER that afternoon Gordon met Strémof, and took him to the Irvings's house. They found Marion in the drawing-room, who told them that Madame Stauffer, having letters to finish, would join them before long.

Then Gordon, seeing Strémof's anxiety for a conversation with Miss Irving in which he might not be always a third between two people so linked by past relation, took the opportunity to seek the interview with Marion's father to which he was urged by conscience rather than by inclination. There was no false sentiment in his mind about ousting the homeless little person safely ensconced in Marion's chamber, in possession of all the privileges of Marion's dwelling. If she were, as he honestly believed, dangerous to Marion's peace, then go she must. And yet he wished it could have been another than himself who was to sow the seed of doubt of her in the judge's unsuspecting mind.

Thus pricked by regret, he opened the door of the library — a spot where he had never failed to find the warmest welcome; and there saw what intensified his original mistrust.

In his great armchair, his hands folded, leaning back with a look of entire mental satisfaction, sat the handsome judge, over whose fine clear-cut features the firelight played with cheering warmth. At the end of the table nearest him, Sara Stauffer, pencil in hand, was checking off a catalogue of an expected sale of books, writing upon the margin notes at the dictation of his honor.

Gordon well knew the task. It was one in which he had often served the judge as Madame Stauffer was now serving him. Judge Irving had no instinct of the solitary bookworm who burrows in the dark. He liked to discuss, with some confidential and appreciative spirit, values, editions, bindings, the existence of possible duplicates of the volumes he desired. Once acquired, the books were apt to remain upon their shelves, unless taken down for dusting or to display to envying connoisseurs.

It was not the service yielded by Sara Stauffer that made Gordon conscious of a stab of disagreeable surprise. That might have been exacted by the judge from any one intelligent enough to render it, and tactful enough to make him think all the wisdom in the matter came from him. In the curves at the corners of the judge's lips Gordon could read vanity well satisfied by daintiest feeding. After all, what could a dependent creature like this do better, to make herself welcome in a house where a guest stopping over night had been till now a thing almost unknown? No, it was not the subtle incense which Sara had been burning under the judge's nostrils that Gordon objected to. If poor Marion had burnt more of that, she would have had an easier lot. But it was another one of those momentary flashes of self-consciousness he met in Sara's eyes, when she thus unexpectedly confronted him, that made him pause, uncertain how to move next in his game against her. He could not tell whether she

meant defiance, or protest, or appeal. Perhaps all three. But the expression was withdrawn as nimbly as the tongue of a toad after his winged prey is secured. It was succeeded in her soft, dark orbs by a look of ingenuous welcome.

"There, you have come! I resign my task," she said, rising, while the beaming countenance of the judge became never so little blank. "Judge Irving feared you had forgotten him, and he wanted so much to be prepared for this sale on Wednesday. Don't criticize the paucity or the ignorance of my notes, please. I am only an humble understudy, who has taken the place of the leading man upon occasion."

"She has done it remarkably well, Alec," said the judge, rallying. "I may say that I never before met a lady who had her grasp of the thing. But I won't detain you, Madame Stauffer. After dinner you will give us some Chopin, perhaps."

"It is so good of you to listen. Marion and I are *so* proud of the success of our little home musicales," she said, with perfect propriety. "If Mr. Gordon is dining with you, perhaps he too will do us the honor afterward to be a listener to one of our four-handed pieces — "

"It 's not those things I care much about," said the candid judge. "It 's when you play without knowing beforehand what you are going to fall upon. By George! Gordon, that 's wonderful! If you have n't heard her, you 've a treat before you."

"If I know anything is expected of me, I invariably fall flat," said Sara, laughing, on her way out of the door.

Gordon, who closed it after her, was rather smitten with a certain meek grace of her manner, — a resignation to her position as entertaining supernumerary, — as was apparently the judge.

"Pity a fine creature like that should be put to the right about to make her own meager living," said his honor. "Do you know, Gordon, I was meaning to consult you about an idea I 've got of asking her to — er — ah — accept compensation as a kind of — er — ah — librarian for me, and at the same time a companion to Marion, who is never happy out of her sight."

"What do you know of Madame Stauffer?" asked Gordon, from whose path the first stone was thus felicitously rolled away.

"Know — er — ah — why — she was an instructor at Somerville College. I have often heard you vaunt the intelligence and good judgment of that faculty."

"But before? Since? I understand how Marion answers these questions; but that is not enough indorsement for the woman who is to make a permanent part of your home, and to be the guiding influence of Marion's life."

An expression that began with foolishness and ended with vexation came upon his honor's face. His temper, always ready to explode upon being crossed or dictated to, flew to the relief of the situation. To Gordon he was simply cross, to Marion he would have been insufferably rude. In sufficiently plain terms he announced himself quite able to take care of the interests of his household without interference from without. He eulogized the sterling excellence, above all the submissiveness of character, of the cause of their dissension; and summed her up by saying that, for a woman, she had an amount of good common sense that would keep her from making mistakes or committing follies, no matter what the provocation.

Alec, who, on the judge's outbreak of irritation, had begun to poke at a lump of cannel-coal, here succeeded in shattering it into a glowing mass, licked by tongues of livid flame that spread radiance to the farthest ends of the room. It was growing dark, and the lamps had not yet been brought in; but this enabled him to give another glance at his senior's countenance, in which he read something sufficiently startling to make him wish at once to change the subject.

A feature of the ebullitions of Judge Irving's temper was that, without opposition, they died out as quickly as they came. He was really so well satisfied with his own importance and his own judgment, it did not seem worth while to contend for them. Having sufficiently silenced Gordon upon the point under dispute, he turned the conversation to the young lawyer's chances for political advancement; upon which topic, to the exclusion of all such minor matters as women and their influence for good or ill, they talked until dinner-time.

Strémof, who had awaited Gordon's return until he could wait no more, had long ago taken his leave. One or two other people had dropped in; but Sara Stauffer did not appear, and, when Marion was free to go up-stairs and look for her, she found her door locked, and Sara protesting through the key-hole that she was dressing for dinner, and would join her below in due time. But Sara had not been dressing for dinner ever since she left the library. For a long time she had been pacing her floor in a stormy wrath that shook her frail figure like a reed. Then she had thrown herself across her bed and sobbed, shedding hot tears of a nature we must hope the Higher Woman will never be called upon to shed — tears of rage and defiance, mingled with over-mastering love for one of the abject creatures born into the world to be woman's cross and curse! Sara may perhaps be pardoned this weakness, when we reflect that it was the first time in her thirty years of varied experience she had ever known

the bitter-sweet experience of caring for another more than for herself.

When she appeared at dinner she found their party of three supplemented by Gordon, who had been induced by the judge to remain as he was, in morning clothes. Not the closest student of the human mask could have read in hers a trace of the storm that had recently swept over it. So gracious, graceful, modest, yet entertaining withal, was she, that even Gordon was drawn into the circle influenced by her. Marion, effacing herself, looked proudly on at the irresistible effect of Sara's charm upon Alec.

And the judge! What had become of the testy, elderly gentleman who usually occupied that chair at the head of the table, who either fretted at the butler about the wines, the joint, the game, the salads, or else sat in gloomy silence that fell over his household like a pall? He was gone, and in his place sat a youngish, alert, courteous, good-looking stranger, the model of a judge off duty, a judge relaxed, a genial, considerate parent, and host, and master!

So far did the little candle of Sara Stauffer throw its beams. And, after dinner, when she sat down behind the pianoforte in the half darkness of the lamp-lighted music-room, and played uninterruptedly for half an hour, Gordon felt himself impelled to go over to her side; and, when he reached her, he stopped short, wondering why he had done this thing.

"You won't condemn my fingering," she said, audibly to the others. "I am aware that according to rule it is lamentably defective. I should be afraid to play before Baron Strémof, for example."

"But you have a gift of going straight to the heart with your music, that is of all gifts the most charming," he said enthusiastically. He stood there for a moment, and, as she played louder, added in a lower tone:

"I think you are a Pied Piper of Hamelin, to have lifted me from my chair, and brought me across the room, for what reason I know not."

She did not answer, but her music just then conveyed such "divine enchanting ravishment" the young man felt his steady brain invaded by something marvelously like personal attraction to the player. He wondered if it were true that, in the dusky corner where she was niched, he heard a half-breathed sigh.

The music stopped with a crash. With a petulant movement Sara arose from her seat, and went over to sit on a stool by Marion, resting her elbow in the girl's lap.

The judge, of whom this pretty picture was in full view, was quite carried out of himself by enthusiasm.

"By Jove!" he said, gallantly, "Madame Stauffer has bewitched us all! Gordon stands there moonstruck; I believe Marion has been — crying, and I — by Jove!" he repeated, smiling ecstatically, but at a loss for further words.

Gordon, saying good-night, got out into the street as quickly as possible. He had a confused idea that Marion's eyes had met his with a look of triumph, and that before he had finished shaking hands with her, they had sought Sara's face with reverent admiration. The cool air, a brisk walk down the avenue, restored his balance and made him see things as they were.

"The little Lorelei is stronger than I thought; but she has done no more than make an ass of me for a minute and a half. The question is, what *is* her game? That, I shall make it my business to find out. . . . I wonder what Aunt Effie, who is a shrewd old dear, meant by supposing Marion would, of her own accord, come back to me. To-night she might have been a star trembling upon a lonely peak, so far away she seemed."

When he reached his room, he took out of a desk an imperial photograph of Marion which he had asked her to let him keep. As he gazed at it, a sweet, human look of love and trust he had sometimes seen there made a fresh imprint upon his heart.

"There is none like you, dear," he said loyally. "After this, either I win you back, or no woman shall claim me. And now, God speed my quest!"

VI.

THREE weeks later saw Alec Gordon again in the hall of Judge Irving's house, asking, with conventional indifference, the conventional question if "the ladies" were at home. The man who had admitted him, professing to be unaware of the movements of Madame Stauffer, said that he knew that Miss Irving had gone to attend a meeting of the University Settlement Association, as he himself had given the order to the coachman to drive there.

"Very well, Hilary," said Mr. Gordon, who was in reality well informed as to the point upon which he sought enlightenment. "Then you will probably find Madame Stauffer in the drawing-room; so give her my card, and say that I shall not detain her long."

Madame Stauffer *was* in the drawing-room. When Gordon entered that apartment, he had a sudden realizing sense of the fine way in which she had incorporated herself with her surroundings. Her face, figure, and dress had equally improved in appearance. There was in her manner a species of elegant nonchalance that allowed no hint to escape of her transitory relations with the luxury of this house and furniture. The sun shining too brightly upon her face

through a screen of azaleas in the window, she bade the servant lower the shade as though her life had been spent in controlling that servant and that shade. But Gordon, as he drew up a chair facing her, noticed that she shrank a little from his scrutiny.

"Would you not rather sit here?" she asked, indicating a place beside her.

"Thanks," he said coolly; "I took this chair, with my back to the light, the better to see your face."

"Outspoken, as usual," she answered, wincing a little, but holding her head up bravely, as she confronted him.

"Yes; I rarely lose time when I see my point, and have an opportunity to go to it direct."

"Dear me! what is it you want to say to me?" she exclaimed. "When I received your note, and made a point of meeting its request, I was plunged into agreeable curiosity."

"I have not often had a visit to make that cost me so much hesitation — so much genuine regret," he said, with a touch of honest feeling in his voice.

"More and more tragic," she replied, smiling pleasantly, "when I consider how chary you have taken pains to be of your visits in general."

"Madame Stauffer, I am sorry for you," he went on bluntly. "But when you took up your abode in this house, you must have counted upon the risk you ran."

"Wait," said Sara, shutting her eyes. She wanted one moment alone with her own thoughts.

She knew, now, that he had found out that in her life which she had desired above all things to conceal; and the knowledge that from him the blow of exposure was to come was more than she could bear.

"I see that you understand me," said the quiet, persistent voice.

"So it was for this you wished to see me alone," she cried bitterly. "I — blind fool — who fancied that it was, perhaps, for other things; I, who dreamed there could be such a being as a big-hearted, unselfish man that, seeing the struggle of a woman against fate, might stretch out over her the mantle of his generosity — his pity — his — but no — no! They are all alike. Cruel, implacable, they ruin and they condemn."

"I cannot imagine why you use these very inappropriate words to me," he said.

"Oh! you do not? You refuse to see what is near you, — what might have been so much to you, — what would have made of your life one long brilliant career of success over your fellow-men? How could you fancy — a man born to be a ruler — that a wife like Marion Irving, a cold, half-developed dreamer, could satisfy the needs of your nature — inspire you to great deeds?"

"It is I who am dreaming, or else you are mad that you say, or I think you say, things like this to me."

"Why should I not say them to you as well as you say them to another, or to me? Are we not equal souls?"

"I think not," he said, looking down upon her with a look that left her no rag of delusion as to his feeling toward her. "I beg your pardon if I seem brutal. But I cannot delay what I came here to say. I don't need to go into particulars. For some time past I have been engaged in satisfying certain doubts of mine about you, and I have succeeded. There is not in my mind a shadow of uncertainty as to the fact that you must not remain a day longer under this roof."

"Do you mean to tell *them?*" she said in a low, strained voice he hardly recognized.

"Why need I tell them? Why need I so pain her?"

"*Her — her!* it 's all for her," she cried desperately. "For *her* — you have done *me* this wrong."

"If you wish me to say it, knowing your past, what in the world else *could* I have done?"

"How came you to set out in your noble quest for information about my past?"

"Because, from the first, I felt that somebody should know, better than any body did know, who it was that had been admitted into the most sacred confidences of Marion Irving's life, to influence her thought and actions. I inquired from your late employers at the college. They referred me to some people in Chicago. The track ended there. When you were next heard of it was in the South, under your present name — *to which you have no lawful right.*"

"Well, granted that I went away with Dr. Stauffer, who had persuaded me to live according to his theories. I was deluded by a specious fanatic, a brilliant madman. I believed in him; he almost broke my heart and spirit, but he is dead. The world was all before me, the future long in which to live down six months of folly."

"People of my way of thinking have a harsher name for it," he said.

"You are pitiless! But it is over, I tell you. No one knows, unless you choose to publish it. Why is not the world wide enough for you and me?"

"It is wide enough, and I am not without pity. If you go from here at once, to-morrow afternoon, as soon as you can make arrangements to do so that will not arouse suspicion in our friends; if you will promise me to hold no future communication with Marion or her father, I shall see that you suffer no material loss."

"It needed only this!" she cried, bursting into tears.

Gordon walked up and down the room till she had spent the first force of her emotion. The experience thus coming to him of a nature divided against itself, in which an unconquerable passion for him had arisen to bear down all obstacles presented by her alleged principles of independence, was interesting enough to be dangerous to his resolution. He returned to her side, and stood there for a moment hesitating.

"You must know it is my desire to spare you anything more than it is absolutely needful for me to inflict — that makes me propose what so wounds you," he said finally. "In leaving here, you will be less than ever prepared to battle with the hardships of the world. You *must* let me help you financially — as a loan — as you will; you must not refuse me."

She had ceased sobbing, and now sprang up beside him, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"You do care then? You care, even a little bit."

"I care? Certainly. For what do you take me?"

"Enough to give me a little longer time?" she pleaded eagerly, her face kindling.

Her eyes sought his with magnetic influence. If ever in her life, she was under the spell of a genuine feeling. As they stood so, together, the door of the drawing-room opened, and Marion came in. Sara, who must have known who the intruder was, did not alter her position by a hair's breadth. It was Gordon who started violently away from her, and went over to take Marion by the hand.

"What is it?" said Marion, a shade paler.

Then Sara, for a moment unbalanced, sent a look of swift appeal to Gordon. But the sight of Marion had brushed all cobwebs from the man's brain. He saw the edge of the chasm he had grazed in passing. He stood erect, fearless, unmerciful — a righteous judge.

"Your friend has been telling me, Marion, that to-morrow she must leave you," he said distinctly, and without a tremor in his voice.

"To-morrow?" echoed Marion, without moving toward Sara.

"To-morrow afternoon, I believe you said, Madame Stauffer? If there is anything I can do to assist you in your preparations for departure, you will command me?"

Sara Stauffer did not answer him. Turning swiftly, she swept by the two, and left them alone together.

"What does this mean?" again asked Marion.

"Marion, you trust me?" he answered, trying to take her hand, which she withdrew.

"I have had a shock," she said mechanically, going over to drop into a seat by the fire.

Gordon recognized that she would be relieved by his absence, but he could not go without one other word.

"Marion," he said, following her that he might speak in a low tone. "It 's a pity you came in when you did, and it 's a double pity I can't explain to you what you naturally can't understand. But I cannot. My lips are sealed. I have got to throw myself upon all the kind feeling you ever had for me. This is a pretty rough trick for Fortune to play me. Surely we 've known each other long enough and well enough for you to believe me, without question, when I say there has been nothing between me and that woman you might not know, if you *could* know — but you can't. She is going out of your life to-morrow, as suddenly as she came in to it. Be kind to her, for she needs you. But for God's sake, believe me, and don't try to keep her in this house."

"The best kindness to me, just now, would be to leave me," the girl said; and he could see that she spoke the truth. With an inarticulate exclamation, driven from him by his thought of her vigil, soon to come with a tremendous disillusion, he left her.

For the remainder of the day he had, about the whole matter, a defeated and miserable feeling that gave him a sleepless night. The darkness into which his wide-open eyes stared was peopled for him by visions of possibilities arising out of his interference, and the luckless turn it had taken. The scene with Sara, upon which Marion had come so inopportunely, now took on a complexion most unpleasant. What use might not that exquisitely artful person (of whose passion for him, however, it did not occur to his masculine mind to doubt the sincerity) make of the situation Marion had discovered, further to poison Marion's mind? What would it avail him to get rid of Sara, if he was to lose Marion in a way far worse than by the breaking of their late engagement? And whose part would the judge take in the matter — the judge who, having carried his point in offering to Madame Stauffer a salary as secretary for himself and companion for his daughter, had found himself so evidently comfortable and at ease in the new relation?

The night, that brings counsel, did not answer any of these questions to Gordon's satisfaction. He arose jaded and out of humor; went down-town to his affairs; went into court, to be disgusted with his own performance in a particularly interesting case; and on reaching his rooms to dress for dinner, found, cooling his little heels in the passage-way outside his door, a messenger boy, bearing a note, for which he was instructed to await the answer.

The envelop, addressed in Marion's handwriting, excited so lively a commotion in Gordon's breast that he struck three matches before he could light the gas. His hand trembled as he tore the note open. But all minor sensations of any description were destined to be swept away in a flood of angry astonishment when his mind grasped the actual meaning of the words he read.

Come to me if you can. I must have advice, and I have no one to whom to turn. My father married her to-day at twelve; and they have gone away on a wedding-journey. Of this I have just been informed by letter.

Gordon, having enlisted his good Aunt Effie to go with him to Marion, sat that evening in the library of Judge Irving's house, turning over and over in his hand a letter. It was from Sara and read:

It is better so, my darling Marion. When I saw last night your confusion and distress at the announcement of my intention to leave to-day—when you did not come near me once during my packing this morning,—I was so grieved at the misunderstanding—I longed, a thousand times over, to tell you my secret, and to weep it out upon your breast. But your father's wishes—henceforth the law of my life—were inflexible. He said that in a position like ours nothing would be gained by previous discussion of our intention. During my talk last night with him in the library, when you were shut up in your room, he exacted from me a promise to put our plan—for which I may tell you he has for some time had all the preliminaries arranged—into execution, before speaking of it to you. Ah! my Marion, if you are inclined to blame me, think what you—he—and your dear home have been to the friendless stranger, and say whether I could resist making them my own. When, after a few days' absence, we come back to you, may I not count upon a renewal of our sweet tie, our friendship, now to be one for life? May not our tastes, our aims, our energies, work together more closely than before? Consider, as I have, that in your isolated position you need me as much as I need you. I shall be so kind, so tender, your life will be smoothed in many respects, I promise. Let nothing drive from your heart one who, whatever comes, will ever hold you close in hers! Your SARA.

While the two women, up in Marion's room, were discussing the matter in the aspect it would present to friends and society at large, Gordon felt the sting of his defeat to be more poignant, the more he contemplated its various faces known only to himself. That Sara had effected her victory over him by a dazzling swoop, he had reluctantly to confess. For so many weeks he had carried about with him the uncomfortable knowledge of her interest in himself far beyond an ordinary interest, he had entirely ceased to apprehend danger from the direction in which it had finally and decisively come. He now cursed himself as an infatuated idiot not to have suspected that this adventuress was well equipped at every point; that, failing her schemes upon him, she would immediately resort to the act that had placed her in sacred safety forever, beyond the reach of his knowledge of her past. That, after all, was the rub. To save Marion and Marion's name from the exposure of Sara Stauffer's past, he would henceforth have to spend his best efforts in concealing it. In all human probability the question, unless he brought it up, would never present itself to threaten the peace of the Irving household. His investigation of the facts, known to few, and carefully concealed, had been made with difficulty; and even those from whom he had procured information did not suspect his object. Never did an ingenious piece of detective work reward its contriver with such a thankless ending. With all his heart he wished himself free of the secret; and then cast about him for a means of meeting a demand for explanation sure to come from Marion.

"You are still here, Alec?" said Marion, entering the room. "I fancied you would stay till I could have a talk alone with you. It was a kind thought to bring your Aunt Effie to me, and, whatever comes, I thank you for it."

"Whatever comes!" Gordon, who had risen to meet her, stood while she sat down. He had a queer feeling of complicity in the wrong that, in a few hours, had changed her to a woman of marble, with bright, glittering eyes in which there were no tears. He waited. For the life of him he could not speak.

"When you came here yesterday, am I wrong in thinking it was by appointment with—*her?*" she said.

"I had written asking her to receive me, and she had fixed that hour."

"Had you then any suspicion of her intentions to do what she has done?"

"None. It came upon me like a thunderclap," he said frankly.

"And yet, when I came into the room, there was something between you, far out of the common," she went on, trying to weigh her words. "If it was not about my father, it must have been—on your own account," she burst out, losing her self-possession. "Oh! what is the hateful mystery? Either she is a miracle of deceit, or you—you, the one whom it is my first impulse to trust and believe in—have been hiding something from me. Alec, when I found myself alone to-day, in my distraction I wrote first to you. As soon as I had sent the message, I remembered the circumstance of yesterday, and I wanted to recall the note. I think if it had

not occurred to you to bring your Aunt Effie with you, I should have asked to be excused when you came. And yet, how can I believe you are other than I have always known you — incapable of betraying our friendship?"

"You are right, Marion. I am incapable of betraying our friendship," he said, greatly touched. "If ever in my life I wanted to do anything, it is at this minute to give you the fullest possible explanation of what you ask. But it is simply impossible. For myself, you might read every thought of my heart; but unless you can trust me, I must go away and leave you, and bear, as I can, the misfortune of the accident that has placed me in this position."

"Then I will alter the form of my question," she said, after thinking for a time. "Tell me what you would counsel me to do. Is there known to you any reason, apart from her duplicity to me, why I may not accept this woman as my father's wife, live under the same roof with her, put the best face before the world upon the situation?"

She gazed at him steadily. The color rose into Gordon's face. He turned aside, and walked to the far end of the room and looked through the window into the night.

"I am answered," said Marion, drearily.

"Marion, you are putting me in a position that is intolerable," he exclaimed, returning to her side. "May I not beg you, in justice to me, to withdraw that question? Consider that you are asking me about your father's wife."

"Then you *do* think that it is my duty to receive her as such?" she cried, pathetically eager, it seemed to him, to cling to her last illusion. "Oh, Alec! Hard as I may seem, I am almost desperate. I want to forgive, I want to forget. I want to live down the cruel doubts I have had of her, and the constant feeling I have that she has used me, and everything around me, for her own purposes. But I can't. I will not attempt to struggle, if I must end by disastrous failure. There is only one way to meet the crisis. I must go out of this house. I cannot await them here."

"Could you not come to *me*, Marion?" he said tenderly.

"No, no, not that! Don't make me sorry I sent for you in my overpowering trouble."

Gordon started as if he had been stung.

"I did not mean to hurt you," she added quickly. "But you must see I am in no condition to talk of what I have just succeeded in putting out of my thoughts. It is not that I do not believe in you. I do; and I ask your pardon for a doubt born of extraordinary circumstances."

"I believe you never loved me," he said, cut by her measured tone.

"At any rate, I thought so once," she returned, covering her eyes wearily with her hand, as she rested her elbow on the table. "Since we have been parted, I have almost thought I was mistaken; there have seemed to be things so much more incumbent upon me than loving. In place of the heart I used to have, there is now a spot sealed under a stone. The person who has come nearest to touching it is dear Miss Effie Gordon; but I am afraid even she will be discouraged."

"You will let Aunt Effie take charge of you?" he said, catching at a straw.

"*Your* aunt? Your nearest relative? I think not. It would only complicate matters. No, she sees that, as I do; and in the last hour she has helped me to come to a decision about my future. Feeling as I do, I cannot stay here till they return. I shall find a place to go to; and trust me, I shall do nothing that either you or Miss Effie would disapprove of. If you choose, I will promise to be guided by her advice in everything about the change. But as, henceforth, I am to live to myself, I think I might begin now to act independently. A woman of twenty-five is no child, Alec. Don't look at me with such doubtful eyes, because I am going out to meet the world."

Insensibly, she had fallen into the old attitude of appealing to his judgment.

"What, in God's name, do you know about the world?" he burst out irrepressibly.

"It is time that I should, then," she said, with an answering spark of spirit. "I am a thousand times better equipped in means and education than most of the other women who are forced into the conflict by necessity. Is it not my plain duty to correct the defects of my environment?"

Gordon looked about the room, to whose interior of mellow beauty no sound of the street penetrated.

"And you, who have lived all your sheltered life in *this*," he said, "think you can step outside of it, alone, without definite aims, with no protection? Have you ever fancied what it would be to be left in the street at midnight, unable to get within your own door? The helplessness of woman when she is bereft of the shield of conventionality is something you never have had to contemplate, and that I cannot contemplate for you."

"What, then, do you propose for me, Alec?" she said, quietly.

Gordon was silent.

"Not a residence under the roof of either of my uncles, even if their wives would have me? I can hardly go back to college — though, indeed, I have thought of teaching there, if they would make a place for me. In the seven days' wonder this affair of my father's is going to



"'IT NEEDED ONLY THIS,' SHE CRIED."

make, surely the best thing I can do is to keep out of sight and chance of comment. Miss Effie says she will help me when I have determined — and since we have been talking I *have* determined — to make a home for myself."

Gordon looked at her in surprise. In spite of the marks of deep distress upon her face, it had been lighted from within by the new flame of resolution that transfigured her.

Miss Effie, coming in, saw also the expression of Marion's countenance, and, going up to her briskly, put a kind arm around the girl's shoulders.

"Courage, my dear!" the old maid said in her hearty voice. "The hardest thing in all this world is to be true to one's self. If I don't mistake, you have been asking this boy of mine the question why you may not belong to yourself, and *perhaps* he has not been able to answer you. What you are striving for is neither unwomanly nor revolutionary; it is a thousand times better for you to work out your own experiment in your own way than to let yourself be cramped and choked by mere conventionality. And, after all, who knows but the opportunity that has come to you in this unwelcome fashion may prove a blessing in disguise?"

"You will excuse me from discussing it further," Gordon said stiffly. Just now he was irritated against all the world, including honest Aunt Effie; and his only idea of an appropriate exit from the situation was an exit from the house.

After this, he would let the women manage affairs for themselves; and when Marion should want him again, she must ask twice before he would adventure himself to a like experience. Even his dismay at the fate that had overtaken his old friend, the judge, was subordinated to the thought that Marion was now free to roam unchecked in the dangerous field of modern feminine independence.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.

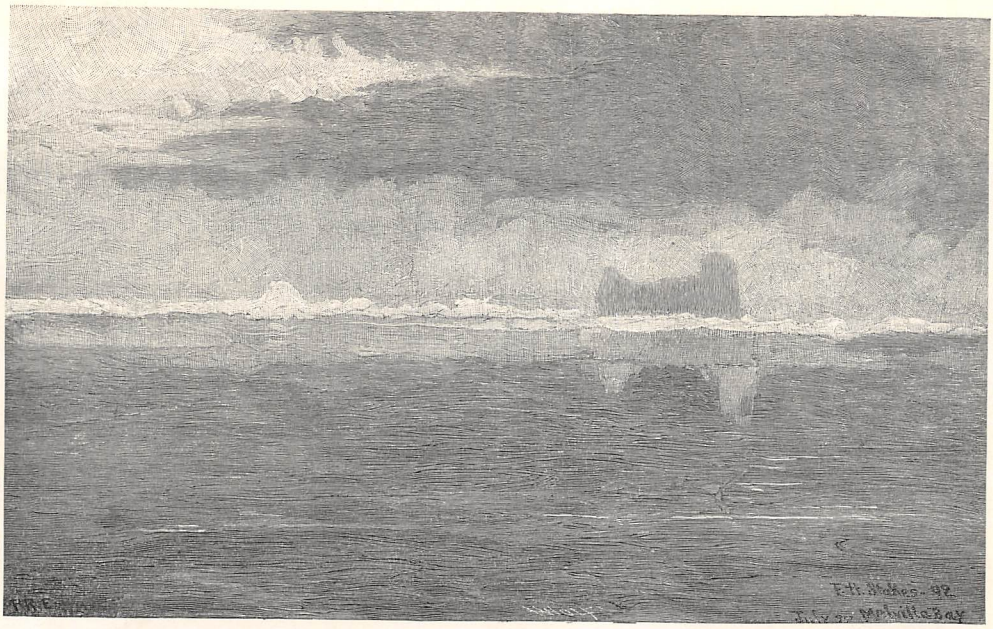
COLOR AT THE FAR NORTH.

WITH PICTURES FROM PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

THE members of the Peary Relief Expedition, in their quest after Lieutenant Peary and his party, sailed out of the beautiful harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, in the steamer *Kite*, and a week later, with awe and expectation, I saw the *Kite's* black prow plowing its way at last through Northern waters, and became fully aware that we were finally launched into the regions of desolation; for the sad experiences of so many brave explorers have cast a black pall over this vast expanse of the almost unknown. There are no forests, as we measure them, the birch and willow being only two inches in height, and its meager quota of humanity clings wisely to the sea-coast. Summer is only too brief, and, for the rest of the year, night obscures the sun.

Nevertheless, from an artistic standpoint, we found a land of beauty, with seas and skies of surpassing loveliness. The intensity and brilliance of color impress the beholder as something supernatural. Our sojourn was from the middle of July, through August, and a few days of September — a period when the polar latitudes are teeming with animal, insect, and plant life. Of this brief period only am I qualified to speak; but from the accounts given by those who have passed through the long, dreaded night season, the phenomena occurring in the heavens are most beautiful. The chief peculiarity of color at the North, so far as my short experience tells me, is that there are no semitones, the general effect being either very black or just the opposite, intensely brilliant and rich in color. In fact, a summer's midnight at the North has all the brilliance of our brightest noon, with the added intensity and richness of our most vivid sunsets, while noon, when the sun is obscured by threatening masses of storm-clouds, is black. Indeed, it is the true land of "impressionism." Appreciating the difficulty of depicting in an adequate manner the true force of these color-changes, I shall endeavor simply to characterize a few of the many we beheld with breathless delight.

On Friday, July 8, we sighted the first evidence of our approach to these strange regions. Far away to the north, the horizon — a band of silver — betokened the presence of an "ice-flow," while the reflection from its surface, called the "ice-blink," threw a fine pinkish mist, bow-shaped, into a setting of dark-gray fog and sea. After this short prelude, our vessel was enveloped in a labyrinth of mist, which lasted for days. On July 12 as if by magic the fog lifted, disclosing Greenland's stately, cathedral-like



AN ARCTIC CATHEDRAL, MELVILLE BAY, 9.30 A. M., JULY 20, 1892.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

crags in bluish purple and silvery blues. Pure white glaciers chiseled beautiful forms through their rocky fastnesses, winding their inevitable way to a sea of dark dun purple, the surface of which was of a peculiarly muddy consistency. The sad color of the water was enhanced by countless phantomlike grotesques in ice, which passed silently by, beautiful in opalescent blues and shades of malachite green, their tops reddish by contrast with the purplish water that surged over their polished bases. Wild fowl uttered harsh cries as they flew, and there were strange blowing sounds as the huge black tail and fins of the whale sprang out clear and distinct from the sea preparatory to a long deep dive. We were opposite Godthaab, where Nansen and his followers landed after their arduous journey across the "Inland Isle." In crossing the Arctic circle we saw the midnight sun for the first time — a sunset, or rather a temporary setting of his majesty, for the rising was almost immediate. Brighter than a brilliant twilight, it was most regal and splendid.

The lonely little *Kite* rose and fell on long heaving masses of imperial purple seas, shimmering and vibrating in interminable borderings of gold, and tones of ruby, sapphire, amethyst, and emerald. Overhead were the same colors in fantastic cloud-forms half-hiding the sun, with the peculiar calm and dignity of aërial creation.

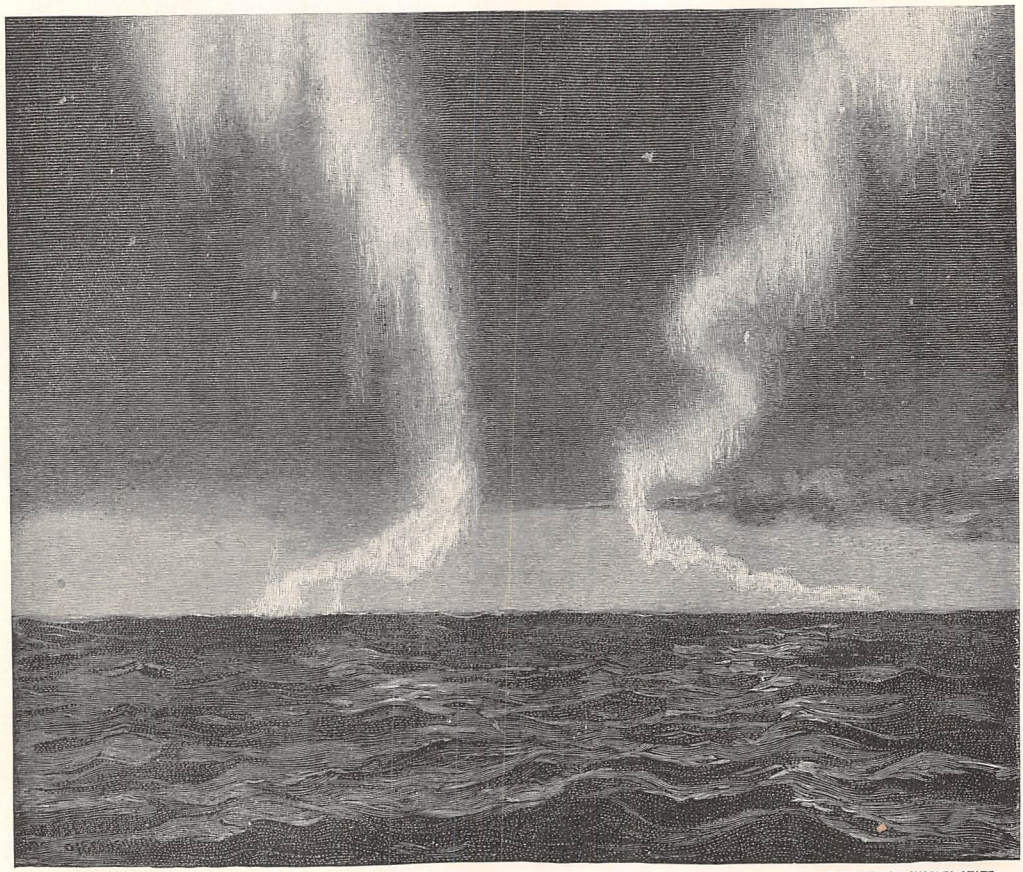
Unusually fortunate as to weather, our way kept bright most of the time, and we anchored opposite Upernavik on Sunday, July 17, at 11 P. M., in perfect calm. The sun ruled supreme, a disk of golden fire which scintillated and sparkled in myriad hues of gold. The deep, glassy surface reflected back his molten golds. Separating sky and sea, lofty, darker-hued promontories and islands, bathed in gold, stretched away in far perspectives, and colossal icebergs of golden white and rich blues filled sleeping channel and fiord, almost lost in a haze of powdered gold and orange just beneath the sun, and coming out in strong clear blues and greens against jagged masses of purpled peaks in the distance, and dun-colored rocks in the foreground.

Extremes in color-effects seemed to follow one another more closely in Melville Bay than elsewhere.

I remember one brilliant morning when the measureless ether overhead, a hue of exquisite blue, repeated itself in the perfect mirror of the sea. Far away, on the otherwise clear-cut horizon, a line of pure white ice shimmered its light up through a pinkish, yellow stratum of mist, which bathed in delicate greenish blue an enormous iceberg that strongly resembled an ancient cathedral. In the afternoon the sky, a threatening black, overhung a vast, contorted sheet of white and pink, composed of ice-floe and colossal bergs looming up above its mass at intervals, with deep, black patches of water, the whole carrying the eye to the horizon — a tapering band of deep, rich blue merging into the sky. In the immediate foreground of the ice-floe, near the water's edge, were shallow pools of delicate blues, purples, and greens.

Of the wealth of color in flower, lichen, and

moss; of its curious riches as manifested in insect, shell, and animal life, and of its wonderful limning skill as shown on the great inland ice, ice-cap, and glacier, I have neither purpose nor pen to write. This new world of color awaits the one who can truly describe it. In all these color-effects at the North there lies a wizard-like power of enchantment — a distinctive uncanniness that, basilisk-like, both attracts and repels. Great nature's pitilessness broods over it with a force and penetration possibly not equaled, and surely not surpassed, in any other known quarter of our globe. It is a land of beautiful and awesome dreams.



ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

AN AURORA BOREALIS SEEN OFF GODTHAAB, 9 P. M., SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

Frederick Wilbert Stokes.

IN MID OCEAN.

THOU hast not here the limit of a shore;
No wing, no star, hints of a beating heart;
No sail, or near or far, thou seest more:
Alone, with two infinities, thou art.

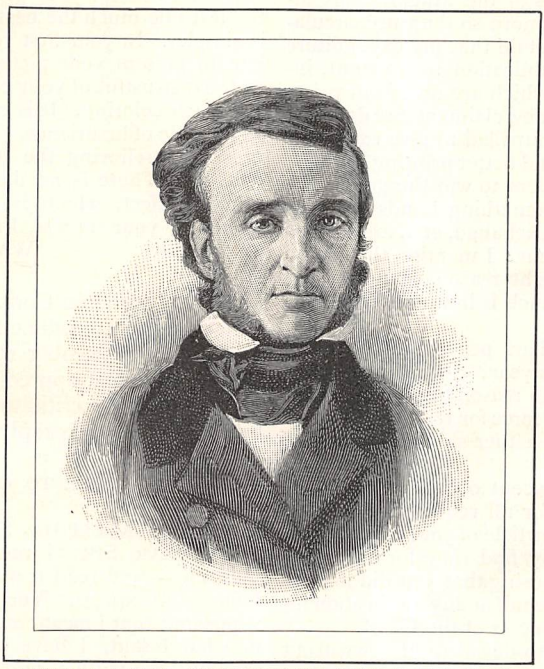
Charlotte Fiske Bates.

POE IN PHILADELPHIA.[1]

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EDITED BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

POE removed from New York to Philadelphia in the summer of 1838. He worked for the booksellers, the magazines, annuals, and newspapers, and won repute by the tales of "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Ligeia," and "William Wilson." He published early in 1839 a manual of conchology, pirating the text, and at the end of the year the two volumes of the "Tales of the Arabesque and Grotesque." In May, 1839, he was engaged by William E. Burton as assistant editor of "The Gentleman's Magazine," and held the post until June, 1840, when the two parted under circumstances of mutual vexation. The only public reason given by Burton occurs on the cover of "The Gentleman's Magazine" for September, 1840: "Our friend at Portland may rest assured that we were ignorant of the non-transmission of his numbers. His name was erased from our list by the person whose 'infirmities' have caused us much annoyance."



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE OWNED BY MR. THOMAS J. MCKEE.

EDGAR A. POE.

This bears out the statement of C. J. Alexander, the publisher of the magazine, that Poe's habits were one cause of the difficulty. The matter is fully dealt with in the biographies. Poe was anxious to have a magazine of his own, and planned "The Penn Magazine," which was announced to appear on January 1, 1841. The scheme had been growing in his mind for a year. Lack of funds prevented its realization. Meanwhile George R. Graham had bought "The Gentleman's Magazine" in October, 1840, and merged it with his own periodical "The Casket"; and having had dealings with Poe in connection with other publications, he offered him a share in the editorship of the new "Graham's Magazine," which he accepted, as was announced February 20, 1841. Poe remained with Graham until April 1, 1842, when the May number was prepared, and was succeeded in his chair by Griswold, who was offered the post April 20, and had accepted it by May 1. During his connection with "Graham's" Poe had not abandoned his plan of "The Penn Magazine," but in the latter half of 1841 had hoped to persuade Graham to abandon the present magazine, and join him in the new venture. The reasons for his leaving "Graham's" were of the same nature as those which had occasioned his previous changes of editorial employment, but he remained on terms of intercourse with both Graham and Griswold. He at once advertised "The Penn Magazine," and solicited subscribers and funds; but when he at last succeeded in making a contract with Thomas C. Clarke, owner of the Philadelphia "Saturday Museum," about January 1, 1843, it was decided to call the new magazine "The Stylus." In the interest of this plan his biography by Hirst, with his likeness, was published in the "Saturday Museum" of March 4, 1843, with the announcement of "The Stylus"; but this scheme also failed. During these years he had made an effort to obtain employment in some government office, and had given some public lectures. Early in 1844 he left

[1] The picture on page 727 was drawn by Albert E. Sterner, and is from the forthcoming complete edition of Poe's works to be published by Messrs. Stone & Kimball.

Philadelphia, and removed once more to New York.

The facts thus briefly stated are necessary to the understanding of the following letters, which are one of the main sources of his biography for this period. The first important letter contains Burton's offer of the assistant editorship of "The Gentleman's Magazine."

BURTON TO POE.

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1839.

EDGAR A. POE, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: I have given your proposal a fair consideration. I wish to form some such engagement as that which you have proposed, and know of no one more likely to suit my views than yourself. The expenses of the Magazine are already wofully heavy; more so than my circulation warrants. I am certain that my expenditure exceeds that of any publication now extant, including the monthlies which are double in price. Competition is high — new claimants are daily rising. I am therefore compelled to give expensive plates, thicker paper, and better printing than my antagonists, or allow them to win the goal. My contributors cost me something handsome, and the losses upon credit, exchange, etc., are becoming frequent and serious. I mention this list of difficulties as some slight reason why I do not close with your offer, which is indubitably liberal, without any delay.

Shall we say ten dollars per week for the remaining portion of this year? Should we remain together, which I see no reason to negative, your proposition shall be in force for 1840. A month's notice to be given on either side previous to a separation.

Two hours a day, except occasionally, will, I believe, be sufficient for all required, except in the production of any article of your own. At all events you could easily find time for any other light avocation — supposing that you did not exercise your talents in behalf of any publication interfering with the prospects of the G. M.

I shall dine at home to-day at 3. If you will cut your mutton with me, good. If not, write or see me at your leisure. I am, my dear Sir, your obedt. Servt., W. E. BURTON.

Poe had through life the habit of sending his better tales and poems to distinguished literary men, and soliciting thereby their attention. One or two instances of this have been mentioned. He kept the replies, and was thus enabled to append to Hirst's biography of him in the Philadelphia "Saturday Museum" a long list of encomiums, in addition to such as had been publicly made. The following letter from Washington Irving was written in acknowledgment of "William Wilson," which had followed the "House of Usher," as a means of introduction, and the substance of it, much altered and somewhat garbled, appeared in the list referred to, and affords a striking instance of how Poe dealt with such correspondence.

IRVING TO POE.

NEWBURG, November 6, 1839.

DEAR SIR: The magazine you were so kind as to send me, being directed to New York, instead of Tarrytown, did not reach me for some time. This, together with an unfortunate habit of procrastination, must plead my apology for the tardiness of my reply. I have read your little tale of "William Wilson" with much pleasure. It is managed in a highly picturesque style, and the singular and mysterious interest is well sustained throughout. I repeat what I have said in regard to a previous production, which you did me the favor to send me, that I cannot but think a series of articles of like style and merit would be extremely well received by the public.

I could add for your private ear, that I think the last tale much the best, in regard to style. It is simpler. In your first you have been too anxious to present your picture vividly to the eye, or too distrustful of your effect, and have laid on too much coloring. It is erring on the best side — the side of luxuriance. That tale might be improved by relieving the style from some of the epithets. There is no danger of destroying its graphic effect, which is powerful. With best wishes for your success, I am, my dear sir, yours respectfully, WASHINGTON IRVING.

Philip Pendleton Cooke was another author to whom Poe introduced himself by means of a tale. On September 16, 1839, Cooke wrote a long and most appreciative letter in answer, with interesting criticism; but there is room here only for Poe's reply.

POE TO COOKE.

PHILADELPHIA, September 21, 1839.

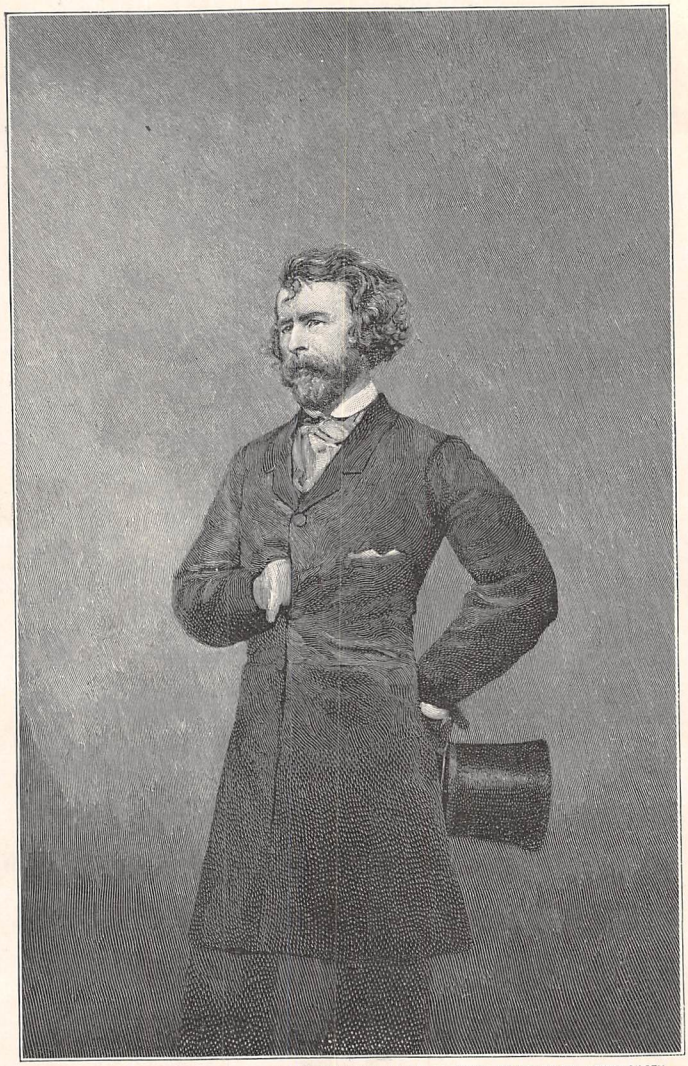
MY DEAR SIR: I received your letter this morning — and read it with more pleasure than I can well express. You wrong me, indeed, in supposing that I meant one word of mere flattery in what I said. I have an inveterate habit of speaking the truth — and had I not valued your opinion more highly than that of any man in America I should not have written you as I did.

I say that I read your letter with delight. In fact I am aware of no delight greater than that of feeling one's self appreciated (in such wild matters as "Ligeia") by those in whose judgment one has faith. You read my most intimate spirit "like a book," and with the single exception of D'Israeli, I have had communication with no other person who does. Willis had a glimpse of it — Judge Tucker saw about one half way through — but your ideas are the very echo of my own. I am very far from meaning to flatter — I am flattered and honored. Beside me is now lying a letter from Washington Irving in which he speaks with enthusiasm of a late tale of mine, "The Fall of the House of Usher," — and in which he promises to make his opinion public, upon the first opportunity, — but from the bottom of my heart I assure you, I regard his best word as but dust in the balance when weighed with those discrim-



DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

LIGEIA.



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. B. BRADY, OWNED BY MR. PETER GILSEY.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

inating opinions of your own, which teach me that you feel and perceive.

Touching "Ligeia" you are right — all right — throughout. The *gradual* perception of the fact that Ligeia lives again in the person of Rowena is a far loftier and more thrilling idea than the one I have embodied. It offers in my opinion, the widest possible scope to the imagination — it might be rendered even sublime. And this idea was mine — had I never written before I should have adopted it — but then there is "Morella." Do you remember there the *gradual* conviction on the part of the parent that the spirit of the first Morella tenants the person of the second? It was necessary, since "Morella" was written, to modify "Ligeia." I was forced to be content with a sudden half-consciousness, on the part of the narrator, that Ligeia stood before him. One point I have not fully carried out — I should have intimated that the *will* did not perfect its intention — there should have been a relapse — a final one — and Ligeia (who had only succeeded in so much as to convey an idea of the truth to the narrator) should be at length entombed as Rowena — the bodily alterations having gradually faded away.

But since "Morella" is upon record I will suffer "Ligeia" to remain as it is. Your word that it is "intelligible" suffices — and your commentary sustains your word. As for the mob — let them talk on. I should be grieved if I thought they comprehended me here. The "saith Verulam" shall be put right — your "impertinence" is quite pertinent.

I send the "Gentleman's Magazine" (July, August, September). Do not think of subscribing. The criticisms are not worth your notice. Of course I pay no attention to them — for there are two of us.

It is not pleasant to be taxed with the twaddle of other people, or to let other people be taxed with ours. Therefore for the present I remain upon my oars — merely penning an occasional paragraph, without care. The critiques, such as they are, are all mine in the July number and all mine in the August and September with the exception of the three first in each — which are by Burton. As soon as Fate allows I will have a Magazine of my own — and will endeavor to kick up a dust. Do you ever see the "Pittsburg Examiner" (a New Monthly)? I wrote a Review of "Tortesa," at some length in the July number. In the October number of the "Gentleman's Magazine," I will have "William Wilson" from "The Gift" for 1840. This tale I think you will like — it is perhaps the best, although not the last, I have done. During the autumn I will publish all in two volumes — and now I have done with my egotism.

It makes me laugh to hear you speaking about "romantic young persons" as of a race with whom, for the future, you have nothing to do. You need not attempt to shake off or to banter off Romance. It is an evil you will never get rid of to the end of your days. It is a part of yourself — a portion of your soul. Age will only mellow it a little, and give it a holier tone. I will give your contributions a hearty welcome, and the choicest position in the magazine. Sincerely yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

The correspondence thus begun was continued in a friendly spirit for some years, and a later example is given.

A single letter of Poe to Longfellow was written to solicit his assistance in the magazine projected by Poe in connection with Graham, in 1841, to which reference has been made. It is of the nature of a circular letter, and is nearly the same as a letter to Kennedy, June 22, 1841. The editor has also seen elsewhere a letter of the same tenor to Cooper, the novelist. Longfellow never exhibited toward Poe so appreciative a feeling as did his other contemporaries, and the bitterness with which Poe attacked him at a later period may be partly accounted for on this ground. The letter which follows is an excellent example of the business side of Poe's capacity for literature:

POE TO LONGFELLOW.

PHILADELPHIA, June 22, 1841.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 19th May was received. I regret to find my anticipations confirmed, and that you cannot make it convenient to accept Mr. Graham's proposition. Will you now pardon me for making another?

I need not call your attention to the signs of the times in respect to magazine literature. You will admit that the tendency of the age lies in this way — so far at least as regards the lighter letters. The brief, the terse, the condensed, and the easily circulated will take place of the diffuse, the ponderous, and the inaccessible. Even our reviews (*lucus a non lucendo*) are found too massive for the taste of the day: I do not mean for the taste of the tasteless, but for that of the few. In the mean time the finest minds of Europe are beginning to lend their spirit to magazines. In this country, unhappily, we have not any journal of the class which either can afford to offer pecuniary inducement to the highest talent, or which would be, in all respects, a fitting vehicle for its thoughts. In the supply of this deficiency there would be a point gained; and in the hope of at least partially supplying it, Mr. Graham and myself propose to establish a monthly Magazine.

The amplest funds will be embarked in the undertaking. The work will be an octavo of 96 pages. The paper will be of excellent quality — possibly finer than that upon which your "Hyperion" was printed. The type will be new (always new), clear, and bold, with distinct face. The matter will be disposed in a single column. The printing will be done upon a hand-press in the best manner. There will be a broad margin. There will be no engravings, except occasional woodcuts (by Adams) when demanded in obvious illustration of the text; and, when so required, they will be worked in with the type — not upon separate pages as in "Arcturus." The stitching will be done in the French style, permitting the book to lie fully open. Upon the cover, and throughout, the endeavour will be to preserve the greatest purity of taste consistent with decision and force. The price will be five dollars.

The chief feature in the literary department will be that of contributions from the most distinguished pens (of America) exclusively; or if this plan cannot be wholly carried out, we propose, at least, to make arrangements (if possible) with yourself, Mr. Irving, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Paulding, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Halleck, Mr. Willis, and one or two others. In fact, our ability to make these arrangements is a condition without which the Magazine will not go into operation; and my object in writing you this letter is to ascertain how far I may look to yourself for aid.

In your former note you spoke of present engagements. The proposed journal will not be commenced until January 1, 1842.

It would be desirable that you should agree to furnish one paper each month, — prose or poetry, absolute or serial, — and of such length as you might deem proper. Should illustrations be desired by you, these will be engraved at our expense, from designs at your own, superintended by yourself. We leave the matter of terms, as before, to your own decision. The sums agreed upon would be paid as you might suggest. It would be necessary that our agreement should be made for one year — during which period you should be pledged not to write for any other (American) Magazine.

With this letter I despatch one of the same tenor to each of the gentlemen before named. If you cannot consent to an unconditional reply, will you be kind enough to say whether you will write for us upon condition that we succeed in our engagements with the others — specifying what others. With high respect, your obedient,

EDGAR A. POE.

The earliest letter of Willis to Poe, in these papers, is in reply to a request for contributions to "Graham's," but there had been previous correspondence.

WILLIS TO POE.

GLENMARY, November 30, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR: You cannot have received my letter written in answer to yours some time since (say a month ago) in which I stated that I was under contract to Mr. Godey to write for no other periodical in Philadelphia than the "Lady's Book," for one year — 1842. I said also that if he were willing, I should be very happy to send you *poetry* (he bargaining for *prose*), but that without his consent I could do nothing. From a very handsome notice of "Graham's Magazine" which I saw in the "Lady's Book," I presumed Godey and Graham were the best of friends and would manage it between them. Still, I do not understand your request — for the "Lady Jane" will be published (all they agreed for — 100 stanzas) in their own paper before January 1, and, of course, any extract would not be original. Any periodical is at liberty to copy, for though Wilson has taken out a copyright, I should always consider copying it too much of a compliment to be resented.

Mr. Godey has been very liberal with me, and pays me quite enough for the exclusive use of my name in Philadelphia, and I can do nothing unless you procure his written agreement to it, of course. I am very sorry to refuse any thing to a writer whom I so much admire as yourself, and to a magazine as good as "Graham's." But you will acknowledge I am "in a tight place."

Begging my compliments to Mr. Graham, I remain, yours very truly. N. P. WILLIS.

Did you ever send me the magazine containing my autograph? I have never seen it.

The two following letters from Dickens, which are published by the kind permission of his only surviving literary executor, Miss Hogarth, are self-explanatory. He is said to have been much impressed by Poe's prophetic analysis of the plot of "Barnaby Rudge," which appeared in the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," May 1, 1841; but no other connection between the two writers is known.

DICKENS TO POE.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, March 6, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR: I shall be very glad to see you whenever you will do me the favor to call. I think I am more likely to be in the way between half-past eleven and twelve, than at any other time. I have glanced over the books you have been so kind as to send me, and more particularly at the papers to which you called my attention. I have the greater pleasure in expressing my desire to see you on this account. Apropos of the "construction" of "Caleb Williams," do you know that Godwin wrote it *backwards*,— the last volume first,— and that when he had produced the hunting down of Caleb, and the catastrophe, he waited for months, casting about for a means of accounting for what he had done? Faithfully yours always, CHARLES DICKENS.

DICKENS TO POE.

LONDON, 1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
YORK GATE, REGENT'S PARK,
November 27, 1842.

DEAR SIR: By some strange accident (I presume it must have been through some mistake on the part of Mr. Putnam in the great quantity of business he had to arrange for me), I have never been able to find among my papers, since I came to England, the letter you wrote to me at New York. But I read it there, and think I am correct in believing that it charged me with no other mission than that which you had already entrusted to me by word of mouth. Believe me that it never, for a moment, escaped my recollection; and that I have done all in my power to bring it to a successful issue — I regret to say, in vain.

I should have forwarded you the accompanying letter from Mr. Moxon before now, but that I have delayed doing so in the hope that some other channel for the publication of our book on this side of the water would present itself to me. I am, however, unable to report any success. I have mentioned it to publishers with whom I have influence, but they have, one and all, declined the venture. And the only consolation I can give you is that I do not believe any collection of detached pieces by an unknown writer, even though he were an Englishman, would be at all likely to find a publisher in this metropolis just now.

Do not for a moment suppose that I have ever thought of you but with a pleasant recollection; and that I am not at all times prepared to forward your views in this country, if I can. Faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS.

The most important correspondence of Poe in the Philadelphia period, besides that with Lowell and Snodgrass of Baltimore, was conducted with Frederick William Thomas, and it is noticeable for the element of comradery which is seldom met with in the letters of his other correspondents. Thomas continued faithful to the end, and was plainly attached to Poe. At the time the correspondence begins he was living in St. Louis, but soon removed to Washington, where he was in the employ of the Government. He was the author of "Clinton Bradshaw," "Howard Pinckney," "East and West," and other minor writings, and was interested in the magazine literature of the day. His letters are too many and too voluminous to publish in full; their topics were the things of the day; but in all that concerns Poe the writer was genuinely in earnest, and he took pains to serve him. The praise and encouragement he gave Poe were unstinted; he endeavored to aid him by obtaining newspaper advertisement of his various

schemes for a magazine, and by urging him to renewed efforts to start it, as plan after plan failed; and in particular he tried hard to obtain a government appointment for him. The history of this last scheme is here fully told. But only the entire text of Thomas's letters would do justice to his devotion to Poe's interests, and his constant and affectionate personal feeling. Dow, whose name often occurs in the correspondence, was a friend of Poe and Thomas, and a magazine writer of the time. The series here given covers the biographical data. Thomas's first letter was dated August 24, 1840. The first letter of importance is the following:

POE TO THOMAS.

PHILADELPHIA, November 23, 1840.

MY DEAR THOMAS: I only received yours of the sixth about an hour ago, having been out of town for the last ten days. Believe me, I was very glad to hear from you — for in truth I had given you up. I did not get the [St. Louis] "Bulletin" you sent, but saw the notice at the Exchange. The "Bulletin" has always been very kind to me, and I am at a loss to know who edits it — will you let me into this secret when you write again? Neither did "Howard Pinckney" come to hand. Upon receipt of your letter, just now, I called at Congress Hall — but no books. Mr. Bateman had been there, and gone, forgetting to leave them. I shall get them on his return. Meantime, and long ago, I have read the novel, with its predecessors. I like "Howard P[inckney]" very well — better than "E[ast] and W[est]," and not nearly so well as "C[linton] B[radshaw]." You give yourself up to your own nature (which is a noble one, upon my soul) in "Clinton Bradshaw"; but in "Howard Pinckney" you abandon the broad rough road for the dainty by-paths of authorism. In the former you are interested in what you write, and write to please, pleasantly; in the latter, having gained a name, you write to maintain it, and the effort becomes apparent. This consciousness of reputation leads you so frequently into those literary and other disquisitions about which we quarreled at Studevant's. If you would send the public opinion to the devil, forgetting that a public existed, and write from the natural promptings of your own spirit, you would do wonders. In a word, *abandon* is wanting in "Howard Pinckney,"— and when I say this you must know that I mean a high compliment — for they to whom this very *abandon* may be safely suggested are very few indeed, and belong to the loftier class of writers. I would say more of "Howard Pinckney," but nothing in the shape of criticism can be well said *in petto*, and I intend to speak fully of the novel in the first number of the "Penn Magazine"— which I am happy to say will appear in January. I may just observe now, however, that I pitied you when I saw the blunders, typographical and Frostigraphical — although to do Frost justice, I do not think he looked at the proofs at all.

Thank you a thousand times for your good wishes and kind offers. I shall wait anxiously for the promised article. I should like to have it, if possible, in the first sheet, which goes to press early in December. But I know that I may depend upon you, and therefore say no more upon this head. For the rest, your own experience and friendship will suggest the modes by which you may serve me in St. Louis. Perhaps you may be able to have the accompanying "Prospectus" (which you will see differs from the first) inserted once or twice in some of the city papers — if you can accomplish this without trouble I shall be greatly obliged to you. Have you heard that that illustrious graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge (Billy Barlow [Burton]), has sold his magazine to Graham, of the "Casket"?

Mrs. Clemm and Virginia unite with me in the kindest remembrance to yourself and sister — with whom your conversation (always turning upon the "one loved name") has already made us all so well acquainted. How long will it be before I see you again? Write immediately.

Yours most truly, E. A. P.

THOMAS TO POE.

WASHINGTON, May 20, 1841.

. . . How would you like to be an office-holder here at $1500 per year payable monthly by Uncle Sam, who, however slack he may be to his general creditors, pays his officials with due punctuality? How would you like it? You stroll to your office a little after nine in the morning leisurely, and you stroll from it a little after two in the afternoon homeward to dinner and return no more that day. If, during office hours, you have anything to do, it is an agreeable relaxation from the monotonous laziness of the day. You have on your desk everything in the writing line in apple-pie order, and if you choose to lucubrate in a literary way why you can lucubrate.

Come on and apply for a clerkship; you can follow literature here as well as where you are — and think of the money to be made by it — "Think of that, Master Brook," as Sir John sayeth. Write to me, if you love me, on the reception of this . . .

My kindest regards to your mother and wife.

Your friend, F. W. THOMAS.

THOMAS TO POE.

WASHINGTON, July 1, 1841.

MY DEAR POE: Yours of June 26 [printed by Stoddard] I received yesterday. I trust, my dear friend, that you can obtain an appointment. President Tyler I have not even seen except in passing in his carriage — never having called at the White House since the death of Harrison, except to see the sons of the President, and then they were not in. Could n't you slip on here, and see the President yourself? Or if you would prefer it, I will see him for you. But perhaps your application had better be made through some one who has influence with the executive. I have heard you say that J. P. Kennedy had a regard for you. He is here a Congressman, and would serve you — would he not? Your friend,

F. W. THOMAS.

The reply to the preceding is printed by Stoddard.

THOMAS TO POE.

WASHINGTON, August 30, 1841.

MY DEAR POE: . . . I wrote you that I saw Kennedy, and that he expressed his willingness to aid you in any way in his power. Since, I have conversed with the President's sons about you; they think the President will be able and willing to give you a situation, but they say, and I felt the truth of the remark before it was made, that at the present crisis, when everything is "hurly-burly," it would be of no avail to apply to him. He is much perplexed, as you may suppose, amidst the conflicting parties, the anticipated cabinet break up, &c. As soon as times get a little more quiet I will wait on the President myself, and write you of the interview.

Your cryptography makes quite a talk here. Hampton tells me he had quite a demand for your August number containing it.

Your friend, F. W. THOMAS.

ROBERT TYLER TO POE.

WHITE HOUSE, March 31, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your letter in which you express your belief that Judge Blythe will appoint you to a situation in the Custom House, provided you have a reiteration of my former recommendations of you. It gives me pleasure to say to you that it would gratify me *very sensibly* to see you appointed by Judge Blythe. I am satisfied that no one is more competent, or would be more satisfactory in the discharge of any duty connected with the office. Believe me, my dear sir, truly yours, [Signature cut out].

THOMAS TO POE.

WASHINGTON, May 21, 1842.

MY DEAR POE: I fear you have been reproaching me with neglect in not answering yours of March 13 before. If you have, you have done me injustice.

I knew it would be of no avail to submit your proposition to Robert Tyler, with regard to any pecuniary aid which he might extend to your undertaking, as he has nothing but his salary of $1500, and his situation requires more than its expenditure. In a literary point of view he would gladly aid you, but his time is so taken up with political and other matters that his contributions would be few and far between.

I therefore thought I could aid you better by interesting him in you personally, without your appearing, as it were, personally in the matter. In consequence I took occasion to speak of you to him frequently in a way that friendship and a profound respect for your genius and acquirements dictated. He thinks of you as highly as I do.

Last night I was speaking of you, and took occasion to suggest that a situation in the Custom House, Philadelphia, might be acceptable to you, as Lamb (Charles) had held a somewhat similar appointment, etc, etc, and as it would leave you leisure to pursue your literary pursuits. Robert replied that he felt confident that such a situation could be obtained for you in the course of two or three months at farthest, as certain vacancies would then occur.

What say you to such a plan? Official life is not laborious — and a situation that would suit you and place you beyond the necessity of employing your pen, he says he can obtain for you there.

Let me hear from you as soon as convenient upon this subject.

I assure you, Poe, that not an occasion has offered when in the remotest way I thought I could serve you, that I did not avail myself of it — but I would not write upon mere conjectures that something available was about to occur. So my motives must be an apology, my friend, for my long silence.

Besides, I could not obtain for you, and I have tried repeatedly, Clay's report on the copyright question. I may be yet successful. If I had obtained it I might have written sooner — having that to write about.

Yes, I saw Dickens, but only at the dinner which a few of us gave him here — I liked him very much, though. You certainly exhibited great sagacity in your criticism on "Barnaby Rudge." I have not yet read it — but I mean to do so, and then read your criticism, which I have put by for that purpose.

Somebody told me, for I have not seen it in print, that you and Graham had parted company. Is it so? . . . Your friend, F. W. THOMAS.

POE TO THOMAS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25, 1842.

MY DEAR THOMAS: Through an accident I have only just now received yours of the 21st. Believe me, I never dreamed of doubting your friendship, or of reproaching you for your silence. I knew you had good reasons for it; and, in this matter, I feel that you have acted for me more judiciously, by far, than I should have done for myself. You have shown yourself, from the first hour of our acquaintance, that *rara avis in terris* — "a true friend." Nor am I the man to be unmindful of your kindness.

What you say respecting a situation in the Custom House here gives me new life. Nothing could more precisely meet my views. Could I obtain such an appointment, I would be enabled thoroughly to carry out all my ambitious projects. It would relieve me of all care as regards a mere subsistence, and thus allow me time for thought, which, in fact, is action. I repeat that I would ask for nothing farther or better than a situation such as you mention. If the salary will barely enable me to live I shall be content. Will you say as much for me to Mr. Tyler, and express to him my sincere gratitude for the interest he takes in my welfare?

The report of my having parted company with Graham is correct; although in the forthcoming June number there is no announcement to that effect; nor had the papers any authority for the statement made. My duties ceased with the May

number. I shall continue to contribute occasionally. Griswold succeeds me. My reason for resigning was disgust with the namby-pamby character of the Magazine—a character which it was impossible to eradicate. I allude to the contemptible pictures, fashion-plates, music, and love-tales. The salary, moreover, did not pay me for the labour which I was forced to bestow. With Graham, who is really a very gentlemanly, although an exceedingly weak, man, I had no misunderstanding. I am rejoiced to say that my dear little wife is much better, and I have strong hope of her ultimate recovery. She desires her kindest regards — as also Mrs. Clemm.

I have moved from the old place — but should you pay an unexpected visit to Philadelphia, you will find my address at Graham's. I would give the world to shake you by the hand; and have a thousand things to talk about which would not come within the compass of a letter. Write immediately upon receipt of this, if possible, and do let me know something of yourself, your own doings and prospects: see how excellent an example of egotism I set you. Here is a letter nearly every word of which is about myself or my individual affairs. You saw White — little Tom. I am anxious to know what he said about things in general. He is a *character* if ever one was. God bless you — EDGAR A. POE.

A letter of Poe to Thomas, September 12, 1842, is printed by Stoddard.

POE TO THOMAS.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. [21], 1842.

MY DEAR THOMAS: I am afraid you will think that I keep my promises but indifferently well, since I failed to make my appearance at Congress Hall on Sunday, and I now, therefore, write to apologize. The will to be with you was not wanting — but, upon reaching home on Saturday night, I was taken with a severe chill and fever — the latter keeping me company all next day. I found myself too ill to venture out, but, nevertheless, would have done so had I been able to obtain the consent of all parties. As it was, I was quite in a quandary, for we kept no servant and no messenger could be procured in the neighborhood. I contented myself with the reflection that you would not think it necessary to wait for me very long after nine o'clock, and that you were not quite so implacable in your resentments as myself. I was much in hope that you would have made your way out in the afternoon. Virginia and Mrs. C[lemm] were much grieved at not being able to bid you farewell.

I perceive by Du Solle's paper that you saw him. He announced your presence in the city on Sunday in very handsome terms. I am about going on a pilgrimage this morning, to hunt up a copy of "Clinton Bradshaw," and will send it to you as soon as procured. Excuse the brevity of this letter, for I am still very unwell, and believe me most gratefully and sincerely your friend,

EDGAR A. POE.

The following letter is from a copy of the original in the possession of C. W. Frederickson, Esq., and was not among those originally in the papers furnished to Griswold.

POE TO THOMAS.

PHILADELPHIA, November 19, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Your letter of the 14th gave me new hope — only to be dashed to the ground. On the day of its receipt, some of the papers announced four removals and appointments. Among the latter I observed the name — Pogue. Upon inquiry among those behind the curtain, I soon found that no such person as — Pogue had any expectation of an appointment, and that the name was a misprint or rather a misunderstanding of the reporters, who had heard *my own* name spoken of at the Custom House. I waited two days, without calling on Mr. Smith, as he had twice told me that "he would send for me, when he wished to swear me in." To-day, however, hearing nothing from him, I called. I asked him if he had no good news for me yet. He replied, "No, I am instructed to make no more removals." At this, being much astonished, I mentioned that I had heard, through a friend, from Mr. Rob Tyler, that he was requested to appoint me. At these words he said roughly — "From *whom* did you say?" I replied, from Mr. Robert Tyler. I wish you could have seen the scoundrel,— for scoundrel, my dear Thomas, in your private ear, *he is*,— "From *Robert* Tyler!" says he — "Hem! I have received orders from *President* Tyler to make no more appointments, and shall make none." Immediately afterward, he acknowledged that he had made one appointment *since* these instructions.

Mr. Smith has excited the thorough disgust of every Tyler man here. He is a Whig of the worst stamp, and will appoint none but Whigs if he can possibly avoid it. People here laugh at the idea of his being a Tyler man. He is notoriously not such. As for me, he has treated me most shamefully. In my case, there was no need of any political shuffling or lying. I proffered my willingness to postpone my claims to those of political claimants, but he told me, upon my first interview after the election, that if I would call on the fourth day he would swear me in. I called and he was not at home. On the next day I called again and saw him, when he told me that he would send a messenger for me when ready: this without even inquiring my place of residence, showing that he had, from the first, no design of appointing me. Well, I waited nearly a month, when, finding nearly all the appointments made, I again called. He did not even ask me to be seated — scarcely spoke — muttered the words "I will *send* for you, Mr. Poe" — and that was all. My next and last interview was to-day — as I have just described. The whole *manner* of the man, from the first, convinced me that he would not appoint me if he could help it. Hence the uneasiness I expressed to you when here. Now, my dear Thomas, this insult is not *to me*, so much as to your friend Mr. Robert Tyler, who was so kind as to promise, and who requested, my appointment.

It seems to me that the only way to serve me *now* is to lay the matter once again before Mr. Tyler, and, if possible through him, to procure a few lines *from the President*, directing Mr. Smith to give me the place. With these credentials he would scarcely again refuse. But I leave all to your better judgment.

You can have no idea of the low ruffians and boobies — men, too, without a shadow of political influence or *caste* — who have received office over my head. If Smith had the feelings of a gentleman, he would have perceived that, from the very character of my claim, — by which I mean my *want* of claim, — he should have made my appointment an early one. It was a gratuitous favor intended me by Mr. Rob Tyler, and he (Smith) has done *his* best to deprive this favor of all its grace by delay. I could have forgiven all but the innumerable and altogether *unnecessary* falsehoods with which he insulted my common sense day after day.

I would write more, my dear Thomas, but my heart is too heavy. You have felt the misery of hope deferred, and will feel for me. Believe me ever your true friend, EDGAR A. POE.

Write soon, and if possible relieve my suspense. You cannot imagine the trouble I am in, and have been in for the past two months — unable to enter into any literary arrangements, or in fact to do anything, being in hourly expectation of getting the place.

THOMAS TO POE.

WASHINGTON, February 1, 1843.

MY DEAR POE: You judged rightly I did not write to you [while] waiting "for some definite action of Congress on Smith's case." I feel most anxious (?) in the matter for you, my friend. About the biography. [Poe desired Thomas to write the sketch of him afterward done by Hirst] I duly received your notes, and determined at the earliest moment to take it in hand. Congress is now, you know, in session, and my labors at the department are terrible while it continues. There (?) I have set myself about writing out the notes, and there (?) I have been taken off. It would be a labor of love with me, Poe, as you know, and let who will do it now, some of these days I will do it better unless they do it d—d well. I could not do it until Congress adjourns, and not speedily then — I am so much occupied. I therefore think it best to send you the MS. as you request, but I do it with regret. I should be most glad to greet you in the capital. Come on if possible.

Yes, I saw the "Saturday Museum" in Mr. Robert Tyler's room, and happened to light upon the article in which we are mentioned. I read that portion of it to him, and shall take care that he is not misinformed on the subject. I remember Mr. Hirst.

Why the d—l did you not give me an inkling of what your good luck is. I was at a party last night, and came to the department rather dull, but when I opened your letter, and read, "In high spirits, Yours truly, E. A. Poe," I rose to "high spirits" myself. I assure you, Poe, that nothing gives me greater pleasure than to know that you are well and doing well. Remember me most affectionately to your mother and lady, and believe me truly your friend, F. W. THOMAS.

POE TO THOMAS.

PHILADELPHIA, February 25, 1843.

MY DEAR THOMAS: Herewith I forward a "Saturday Museum" containing a Biography and caricature, both of myself. I am ugly enough, God knows, but not *quite* so bad as that. The biographer is H. W. Hirst of this city. I put into his hands your package, as returned, and he has taken the liberty of stating his indebtedness for memoranda to yourself — a slight extension of the truth for which I pray you to excuse him. He is a warm friend of yours by the by — and a warm friend is a matter of moment at all times, but especially in this age of lukewarmness. *I* have also been guilty of an indiscretion [in the Hirst biography] in quoting from a private letter of yours to myself — I could not forego the temptation of letting the world know how well you thought of me.

On the outside of the paper you will see a Prospectus of "The Stylus" — my old "Penn" revived and remodeled under better auspices. I am anxious to hear your opinion of it. I have managed *at last* to secure, I think, the great object — a partner [T. C. Clarke, owner of the "Saturday Museum"] possessing ample capital, and, at the same time, so little self-esteem as to allow me entire control of the editorial conduct. He gives me, also, a half interest, and is to furnish funds for all the business operations — I agreeing to supply, for the first year, the literary matter. This will puzzle me no little, but I must do my best — write as much as possible myself, under my own name and pseudonyms, and hope for the casual aid of my friends, until the first stage of infancy is surpassed. The articles of copartnership have been signed and sealed for some weeks, and I should have written you before, informing you of my good luck, but that I was in hope of sending you, at the same time, a specimen-sheet. Some little delay has occurred in getting it out on account of paper. In the mean time, all arrangements are progressing with spirit. We shall make the most magnificent magazine, as regards externals, ever seen. The finest paper, bold type, in single column, and superb wood-engravings in the manner of the French illustrated edition of "Gil Blas" by Gigoux, or "Robinson Crusoe" by Grandville.

There are three objects I would give a great deal to accomplish. Of the first I have some hope, but of the two last exceedingly little, unless you aid me. In the first place, I wish an article from yourself for my opening number; in the second, one from Mr. Rob Tyler; in the third, one from Judge Upshur. If I could get all this, I should be be made, but I despair. Judge Upshur wrote some things for "The Messenger" during my editorship, and if I could get him interested in the scheme he *might*, by good management, be induced to give me an article, I care not how brief, or on what subject, *with his name*. It would be worth to me at least $500, and give me *caste* at once. I think him, as a reasoner, as a speaker,

and as a writer, absolutely unsurpassed. I have the *very highest* opinion of his abilities. There is no man in America from whom I so strongly covet an article. Is it procurable?

In a few weeks, at farthest, I hope to take you by the hand. In the mean time write, and let me know how you come on. About a week since I enclosed an introductory letter to yourself in one to a friend of mine (Professor Wyatt) now in Washington. I presume you have seen him. He is much of a gentleman, and I think you will be pleased with him.

Virginia and Mrs. Clemm beg to be remembered. Truly your friend, EDGAR A. POE.

P. S. Smith not rejected yet! Ah, if I could only get the inspectorship, or something similar, *now* — how completely it would put me out of all difficulty.

Early in March Poe went to Washington to make a personal appeal for office. The visit became a "spree." The story of it has been partly told by Gill, who prints a letter from Poe to Clarke, March 11, and one from Dow to Clarke, March 12. The following letter was used by the present editor, who had received a manuscript copy of it from another source, in his biography of Poe, but the letter was not printed. The note attached to it by Thomas relieves somewhat the impression it might otherwise make.

POE TO THOMAS AND DOW.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1843.

MY DEAR THOMAS AND DOW: I arrived here in perfect safety, and *sober*, about half-past four last evening — nothing occurring on the road of any consequence. I shaved and breakfasted in Baltimore, and lunched on the Susquehanna, and by the time I got to Philadelphia felt quite decent. Mrs. Clemm was expecting me at the car-office. I went immediately home, took a warm bath and supper, and then went to Clarke's [his partner in "The Stylus"]. I never saw a man in my life more surprised to see another. He thought by Dow's epistle that I must not only be dead but buried, and would as soon have thought of seeing his great-great-great grandmother. He received me, therefore, very cordially, and made light of the matter. I told him what had been agreed upon — that I was a little sick, and that Dow, knowing I had been, in times past, given to spreeing upon an extensive scale, had become unduly alarmed etc., etc.— that when I found he had written, I thought it best to come home. He said my trip had improved me, and that he had never *seen me looking so well!* — and I don't believe I ever did. This morning I took medicine, and, as it is a snowy day will avail myself of the excuse to stay at home — so that by to-morrow I shall be *really* as well as ever. Virginia's health is about the same; but her distress of mind had been even more than I had anticipated. She desires her *kindest* remembrances to both of you — as also does Mrs. C.

Clarke, it appears, wrote to Dow, who must have received the letter this morning. Please re-inclose the letter to me, here, so that I may know how to guide myself. And, Thomas, do write immediately as proposed. If *possible*, enclose a line from Rob Tyler — but I fear under the circumstances, it is not so. I blame no one but myself.

The letter which I looked for, and which I wished returned, is not on its way — reason, no money forthcoming — Lowell had not yet sent it. He is ill in New York, of opthalmia. Immediately upon receipt of it, or before, I will forward the money you were both so kind as to lend, which is eight to Dow, and three and a half to Thomas. What a confounded business I have got myself into, attempting to write a letter to two people at once!

However, this is for Dow. My dear fellow, thank you a thousand times for your kindness and great forbearance, and don't say a word about the cloak turned inside out, or other peccadilloes of that nature. Also, express to your wife my deep regret for the vexation I must have occasioned her. Send me, also, if you can, the letter to Blythe. Call, also, at the barber's shop just above Fuller's and pay for me a levy which I believe I owe. And now, God bless you, for a nobler fellow never lived.

And this is for Thomas. My dear friend, forgive me my petulance and don't believe I think all I said. Believe me, I am very grateful to you for your many attentions and forbearances, and the time will never come when I shall forget either them or you. Remember me most kindly to Dr. Lacey — also to the Don, whose mustachios I do admire after all, and who has about the finest figure I ever beheld — also to Dr. Frailey. Please express my regret to Mr. Fuller for making such a fool of myself in his house, and say to him (if you think it necessary) that I should not have got half so drunk on his excellent port wine but for the rummy coffee with which I was forced to wash it down. I would be glad, too, if you would take an opportunity of saying to Mr. Rob Tyler that if he *can* look over matters and get me the inspectorship, I will join the Washingtonians forthwith. I am as serious as a judge — and much [more] so than many. I think it would be a feather in Mr. Tyler's cap to save from the perils of mint julep — and "Port wines"— a young man of whom all the world thinks so well and who thinks so remarkably well of himself. And now, my dear friends, good-by, and believe me most truly yours, EDGAR A. POE.

Upon getting here I found numerous letters of subscribers to my magazine — for which no canvass has yet been made. This was unexpected and cheering. Did you say, Dow, that Commodore Elliot had desired me to put down his name? Is it so, or did I dream it? At all events, when you see him, present my respects and thanks. Thomas, you will remember that Dr. Lacey wished me to put him down — but I don't know his first name — please let me have it.

[NOTE BY THOMAS: This letter explains itself. While his friends were trying to get Poe a place he came on to Washington in the way he mentions. He was soon quite sick, and while he

was so Dow wrote to one of his friends in Philadelphia about him! Poor fellow. A place had been promised his friends for him, and in that state of suspense which is so trying to all men, and particularly to men of imagination, he presented himself in Washington certainly not in a way to advance his interests. I have seen a great deal of Poe, and it was his excessive and at times marked sociability [?] which forced him into his "frolics," rather than any mere morbid appetite for drink, but if he took but one glass of weak wine or beer or cider, the Rubicon of the cup had been passed with him, and it almost always ended in excess and sickness. But he fought against the propensity as hard as ever Coleridge fought against it, and I am inclined to believe, after his sad experience and suffering, if he could have gotten office with a fixed salary, beyond the need of literary labour, that he would have redeemed himself, at least at this time. The accounts of his derelictions in this respect after I knew him were very much exaggerated. I have seen men who drank bottles of wine to Poe's wine-glasses who yet escaped all imputations of intemperance. His was one of those temperaments whose only safety is in total abstinence. He suffered terribly after any indiscretion. And, after all, what Byron said of Sheridan was truer of Poe:

> . . . Ah, little do they know
> That what to them seemed vice might be but woe.

And, moreover, there is a great deal of heart-ache in the jestings of this letter. T.]

THOMAS TO POE.

WASHINGTON, March 27, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Yours of the 10th I duly received. I would have answered it immediately, but my desk got so behindhand during my illness, when you were here, that every moment of my time has been engaged in bringing it up.

Dow's epistle, I suppose, astounded your folks. He tells me that he mentions a conversation with me in it. Our friend Dow, you know, is an imaginative man, and he thought that you, as we say in the West, had "[word illegible] for high timber." I have had a hearty laugh at him for his fears. I am glad to learn that you are well.

I rejoice to know that your wife is better. I cannot leave the office at present to see Robert Tyler, as you suggest, to get a line from him. But this I can tell you, that the President yesterday asked me many questions about you, and spoke of you kindly. John Tyler, who was by, told the President that he wished he would give you an office in Philadelphia, and before he could reply a servant entered and called him out. John had heard of your frolic from a man who saw you in it, but I made light of the matter when he mentioned it to me, and he seemed to think nothing of it himself. He seems to feel a deep interest in you — Robert was not by. I feel satisfied that I can get you something from his pen for your Magazine. He lately made a speech here on St. Patrick's day, which has won for him great applause — you will find it in the "Intelligencer" of this morning. Read it and tell me what you think of it. I write in the greatest haste, and have not your letter by me, so reply to it from memory. Write as soon as you get this. Be of good cheer. I trust to see you an official yet. In the greatest haste, Yours truly, F. W. THOMAS.

The other letters of this series belong to a later period.

A second frequent correspondent of Poe in those years was John Tomlin of Jackson, Tennessee, a magazine-writer of no lasting note, but warm in his friendly feeling to Poe. His letters are of slight interest in themselves, but among them is that in which he incloses the letter of L. A. Wilmer, author of the "Quacks of Helicon," which caused a rupture of one of Poe's oldest friendships, already noticed by his biographers. It is interesting to see what Wilmer actually said, for Poe never forgave him.

TOMLIN TO POE.

JACKSON, TENNESSEE, September 10, 1843.

DEAR SIR: My friendship for you, and nothing else, has prevailed on me to enclose you the letter of L. A. Wilmer, Esquire. But I much fear that in doing it I have violated somewhat the rules that govern correspondence in such matters. Believing, however, that your great good sense will but protect my honor in this transaction, I remain with affectionate regard, Yours ever,

JNO. TOMLIN.

WILMER TO TOMLIN.

PHILADELPHIA, May 20, 1843.

DEAR SIR: . . . Literary affairs are at a very low ebb in this city at present.

Edgar A. Poe (you know him by character, no doubt, if not personally) has become one of the strangest of our literati. He and I are old friends — have known each other from boyhood, and it gives me inexpressible pain to notice the vagaries to which he has lately become subject. Poor fellow! he is not a teetotaller by any means, and I fear he is going headlong to destruction, moral, physical, and intellectual. . . . Your obliged and sincere friend, L. A. WILMER.

TOMLIN TO POE.

JACKSON, TENNESSEE, February 23, 1844.

DEAR SIR: I have had no letter from you since I sent you the libellous letter of L. A. Wilmer. Did you inflict on him a chastisement equal to the injury he designed, by the publication of such slanders? Previous to the reception of that letter, I had entertained a good opinion of the "Quacks of Helicon" man, and it had been brought about in a great measure by your review of the book. In his former letters, he not only spoke kindly of you, but seemed disposed to become your advocate against the *littérateurs* of Philadelphia. I hope that you will forgive him, and that he will go and "sin no more." Your review of "Orion" in the February or March number of "Graham's," I have read with much pleasure. The article is one of great ability. I know of no writer whose success

in life would give me more sincere pleasure than that of yourself.

Hoping soon to hear from you, I remain ever,
Your friend, JNO. TOMLIN.

The following letter is the only one which connects Poe with his relatives during this period.

WILLIAM POE TO POE.

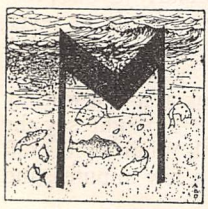
BALTIMORE, June 15, 1843.

DEAR EDGAR: I wrote you on the 15th ulto. since which time I have received nothing from you; mine was in answer to a letter received giving an account of your many recent reverses, and I fear it was in a style not relished by you, but in great sincerity of feeling for you and yours I wrote it, and the reason why I presumed to be so free in my expressions was in consequence of the great friendship I feel for you, and interest I take in your welfare, and therefore hoped to hear again from you, and of your wife's being better, and your recovery from the sickness and despondency you were suffering when you last wrote. I still write from the same motives. I observed in the "Baltimore Sun" newspaper in an editorial that you have again lately been successful in having awarded to you a prize of $100 by the "Dollar Newspaper" for a tale called the "Gold Bug," which gave me much pleasure, and hope it came in time to relieve you from some of your pecuniary wants. Ought you ever to give up in despair when you have such resources as your well-stored mind to apply to? Let me entreat you then to persevere, for I hope the time is not far distant when a change will take place in your affairs and place you beyond want in this world.

Will you write to me freely, and let me know what are your prospects in getting out "The Stylus," and how your wife is, and Mrs. Clemm — how is she? It would give me pleasure to hear from her. There is one thing I am anxious to caution you against, and which has been a great enemy to our family, — I hope, however, in your case, it may prove unnecessary, — "a too free use of the Bottle." Too many, and especially literary characters, have sought to drown their sorrows and disappointments by this means, but in vain, and only, when it has been too late, discovered it to be a deeper source of misery. But enough of this, say you, and so say I: therefore, hoping this may find you in better spirits and better prospects of future happiness, I subscribe myself, Yours affectionately,
WILLIAM POE.

"THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME."

By the Author of "Their Exits and Their Entrances," etc.



RS. Outton entered the room, and slowly crossed to the fireplace. The lamps were lighted, but there was not enough light to enable her to see the face of the clock until she stood upon the black bear-skin rug that lay across the hearth. When at length she could distinguish the position of the hands upon the dial, she gave a slight, impatient toss of the head, and reaching around the corner of the mantel, touched the button of the electric bell with a short, decided gesture.

The door was opened almost immediately, and the servant appeared.

"Is Mr. Outton in?" she asked quickly.

"Yes, madam," answered the man; "he came in half an hour ago."

"It is twenty-five minutes to eight," she continued, half to herself. Then she added, "You need not serve dinner. I will ring."

The servant departed, and Mrs. Outton took up the evening paper, which lay out-spread upon the table. She glanced at the list of deaths and marriages, and read the prognostications as to the weather for the following day; the account of a meeting for the purpose of advancing the cause of Woman Suffrage failed to interest her, but she finished an article about the prospects of the opera for the coming season. Then she put down the sheet, and again glanced at the gilded timepiece. She was about to rise, when, once more, the door was opened, and a figure appeared in the brighter light that shone from the hall beyond.

"Sidney!" she exclaimed reproachfully.

"I know — I know I 'm late," he said contritely.

"You say 'I know — I know,'" she went on, "just as if that were an excuse for your being late instead of the very best reason why you should n't be. Strange that people," she continued meditatively, "and especially husbands, when they say that they *know* a thing, always seem to think that they have met every objection — done everything that the occasion demands, and are then clearly convinced that they should be immediately pardoned on the spot."

"But," began Outton, "as there is n't any one dining here to-night, and I had a match at pool on at the club —"

"But there is some one," she interrupted.

"I did n't know," continued Outton; "you said this morning —"

"How many times have you said in the morning that there would n't be any one, and

how many times have you asked some one before the day was out?"

"Often," admitted Outton.

"That 's just what has happened. I have asked some one, and please don't think me cross, but I was afraid that you would n't get down in time —"

"Florence," said Outton, "the advantage or the disadvantage with you is this — that you have got shoved along a little. Your good-nature begins where other people's leaves off. You are impatient about a small accident, but make it a misfortune, and you are serenity itself."

"That is very pretty and magnanimous," she said, "and I wonder if it is true."

"You have a great deal of the did-n't-mind-death-but-could-n't-bear-pinching spirit about you," continued Outton. "But where is your guest? I might have devoted a few more calm moments to making myself beautiful, instead of hurrying as if the house were on fire."

"It 's the strangest thing," she exclaimed, seating herself on the arm of a chair, "and you 'll never imagine who it is. But I sha'n't make you guess. It was Winifred Valence."

"Winifred Valence!" said Outton. "I haven't seen her all winter."

"That 's just the strange part of it — no more have I, and it was such an accident, my seeing her now. Oh, these accidents are perfectly maddening, so much seems to depend upon them! Now, to-day, if I had n't happened to pick up a pin —"

"Pick up a pin!" repeated Outton.

"Yes, pick up a pin. Nothing more or less. I was in the brougham, and was taking that beautiful piece of 'guinea stitch' that was made by great-grandmama to Mrs. Lydeckker for the Loan Collection, when the idea that it would certainly be lost came over me, and I was seized with a sudden fright. I had the card that was to go with it, but I thought they would surely be separated. I was just going to go back to the house when I saw in the lining of the carriage a pin that I had picked up, — 'see a pin,' you know, — and I took that, and pinned the ticket firmly on the stuff. It was all right then, and so I drove to Mrs. Lydeckker's, left the thing, and, as I was coming down the steps, met Winifred Valence coming up. We could n't talk very well there, and so I asked her to come to-night."

"I don't see," commented Outton, "that there is anything so very momentous about all this."

"No," she replied, absently; "but there might have been. Oh, do you know," she hurried on, "that I never have seen Winifred looking so well. And, Sidney," continued his wife, "you can't imagine how happy she seems. You remember that there was a time when she appeared very dissatisfied; but now she is perfectly radiant. I never could believe that any one could change so; it must all be because of what she is doing."

"Indeed!" said Outton, interestedly.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Outton; "she is occupied in such glorious work. Once she thought of going in for kindergartening, but she gave that up, and now she is doing something for working-girls. I don't understand it exactly," she hurried on, "but what she is accomplishing is perfectly splendid. She is exerting an influence — furnishing an example."

"It 's very interesting," commented her husband.

"And if you could see her face! You know that she was always so beautiful that it was a pleasure to look at her, but now it is perfectly transcendent. I suppose it is the spiritual peace — the knowledge that she is doing good —"

"I 'm glad," said Outton.

"She always was a girl of a great deal of character, and I was always anxious about the way that she would come out," continued Mrs. Outton. "With all her great, splendid, noble nature, it would be such a pity if she had made a mistake. But now I am sure that she is on the right way, and has at last found what is best for her. An existence of self-renunciation and constant ministration to others —"

"It does not seem a particularly joyous prospect for a girl of not more than six or seven and twenty, who 's as good-looking as she is," commented Outton.

"That 's because you look at it in a worldly way," responded his wife. "I might say the same about another, but with Winifred it is different. She will be here in a few minutes, and you will see."

"And so Winifred Valence is never to be married," mused Outton. "Really, it 's rather queer."

"What?" asked Mrs. Outton, indifferently.

"I met Cuthbert Clarges this afternoon," said Outton.

"You did?" said Mrs. Outton, looking up in her surprise. "I thought he had gone to Europe."

"So did I," continued Outton; "but it seems that he did not go after all. Been here all winter —"

"Where in the world —" cried Mrs. Outton.

"That 's just what I said — 'where in the world?'" Outton interrupted. "He told me that he had been living quietly and working hard — had n't been inside of a drawing-room or a club for months. He has lodgings down-town, and has been going in for politics —"

"Strange we have n't heard of him."

"I don't know," objected Outton. "Often

you don't run on a fellow in six months, even when he is traveling with your own crowd, and it is n't surprising that one should lose sight of Clarges when he 's been playing with politics and all that sort of thing. Queer, though, was n't it, that I should meet him? You remember there was a time when you thought that if Winifred and he only could meet they would fall in love with each other at sight, and that it would be the best thing that could happen to them."

"And one afternoon I tried to bring them together," laughed Mrs. Outton.

"And they would n't 'bring,'" he said. "You never did have any luck in assisting fate."

"Fate!" exclaimed Mrs. Outton, contemptuously; "that 's too dignified a name for it. Everything is just really silly accident, like my seeing Winifred just because I happened to pick up a pin."

"It is singular sometimes," admitted Outton. "Now I should n't have seen Clarges this afternoon if it had n't been for the most absurd and trivial thing."

"I 've no doubt," agreed Mrs. Outton.

"I was standing," he continued, "on the corner of Madison Avenue and Madison Square, and intended to go to the club at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-second street. Now it was just as short and easy to go across Twenty-sixth street and go up Fifth Avenue as it was to go up Madison Avenue and go across Thirty-second street, and I hesitated — you know how one often hesitates in taking one direction or the other when all 's exactly equal."

"And what did you do?"

"I went across Twenty-sixth street and up Fifth Avenue because as I looked up Madison Avenue I noticed a cat on an area railing, and you know I dislike cats."

"And that decided you?" she asked.

"One way was just as good as another, and when the equilibrium is perfect even such a circumstance as that may settle the question."

"And then you met Cuthbert," said Mrs. Outton.

"Yes," he replied; "and induced him to come into the club."

"And *that* — just because you happened to dislike cats!" ejaculated Mrs. Outton. "Oh, it is humiliating to think that so much depends on so little."

"But there was n't anything."

"There might have been," she answered eagerly; "one never knows — for if you had n't hated cats then you never would have come on Cuthbert, and taken him to the club, and in that time something might have happened to him that might have been of the utmost importance to him, and even have made the greatest difference to others."

"For example," laughed Outton, "since he is in politics he might have met some other man who might have taken him somewhere, which might have brought him in contact with certain politicians; and this might have led to his being nominated and elected as member of the Assembly, where he might have made such a position that he became governor and afterward President; and then some international question coming up, and he being where he was and the person he is, there might have been a war which otherwise might never have taken place, and the history of two nations might have been changed, and the fate of the human race made different just because I happened to dislike cats. Oh, as you say, one never can tell."

"Yes," said Mrs. Outton, seriously; "that all would be possible. Stranger things have happened and — is n't it maddening? But how did he look?"

"As well as possible — hearty and happy."

"I 'm charmed," said Mrs. Outton. "The last time that I had any talk with him he appeared so very despondent."

"He is n't now," responded Outton. "I never saw any one more full of life and hope. This reforming business seems to agree with him wonderfully."

"I knew that it was only necessary for him to find an interest, and he would be perfectly happy."

"He 's got it," said Outton. "He seems wrapped up heart and soul in what he is at. And so enthusiastic — he was always pounding me on the back or shaking me by the hand."

"How unlike him!" commented Mrs. Outton in astonishment.

"Was n't it?" assented Outton. "Oh, you 'd never know him, he has so completely changed."

"I should like to see him," said his wife, admiringly.

"I 've asked him to dinner."

"When?" demanded Mrs. Outton.

A sudden shade of anxiety fell on Outton's face, and his brow wrinkled thoughtfully.

"What is it?" she asked anxiously.

But Outton did not answer; he only caressed his chin and gazed pensively at the floor.

"What is it, dear?" urged Mrs. Outton.

"I 'm trying to think," he replied absently.

"It certainly is an unusual occupation with you, and difficult," she said; "but really you need not make such faces about it."

"I 'm trying to remember when I *did* ask him," said Outton. "I distinctly recollect that I invited him most urgently — and then I was carried away to play that game of pool — and I did n't see him again — and," he concluded helplessly, "I wonder if he thought I

could have meant to-day. I told him the hour — but I did n't say anything about the day, and —"

"Sidney!" interrupted Mrs. Outton, very reproachfully.

"What difference does it make if he does come?" exclaimed Outton, defiantly.

"When Winifred is coming!"

"That will make it all the better — balance the table and give her a young man."

For a moment Mrs. Outton did not speak.

"Sidney," she said at length, "I don't want those two to meet."

"Why," he asked in amazement, "I thought that once you were all anxiety that they should."

"But it is different now," she went on. "Then they were both discontented and without any purpose; now they are evidently perfectly happy, and clearly carrying out most successfully the lives for which they are most fitted."

"And if they met?" inquired Outton.

"They would fall in love with each other," she replied, "and marry, and that would be such a commonplace ending of what is now so beautiful. There are plenty of ordinary people to marry and make each other happy, but it is not often you find two people who are so manifestly intended to do good to the world at large. Think how useful he may be in improving the city government,— and the man who took me in to dinner last night said that it needed improving so very badly,— and think how helpful she is to all those poor struggling girls, who know so little how to do anything for themselves. Just to have them marry like any one else — oh, it would be a crime to allow it — and Sidney — do you — do you think that he believed that you meant him to come to-night?"

"I don't know," replied Outton.

"It is too bad," said Mrs. Outton. "Something momentous *has* happened. These two people are going to be brought together, and will fall in love with each other, and marry, and their lives will be altered and spoiled just because I picked up a pin and you dislike cats."

As the door opened both anxiously looked up, but it was only the servant who had appeared before that now slowly entered.

"A note, sir," he said, giving Outton an envelop; "just brought by a messenger, and he says there 's an answer, sir."

Outton tore open the cover, and glanced down the sheet that he had hastily drawn forth.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Outton, curiously, as she saw the smile that came upon the face of her husband.

"A note from Clarges," he said, breaking into a laugh, and then reading: "My dear Sidney, on what day did you ask me to dine? I somehow took it for granted that you meant to-day, but as I have been dressing, the idea has suddenly dawned upon me that you may have meant some other time, and that this evening you may have set aside for the celebration of some Eleusinian mysteries, and that I might be in the way. Behold me all arrayed, but puzzled as to what to do. Will you kindly set my anxious mind at rest, and let me know by the messenger whether it is to be now or another time —"

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Outton, "is n't it fortunate! Now you can write and say that you meant to-morrow or some other day, and they will not meet, and it will be all right."

"I 'll give you the answer in a moment," said Outton to the servant, and then, after the door was shut, "Now, really, you know, why not let him come? I 'm sure Winifred would like him—"

"That 's just it," urged Mrs. Outton; "it would be a *coup de foudre*, and everything would be spoiled. They shall not meet — now, Sidney dear, be good —"

"Very well," responded Outton; "I 'll write and say that I 'm an imbecile, and that he had better dine with us on Thursday."

"Yes," she murmured, as he scratched off a few lines; "that will be quite right, and tell him how very much I want to see him, and that he must be sure not to have any other engagement."

Outton handed the note that he had written to his wife, and she read it slowly.

"Very nice," she commented; "and I never could forgive myself if I had anything to do with breaking up what is going so splendidly. It would be wrong, and if I can help it nothing shall happen."

She handed the note back to Outton with the aspect of one who mildly defies fate, and he, rising, rang the bell. The door was almost immediately opened.

"A note, madam," said the servant who entered, as he advanced toward her. "A messenger has just left it."

"What can it be?" she exclaimed. "Why," she cried, as she turned the page and glanced at the end, "it 's from Winifred. What does she mean?" Turning back, Mrs. Outton read from the beginning: "Dear Florence, how will you ever forgive me — but really you must. Even at this eleventh hour — indeed, I should think it is fully fifty-nine seconds over — I must write to you that I cannot come. There was an important" — "'important' underlined," interposed Mrs. Outton — "important engagement that I thought was off, but that I find is on, and that I cannot disregard. I know that

you might think horrid things of me, but you won't, and I am sure that you *can't*"—"'can't' underlined," interposed Mrs. Outton—"when I tell you my reason, as I shall. You said there was no one else coming, and therefore my not appearing won't put you out, or I should n't do it. Please forgive me, and believe that you will think that it is all right when I explain, and also that I am very penitently and gratefully yours, Winifred Valence."

"What does it mean?" asked Mrs. Outton, folding the sheet. "What can it mean?"

"I 'm sure I don't know," replied Outton, shaking his head.

"And she used to be so careful," moaned Mrs. Outton.

"It 's probable that she 's got into queer ways with her informal manner of life—"

"Nothing of the sort," interrupted his wife, shortly. "Winifred always was and always will be a lady, and a few months of a different existence could n't possibly change her. She must have some very good reason, or she never could do such a thing."

"Lupton is waiting," suggested Outton.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Outton; "there is nothing to be done. She is not coming, and we had better have dinner."

"But my note to Clarges," prompted Outton.

"Yes, to be sure," exclaimed his wife; "I had quite forgotten that. The messenger is still waiting. Lupton can give it to him."

"But—" began Outton.

"Sidney," said Mrs. Outton, "please do not have any ideas. You know that there are times when there is nothing so irritating as ideas—in other people."

"But I 'm sure that you 'd want me to make the suggestion. Since Winifred is not coming, and Clarges is all ready to come—"

"To be sure," assented Mrs. Outton, promptly; "write another note at once, and assure him that we are pining for his presence."

Again seating himself at the table, Outton rapidly wrote a few lines, placed the paper on which they were written in an envelop, which he closed and handed to Lupton, who immediately left the room.

"There," he said, tearing up the note that he had first written, and throwing the fragments into the fire, "that seems arranged at last, and to have come out all right after all."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Outton, doubtfully; "but think how easily it all might have been otherwise."

"We can't have dinner until Clarges comes," continued Outton, looking at the clock, and then taking out his watch with the distrust which a man always has for every timepiece but that which he himself carries. "However, he 's only three blocks away, and ought to be here immediately."

For some time they both sat in silence, while the clock ticked steadily on.

"Sidney," said Mrs. Outton at length, "do you really believe that we are perfectly helpless?"

"Helpless?" asked Outton in astonishment.

"I mean," explained Mrs. Outton, "that we are wholly the slaves of chance incidents like—"

"Like your picking up pins, and my disliking cats?" he suggested.

"Yes," she replied; "do you think that we can't do anything, but that everything happens *for* us? It almost seems so, and I don't want to believe it. I try not to believe it, and yet I can't but believe it. Now, just see to-night what a chain of accidents—"

"We do seem rather to be struggling in the meshes of circumstances," said Outton; "but who can tell? It may be that, after all, accidents are merely guide-posts along the road of life, that would tell us, if we only knew how to read the language of the land, the way that we really ought to go."

"Oh, Sidney," exclaimed Mrs. Outton, "what a beautiful thought, and how beautifully expressed!"

"Pretty good, I do think," said Outton, "for a man who has been waiting ten minutes for dinner, and who, in his innermost soul, feels sure that the soup is going to come up cold; but I suppose the philosophic mood with which I bear it naturally induces philosophic thought."

"And you really, really think," she urged, "that everything is not so bad as it seems?"

"It 's just this way," went on Outton, argumentatively: "you are on a railway train that is carrying you along, but you have a right to get off at any station you please."

"But you may be carried past your station, or you may get on the wrong train."

"That 's your lookout," said her husband, "and that 's where the voluntary agency comes in. Of course people make mistakes, but it 's not about that, as I understand, that you are troubled. What makes you unhappy is to think that when people don't make mistakes everything may come out wrong."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Outton.

"Of course, you have to take your chances," he continued, "and success in this life may be defined as ability *plus* an accident."

"Really, Sidney," said Mrs. Outton, "you are very epigrammatic this evening. But you see there 's the accident—that 's the trouble. If there had n't been a revolution, Napoleon never would have been an emperor."

"But if he had n't been an emperor, with his ability, some circumstance would have come,

out of the infinite number that are always happening, that would have enabled him to be something else."

"Yes," urged Mrs. Outton; "but it would have been 'something else' that he would have been, and suppose that he had only wanted to be an emperor. Now, the question here is about a man marrying a woman. A man does n't want to marry *any* woman, and if by fate he does n't get the particular woman, his whole life is spoiled, and if a man's whole life is to depend upon the fact that one person, for example, happened to pick up a pin —"

"And another happened to dislike cats," completed Outton.

"Why, is life really worth living anyway?" concluded Mrs. Outton, with a sudden burst of despairing animosity. "And so we come back just to where we started."

"And so people always will," said Outton. 'Is life worth living?' We 're living it, and can't do anything else, and that question is like the one put by that fellow in 'Punch' to the other fellow about 'going across' when they 're both on the ocean steamer."

"How long he is —" began Mrs. Outton, when the door was opened by Lupton, with his usual slow reluctance; "Winifred — you!" she exclaimed, as she rose to her feet.

"Yes — I—" cried Miss Valence, entering almost out of breath. "Wait a moment — I have hurried so — I have come after all."

"So I see," observed Mrs. Outton.

"It has all been so complicated," panted Miss Valence; "and when, just now,— almost the very instant after I had sent you my note,—I found that there was a mistake about the evening, and there was n't anything that I had to do, I came immediately on. The brougham was still at the door, and I jumped into it, and told them to drive fast. I thought I could get here before my note,— you know messenger-boys are so slow,— but I asked Lupton, and he told me in the hall that you had received it, and —"

"Do sit down," said Outton, with whom Winifred had shaken hands while she was speaking. "It was a close finish, and you only lost by a neck."

"As I could get here so almost immediately," she continued, "I knew that even if the note did come before I did that you could n't have made any change, and, of course, when I found I could come, I did come at once."

"Yes, indeed," assented Mrs. Outton, "of course — certainly."

"Why!" exclaimed Winifred, glancing from one to the other, "you *did* want me, did n't you?"

"Yes, dear," answered Mrs. Outton, crossing over to Winifred, and kissing her. "Of course we are very glad. But it is so sudden — so unexpected — rather a shock."

"The truth is," explained Outton, "that Florence has had a bad attack of her old doubts as to the general rightness of things. You remember that she was always rebellious about the rather undue influence fate seems to have in human affairs, and she has at times resented what she feels to be an encroachment on her own province."

"I am sure," said Mrs. Outton, pointedly, "that *now* I am perfectly convinced that we are the mere toys of destiny."

"You see how hardly she takes it?" he said.

"Is n't it provoking?" demanded Mrs. Outton.

"What is it?" asked Winifred. "I 'm sure it 's not nice of you to talk before me in this enigmatical manner. Tell me at once."

"I can't now," said Mrs. Outton, shaking her head. "But — you poor child, you little know."

"Why am I a poor child?" asked the girl.

"Oh, simply," said Outton, "because it is your misfortune to be a part of our helpless and ineffectual humanity. That is only her way of putting it, that is all. She may call you a blind agent or an aimless stone in a moment; still, you must n't mind."

"But, Winifred," went on Mrs. Outton, with unrelaxed seriousness, "you said that you would tell me why you thought you could not come."

She looked at Miss Valence solemnly as she resumed her place; but the girl did not at once answer.

"Why — I —" Winifred began, hesitating, "I said that, Florence, when I was n't coming, but now that I am here I am sure that you are so glad to see me that you don't care anything for the reason why I might not have come, and it 's just as if I had n't said it."

"I will not be put off with any such flippant answers," announced Mrs. Outton, severely; "I want to understand this mystery."

"Indeed — and indeed, Florence," begged the girl, "I cannot tell you now — some time, — soon — oh — Mr. Outton, won't you ring for dinner?"

"I can't," replied Outton, "until our other guest arrives."

"There is some one else coming?" said Winifred in surprise.

"Yes," said Mrs. Outton; "it was one of Sidney's most monumental blunders. He did n't know whether he asked a man to dinner or not, and the man did n't know if he were asked, and he wrote to find out, and when we thought that you were n't coming, we sent word to him to come."

"How curious!" said Winifred, with wide-opened eyes.

"Very curious — and what is more, very trying," commented Mrs. Outton.

"Who is it?" demanded Winifred.

"A man who has been out of the country a great deal, and who has been living very quietly since he came back. I never should have thought of asking you together, but now that he is here, you won't mind."

"Why, is n't he interesting?" asked the girl.

"It is n't exactly that," murmured Mrs. Outton, — she had never been able to succeed in telling her fibs in her natural voice, — "for he is — in a way —"

"But who is he?" insisted the girl.

Miss Valence had hardly spoken when Lupton, throwing back the door, announced:

"Mr. Clarges."

"Good evening," said the newcomer, advancing, and shaking hands with Mrs. Outton. "And I hope you 'll forgive me for having kept you waiting, but really, you know, I did n't see exactly what to do. The invitation that Sidney gave me when I came to think over it was so exceedingly vague that I did n't dare appear without further confirmation — "

"I know Sidney's inscrutable ways," said Mrs. Outton; "and I understand perfectly."

"It was awfully careless of me, I confess," said Outton.

"And Mr. Clarges — Miss Valence," interrupted his wife.

Winifred had taken her stand on the opposite side of the fireplace, and Clarges, in his eagerness to make his apologies, had made his way so rapidly across the floor that he, evidently, had not noticed there was any one in the room beside his host and hostess. Now he turned hastily, and for an instant the two gazed at each other, the astonishment that had showed in her eyes from his entrance quickly appearing in his.

"Cuthbert — you —" she began.

"Winifred — I —" he stammered.

"Why, you know one another!" cried the astounded Mrs. Outton.

"Yes," said Clarges, crossing and taking the hand that Winifred held out to him. "I believe that we do."

"A little," said Winifred, as she laughed aloud.

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Outton, utterly unable to form articulate speech.

"It has n't perhaps been for a long time," said Clarges, and then he laughed too.

"No," continued Winifred; "but — oh — why not tell them now? Every one will know to-morrow, and I was going to write it the first thing in the morning."

Mrs. Outton stared at her guest in helpless amazement.

"I — we — you tell them," said the girl, her hand going out to Clarges.

"The truth is," he said, reddening a little, "that I asked Miss Valence if she would marry me, and she has done me the honor to say 'Yes,' and now we are engaged."

"Hooray!" cried Outton, emphatically.

"This is *too* much," exclaimed Mrs. Outton, sinking back in her chair. "Now, really — "

"But it is so good, and I know you will be so glad because I am," said the girl crossing and standing before her, radiantly smiling.

"How long has it been?" demanded Mrs. Outton.

"Oh," replied Winifred, "for some time — for three months. There were a lot of reasons why we did n't announce it sooner, but now every one will know."

"And that is the reason why you have been so quiet?" Mrs. Outton continued unbendingly.

"Yes, of course," the girl answered simply. Then, after a moment's thought, she added: "I had a lot of time, too, and I felt that I ought to try and do some good. I was so happy —"

"And this was the cause of your particularly evident joyousness?"

"I suppose that it was," admitted Miss Valence.

"Winifred," said Mrs. Outton, solemnly, "you're a delusion and a disappointment, and — and I don't know what to say."

"Why?" asked Miss Valence.

"Because," replied Mrs. Outton, "I was so pleased that a girl could be, as I thought, so happy in doing what you were doing. I expected to point to you as an example of what pleasure a woman could take in a wholly independent life — and then," concluded Mrs. Outton, mournfully, "to find that it was a man after all."

"And I suppose," said Outton suddenly to Clarges, where he stood a little in the background, "that 's the reason you were so evidently jolly, and that saving your country and all that sort of thing had nothing to do with your pounding me on the back after all."

"Certainly not," said Clarges.

"I don't care," admitted Outton; "and I congratulate you, and wish you long life and happiness."

"And to think that I have been trying to keep you two apart!" moaned Mrs. Outton.

"Have you?" asked Winifred. "That 's really the funny part of it. The reason I wrote you that I could n't come was because I got a note from Cuthbert asking if he could see me this evening — we had n't met since morning — "

"That," interposed Clarges, "was before I realized that Sidney might have meant to ask me to dinner to-night."

"And of course I said 'Yes,'" continued Miss Valence.

"And," continued Mrs. Outton, "you were going to throw me over."

"Going to throw you over!" said Miss Valence, gaily. "I should have done it without a thought."

"And what prevented you?"

"I got word from Cuthbert saying that at the last minute he discovered that he had committed himself for a dinner —"

"I 'd just got word from Sidney," explained Clarges, "that I really was expected to-night."

"I am astonished you too did n't throw us over," said Outton.

"Oh, I should," admitted Clarges, serenely, "only it was so very late, you know."

"I 'm glad that you have some conscience left," said Outton. "But if you knew the trouble that we 've had about you people, and you have been engaged all the time!"

"I certainly tried to bring it about once before," exclaimed Mrs. Outton, "and it was a miserable failure."

"And how did you meet?" asked Outton.

"In the most natural way," said Clarges — "at the ball in the country this Christmas at the Kerchevals's."

"Just as any two people belonging to the same world would have met," added Winifred.

"And I have been trying to keep you apart," repeated Mrs. Outton, returning to her grievance; "and it would n't have made any difference if I had."

"And my dislike for cats would n't have mattered," remarked Outton.

"Or my picking up pins — but then it *might*, you know," said his wife. "It 's only an accident that it was n't an accident."

"What do you mean?" asked Winifred.

"I 'll tell you another time, my dear," said Mrs. Outton. "And now, Sidney, really you had better ring for dinner. Oh," she concluded, "to think that I have been trying to keep you apart! Really, it has been a perfect farce."

George A. Hibbard.

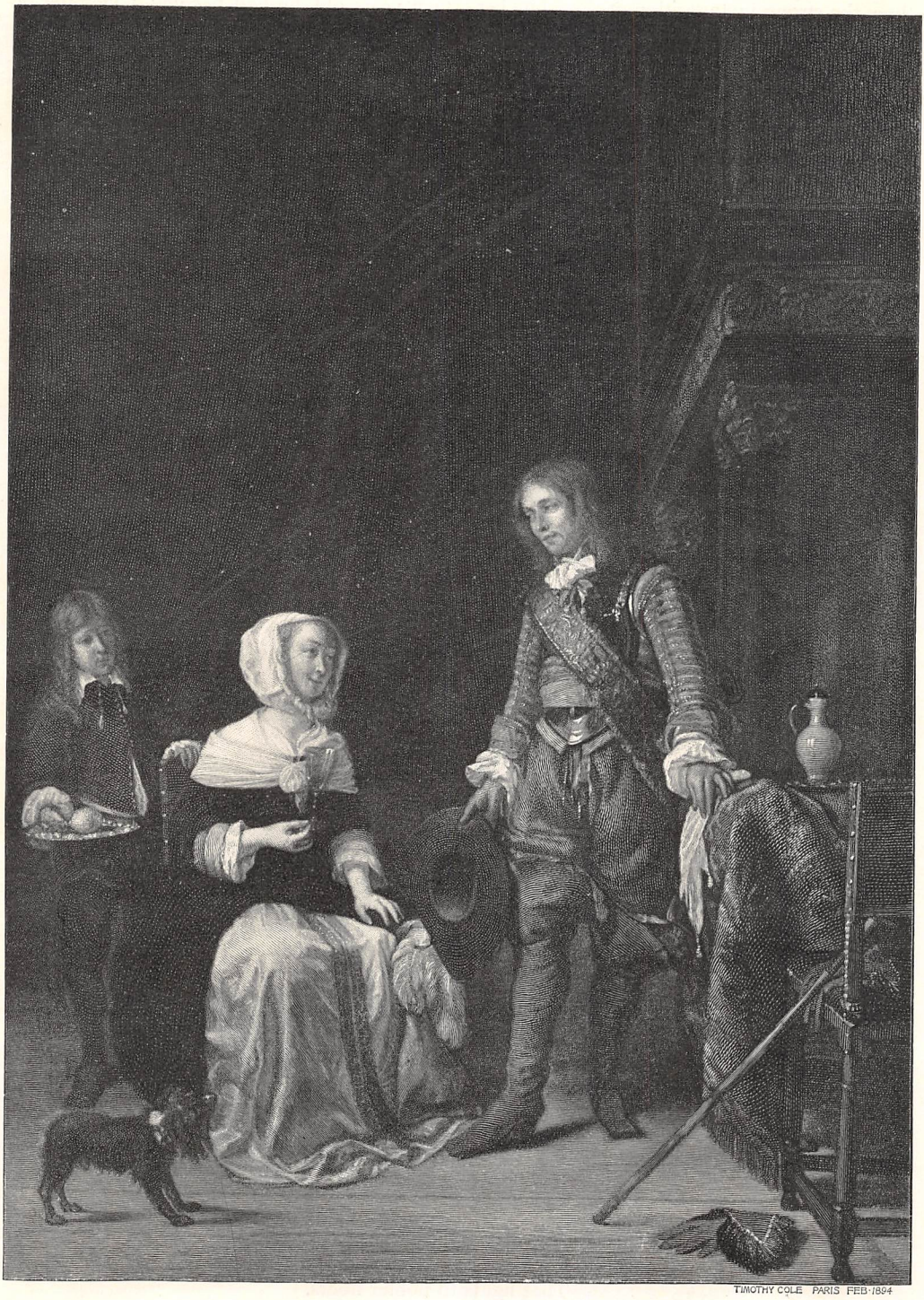
OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

GABRIEL METSU (1630–1667).

GABRIEL METSU, with a few other Dutchmen — such as Terburg, Mieris, and Netscher, take us into the dwellings of the wealthy and refined, and afford us a glimpse of the elegancies of Dutch life amid sumptuous appointments. We admire the hangings and furniture of the apartments, the walls aglow with stamped leather relieved by ebony frames of mirrors, the great chimney with its sculptured marble frieze and pillars, the brocaded bed-hangings, the richly decorated cabinets and wardrobes, all so daintily neat and bright — fit setting for the fair dames and their admirers, all in rich and rare costumes, and rustling in satins and brocades.

But Metsu, it seems to me, is preëminent among his class in that he subordinates his rich accessories so that they appear but the natural adornments and appendages of his noble and beautiful characters. So marvelously has the artist endowed his beings with personality and life, that we are attracted at once to his interesting personages, and insensibly are led to speculate as to the nature and disposition of their minds. On the opposite page is an engraving of one of Metsu's best works, entitled "Un Militaire Recevant une Jeune Dame," which is to be seen at the Louvre, and is full of his finest qualities. What delicate observation of character there is here! This military personage, — a perfect gentleman, albeit a trifle affected in his gravity, — ceremoniously standing and saluting the lady — what an air of quality he has! His jeweled trappings count for nothing in comparison with the courtly dignity and repose that are shown in his whole bearing. And the lady — what a charming frankness speaks not only from her countenance, but from the gesture and attitude of her whole being! One feels that she must have been a lovely person.

The composition is simply faultless in the arrangement and balance of its parts. Take the group of the man, the tapestried table upon which the jug is conspicuous, and the chair from which the gauntlet has fallen — how finely this mass is counterbalanced by the group of the lady, the boy, and the dog! To consider well the disposition of the several objects in their relation to one another is an instructive study. There is nothing superfluous or wanting, and everything is adjusted with the nicest taste and judgment. Notice, for instance, how the glove upon the floor, with the walking-stick above it, offsets the "value" of the dog upon the opposite side.



"UN MILITAIRE RECEVANT UNE JEUNE DAME." BY GABRIEL METSU.

In the lighting of the figure of the woman, how the strong juxtaposition of the white kerchief about the head and shoulders with the black velvet bodice of the dress makes the background swim! Unfortunately, the picture has been darkened a little by time, though the beauty and refinement of its coloring, and the delicacy of its workmanship, are still a delight.

Metsu was a master of chiaroscuro, and one of the greatest of the Dutch painters. He was a native of Leyden, and was born in 1630. Gerard Dou is said to have been his early instructor, and already in 1644, when only fourteen years old, he had become a member of the Leyden Guild of Painters. In 1650 he removed to Amsterdam, where he came under the influence of Rembrandt, and where he probably spent the greater part of his life, of which, however, very little is known. There exist between 120 and 130 of his paintings, scattered for the most part among the public and private collections of Europe.

Metsu died at Amsterdam in 1667, at the early age of thirty-seven years.

T. Cole.



A HERO OF PEACE.

(ROBERT ROSS: MURDERED AT THE POLLS IN TROY, MARCH 6, 1894.)

NO bugle on the blast
Calls warriors face to face.
Grim battle being forever past,
Gone is the hero-race.

Ah, no! There is no peace!
If liberty shall live,
Never may freemen dare to cease
Their love, their life, to give.

Unto the patriot's heart
The silent summons comes;
Not braver he who does his part
To the sound of beating drums.

And thou who gavest youth,
And life, and all most dear —
Sweet soul, impassionate of truth,
White on thy murdered bier!

Thy deed, thy date, thy name,
Are wreathed with deathless flowers;
Thy fate shall be the guiding flame
That lights to nobler hours.

R. W. Gilder.

A JAUNT INTO CORSICA.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NATURE BY A. CASTAIGNE.



A TYPE.

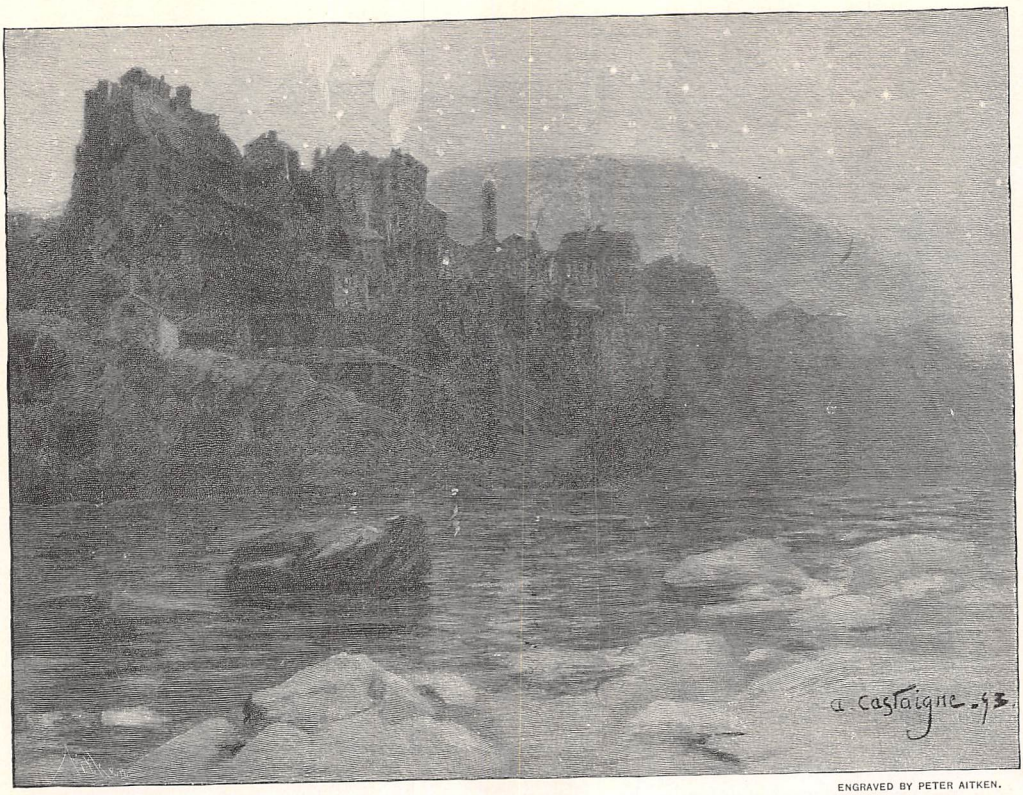
IT was in the month of May that I landed at Bastia, in the island of Corsica, and found myself at once confronted by reminders of Napoleon. On my way to the hotel we passed the Promenade St. Nicholas, and in the center of it noticed a white marble statue of Napoleon as First Consul. It stands facing the sea, with Elba in full view, the towering mountains of which look over upon Corsica. I never realized before how near Elba is to Corsica.

Bastia, the busiest commercial place in Corsica, contains nearly 21,000 inhabitants, and was the capital of the island down to 1811, when at the request of "Madame Mère," the mother of Napoleon, the emperor removed the seat of government to Ajaccio. Bastia is over five hundred years old, and is defended by a strong castle, or bastion, which gave rise to the name. The old town with the citadel rises above the more modern quarter, which lies near the harbor.

I had given orders for the porter to waken me at five, as the train left for Ajaccio at six. I awoke about five, but as no porter appeared, I dressed myself, and went down-stairs to find him asleep, and everything locked up. I roused him, settled my bill, and started out to find the railway-station, walking by the marble statue of Napoleon, which I photographed. The guide-books have much to say about the late rising of foreigners, but this does not apply to the common people, for no matter how early I have arisen when abroad, I have always found the streets astir. On this occasion, in the Promenade St. Nicholas, the seats were filled with the residents of the town, who were smoking and chatting as though they had been there all night. I hired a Corsican to carry my luggage to the station, which we reached after passing through some hilly back streets, and, on arriving there, found it still closed. Nearly all the railway-stations of Europe have a clock prominently hung on the platform,



SUNRISE IN THE CORSICAN MOUNTAINS.



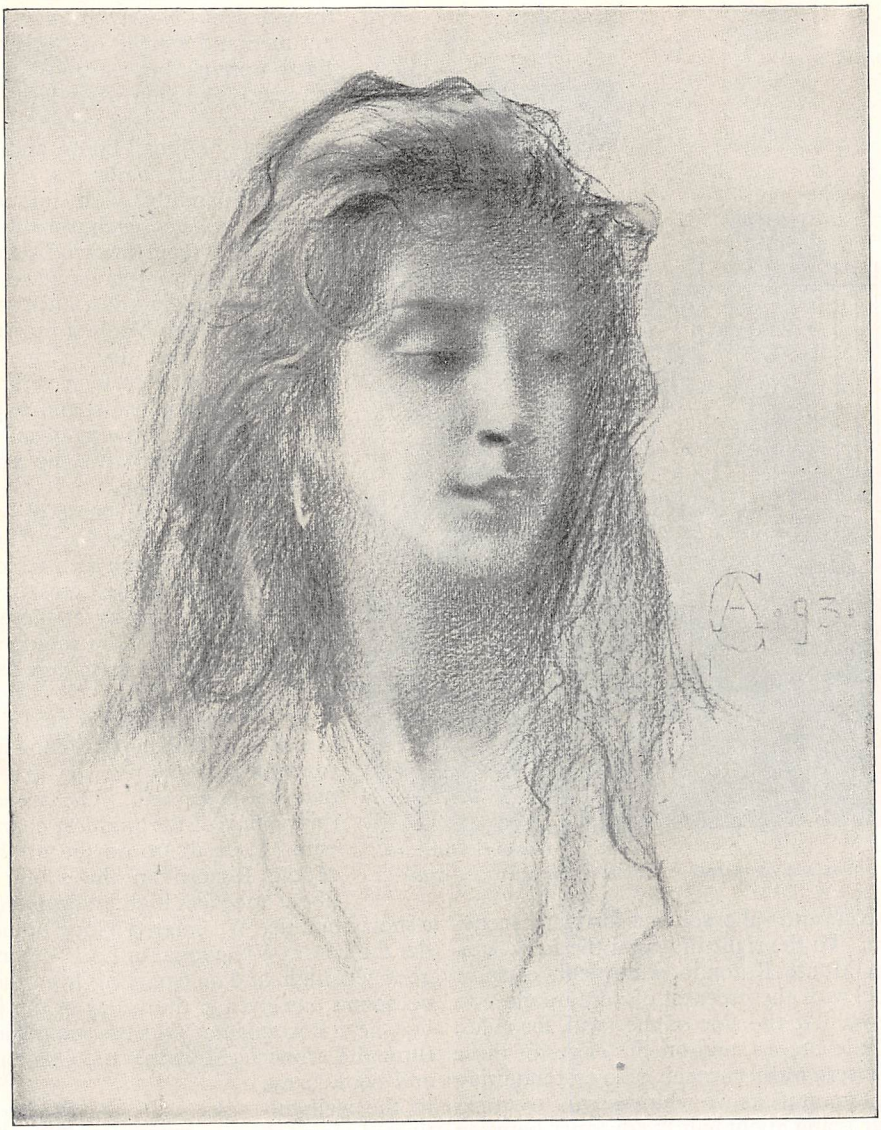
ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

CORTE.

and when I saw the clock at this station nearly an hour slower than mine, I thought it was not going. It took me some time to learn that Corsica, being a French province, is governed by French time, which is three quarters of an hour slower than Italian. As this dawned upon me, I understood why I had not been called by the porter, and why the railway-station had not yet opened its doors.

On presenting myself at the ticket-office window, later, I laid down my Italian bank-notes and asked for a ticket to Corte, when, to my dismay, I learned that Italian paper-money would not pass in Corsica. Here was a dilemma that I had not anticipated, for all my money was Italian. I showed the agent the entire contents of my pocket-books, and explained with English words, poor Italian, and violent gesticulations, that it was all I had, and that I must go on the train. He told me I must go to the bank, and have my money changed. As the train would start at six o'clock, and it was then nearly that hour, I looked upon this advice as a miserable joke. Before starting for Corsica, I was particular to consult my "Baedeker," which informed me that Italian money was good in Corsica; but it did not say that said money must be in gold or silver, and as "rag" money is almost universally used in Italy, I did not think of exchanging my paper money for hard money. I wandered about meditating what to do, and finally consulted my conversation-book, in which I found a sentence which I thought fitted my case,—which read "I will pay you for your trouble,"—and which I repeated to the ticket-agent. He sent a man out the back door, who wrote upon a piece of paper that if I would allow him to discount my money fifty per cent, he would sell me a ticket. I eagerly clutched at the proposition, and took a ticket for Corte in this expensive manner. The cars and locomotives were tiny, and the passengers primitive. The road rapidly penetrated the island, and we passed through a number of tunnels, one of them a long one, and by little stations that indulged in such names as Chichio, Furiani, Biguglia, Borgo, and Casamozza.

Arrived at Corte, a town on the Tavignano, of five thousand inhabitants, one of the first objects I noticed was the lofty citadel which commands the place, which, in the wars of former centuries, rendered the town a keenly contested point. In Paoli's time Corte was the central point of his democratic government. I visited his study in the Palazzo di Corte, and was shown the window shutters, lined with cork for additional precaution, and walked through



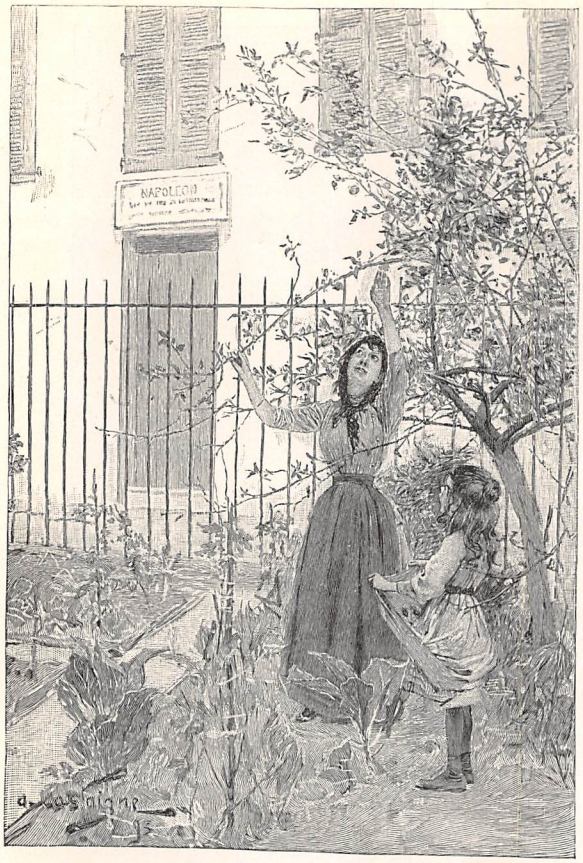
A CORSICAN GIRL OF THE PRESENT TIME.

the council chambers. In the Place Paoli, the principal square, stands a bronze statue of Pasquale Paoli himself.

Here it was necessary to leave the cars for the diligence, and I therefore booked at the railway-station for a first-class ticket in a crazy-looking, dilapidated stage.

How can I describe that never-to-be-forgotten romantic ride across the mountains of Corsica? The conductor blew his horn, the driver thrashed his horses with his merciless, long-lashed whip, and the boy driving the lead horse pounded his weak-looking steed, and our heavy-laden diligence moved off, leaving the gaping crowd looking after us. As the roads in Corsica are in the same perfect condition that European roads generally are, we moved up the mountain at a good pace.

The mountains of the island are very steep, so that our rise was rapid, and we were not long in reaching a great height, from which a magnificent panorama was enjoyed. I beheld the greater part of the island: to the north, the Capo Corso; to the west, Porto, Sagona, and Ajaccio. To the east, the blue Mediterranean was plainly visible, dotted with the islands of Monte Cristo, Pianosa, Capraja, and Elba, and farther away was the mainland of Italy. The entire island resembled a vast rocky relief-map, its principal mountain-chains, with



ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF NAPOLEON I., FROM THE KEEPER'S GARDEN.

their rivers and valleys, being distinctly recognizable. To the right of us, on the lofty summits of Monte Rotondo, were fields of snow and ice, with the greenest of verdure close to the snow. At the side of the road, for miles, were little brooks, and on the edges of these brooks were washerwomen, who cast inquiring glances upon us as we whirled by.

After going about half the distance between Corte and Vizzavona, the evidences of the construction of the intermediate sections of the railroad became apparent. The laborers on the excavations for the bridges and in the heavy cuts were many of them women, young girls, and boys, and all, including the men, carried the dirt and stone out in baskets on their heads. By this slow, toilsome method is all this work done, and it appeared to me that the work would be interminable, but I was told that the contractors were under heavy bonds to complete the road in the time contracted for, and that it would certainly be accomplished.

In passing through the quaint villages, among them Serraggio, Lugo, and S. Pietro di Venaco, I was struck by the costumes of the villagers. Nearly all of the peasant men and women of Corsica that I saw were clad in the most somber manner. The men wore dark brown or black corduroy or velveteen suits, with heavy hobnail boots, and black broad-brimmed sombreros. Not satisfied, apparently, with this heavy coat and trousers, each wore a heavy vest of the same material. Around the waist each wore a broad red sash with ends hanging down at the side, which set off the black or brown suit. The women were dressed mostly in black from head to foot, with black shawls on their heads, and a pretty face was very rare among them. They will not compare with the Italians for beauty of person.

The horse is the beast of burden commonly used in Corsica, and but few mules or donkeys are seen, which appears strange when we know that Sardinia supplies so many of these little animals to Italy. One wonders that they are not more extensively used in Corsica.

At Vizzavona I again paid double fare with my Italian paper-money, and went on my way relieved that even that was accepted. The scenery at this point is of the grandest character, with Monte d'Oro on the north and Monte Renoso on the south, each about 8000 feet high, and capped with a snowy mantle. We entered a long tunnel under the Pass of Vizzavona (or La Foce), nearly 4000 feet high, and on emerging from the tunnel found ourselves in the valley of the Gravone, near Bocognano. Our tiny train sped on through Carbuccia, Mazzana, and Caldaniccia, and soon came to the well-cultivated plain of Campodoloro, passing splendid stretches of forest, which clad the slopes and presented many beautiful views.

Just at nightfall we reached Ajaccio, the capital of the island. It is most beautifully situated on an extensive bay, but instead of being



A DOOR-STEP, AJACCIO.

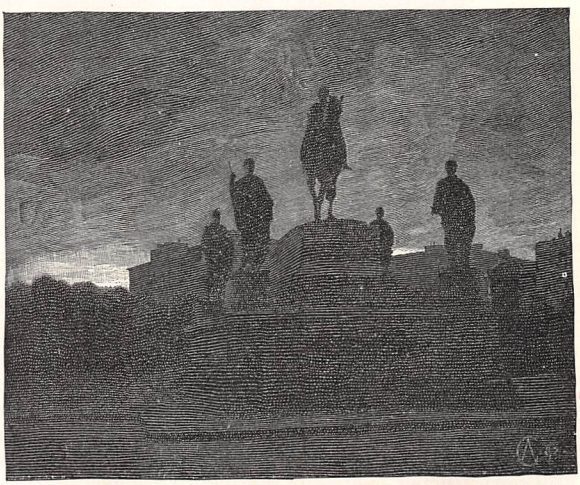


ON THE ROOFS, AJACCIO.

hilly, the town is built upon a plain, and the streets are laid out with considerable regularity, and are of good width. The background of the town is formed by imposing mountains, which are often covered with snow and ice until late in the summer. The inhabitants number nearly twenty thousand, and the streets present a modern, Parisian air. The large hotels were closed for the winter season, so I went rather unwillingly to the Hôtel de France. It was kept by a bright-looking Corsican woman, who was in charge, while her husband officiated in the kitchen, and was only seen occasionally. Her son had just returned from Germany, with a fine education; but with all their varied talents, not one of them could articulate a word of English. By this time I began to long for some one to speak with in my mother tongue, and was greatly gratified when they brought from the dining-room the head-waiter, a young German who informed me in very fair English that he had lived in London as a waiter. By special arrangement with my landlady the German head-waiter was detailed to accompany me on a number of my tramps. As he had been in Corsica only about eight months, he naturally could not give me much information as to localities, and at his suggestion we added to our party the chief cook, a native-born Corsican, who was well versed in the history of the town.

One morning early, with camera in hand, I wended my way through the streets to the Place Letizia. I was much surprised to find that Place Letizia was a short, narrow street not over eight or ten feet wide. A short distance up this narrow way stands the four-story, yellowish gray house which was the birthplace of Napoleon Bonaparte. I did not wonder, as I stood before the house, that it was difficult to take a good picture of it, because it is impossible to get far enough away from it. Opposite the house is a small park or garden, to one side of which is attached the dwelling in which lives the concierge who has charge of the celebrated house. He permitted me to go up to his garret window to get a view, looking out upon the house from that direction. Standing in front of the house, I observed an old crone seated at a third-story window of a house at the back of the little old yard, and holding up a franc in my fingers to her, and touching my camera, I caused her to understand that if she would allow me to go up to her room to get a photograph of the house, I would give her a franc for the privilege. She smiled her assent, and the little daughter of the concierge escorted me around by a rear way, up-stairs, to her room.

Later, I entered the birthplace and early home of the greatest personage of modern times, and ascended the stairs to the second floor. I involuntarily removed my hat as I was ushered into the room, where, before me, stood the writing-desk used by Napoleon. I passed through the ball-room, now called the conversation-room, where, standing against the wall, was the card-table with checker-board at which Napoleon used to play. In his mother's room stood the frame of a plain, painted bedstead, without slats or bedding, upon which Napoleon's mother slept, and in the corner of the room was a plain, narrow settee, or couch, covered with inexpensive woolen material, upon which the child Napoleon was unexpectedly born; for it will be remembered that his mother was



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

THE STATUES IN THE PLACE BONAPARTE, AJACCIO.



IN THE OLD QUARTER OF AJACCIO.

taken ill at the cathedral, and was hastily removed to her home upon this couch, and the child was born before the mother could be removed to her bed.

In a small room in the back part of the house Napoleon slept when a boy, and the same simple bedstead stands there to-day that he occupied for a number of years, but no bedding is now upon it. In the fireplace are the same old andirons which were then in use, and on the bureau stood a little mirror in which he had gazed when arranging his toilet.

The upper rooms of the house had been occupied by Princess Marianna, who died a few weeks before my arrival. She was the widow of Louis Lucien, who was the son of Lucien Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon. The house belongs to the ex-empress Eugénie, to whom it was willed by Napoleon III. No other person will hereafter be allowed to occupy it, and it will henceforth be preserved intact, as a relic of the greatest member of the Bonaparte family.

The general air of the house is gloomy, owing to its unfurnished appearance. The wood and tile floors are bare; there is not a curtain at the windows, and some of the rooms are entirely empty. A few pictures are hung upon the walls, among them some photographs of the Arenenberg château in Switzerland, the home of Queen Hortense, which afterward became the property of her son, Napoleon III. I also noticed a little pen-and-ink sketch made by the ill-fated Prince Imperial. In the ball-room



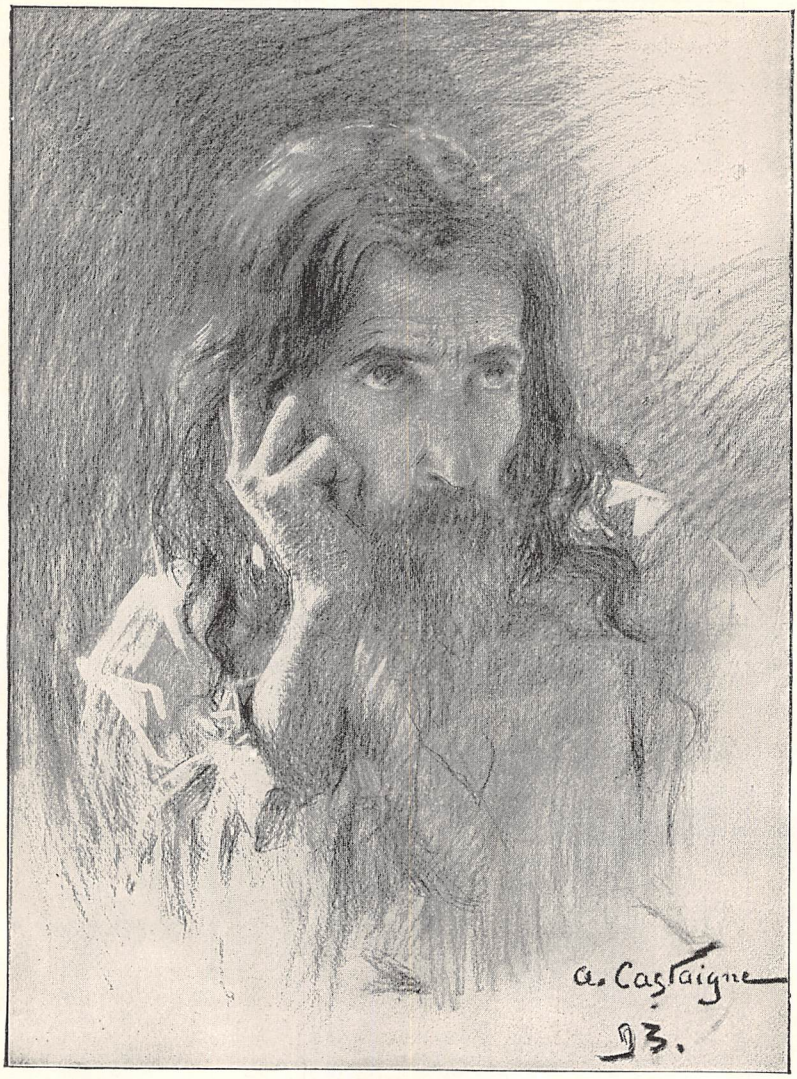
ONE WHO SAW NAPOLEON.

are a number of sconces hanging high upon the walls.

There are so few visitors to this house that the concierge has not been spoiled by them, and I soon found that one could do pretty much as one pleased in the way of taking photographs of the various rooms and their contents, and I lost no time in availing myself of the opportunity.

Not far from the Place Letizia is found a neat little park filled with every variety of tropical plants, and adorned with marble fountains, with carved lions, from the mouths of which water was flowing. Surmounting the group is a marble statue of Napoleon as first consul. The statue does not possess any great merit, and is only another evidence of the prominence of the Bonaparte family in the place.

Continuing my walk, on each side of which



A CORSICAN PATRIOT OF THE OLD DAYS.

stood a row of large, healthy palm-trees, I reached the Place Bonaparte, where I found a group of statues, the duplicate of which does not exist. In the center is a bronze equestrian statue of Napoleon clad as a Roman emperor, and, standing on four pedestals, at each corner of a large base, are figures of his four brothers, Joseph, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome, clad as Roman senators.

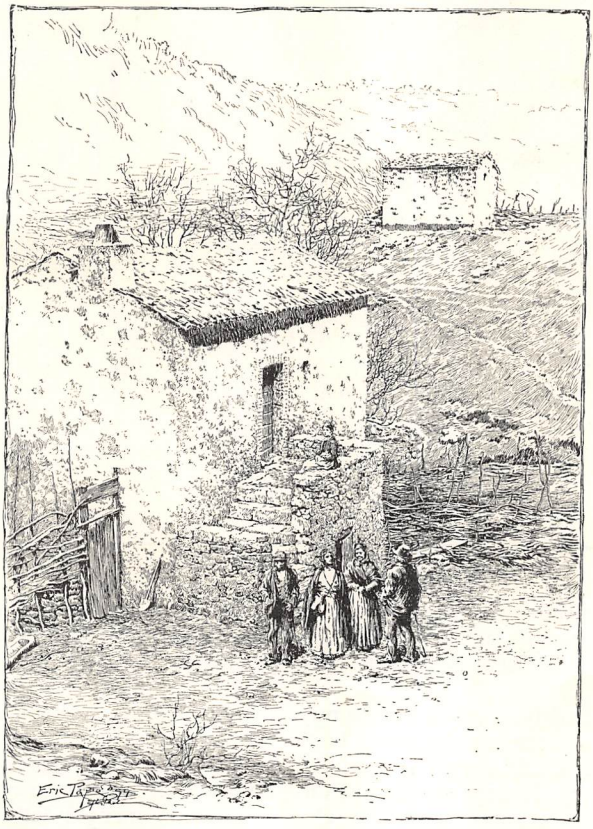
On Sunday morning I visited the hôtel de ville located near the market-place, which is devoted almost exclusively to a collection of relics relating to the Bonaparte family. Upon the wall was a full-length portrait of Charles Bonaparte, the father of Napoleon, clad in scarlet coat and fine lace, and near him his son Joseph, in his robes as King of Spain. Over the mantelpiece was the portrait of his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, in the brilliant gown of a cardinal, while here and there upon the walls were numerous pictures of Napoleon's mother, and of various other members of the Bonaparte family. In one corner, standing upon the floor, was an ugly life-size marble statue of Jerome Bonaparte as King of Würtemberg, presented by himself to his native town, and on many pedestals were bronze and marble busts of "Madame Mère," the little King of Rome, and the Prince Imperial, none of which I had ever before seen. Upon marble tables were several clocks belonging to the family, and on one of the tables was the bronze mask of Napoleon, taken immediately after death, by the order of the Abbé Vignali, who was sent by Cardinal Fesch to

St. Helena to administer the last sacred rites to the dying emperor. Scattered about the room were the remains of the finest furniture from the house of Cardinal Fesch, among which the chairs were especially showy.

As I wended my way down the Rue Fesch, a dirty narrow street filled mostly with shops, I found the gray building called Chapelle Fesch, built to contain the remains of the mother of Napoleon, of Cardinal Fesch, and of other members of the Bonaparte family. On entering, I found myself in a little church fitted up with seats, all of them completely covered with black cloth, which had not been removed since the recent death of Princess Marianna. A woman in charge of the church took a light, and escorted me to the crypt under the church, to see the tombs. By the light of one poor candle in the hands of my guide, I perceived that the tombs were sealed with blocks of black marble, and all a large collection of pictures, a library of thirty thousand volumes, and a collection of Corsican minerals, which were bequeathed to the town by the cardinal. In the courtyard stands an uninteresting bronze statue of Cardinal Fesch, which was placed there by the town since his death.

The cathedral in Ajaccio, where Napoleon was baptized, is a plain, unimposing, dingy edifice. There is no inscription in or about the cathedral referring to Napoleon, and I was compelled to be satisfied with the possession of a rare lithograph copy of his birth and baptism from the register of the cathedral.

Not far from the cathedral, overlooking the bay, stand the fortifications of Ajaccio, surrounded by a large moat, and garrisoned by French troops. All this work was done under the charge of Napoleon, when he was a young lieutenant engaged in the service of General



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A MOUNTAIN HOME IN CORSICA.

that was cut upon the slab containing the remains of Napoleon's mother was the simple inscription, "Letizia Bonaparte, Mater Regum" (mother of kings).

Adjoining the Chapelle Fesch is the Collège Fesch, founded by Cardinal Fesch, containing

Paoli, at the time when Corsica was striving with Italy for her independence.

I drove one day with the English consul through the streets of the town out into the suburbs, where, just beyond the built-up portions, we found Napoleon's grotto, whither he



AN ARTIST'S FANCIES OF NAPOLEON: IN AJACCIO IN 1769.

was wont to retire and meditate when a boy. It is one of the most enticing places about Ajaccio, and one does not wonder that Napoleon loved to go there.

We continued our drive out into the country until we reached a house standing well back from the road, with beautiful grounds and filled with flowers of every description. It was unnecessary to be told, upon seeing the eagles along the front edge of the roof, that this in some manner was connected with the history of Napoleon. This place was the home of Madame Letizia Bonaparte after Napoleon became great, and here she spent much of her time. The property is now owned by Count and Countess Bocciochi, the grandson of Eliza, one of the sisters of Napoleon. As the house stands upon an elevation, it affords a good view of the surrounding country and the adjoining town of Ajaccio.

One must not think, however, that the Bonaparte family is all that there is to interest the tourist in Ajaccio, for the town itself, with its curious shops, makes the time pass very rapidly. In looking in at the shop-windows, I observed many stilettos and daggers of a form found only in Corsica. These daggers are manufactured in the most elaborate styles, with jeweled handles, and some of them are very expensive. The blades bear various suggestive mottos, such as "Vendetta," "Mort," and a sentence which, translated into English, reads, "Death to our foes." These knives are temptingly exposed for sale in the majority of

the stores of the place, and I was repeatedly urged by the shopkeepers to purchase one to take home with me. They are also manufactured in the form of miniature breastpins of gold and silver, with tiny red coral and onyx handles. This brings to mind the much-talked-of vendetta, which has existed for centuries in the island, and, notwithstanding the restraining and softening effects of advancing civilization, still exists.

Spring of Solario, commanding charming views of the town, the harbor, the gulf, and the mountains. On the way we passed the Jardin Peraldi, where splendid mandarin and other oranges are grown. The road on the north side of the bay passing the Hospice Eugénie, although destitute of shade, also affords a charming walk.

But my time was up, and I was unwillingly obliged to take my departure, and accordingly purchased a second-class ticket, which was



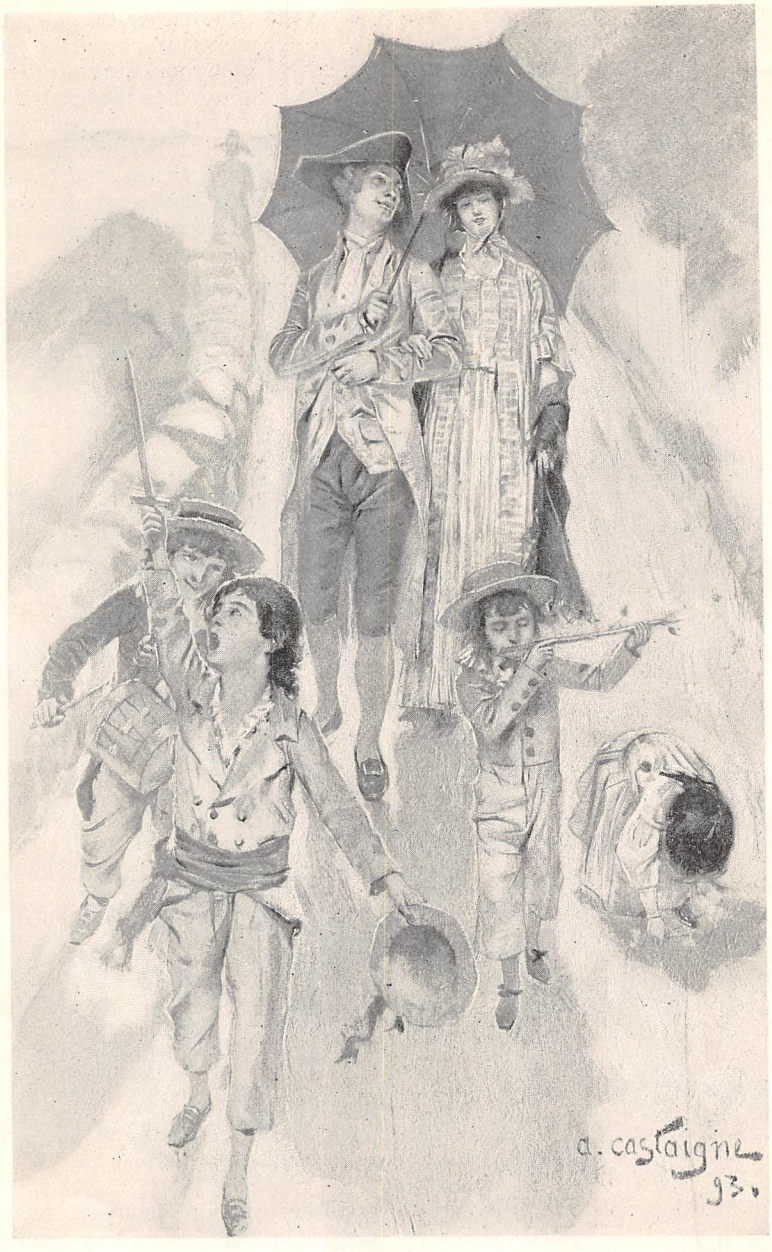
AN ARTIST'S FANCIES OF NAPOLEON: IN THE GROTTO.

A visit to Ajaccio would not be complete without going to the market-place and observing the curious-looking peasants with their little stock of fruit and vegetables displayed for sale. Such luscious strawberries, bright, red cherries, such peas, potatoes, onions, and radishes, I did not find anywhere else. After the small wild strawberries which are everywhere used in Italy, these Corsican berries were unusually attractive and appetizing.

One of the pleasantest walks in Ajaccio is afforded by the prolongation of Cours Grandval, which crosses the Place Casone and gradually ascends the olive-clad slopes to the

good enough, for I found scarcely a passenger in the first-class railway compartments in Corsica.

In due time we reached Vizzavona, and I secured my seat with the driver before leaving the train, and our diligence, with the three horses and the much-abused lead horse, was soon on its way through the valley of the Vecchió, an affluent of the Tavignano. After leaving Vivario, a pleasant mountain village, our course lay along a chain of mountains, the vast height to which they rise within a comparatively small space imparting a wild and imposing character to the scenery.



AN ARTIST'S FANCIES OF NAPOLEON: PLAYING AT WAR.

Nine tenths of the area of the island is uncultivated, while the heights for the most part are clothed with magnificent forests. The soft air was laden with spicy, aromatic odors of a rich flora. As our poor horses started down the mountain, the driver would put on the brake, and they would gallop at full speed over the roads, which are never dusty, and are made of granite almost as white as chalk and as smooth as the best road in any city park. We turned corners in the road so sharply as almost to dislodge me from my seat, and I held my breath many times, thinking that the diligence would certainly be overturned. At one time, for nearly half an hour, did we see-saw down one of these mountains, and it seemed as though the village was coming up to us, with the steeple and the tile roof of a little Catholic church approaching nearer and nearer at every turn. After the customary changes of horses, we reached Corte,



AN ARTIST'S FANCIES OF NAPOLEON: THE FIRST CONQUEST.

where the train was in waiting to carry us to Bastia, which we reached in the evening.

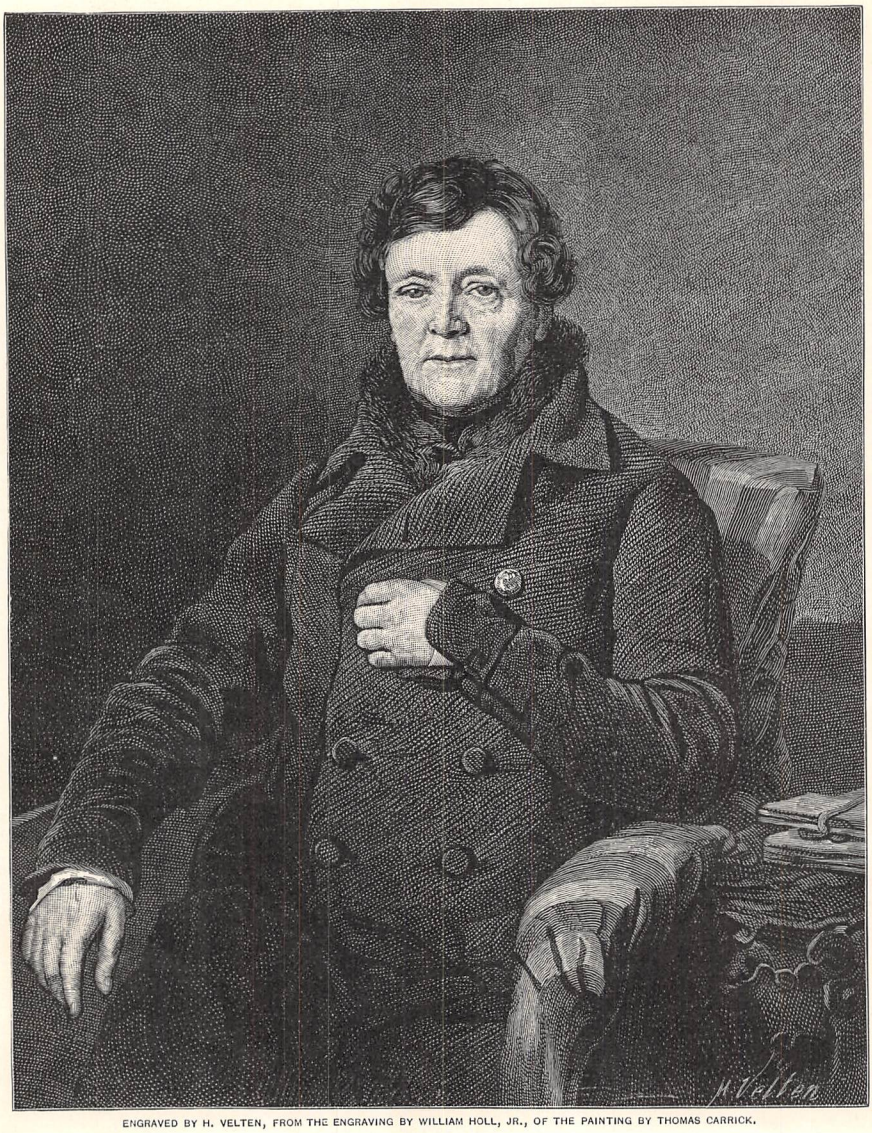
The next morning we were in the harbor of Leghorn. The little boats flocked about us, on one of which I embarked from the ladder on the side of the ship, and soon found myself once more upon Italian soil, where, after a perfunctory examination of my luggage in the custom-house, I was permitted to go on my way to my hotel; and my long-expected trip to Corsica and the home of Napoleon was ended.

Charles H. Adams.

AT REST.

SHALL I lie down to sleep, and see no more
The splendid affluence of earth and sky;
The proud procession of the stars go by;
The white moon sway the sea and woo the shore;
The morning lark to the far heavens soar;
The nightingale with the soft dusk draw nigh;
The summer roses bud, and bloom, and die;
Will life and life's delight for me be o'er?
Nay! I shall be, in my low, silent home,
Of all Earth's gracious ministries aware:
Glad with the gladness of the risen day,
Or gently sad with sadness of the gloam,
Yet done with striving and foreclosed of care—
"At rest—at rest!"—what better thing to say?

Louise Chandler Moulton.



ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN, FROM THE ENGRAVING BY WILLIAM HOLL, JR., OF THE PAINTING BY THOMAS CARRICK.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AUBREY DE VERE.

CHILDHOOD AND BOYHOOD.

MY earliest recollections are of our Irish home, Curragh Chase, and I always see it bathed as in summer sunshine. It was not once, however, as it is now. At the bottom of the lawn there now spreads a lake, but at that time it was rich meadow-land, divided by a slender stream, with fair green hills beyond. The pleasure-ground now blends insensibly with the lawns and woods; but it had then a wall around it, which, as my father's old friend and school-fellow, Sir Thomas Acland, said on visiting us, when both had left youth behind, gave it a look of monastic seclusion. It was then divided into four grassy spaces, as smooth as velvet, and bright with many a flower-bed. I can still see the deer park, and the deer bounding from brake to brake of low-spreading oak and birch; the gathering of the poor on Sunday evenings at the gates of the long ash avenue for their rural dance; and the gay, though half bashful, confidence with which some rosy pretty peasant girl would advance, and drop a courtesy before one of our party, or some visitor at the "big house," that courtesy being an invitation

to dance. There was also a little open in the woods in which the neighbors danced; nor have I yet forgotten the vexation with which I found myself once snatched up and carried home to bed by one of those "merry maids whose tresses tossed in light," and who lost little time in returning to the revel.

It was a time at which opposites of all sorts oddly combined. The country-gentlemen were then looked up to as so many little princes, and the poor would have gladly adopted them as chiefs, like those of old, had they cared to accept that position; yet there was great familiarity in the intercourse of classes. It was all strangely mixed with simplicity of life. My grandmother drove about the park with her four grays and an outrider, while my father, with whom she lived, had his four blacks and an outrider; yet dinner, which was at five o'clock, would have been far from satisfactory to a diner-out of the present day. What a stranger would have thought ostentation was often a necessity, for the roads were generally carried over high hills. I well remember my grandmother's beautiful but melancholy black eyes, her ways at once authoritative and affectionate, and the reverence with which she was regarded by all. Nor have I forgotten her good-night to us children: "God bless you, child, and make a good man of you"; nor the loud laugh once when the youngest of us, not to be outdone in civility, responded, "God bless you, grandmother, and make a good woman of you."

We cared less for my grandfather, for though Curragh Chase, his chief residence, had always been our home, he lived much elsewhere. He was regarded as a man of remarkable ability, which he seldom turned to serious purpose. That ability was early marked, and Lord Shelburne, then high in office, when on a visit at our house, was so much struck by the boy that he turned to his father, and said: "Place that boy in my hands! I will give him a political education, get him into parliament on his coming of age, and he will turn out a great man—" an offer which was not accepted, and accordingly the boy was brought up to be an Irish squire, at a time when England may have "expected every man to do his duty," and Ireland expected every man to do, possibly some other man's duty, but, in any case, whatever amused him — ride well, stand by a friend, say good things, and fight duels.

In those days a duel was the most mirthful of pastimes, and in Dublin there still remains a tradition of two lawyers,—one the biggest, and the other the smallest, man in Irish society,—who met in the Phoenix Park, just after sunrise, to indulge in that amusement. As they approached each other, the big man set his glass to his eye, and exclaimed: "But where is my honorable opponent? For I really cannot see him."

"What 's that he 's saying?" demanded the little man.

"I just remarked," replied the big man, "that I am so large that if you miss me, you are like the man who, when he took aim at the parish church, never succeeded in hitting the parish."

"What is that big 'Golumbus' of a man babbling about?" was his small antagonist's rejoinder. "That I can't miss him, and he cannot see me? Let his second get a bit of white chalk, and draw my exact size and shape on that huge carcass of his; and any bullet of mine that hits outside that white line shall not count."

My grandfather had no taste for duels. At a great public dinner, among the "healths" proposed was that of Lord Castlereagh, to whom my grandfather, then a member of the Irish parliament, was known to have a special aversion. All looked toward his seat, wondering how he would meet the dilemma; for the refusal to drink to a toast could then be expiated only by a duel. The glasses filled, he was the first to rise; he lifted his own, and said: "Here 's to the health of my Lord Castlereagh!" adding, with a significant expression of face, "the Lord be troublesome to him!"

My grandfather always gave the sagest advice to a friend, but generally acted himself from whim. Once when walking in a London street, he passed a room in which an auction was going on, and, attracted by the noise, entered it. The property set up for auction was the Island of Lundy in the Bristol Channel. He knew nothing whatsoever about it, but when the auctioneer proclaimed that it had never paid either tax or tithe, that it acknowledged neither king nor parliament, nor law civil or ecclesiastical, and that its proprietor was pope and emperor at once in his own scanty domain, he made a bid, and the island was knocked down to him. It turned out a good speculation. It paid its cost by the sale of rabbits; and whenever its purchaser chanced to have picked a quarrel with England and Ireland at the same time, it was a hermitage to which he could always retire and meditate. He planted there a small Irish colony, and drew up for them a very compendious code, including a quaint law of divorce in case of matrimonial disputes. In money matters he was adventurous and unlucky. He lost about £15,000 by cards, and then renounced them. He is said to have also lost about half the family property through some trivial offense given to his father. In other matters he was more fortunate. During the war he raised two regiments consisting of the sons of farmers, his own tenants and those of his neighbors, and bestowed a captain's commis-

sion on his only son, then a boy of five. I remember my father describing the pride with which he strutted about in his scarlet uniform, when the general rode out to review these regiments. "But where is the captain?" exclaimed the veteran. "Here I am," shouted the child. "But, my little man, you are too young to fight!" "Not at all," was the answer: "let the French land, and" — waving his sword in the air — "I will cut off their heads!" Alas! the hard-hearted Englishman "disbanded the captain," as the poor people described his act, and the youthful warrior lost forever the opportunity of humbling that "Corsican adventurer" who had called England a "nation of shopkeepers" and affirmed that the lions on her standard were only leopards.

My grandfather was the most popular of our country-gentlemen, because he had a great love for the poor, and always helped them at a pinch. A very old tenant once told me many stories illustrating this side of his character. Here is one of them. A young man was tried for murder, having killed a member of a rival faction in a faction-fight. The judge, reluctant to sentence him to death on account of his youth, turned to him and said: "Is there any one in court who could speak as to your character?" The youth looked round the court, and then said sadly, "There is no man here, my lord, that I know." At that my grandfather chanced to walk into the grand-jury gallery. He saw at once how matters stood. He called out, "You are a queer boy that don't know a friend when you see him!" The boy was quick-witted; he answered, "Oh, then, 't is myself that is proud to see your honor here this day!" "Well," said the judge, "Sir Vere, since you know that boy, will you tell us what you know of him?" "I will, my lord," said my grandfather; "and what I can tell you is this — that from the very first day that ever I saw him to this minute, I never knew anything of him that was not very good." The old tenant ended his tale by striking his hands together and exclaiming, "And he never to have clapped his eye upon the boy till that minute!" The boy escaped being hanged. Such traits make a man popular in Ireland; and it is said that at his funeral the keening (funeral wail) for many a mile was such as had rarely been heard. Not long ago I came upon a letter from an English minister of the day, informing him that the patent for his peerage, an English one, was ready. It seems, however, that at the last moment he changed his mind and declined it. Possibly there was some one to whom "he would not give so much satisfaction" as that of seeing him take a peerage.

The poorer class in those days seldom wore shoes or stockings. That they did not count a hardship. On the contrary, they found these appendages irksome; and at a later time often carried their shoes in their hands till near a town. Many of their houses were but hovels without chimneys or windows. The real patience, or rather cheerfulness, with which such hardships were borne should be recollected by such as justly complain of more recent violences committed in retaliation for imaginary wrongs. At that time the mass of the people spoke Irish, not English, habitually. They did not read; and if they had read they would have found no publications that preached Jacobinism. They were faithful, notwithstanding, to their political traditions. No one could keep an orange lily in the garden, though planted by known enemies of the Orange party. It was sure to be thrown over the wall, while we were informed that there were some "bad mimbers" in the neighborhood whom no vigilance could keep from stealing. We had at one time an excellent gardener, but he was an Orangeman from the "Black North." He had brought with him a big blunderbuss for the pacification of the South; and he boasted much of its capabilities. One night a number of men with blackened faces burst open the window of his bedroom, which was on the ground floor. The family were then in England, except two young lady relatives. One of them hid in a garret, the other made her appearance on the field of action, attended only by two maids, without fear and without cause for fear. The men listened to her rebuke with respect, and spared the life of the Orange gardener, after making him, however, swear to return forthwith to the North. They took away his blunderbuss, but a few days later wrote a letter stating that it would be found under a particular tree; and there it was found.

The extreme poverty here described will suggest the thought that the proprietor class had been very remiss in the discharge of their duties. That charge would be only partly true. They did not feel that poverty as much as they ought to have felt it; but neither did the Irish poor themselves, in ordinary times. The penal laws were still sufficiently recent to live on in their consequences; and one of these was, as Edmund Burke affirmed, a legislative mandate, "Thou shalt not improve." In prohibiting property to the mass of the people they had proscribed industry; but they could not prevent early marriages; and the consequence was that between the huge population and the scanty means of support there existed no proportion. The problem had become too vast to be solved by any efforts of individual proprietors, had they been ever so dutiful, able, and wealthy. The farms were too small for scientific cultivation; and if they had been consolidated, multitudes

must have been deprived of all support. The farms were not, it is true, laid out for cultivation at the landlord's cost, as in England; but if they had been, wherever competition for land existed, those improvements must have been paid for by a rent proportionately increased, as in England. Neither the proprietor nor tenant possessed the capital necessary for such improvements; but the poor man's capital was his labor, and the system which grew up in Ireland was the best at that time, not only for the landlord, but even more for the tenant, because he had thus his earnings at once as a farmer and as a laborer. Again, the laborer's pay was deplorably low; but the work given for it was proportionately low. That arrangement also grew naturally out of the circumstances of the country. If the rate of wages had been higher, the labor would then have been unproductive; and half the laborers must have been thrown out of employment, since even at a low rate of wages there was not work for the laborer for more than half the week. The low rate of wages simply distributed a small labor-fund among a large number of half-laborers. A philanthropist who doubled the rate of wages would only have increased the evil in the long run: for he would have drawn in upon a small neighborhood a double population with an artificial and therefore ephemeral support. Eventually the Irish population, wholly unemployed during a large portion of the year, was reckoned at two millions. A remedy for all this was indeed most necessary, but it did not rest with the individual proprietor, but with the state. It must have begun with a vast system of state-aided emigration to the colonies, where large aids both before and after their arrival should have been provided for the early settlers. The work would have been costly; but "these are heroic works and worthy kings." Ireland had early done what unaided energy could do in the way of emigration; but the effort was wholly insufficient, while also attended by needless suffering and a scant reward at best. Such state aid was a debt of honor on the part of the state; but the impulse thus given to the growth of her colonies, and the extension of her markets, would have eventually repaid that cost, a large proportion of which might have been justly charged upon the Irish property thus rendered capable of indefinite improvement. The land-laws in Ireland would have worked as they did in England when the pre-condition had been fulfilled, that is, a state of things substantially similar in the two countries. But this would have demanded assisted emigration, and such aid to industrial enterprises at home as the legislation of past times had rendered necessary.

The disproportion between the vast population and the slender means for their support continued to increase year by year; I remember hearing in my boyhood my father frequently lamenting the blindness of statesmen who paid no serious attention to it. His political predictions generally turned out true. "We sit in a boat the gunwale of which is nearly level with the water," he used to say. "How will it be when the waves rise?" The waves rose in the famine of 1847–50, and his words recurred to me. They would have been heard often and far if he had had a parliamentary career. Unluckily, he stumbled at its threshold. He stood as a candidate for his county at the election of, I think, 1820. At that time to represent a county was a great distinction, and one sometimes sought from lower motives. My father stood for his county because he wished to benefit his country. But he stood a week too late; and the clouds of letters sent daily to the post were often answered by regrets that the votes of the writers had not been asked until they had been promised to another. Elections then lasted for a fortnight in Ireland, and were times of fierce excitement, though politics had little to do with it; for as Mr. Manners Sutton, when Speaker of the House of Commons, said to an Irish member, "Your country has no politics." At that time tenants invariably voted with their landlords,—it was an immemorial right,—and the story went that one night when an unpopular landlord had locked up forty of his tenants in a barn close to the town where an election was held, a discussion arose among them as to the expediency, not of voting against him, but of hanging themselves from the rafters to spite him the next morning when he unlocked the door. My father was strongly in favor of Catholic Emancipation, and was popular among the poor. He was popular also among the country-gentlemen. Every day the excitement increased; every road and every street, as we drove about, resounded with party cries, and I remember seeing quite a little boy waving his cap round his head, and shouting, "Long live Sir Aubrey, and long die Colonel O'Grady!" —the rival candidate. I can also remember being frightened by hearing that if my father were beaten it would be by the votes of "dead men"—that meant, of deceased freeholders whose names remained accidentally on the registry lists, and who were personated by impostors. During the last few days of the election the race was a neck-and-neck one. At last it was decided after an odd fashion. A country-gentleman with whom my father had always been on the friendliest terms, and who had waited for the last day of the polling in order to impart a more emphatic character to his proceeding, rode into Limerick at the head of his numerous tenantry, and voted against him! Between the two there had never been a cool-

ness; but many years before he had had a quarrel with my father's uncle, the Earl of Limerick; he had vowed revenge, and the opportunity had come. My father was a man of great magnanimity, and never resented injuries. Somebody once said of him, "Others forgive injuries, but he entirely forgets them, and that very soon." His conduct to the friend who had thus deprived him of a political career illustrated the old saying, "It takes two to quarrel." The intercourse between the families continued as before. Our vindictive neighbor was a friendly man when not crossed, having high breeding and great abilities; though, being, like most Irish gentlemen, without ambition, he never turned them to account. I remember his walking up and down our library years afterward, with his hands locked together behind his back, his head bent low before him, and his long, white hair streaming back over his shoulders, and hearing him say: "It is a great thing to be able to look back on a long life, and record, as I can, that never once did any man injure me but sooner or later I had my revenge." What he thus recorded he certainly regarded as a merit. An evil tradition had generated a "false conscience." He was like an Indian chief who had never forsaken a friend, or complained of a pang, or left a scalp on the head of an enemy of his tribe.

That disastrous vindictiveness is often found in races whose sympathies are no less keen, but who have only half emerged from an early stage of civilization; and it may then be combined with the most sensitive heart, and the strongest spirit of self-sacrifice. It is the barbaric element surviving in a society in which the Christian element may also be strong in many hearts, but into which the conventional ingredient of civilization has not yet entered. In Ireland the faction-fights then so common witnessed to the intensity of a perverted fidelity. They were regarded as a just retribution avenging a wrong inflicted perhaps a century before. Neither the civil nor the ecclesiastical power could restrain them. I remember a good old priest describing one of these faction-fights to me. When the day appointed for the terrible periodic rite had arrived, the two factions met at the place usually set apart for it, and stood face to face with a considerable space between them. The priest rode along the line dismounted, knelt down, lifted his hands, and solemnly adjured both factions, in the name of God, to depart, and not imbrue their native land with the blood of brothers. They thanked him with great reverence, and then requested him, as he had acquitted himself of his duty, to take his departure. He mounted, and rode to the top of an adjoining hill, on which was stationed a considerable body of cavalry and several magistrates, one of whom, a venerable old man, beckoned him to his carriage-window, and said to him with great agitation, "Sir, this is a dreadful sight!" "I pitied him," said the priest to me, "and desired him not to take on in that way, since there was no help for it." Then the two factions raised a great shout, and met in the middle space; the next moment the cavalry charged down the hill, and rode right over both.

I remember a touching incident in connection with the faction-fights. While the agitation for repeal was going on, O'Connell, both on religious and political grounds, made a great attempt to put them down, for he was quite sincere in his frequent assertion that "he who commits a crime is the enemy of his country." With the aid of the Catholic clergy he induced the rival factions in many parts of Ireland to meet at their parish church, renounce their ancient enmities, and shake hands. A relative of mine then traveling through the country observed a great crowd around a village church. He got out of his carriage, and entered the church. It was a "reconciliation" meeting. Two old gray-haired men, leaders of two rival factions, advanced slowly, with several halts, from the opposite ends of the church to the middle; stood there silent, face to face, and at last shook hands. The next moment one of them dashed himself down on the stone pavement, and cried aloud, "O my son, my murdered son! I have clasped the hand that shed the last drop of thy blood!"

The earliest political event which I remember is the death of King George III. We children were all great loyalists; on this occasion we were put into mourning, and I believe that our grief on that occasion was very real, though not very lasting. Soon afterward we migrated to Mount Treachard, the residence of my maternal grandmother, on the banks of the Shannon. Many a day was spent sailing in a little open boat, with three masts, and four sails, now by the ivied cliff and fair wooded shores of Cahircon, now among the islands at the mouth of the Fergas, now beneath the heathy hills that overhang Foynes. I well recollect my father's characteristic remark on the far nobler view we should have had if only on one of those hills there had chanced to stand another castle like "Shanet," a ruined keep of the Desmonds, which crowned an eminence a few miles inland. He pointed also to Knock-Patrick, and told us how from its summit Ireland's great apostle had sent his benediction over all the lands to the south and west. Sometimes we made our way down the river, past Glin, Tarbert, and Kilrush, saw near its mouth the island of Scattery, the lonely hermitage of St. Lenanus, and the long line of Ballibunion's

cliffs, with their submarine palace of caves, the sound of which, after a storm, was heard, in one wind, thirty miles off. I have never since felt anything like that terrible sense of loneliness which penetrated my whole being the evening of our arrival, when I was left for an hour alone, and looked westward over "the spacious Shannon spreading like a sea," and diversified only by a few black-sailed turf-boats far apart.

The next year we went to England. We traveled in a very large old family-coach with our own four horses. It took us four days to reach Dublin, and twice as many more to reach London. On the second evening, at Maryborough, we were informed that we should have an interesting sight the next morning at breakfast, as a man was then to be hanged on a platform just opposite our windows. We started accordingly an hour earlier than had been intended. Steamboats were then in a very early stage of their existence, and seven hours were dolorously spent before we landed at Holyhead. The slow rate at which we traveled showed us, however, many fair sights which the traveler now misses. I remember vividly the interest with which we saw King George IV. drawn by six cream-colored horses in his state coach, with the Duke of York beside him, and the Duke of Wellington opposite, on the occasion of a dissolution of Parliament. I remember no less, as in duty bound, our French governess, who told me, then eight years old, that I should never forget her, because she had taught me to write. She had, I believe, but one fault, viz., that, though not pretty, her manners were so perfect, and she was at once so brilliant and so "spiritual," that at evening parties she attracted more attention than any other lady in the room. She was an ardent Bonapartist, and her sister had married a brother of the Emperor Napoleon. At one time there was on a visit to us a young French lady, an equally ardent Legitimist, and I used to hear people marvel at the skill with which in their passages of arms the two politicians united the extreme of politeness with sarcastic bitterness.

During our residence in London my father published his first drama, "Julian the Apostate," and also his second, "The Duke of Mercia," both of which were highly praised in the periodicals, though neither had a large circulation. No poet was then popular except Byron, who must have deprived the world of as much poetry as he ever produced. I remember asking my father whether Byron or Scott was the greater man, and his answering, "Scott — because he is as great, and he is a good man also."

We passed a delightful summer on Richmond Hill, in a house then adjoining the "Star and Garter." It was there, released from the streets, that I first felt the delight which comes to us from beautiful scenery, though Richmond lacked the nobler mountain range of Galtymore (Spenser's "Old Father Mole"), which raised the scenes amid which I had passed my earlier childhood to a higher order of beauty. We daily watched the sunsets from Richmond Terrace, with the Thames, reddened but glassy still, winding away among leagues of rich lowlands, "a haunt of ancient peace"; the hedgerows trees crowding so closely together that, at a distance, the rich pasture-lands and stately homes embosomed in them seemed destined to be reabsorbed into that primeval forest which still waged a peaceful war with that "sweet enemy," modern civilization. Still more charming to my imagination were the long avenues and solemn groves of Ham House, within whose inclosure the venerable mansion looked content to stand half-hidden and guarded by its grim iron gates. I did not associate it with the historical events which it records, but with a German fairy-tale about a witch whose delight was to entice young lovers into her forest, then change them into birds, and hang them up in the cages that lined the corridors of her palace prison. Every year I revisit those scenes, and wonder at the recollection that our parents, with whom we first enjoyed them, seemed then to us to be elderly persons. They had not reached one half the ordinary life of man, for they had married at eighteen and seventeen.

Next summer was passed by us in a place called Ruxley near the village of Esher. It had a small but lovely lawn, in the middle of which stood two venerable cedar-trees; beyond it was a wood, and on the other side a common on which we played cricket. In the neighborhood we visited many beautiful places, especially Hampton Court, with its palatial gardens and priceless cartoons; Bushey Park, with its vast horse-chestnut avenue; Clermont; Kingston; and Boxhill, with its box-trees, in some cases, nearly as large, if I remember aright, as birch-trees. Close to us was a high hill from which we used to fly our kites, instructed in that art by our tutor, William St. George Palissier, the descendant of a French family exiled by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was a very remarkable man, judging him by the impression he made on others as well as by my own recollections. He had a massive intellect, vigorously trained and richly stored; high principles, both moral and religious; a lofty sense of honor; perhaps too much self-confidence, which some would have called self-assertion, for he habitually spoke, though never discourteously, with the tone of a superior. He was a great classical scholar, and well acquainted with the best literature of modern countries,

especially the chief English poets and theologians. In person he was short and thick, with strong features, and a fine forehead, which I remember describing as "bursting with sense," for I had an enthusiastic admiration for him. That sentiment he was very far from reciprocating; for, so slow was I at my Latin for a boy of ten years, that he desired me to discard it altogether, inasmuch as I was an idiot. I asked him what, that being the case, I was to do; to which he replied that I might cultivate the moral faculties, since I had not the intellectual, and also make traceries of maps, laying them level upon glass. I asked next whether the moral faculties or the intellectual were the better; to which he replied that the moral were, seeing that good men took such with them to heaven, whereas the intellectual faculties underwent some strange revolution after death—an answer which entirely contented me. A few weeks afterward my father asked me some questions respecting my studies, and I replied that I had abandoned them all by my tutor's advice on account of being an idiot, and spent my time tracing maps on glass, and cultivating the moral qualities. With this state of things my father was far from being contented, and he told my tutor that the more stupid I was, the more trouble he should have taken with me. My Latin grammar was resumed, and when one day at our historical lesson I repeated to my tutor by heart the speech of Scipio Africanus to Hannibal before the battle of Zama, in place of giving merely the substance of it, he seemed surprised, and confided to me his opinion that possibly I might one day cease to be an idiot. Probably his earlier impression was not far astray, for when I began with arithmetic, several weeks elapsed before I could understand the process of "carrying" at the end of a line of figures in addition. He accompanied us when we returned to Curragh Chase, and there continued to read aloud to us the plays of Shakspere, as he had previously read them, to our intense delight, at Ruxley. He was a magnificent dramatic reader, and these Shaksperian readings were perhaps the most stimulating part of our education. In about a year more he left us and settled at Carnarvon, a grievous loss to us, as I have always believed. He was careful of our religious instruction after a certain "high and dry" fashion, and constantly inculcated on us rectitude, purpose, and energy, his praise of the last being expressed in the saying, "There are three letters of more value than all the rest in the alphabet, viz., N. R. G." We had many later tutors, but none like him. The best of these was Edward Johnstone, a most kindly, upright, and religious man, who afterward became a clergyman. He was an ardent admirer of Wordsworth, and the first to point out to me the extraordinary merits of his "Vernal Ode." One of our tutors I remember chiefly from his oddness. He used to ride with me, but never would leap a wall on a Sunday, because, as he remarked, "If I were killed while riding on a Sunday, my friends would not pity me."

Some four or five years after our return to Ireland passed away in a quiet routine of studies, wanderings in the woods, occupation in the garden, in which each of us had a little territory of his own, and pleasant readings aloud in the evening, our book being generally one that combined instruction with amusement, such as travels or biographies, seldom a novel, except when Walter Scott had brightened all the households in the land with another of his delightful romances. Sometimes a speech of Brougham's, Plunket's, or Canning's was read aloud; some of which had passages which strongly moved our youthful imaginations, such as Canning's celebrated boast in connection with his recognition of the independence of the South American republics—"I called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old." It would have been difficult not to have caught a portion of the enthusiasm with which Canning was at that time spoken of by his friends (while even his enemies often contented themselves with calling him "a splendid Evil"), and of their delight when, on the death of Lord Liverpool, King George IV. reluctantly made him prime minister. On the other hand, the fanatics of the day abhorred him, and all the more for having allied himself with the leading Whigs, and discarded Lord Eldon and the high Tories. Unhappily, he died too soon to carry Catholic Emancipation, which in that case would not have needed to be carried through intimidation, and by statesmen who on principle had always resisted it. When the "Clare Election" was won by O'Connell, my father expressed his certainty that Catholic Emancipation must follow inevitably. It proved so. Before another year had passed (that of 1829), the hills were covered with bonfires celebrating the passing of "The Bill." I was then fifteen, and I well remember climbing to the top of a high pillar on the summit of a hill opposite our house, though how the feat was achieved I cannot conceive, and standing upon it for many minutes, waving a lighted torch round my head in the gathering darkness. Alas! like the concession of "Grattan's Parliament" in 1782, it had been a concession to fear, not to principle; it included, in deference to unworthy prejudices, several provisions of a petty and offensive character; and for forty years it continued to be unaccompanied by that which, thirty years previously, Pitt had perceived to

be its necessary supplement, viz., religious equality. The ancient religious patrimony of Ireland continued to be the endowment of a small minority, and "Protestant Ascendancy" continued to maintain in Ireland a war of religion where otherwise the old war of races would soon have been forgotten.

WHEN Catholic Emancipation was conceded, half the political world thought that Ireland was to become a paradise, and the other half, that she was to become a pandemonium. They were both mistaken; for several years there was no very marked change. In it two antagonistic parties had long been accustomed to quarreling, and when there was nothing to quarrel about, life seemed a little dull, and each of them would have been in sympathy with Paley, who, when the Archbishop of York boasted to him in glowing terms that he and his wife, though married for fifty years, had never had a difference, replied, "Mighty flat, my lord, mighty flat!" Our home life pursued the even tenor of its way. We, the three elder brothers, worked at our classics in the morning, and in the afternoon took a long walk or a long ride, for each of us boasted a horse, though we seldom rode together; and in the evening there was often music, especially when Lord Monteagle was with us, for he and his sister, my mother, had been used to play duets from Mozart in their youth, he on the flute and she on the pianoforte, and they continued the habit in advanced life. At Christmas we used to visit at Adare Manor. It was a gay as well as a friendly and hospitable house; after dinner we had private theatricals, games of all sorts, dances, and, in the day, pleasant wanderings beside the beautiful Maique, which mirrored in waters that, even when swiftest, seldom lost their transparency as stately a row of elms, ninety feet high, as England herself can boast, and the venerable ruins of a castle which belonged to the Kildares, though islanded, as it were, in a territory almost all the rest of which belonged to the Desmond branch of the same Geraldine race. Adare, then as now a singularly pretty village, had for centuries been a walled town. It had seen many battles, and had been more than once burned down; but it was famous chiefly for the number of its monastic institutions, still represented by the ruins of a Franciscan convent, as well as by one of the Trinitarian, and one of the Augustinian order, the churches of which have been restored, and are now used, one for Catholic, and the other for Protestant worship. The Knights Templars once possessed a house at Adare; but its site cannot now be discovered.

Among our Christmas holidays at Adare there is one which I am not likely ever to forget. About eight miles from the village rises a hill eight hundred feet in elevation, with a singularly graceful outline, named "Knockfierna," or the "Hill of the Fairies," because in popular belief it abounded in the "Good People," then universally believed in by the Gaelic race in Ireland. We set off to climb it one day soon after breakfast — *we* meaning my two elder brothers and I, and the son of our host, Lord Adare, afterward well known as Earl of Dunraven, the author of two valuable works, "Memorials of Adare," and an excellent work on Irish antiquities. Two other members of the exploring party were our tutor, and a friend of Adare's several years older than he. It was hard walking, especially after the ascent of the hill began; we had to climb many walls and ditches, and to force our way through many a narrow lane. We had brought no luncheon with us, and before we reached the summit the winter sun had sunk considerably. We walked about the hilltop for some time admiring the view, a very fine one, though, like many Irish views, somewhat dreary, from the comparative absence of trees, the amount of moorland intersected by winding streams, and the number of ruins, many of them modern. All at once we discovered that we were faint with hunger, and so much fatigued that without refreshment we could hardly make our way home. Half-way down the hill stood a farm-house. The farmer was most courteous, but, alas! there was not a morsel of food in his house. What he had he gave, and that was cider, for which, like the Irish peasant of that day, he would take no payment. Each of us drank only one cider-glass of it, and we took our departure, cheered, but by no means invigorated. After we had walked for ten minutes one of us became so sleepy that he could hardly walk, and his nearest neighbor at once gave him an arm. A little later the same complaint was made by another of us, and the same friendly aid was forced upon him. But in a few minutes more not only were we unable to walk, but we were unable to stand, the only exceptions being the two among us who were no longer boys — our tutor and Adare's friend. Never shall I forget their astonishment first, and afterward their vexation. They were in some degree in charge of us, and the responsibility seemed to rest upon them. The Christmas evening was closing around us; there was no help near, and apparently no reason why our sleep should not last till sunrise. They argued, they expostulated, they pushed us, and they pulled us; but all would not do. I was the last to give way; and my last recollection is that my second brother had just succeeded in climbing to the top of a wooden gate, but could not lift his leg over it, and lay upon his face along it. Our tutor stamped

up and down the road indulging largely in his favorite ejaculation, "Gracious patience! gracious patience!" to which my brother replied with his last gleam of wakeful intelligence, "There is one very amiable trait about you, Mr. Johnstone: you are never tired of toasting your absent friends." The next moment he rolled over and slept beside us in the mud. The cider had affected our brains because our stomachs were empty. In about a quarter of an hour the trance was dissolved almost as suddenly as it fell on us: and we walked forward very mirthfully, reaching home just in time to hear the dressing-bell ring. Only one light shone through the mullioned windows of the manor-house; and I remember Adare's remark as we drew near: "Beside that light my little sister sits weeping. She is sure that I am dead." At dinner we told the story of our adventures, and it excited much laughter. Lord Dunraven "moralized the tale." "You see, young gentlemen, each of you undertook to support and guide his neighbor, though not one of you could take care of himself. That is the way of Ireland. You will help your neighbor best by taking care each of himself." His advice was like that of another old Irish gentleman, a relative of mine, whose "good night" to his grandchildren often ended with this counsel, "Take good care of yourself, child; and your friends will love you all the better."

Lord Dunraven was certainly one of the most sagacious and remarkable of those whom I associated with those old days. He had represented our county in the House of Commons in three successive parliaments, and was by some regarded as the best speaker among the Irish members, though so sensitive was his temperament that to address a board of magistrates or of poor-law guardians was to him a painful effort. It was in conversation, when he forgot that he had an audience, and was only thinking aloud, that his keenness of wit, discriminate selection of language, force, and felicity of illustration, made themselves most felt. He was much given to reflection on practical, not abstract, subjects, and held strong opinions on the ethics of life, which challenged attention all the more because it was never as the preacher or the moralist that he spoke, but as one recording what observation or experience had impressed upon a clear intelligence. I well remember his once saying, while a pale blue eye kindled with conviction: "Some people do wrong because they regard that as a proof of their cleverness. Their cleverness is the cleverness of an old Irish beggar-woman who has dreamed that she found a crock of gold in some particular spot under the wall of a neighboring ruin. She rushes to it, kneels down, and drags at the loose basement with her withered old hands till the stones higher up get loosened, and tumble on her head. Nothing that is wrong is ever a success except for the moment. The nature of things is against it. The man who undertakes the enterprise is contending against a law or a fate that is irresistible."

Aubrey de Vere.

A GENTLEMAN VAGABOND.

I FOUND the major standing in front of Delmonico's, interviewing a large, bare-headed personage, in brown cloth spotted with brass buttons. The major was in search of his very particular friend, Mr. John Hardy of Madison Square, and the personage in brown and brass was rather languidly indicating, by a limp and undecisive forefinger, a route through a section of the city which, correctly followed, would have landed the major in the East River.

I knew him by the peculiar slant of his slouch hat, the rosy glow of his face, and the way in which his trousers clung to the curves of his well-developed legs, and ended in a sprawl which half covered his shoes. I recognized, too, a carpet-bag, a ninety-nine-cent affair, an "occasion," with galvanized iron clasps and paper-leather sides — the kind opened with your thumb.

The major — or, to be more definite, Major Tom Slocomb of Pocomoke — was from one of the lower counties of the Chesapeake. He was supposed to own what remained of a vast colonial estate, situated on an island in the bay, consisting of several thousand acres of land and water, — mostly water, — a manor house, once painted white, and a number of outbuildings in various stages of dilapidation and decay.

In his early penniless life he had migrated from his more northern native State, settled in the county, and, shortly after his arrival, had married the relict of the late lamented Major John Talbot of Pocomoke, greatly to the sur-

prise and against the protest of many eminent Pocomokians, who boasted of the purity and antiquity of the Talbot blood, and who could not look on in silence, and see it degraded and diluted by an alliance with a "harf strainer or worse," or, as one possible Talbot heir put it, "a picayune, low-down corncracker, suh, without blood or breedin'."

So far as the ancestry of the Slocomb family was concerned, it was, I regret to say, a trifle indefinite. It really could not, with any degree of certainty, be traced back farther than the day of the major's arrival at Pocomoke, notwithstanding the major's several claims that his ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*, that his grandfather fought with General Washington, and that his own early life had been spent on the James River. These statements, to thoughtful Pocomokians, seemed so conflicting and improbable, that his neighbors and acquaintances ascribed them to that total disregard for salient facts which characterized the major's speech, or to the vagaries of that rich and vivid imagination which made his conquest of the widow so easy and complete.

Gradually, however, through the influence of his wife, and of his own unruffled good-humor and unselfishness, the antipathy wore off. As years sped on, no one, except the proudest and loftiest Pocomokian, would have cared to trace the Slocomb blood any farther back than the graft upon the Talbot tree. Neither did the major. In fact, the brief honeymoon of five years left so profound an impression upon his after life that, to use his own words, his birth and marriage had occurred at the identical moment — he had never lived until then.

There was no question in the minds of his neighbors but the major, in his endeavor to keep up to the traditions of his estimable wife's first husband, did maintain his new social position with more than ordinary liberality. Like all new vigorous grafts on an old stock, he not only blossomed out with extraordinary richness, but in the process converted the supporting family tree into a safe conduit for his own daily sap. In fact, it was universally admitted that could the constant drain of his hospitality and its contingent expenditures have been brought clearly to the attention of the original proprietor of the estate, its draft-power was generous enough to have raised that distinguished military gentleman out of his grave.

With the laudable desire of conciliating the rightful owners of the soil, the major had, indeed, not only espoused with all the ardor of the new settler their several articles of political faith,— loyalty to the State, belief in the justice and humanity of slavery, and the omnipotent rights of man — white, of course,— but he had, too, strange to say, fallen into the peculiar pronunciation of his Southern friends, dropping his final *g*'s, and slurring his *r*'s, thus acquiring that soft cadence of speech which makes their dialect so delicious.

As to his title of "Major," no one in or out of the county could tell where it originated. So far as the records of his county showed, he had belonged to no regularly organized company of militia, neither had he won his laurels on either side during the war; nor yet had the shifting politics of his State ever made it necessary for its chief magistrate to honor him with a staff appointment of like grade. When pressed, he would tell you confidentially that he had really inherited the title from his wife, whose first husband, as was well known, had earned and borne that military distinction; adding tenderly, that she had been so long accustomed to the honor that he thought it incumbent upon him to continue it; he had held on to it after her death simply out of respect to her memory. It was such delicate adaptability as this, such consideration as to details, coupled with so genuine an admiration for one of the best blood in the county,— Mrs. Talbot had been of excellent family, a Tolman of Kent County,— that helped to make a place for the major among his neighbors, and even to gain for him a certain kind of popularity among his adopted associates. "My dear friends," he would say, when, after her death, some new extravagance was commented upon, "I felt I owed it to the memory of that queen among women, suh — Major Talbot's widow."

But the major was still interviewing Delmonico's flunky, oblivious of everything but the purpose in view, when I touched his shoulder, and extended my hand.

"God bless me! Not you? Well, by gravy! Here, now, colonel, you can tell me where Jack Hardy lives. I 've been for half an hour walkin' round this garden lookin' for him. I lost the letter with the number in it, so I came over here to Delmonico's — Jack dines here often, I know, 'cause he told me so. I was at his quarters once myself, but 't was in the night. I am completely bamboozled. Left home yesterday — brought up a couple of thoroughbred dogs that the owner would n't trust with anybody but me, and then, too, I wanted to see Jack."

I am not a colonel of course, but promotions are easy with the major.

"Certainly; Jack lives right opposite. Give me your bag."

He refused, and rattled on, upbraiding me for not coming down to Crab Island last spring with the "boys" when the ducks were flying, punctuating his remarks here and there with his delight at seeing me looking so well, his joy at being near enough to Jack to shake the dear fellow by the hand, and the inexpressible

ecstasy of being once more in New York, the center of fashion and wealth, "with mo' comfo't to the square inch than any other spot on this terrestrial ball."

Crab Island, it is well to add, is the landed estate formerly belonging to the first, original, and genuine major, afterward to his wife, and then through moral suasion, a high sense of wifely duty, and a cast-iron will and testament, — the first exercised by the major, the second possessed by the wife, despite the Pocomokians, and the third compiled by her lawyer,— finally becoming the property of the major himself. In late years, however, I regret to say that either the major's habits, his generosity, or his desire to keep up the establishment purely out of respect to her memory, had compelled him to part with certain proprietary interests in the estate to the mortgage department of a grasping insurance company, in the proportion of a proverbial picnic oyster stew — one part oyster and nine parts hot water. I regret also to be obliged to state that the major's interest did not lie in the oyster, but that it did in the hot water — boiling hot when the interest fell due.

The "boys" referred to were members of a certain "Ducking Club" situated within rifle-shot of the major's house on the island, of which Hardy was president. They all delighted in the major's society, really loving him for many qualities known only to his intimates.

Hardy, I knew, was not at home. This, however, never prevented his colored servant, Jefferson, from being always ready at a moment's notice to welcome the unexpected friend. In another instant I had rung Hardy's bell,— third on right,— and Jefferson, in faultless evening attire, was carrying the major's "occasion" to the suite of apartments on the third floor front.

Jefferson needs a word of comment. Although born and bred a slave, he is the product of a newer and higher civilization. There is, to be exact, hardly a trace of the old South left in him — hardly a mark of the pit of slavery from which he was digged. His speech is as faultless as his dress, even if, like it, a trifle ornate. He is clean, close-shaven, immaculate, well-groomed, silent — reminding me always of a mahogany-colored Greek professor, even to his eye-glasses. He keeps his rooms in admirable order, and his household accounts with absolute accuracy; never spilled a drop of claret, mixed a warm cocktail, or served a cold plate in his life; is devoted to Hardy, and so punctiliously polite to his master's friends and guests that it is a pleasure to have him serve you.

Strange to say, this punctilious politeness does not extend to the major, and since the occurrence of an incident connected with this very bag to be related shortly, it has ceased altogether. Whether it is that Jefferson has always seen through the peculiar varnish that makes bright the major's veneer, or whether in an unguarded moment, on a previous visit, the major gave way to some such outburst as he would have inflicted upon the domestics of his own establishment, forgetting for the time the superior position to which Jefferson's breeding and education entitled him, I cannot say, but certain it is that while to all outward appearances Jefferson served the major with every indication of attention and humility, I could see under it all a quiet reserve which marked the line of unqualified disapproval. This was evident even in the way he carried the major's bag — holding it out by the straps, not as became the handling of a receptacle containing a gentleman's wardrobe, but by the neck, so to speak — as a dog to be dropped in the gutter.

He unpacked this bag, of course, and with the same perfunctory care that he would have bestowed on the contents of a Bond street Gladstone, smothering his contempt for its contents, and indulging in a prolonged chuckle when he found no trace of a most important part of a gentleman's wardrobe. It was, therefore, with a certain grim humor that, when he showed the major to his room that night, he led gradually up to a question which the unpacking a few hours before had rendered inevitable.

"Mr. Hardy's orders are that I should inform every gentleman when he retires that there 's plenty of whisky and cigars on the sideboard, and that — " here Jefferson glanced at the bag — "and that if any gentleman came unprepared there was a pair of pajams in the closet."

"Pajams! I never wore a pair of 'em in my life, Jefferson; but you can put the whisky and the cigars on the chair by my bed, in case I wake in the night."

When Jefferson, in answer to my inquiries as to how the major had passed the night, related this incident to me the following morning, I could still detect, under all his deference and respect toward his master's guest, a certain manner and air plainly implying that, so far as the major and himself were concerned, every other but the most diplomatic of relations had been suspended.

The major, by the time I arrived the next day, was in full possession of my friend's home. The only change in his dress was in the appearance of his shoes, polished by Jefferson to a point verging on patent leather, and the adoption of a black alpaca coat, which, although it wrinkled at the seams with a certain home-made air, still fitted his fat shoulders very well. To this were added a fresh shirt and collar, a white tie, nankeen vest, and the same tight-fitting, splay-footed trousers, enriched by a crease of Jefferson's own making.

As he lay sprawled out on Hardy's divan, with his round, rosy, clean-shaven face, good-humored mouth, and white teeth, the whole enlivened by a pair of twinkling eyes, you forgot for the moment that he was not really the sole owner of the establishment. Further intercourse thoroughly convinced you of a similar lapse of memory on the part of the major.

"My dear colonel, let me welcome you to my New York home!" he exclaimed, without rising from the divan. "Draw up a chair; have a mouthful of mocha? Jefferson makes it delicious. Or shall I call him to broil another po'ter-house steak? No? Then let me ring for some cigars," and he touched the bell.

To lie on a divan, reach out one arm, and, with the expenditure of less energy than would open a match-box, to press a button summoning an attendant with all the unlimited comforts of life — juleps, cigars, coffee, cocktails, morning papers, fans, matches out of arm's reach, everything that soul could covet and heart long for; to see all these several commodities and luxuries develop, take shape, and materialize while he lay flat on his back — this to the major was civilization.

"But, colonel, befo' you sit down, fling yo' eye over that garden in the square. Nature in her springtime, suh!"

I agreed with the major, and was about to take in the view over the tree-tops, when he tucked another cushion under his head, elongated his left leg until it reached the window-sill, thus completely monopolizing the window, and continued without drawing a breath:

"And I am so comfo'table here. I had a po'ter-house steak this mornin' — you 're sure you won't have one?" I shook my head. "A po'ter-house steak, suh, that 'll haunt my memory for days. We, of co'se, have at home every variety of fish, plenty of soft-shell crabs, and 'casionally a canvasback, when Hardy or some of my friends are lucky enough to hit one, but no meat that is wo'th the cookin'. By the by, I 've come to take Jack home with me; the early strawberries are in their prime, now. You will join us, of course?"

Before I could reply, Jefferson entered the room, laid a tray of cigars and cigarettes with a small silver alcohol lamp at my elbow, and, with a certain inquiring and, I thought, slightly surprised glance at the major's sprawling attitude, noiselessly withdrew. The major must have caught the expression on Jefferson's face, for he dropped his telescope leg, and straightened up his back, with the sudden awkward movement of a similarly placed lounger surprised by a lady in a hotel parlor. The incident, too, seemed to knock the enthusiasm out of him, for after a moment he exclaimed in rather a subdued tone:

"Rather remarkable nigger, this servant of Jack's. I s'pose it is the influence of yo' New York ways, but I am not accustomed to his kind."

I began to defend Jefferson, but he raised both hands in protest:

"Yes, I know — education and thirty dollars a month. All very fine, but give me the old house-servants of the South — the old Anthonys, and Keziahs, and Rachels. They never went about rigged up like a stick of black sealing-wax in a suit of black co't-plaster. They were easy-goin' and comfortable. Yo' interest was their interest; they bore yo' name, looked after yo' children, and could look after yo' house, too. Now see this nigger of Jack's; he 's better dressed than I am, tips round as solemn on his toes as a marsh-crane, and yet I 'll bet a dollar he 's as slick and cold-hearted as a high-water clam. That 's what education has done for *him*. What comfort could anybody have with half a dozen such tombstones standin' behind his chair, and watchin' every mouthful that went down his throat?

"You never knew Anthony, my old butler? Well, I want to tell you, he *was* a servant, he was. During Mrs. Slocomb's life" — here the major assumed a reminiscent air, pinching his fat chin with his thumb and forefinger — "we had, of co'se, a lot of niggers; but this man Anthony! By gravy! when he filled yo' glass with some of the old Madeira that had rusted away in my cellar for half a century," — here the major slipped his thumb into the arm-hole of his vest, — "it tasted like the nectar of the gods, just from the way Anthony poured it out.

"But you ought to have seen him move round the table when dinner was over! He 'd draw himself up like a drum-major, and throw back the mahogany doors for the ladies to retire, with an air that was captivatin'." The major was now on his feet — his reminiscent mood was one of his best. "That 's been a good many years ago, colonel, but I can see him now just as plain as if he stood before me, with his white cotton gloves, white vest, and green coat with brass buttons, standin' behind Mrs. Slocomb's chair. I can see the old sidebo'd, suh, covered with George III. silver, heirlooms of a century" — here the major passed his hand across his eyes with a trance-like movement; "I can see the great Italian marble mantels suppo'ted on lions' heads, the inlaid floor and wainscotin'" — here the major sank upon the divan again, shutting both eyes reverently, as if these memories of the past were a sort of religion with him.

"And the way those niggers loved us! Sit down here, and let me tell you." I obeyed cheerfully. One of the major's most delightful accomplishments was his complete mastery of

the art of story-telling. "I once received," continued the major, "a telegram from a very intimate friend of mine, a distinguished Baltimorean,—the Nestor of the Maryland bar, suh,—informin' me that he was on his way South, and that he would make my house his home on the followin' night." The major's eyes were still shut. He had passed out of his reverential mood, but the effort to be absolutely exact demanded concentration.

"I immediately called up Anthony, and told him that Judge Spofford of the Supreme Co't of Maryland would arrive the next day, and that I wanted the best dinner that could be served in the county, and the best bottle of wine in my cellar." The facts having been correctly stated, the major assumed his normal facial expression.

"What I 'm tellin' you occurred after the war, remember, when putty near everybody down our way was busted. Most of our niggers had run away — all 'cept our old house-servants, who never forgot our family pride and our noble struggle to keep up appearances. Well, suh, when Spofford arrived Anthony carried his bag to his room, and when dinner was announced, if it *was* my own table, I must say that it cert'ly did fa'rly groan with the delicacies of the season. After the crabs had been taken off,— we were alone, Mrs. Slocomb havin' gone to Baltimo',—I said to the judge: 'Yo' Honor, I am now about to delight yo' palate with the very best bottle of old Madeira that ever passed yo' lips. A wine that will warm yo' heart, and unbutton the top button of yo' vest. It is part of a special importation presented to Mrs. Slocomb's father by the captain of one of his ships — Anthony, go down into the wine-cellar, the inner cellar, Anthony, and bring me a bottle of that old Madeira of '37 — stop, Anthony; make it '39. I think, judge, it is a little dryer.' Well, Anthony bowed, and left the room, and in a few moments he came back, set a lighted candle on the mantel, and, leanin' over my chair, said in a loud whisper: 'De cellar am locked, suh, and I 'm 'feard Mis' Slocomb dun tuk de key.'

"'Well, s'pose she has,' I said; 'put yo' knee against it, and fo'ce the do'.'

"Here the judge called out, 'Why, major, I could n't think of—'

"'Now yo' Honor,' said I, 'please don't say a word. This is my affair. The lock is not of the slightest consequence. I 'm d—d if you sha'n't taste that wine, if I have to blow out the cellar walls.'

"Now I want to tell you, colonel, that at that time I had n't had a bottle of any kind of wine in my cellar for five years." Here the major shut one eye, laid his forefinger against his nose, and gave vent to a smothered chuckle that fully explained his own sense of the joke.

"I did n't, of co'se, want to tell the judge so. I knew it would only distress him to know how badly pressed we were, and then, you see, he had sort of come upon me unawares—" this seriously, as if, after all, I now had the true reason. "In a few minutes back comes Anthony, solemn as an owl. 'Major,' said he, 'I done did all I c'u'd, an' dere ain't no way 'cept breakin' down de do'. Las' time I done dat, Mis' Slocomb neber forgib me fer a week.'

"The judge jumped up. 'Major, I won't have you breakin' yo' locks and annoyin' Mrs. Slocomb, and I ought not to drink yo' high-flavored Madeira, neither; my doctor told me only last week I must stop that kind of thing. If yo' servant will go up-stairs and get a bottle of whisky out of my bag, it 's just what I ought to drink.'

"'Of co'se, yo' Honor,' I said, 'when you put it on a matter of yo' health I am helpless; that paralyzes my hospitality; I have not a word to say. Anthony, go up-stairs and get the bottle.' And we drank the judge's whisky! Now see the devotion and loyalty of that old negro servant! Do you think this marsh-crane of Jack's—"

Here the subject of his criticism opened the door, ushering in half a dozen gentlemen, and among them the rightful host, just returned after a week's absence — cutting off the major's outburst, and producing another equally explosive:

"Why, Jack!"

Before the two men grasp hands I must, in all justice to the major, say that he not only had a sincere admiration for Jack's surroundings, but also for Jack himself, and that while he had not the slightest compunction in sharing or, for that matter, monopolizing his hospitality, he would have been equally generous in return had it been possible for him to revive the old days, and to afford a menage equally lavish.

It is needless for me to make a like statement for Jack. One half the major's age, trained to practical business life from boyhood, frank, spontaneous, every inch a man, kindly natured, a deep student, for one so young, of men as well as of books, it was not to be wondered at that not only the major but that every one else who knew him loved him. The major really interested him enormously. He represented a type which was new to him, and which it delighted him to study. The major's heartiness, his magnificent disregard for *meum* and *tuum*, his unique and picturesque mendacity, his grandiloquent manners at times, studied, as he knew, from some example of the old régime, whom he either consciously or unconsciously imitated, his peculiar devotion to the memory of his late wife — all appealed

to Jack's sense of humor, and to his enjoyment of anything out of the common. Under all this he saw, too, away down in the major's heart, beneath these several layers, a substratum of true kindness and tenderness.

This kindness, I know, pleased Jack best of all.

So when the major sprang up in delight, calling out, "Why, Jack!" it was with very genuine, although quite opposite individual, sympathies, that the two men shook hands. It was beautiful, too, to see the major welcome Jack to his own apartments, dragging up the most comfortable chair in the room, forcing him into it, and tucking a cushion under his head, or ringing up Jefferson every few moments for some new luxury. These he would catch away from that perfectly trained servant's tray, serving them himself, rattling on all the time as to how sorry he was that he did not know the exact hour at which Jack would arrive, that he might have had breakfast on the table — had it been hot on the road? — how well he was looking, etc.

It was specially interesting, besides, after the proper introductions had been made, to note the way in which Jack's friends, inoculated with the contagion of the major's mood, and carried away by his breezy, buoyant enthusiasm, encouraged the major to flow on, interjecting little asides about his horses and farm stock, agreeing to a man that the two-year old colt — a pure creation on the moment of the major — would certainly beat the record and make the major's fortune, and inquiring with great solicitude whether the major felt quite sure that the addition to the stables which he contemplated would be large enough to accommodate his stud, with other similar inquiries which, while indefinite and tentative, were, so to speak, but flies thrown out on the stream of talk — the major rising continuously, seizing the bait, and rushing headlong over sunken rocks and through tangled vines of the improbable in a way that would have done credit to a Munchausen of older date. As for Jack, he let him run on. One plank in the platform of his hospitality was to give every guest a free rein.

Before the men separated for the day, the major had invited each individual person to make Crab Island his home for the balance of his life, regretting that no woman now graced his table since Mrs. Slocomb's death,— "Major Talbot's widow — Major John Talbot of Pocomoke, suh,"— placing his stables, his cellar, and his servants at their disposal, and arranging for everybody to meet everybody else the following day in Baltimore, the major starting that night, and Jack and his friends the next day. The whole party would then take passage on board one of the Chesapeake Bay boats, arriving off Crab Island at daylight the succeeding morning.

This was said with a spring and joyousness of manner, and a certain quickness of movement, that would surprise those unfamiliar with some of the peculiarities of Widow Talbot's second husband. For with that true spirit of vagabondage which saturated him, next to the exquisite luxury of lying sprawled on a lounge with a noiseless servant attached to the other end of an electric wire, nothing delighted the major so much as an outing, and no member of any such junketing party, be it said, was more popular every hour of the journey. He could be host, servant, cook, chambermaid, errand-boy, and *grand seigneur* again in the same hour, adapting himself to every emergency that arose. His good humor was perennial, unceasing, one constant flow, and never checked. He took care of the dogs, unpacked the bags, laid out everybody's linen, saw that the sheets were dry, received all callers so that the boys might sleep in the afternoon, did all the disagreeable and uncomfortable things himself, and let everybody else have all the fun. He did all this unconsciously, graciously, and simply because he could not help it. When the outing ended, you parted from him with all the regret that you would from some chum of your college days. As for him, he never wanted it to end. There was no office, nor law case, nor sick patient, nor ugly partner, nor complication of any kind, commercial, social, or professional, which could affect the major. For him life was one prolonged drift: so long as the last man remained he could stay. When he left, if there was enough in the larder to last over night, the major always made another day of it.

II.

THE major was standing on the wharf in Baltimore, nervously consulting his watch, when Jack and I stepped from a cab next day.

"Well, by gravy! is this all? Where are the others?"

"They 'll be down in the morning, major," said Jack. "Where shall we send this baggage?"

"Here, just give it to me! Po'ter, *po'ter!*" in a stentorian voice — "Take these bags and guns, and put 'em on the upper deck alongside of my luggage. Now, gentlemen, just a sip of somethin' befo' they haul the gang-plank — we 've six minutes yet."

The bar was opposite the landing. On the way over, the major confided to Jack full information regarding the state-rooms, remarking that he had selected the "fo' best on the upper deck," and that he would have paid

for them himself only a friend had disappointed him. It was evident that the major had determined that the hospitality of his State should begin near the border-line, even if Jack paid the bills.

It was evident, too, that the barkeeper knew his peculiarities, for a tall, black bottle with a movable cork — a porcelain marble confined in a miniature bird-cage — was passed to the major before he had opened his mouth. When he did open it there was no audible protest as regards the selection by the barkeeper; and when he closed it again it was over a considerable portion of its liquid contents — the flow line having fallen some three fingers. It is, however, fair to the major to say that only one third of this amount was tucked away under his own waistcoat.

The trip down the bay was particularly enjoyable, brightened outside on the water by the most brilliant of sunsets, the afternoon sky a glory of purple and gold, and made gay and delightful inside the after-cabin by the charm of the major's talk — the whole passenger-list listening as he skipped from politics and the fine arts to literature, tarrying a moment in his flight to discuss a yellow-backed book that had just been published, and coming to a full stop with the remark:

"And you have n't read that book, Jack — that scurrilous attack on the industries of the South? My dear fellow! I'm astounded that a man of yo' gifts should not — here — just do me the favor to look through my baggage on the upper deck, and bring me a couple of books lyin' on top of my dressin'-case."

"Which trunk, major?" asked Jack, a slight smile playing around his mouth.

"Why, my sole-leather trunk, of co'se; or perhaps that English hat-box — no, stop, Jack, come to think, it is in the small valise. Here, take my keys," said the major, straightening his back, squeezing his fat hand into the pocket of his skin-tight trousers, and fishing up with his forefinger a small bunch of keys. "Right on top, Jack, you can't miss it."

"Is n't he just too lovely for anything?" said Jack to me, when we reached the upper deck — I had followed him out. "He 's wearing now the only decent suit of clothes he owns, and the rest of his wardrobe you could stuff into a band-box. English sole-leather trunk! Here, put your thumb on that catch," and he threw out the major's bag — the one, of course, that Jefferson unpacked, with the galvanized-iron clasps and paper-leather sides.

It seemed more rotund, and heavier, and more important looking than when I handled it that afternoon in front of Delmonico's, with rather a well-fed, even a bloated, appearance. The clasps, too, seemed to have all they could do to keep its mouth shut, while the hinges bulged in an ominous way.

I started one clasp, the other gave way with a burst, and the next instant, to my horror, the major's wardrobe littered the deck. First the books, then a package of tobacco, then the one shirt, porcelain-finished collars, and the other necessaries, including a pair of slippers and a comb. Next, three bundles loosely wrapped, one containing two wax dolls, the others some small toys, and a cheap Noah's ark, and last of all, wrapped up in coarse, yellow butcher's paper, stained and moist, a freshly cut porter-house steak.

Jack roared with laughter, as he replaced the contents. "Yes; toys for the little children — he never goes back without something for them if it takes his last dollar; tobacco for his old cook, Rachel; not a thing for himself, you see — and this steak! Who do you suppose he bought that for?"

"Did you find it?" called out the major, as we reëntered the cabin.

"Yes; but it was n't in the English trunk," said Jack, handing back the keys.

"Of co'se not; did n't I tell you it was in the small bag? Now, gentlemen, listen!" turning the leaves. "Here is a man who has the impertinence to say that our industries are paralyzed. It is not our industries; it is our people. Robbed of their patrimony, their fields laid waste, their estates confiscated by a system of foreclosure lackin' every vestige of decency and co'tesy, — Shylocks wantin' their pound of flesh on the very hour and day, — why should n't they be paralyzed?" He laughed heartily. "You know Colonel Dorsey Kent, Jack, don't you?"

Jack did not, but the owners of several names on the passenger-list did, nodding their heads, and hitching their camp-stools closer.

"Well, Kent was the only man I ever knew who ever held out against the damnable oligarchy."

Here an old fellow in a butternut suit, with a half-moon of white whiskers tied under his chin, leaned forward in rapt attention.

The major braced himself, and continued: "Kent, gentlemen, as many of you know, lived with his maiden sister over on Tinker Neck, on the same piece of ground where he was bo'n. She had a life interest in the house and property, and it was so nominated in the bond. Well, when it got down to hog and hominy, and very little of that, she told Kent she was goin' to let the place to a strawberry-planter from Philadelphia, and go to Baltimo' to teach school. She was sorry to break up the home, but there was nothin' else to do. Well, it hurt Kent, for he was a very tender-hearted man.

"'You don't say so, Jane,' said he, 'and you

raised here! Is n't that very sudden?' She told him it was, and asked him what he was going to do?

"'Me, Jane? I sha'n't do anythin'. I shall stay here. If your money affairs are so badly mixed up that you 're obliged to leave yo' home, I am very deeply grieved, but I am powerless to help. I am not responsible for the way this war ended. I was born here, and here I am going to stay.' And he did. She rented him with the house — he to have three meals a day, and a room over the kitchen.

"For two years after that Kent was so disgusted with life, and the turn of events, that he used to lie out on a rawhide, under a big sycamore-tree in front of the po'ch, and get a farm nigger to pull him round into the shade by the tail of the hide, till the grass was wore as bare as yo' hand. Then he got a bias-cut rockin'-chair, and rocked himself round.

"The strawberry man said, of co'se, that he was too lazy to live. But I look deeper than that. To me, gentlemen, it was a crushin', silent protest against the money power of our times. And it never broke his spirit, neither. Why, when the census man came down the year befo' his death, he found the colonel sittin' in his rockin'-chair bare-headed. Without havin' the decency to take off his own hat, or even ask Kent's permission, the census man began askin' questions — all kinds, as those fellows do. Colonel Kent let him ramble on for a while, then he brought him up standin' —

"'Who did you say you were, suh?'

"'The United States census-taker.'

"'Ah, a message from the enemy. Take a seat on the grass.'

"'It 's only a matter of form,' said the man.

"'So I presume, and very bad form, suh,' looking at the hat still on the man's head. 'But go on.'

"'Well, what 's yo' business?' asked the agent.

"'My business, suh?' said the colonel, risin' from his chair, mad clear through — 'I 've no business, suh. I am a prisoner of war waitin' to be exchanged!' and he stomped into the house."

Here the major burst into a laugh, straightened himself up to his full height, squeezed the keys back into his pocket, and said he must take a look into the state-rooms on the deck to see if they were all ready for his friends for the night.

Some hours later, when I turned in for the night, he was still talking, his hearty laugh ringing out every few moments. Only the white-whiskered man was left. The other camp-stools were empty.

III.

At early dawn the steamboat slowed down; a scow, manned by two barefooted negroes with sweep oars, rounded to, and in a few moments the major, two guns, two valises, Jack, and I were safely landed on its wet bottom, the major's bag with its precious contents stowed between his knees.

A mile or more away lay Crab Island, the landed estate of our host — a delicate, green thread on the horizon line, broken by two knots, one evidently a large house with chimneys, and the other a clump of trees. The larger knot proved to be the manor house that sheltered the belongings of the major, with the wine-cellars of marvelous vintage, the table that groaned, the folding mahogany doors that swung back for bevies of beauties, and perhaps, for all I knew, the gray-haired, ebony butler in the green coat. The smaller knot, Jack said, screened from public view the little club-house belonging to his friends and himself.

With the first gleam of the rising sun there came into view on the near end of the island the rickety outline of a palsied old dock, clutching with one arm a group of piles anchored in the marsh grass, and extending the other as if in welcome to the slow-moving scow. We accepted the invitation, threw a line over a thumb of a pile, and in five minutes were seated in a country stage. Ten more, and we backed up to an old-fashioned colonial porch, with sloping roof and dormer windows supported by high white columns. Leaning over the broken railing of the porch was a half-grown negro boy, hatless and bare-footed; inside the door, looking furtively out, half concealing her face with her apron, stood an old negro woman, her head bound with a bandana kerchief, while peeping from behind an outbuilding was a group of children in sunbonnets and straw hats — "the farmer's boys and girls," the major said, waving his hand, as we drove up, his eyes brightening. Then there was the usual collection of farm-yard fowl, beside two great hounds, who visited each one of us in turn, their noses rubbing our knees.

If the major, now that he was on his native heath, and in full sight of his surroundings, realized in his own mind any difference between the Eldorado which his eloquence had conjured up in my own mind, and the hard, cold facts before me, he gave no outward sign. To all appearances, judging from his perfect ease and good temper, the paint-scaled pillars were the finest of Carrara marble, the bare floors were carpeted with the softest fabrics of Turkish looms, and the big, sparsely furnished rooms were so many salons, where princes trod in pride and fair ladies stepped a measure.

The only remark he made was in answer to a look of surprise on my face when I peered curiously into the bare hall, and made a cursory mental inventory of its contents.

"Yes, colonel; you will find, I regret to say, some slight changes since the old days. Then, too, my home is in slight confusion owin' to the spring cleanin', and a good many things have been put away."

I looked to Jack for explanation, but if that thoroughbred knew where the major had permanently put the last batch of his furniture, or whether it had been "put" at all, he too gave no outward sign.

As for the servants, were there not old Rachel and Sam, chef and valet? What more could one want? The major's voice, too, had lost none of its persuasive powers.

"Here, Sam, you black imp, carry yo' Marster Jack's gun and things to my room, and, Rachel, take the colonel's bag to the sea room, next to the dinin'-hall. Breakfast in an hour, gentlemen, as Mrs. Slocomb used to say."

I found only a bed covered with a quilt, an old table with small drawers, a wash-stand, two chairs, and a desk on three legs. The walls were bare except for a fly-stained map yellow with age. As I passed through the sitting-room, Rachel preceding me with my traps, I caught a glimpse of traces of better times. There was a plain wooden mantelpiece, a wide fireplace with big brass andirons, a sideboard with and without brass handles and a limited number of claw feet,— which, if brought under the spell of the scraper and varnish-pot might once more regain its lost estate,— a corner-cupboard built into the wall, half full of fragments of old china, and, to do justice to the major's former statement, there was also a pair of dull old mahogany doors with glass knobs separating the room from some undiscovered unknown territory of bareness and emptiness beyond. Anthony might have thrown these open for the bevies of beauties so picturesquely described by the major, but where were the Chippendale furniture, the George III. silver, the Italian marble mantels with carved lions' heads, the marquetry floors and cabinets?

I determined to end my mental suspense. The old woman was opening the windows, letting in the fresh breath of a honeysuckle, and framing a view of the sea beyond.

"How long have you lived here, aunty?"

"'Most fo'ty years, sah. Long 'fo' Massa John Talbot died."

"Where 's old Anthony?" I said.

"What Anthony? De fust major's body-servant?"

"Yes."

"Go 'long, honey. He 's daid dese twenty years. Daid two years 'fo' Massa Slocomb married Mis' Talbot."

Was it, then, another of the major's tributes — this whole story of Anthony and the Madeira of '39? How he must have loved this dear relict of his military predecessor!

An hour later the major strolled into the sitting-room, his arm through Jack's.

"Grand old place, is it not?" he said, turning to me. "Full of historic interest. Of co'se the damnable oligarchy has stripped us, but—"

Here Aunt Rachel flopped in — her slippers, I mean; the sound was distinctly audible.

"Bre'kfus', major."

"All right, Rachel. Come, gentlemen!"

When we were all seated, the major leaned back in his chair, toyed with his knife a moment, and said with an air of great deliberation:

"Gentlemen, when I was in New York, I discovered that the fashionable dish of the day was a po'ter-house steak. So when I knew you were coming, I wired my agent in Baltimo' to go to Lexington market, and to send me down on ice the best steak he could buy fo' money. It is now befo' you. Jack, shall I cut you a piece of the tenderloin?"

F. Hopkinson Smith.

SORROW.

THE youthful heart in its first sorrow cries:
"None suffer as I suffer! None can know
Such misery and live!" and grief's surprise
Enhances thus its woe.

The heart grown old, whom Sorrow leads aside
From paths of happiness to know her face,
Submissive breathes: "Yes; men have lived and died
By myriads in this place!"
And feels, with added pang, that grief as keen
Is, and has been.

Lilla Cabot Perry.

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

A FORTNIGHT AT BAR HARBOR.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Paul Patoff," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

VIII.

"IT was in this way," said Fanny. "Mr. Brinsley brought a letter of introduction from cousin Frank. You know who Frank is, don't you? He 's the brother of the three Miss Miners."

"Of course," nodded Lawrence; "everybody knows Frank Miner."

"And he knows everybody. But he did n't say much in his note, and Cordelia has written to him since, because she wants to know all about Mr. Brinsley; and it appears that Frank has only met him once or twice at a club, and does n't know anything about him. However, it does n't matter. The main point is that he called the day after we got here, and in twenty-four hours we were all in love with him."

"Please don't include yourself," said Lawrence, his delicate face betraying that he winced.

"I will include myself, because it 's true," answered Fanny, very much in earnest. "I should not put it just in that way about myself, perhaps — but I took a fancy to him, and I took him to drive, and I found that he could drive quite as well as I, and we went out riding with a party, and he rides like an angel — he really does — it 's divine. And then I tried him in the boat, and he was good at that. So I began to like him very much."

"They 're all excellent reasons for liking a man," observed Lawrence, with a little contempt.

"Don't scoff at things you can't do yourself," said Fanny, severely. "It 's not in good taste. Besides, I don't care. All women admire men who are stronger and quicker and better with their hands than other men. One always thinks they must be braver, too."

"Yes, that 's true," assented Lawrence, seeking to retrieve himself by meekness.

"And they generally are. It takes courage to ride well, and it needs nerve to handle a boat in a squall. I don't mean to say that you can't be brave if you don't know how to do those things. That would be nonsense. You, for instance — you could learn. Only nobody has ever taught you anything, and you 're getting old."

Lawrence laughed outright, and forgot his ill-humor in a moment.

"Oh, I don't mean really old," said Fanny, immediately. "I only mean that one ought to learn when one is a child, as I did. Then it 's no trouble, you see, and one never forgets. Now, Mr. Brinsley began young —"

"Yes," interrupted the young man; "I should say so. I 'm sorry I did n't."

"So am I. It would have been so nice to do things —"

She stopped abruptly, and pulled up a blade of rank grass, which she proceeded to twist thoughtfully round her finger.

"I should n't like you to think I was a flirt," she said, suddenly turning her gray eyes upon him.

He met her glance curiously, being considerably surprised by her remark.

"Because I sometimes think I am, myself," she added, still looking at him. "Do you think so?" she asked earnestly. "What is a flirt, anyway?"

"A woman who draws a man on for the pleasure of breaking his heart, I suppose," answered Lawrence, keeping his eyes fixed intently on hers.

"Then I 'm only half a flirt," said Fanny, "because I only draw a man on, without meaning to break anybody's heart."

"Don't," said Lawrence. "It hurts, you know."

"I wonder —" the young girl laughed a little, and turned away from his eyes.

"What?"

"Whether it really hurts." She bit the end of the grass blade, and slowly tore it with her teeth, looking dreamily across the brook.

"Don't try it, at all events."

"Mr. Brinsley does n't seem to mind."

"Brinsley is n't a human being," said Lawrence, savagely.

"What is he, then?"

"A fraud — of some sort. I don't care. I hate him!"

"You 're hard on Mr. Brinsley," observed Fanny, slowly, and watching her companion sideways.

"Considering what you 've been saying about him —"

"I said nothing about him except that I began by liking him awfully."

"Well—you left the rest to my imagination. I did as well as I could. If you did n't hate yourself, you 'd hardly have been telling me all this, would you?"

"Oh—I don't know. I might be going to ask your advice about—about him."

"Take him out in your boat and drown him," suggested Lawrence. "That 's my advice about him."

"What has he done to you, Mr. Lawrence?" inquired Fanny, gravely. "Why do you hate him so?"

"Why? It 's plain enough, it seems to me—plain as a—what do you call the thing?"

"Plain as a marlinspike, you mean. Only it is n't. I want to know two things. Do you think I 'm a flirt? And why do you want me to murder poor, innocent Mr. Brinsley? Do you mind answering?"

Lawrence's dark eyes began to gleam angrily. He bit his pipe, and pulled at it, though it had gone out; then he took it from his lips, and answered deliberately.

"If you are a flirt, Miss Trehearne, I don't wish Brinsley any further damage. He 'll do very well in your hands, I 'm sure. I have no anxiety."

"I would n't hurt a fly," said Fanny—"if I liked the fly," she added.

"I believe the spider said something to the same effect when he invited the fly into his parlor."

At this a dark flush rose in the girl's cheeks.

"You 're rude, Mr. Lawrence," she said.

"I 'm sorry, Miss Trehearne—but you 're unkind, so you 'll please to excuse me."

Instead of flushing, as she did, Lawrence turned slowly pale, as was his nature.

"Even if I were,—but I 'm not,—that 's no reason why you should be rude."

"I did n't mean to be rude," answered Lawrence. "I don't see what I said that was so very dreadful."

"It was much worse than anything I said," retorted Fanny, biting her blade of grass again, "because I did n't say anything at all, you know. Oh, well—if you 'll say you 're sorry, we 'll bury it."

"I 'm sorry," said Lawrence, without the least show of contrition.

"I was going to tell you such lots of things about myself," said the young girl. "You 've made me forget them all. What was I talking about when we began to fight? I began by saying that I liked you, and you 've been horrid ever since. I won't say that again, at all events."

"Excuse me; you began by saying that you 'd liked Brinsley—liked him awfully, you said. It must have been awful; anything connected with Brinsley is necessarily awful."

"There you go again. Don't bolt so—it makes bad running. I told you why I liked him so much at first, and you admitted that it was natural. Do you remember that? Well—that is n't all. After I liked him, I began to care for him. I told you that, too. Horrid of me, was n't it?"

"Horrid!"

"I wish you would n't agree with me all the time!" exclaimed Fanny, impatiently. "You know I really did care—a little. And then one day in the cat-boat he asked me—" she stopped, and looked at Lawrence.

"To marry him? Why don't you say it? It would n't surprise me a bit."

"No," said Fanny, slowly; "he did n't ask me to marry him."

"In Heaven's name, what did he ask you?" inquired Lawrence, exasperated to impatience.

"Oh—I don't know. It was something about the channel between Bar and Sheep, I believe. Nothing very important, anyway. I 'm not sure that I could remember if I tried."

"Then—excuse me, but what 's the point?"

"Oh—I know," exclaimed Fanny, as though suddenly recollecting something. "Not that it matters much, but I like to be accurate. It was about the bell-buoy off Sheep Porcupine. You know, I showed it to you the other day. Well—I told him how it had been carried away in a storm some time ago, and that this was a new one. And the next day I heard him telling Augusta all about it, as though he had known before, you see."

"Well—that was n't exactly a crime," observed Lawrence, who could not understand at all. "You 'd told him—"

"Yes, but he said he remembered the old one. That was impossible, as he had n't known anything about it. It was a little slip, but it made me open my eyes and watch him. I used to think he was perfection until then."

"Oh, I see. That was when you first began to find out that he was n't quite straight."

"Exactly. It made all the difference. I 've caught him more than once since then. The other night it was too much for me when he talked about the navy, so I promptly smashed him. He knows that I know, now."

"I should think so. All the same—I don't mean to be rude this time, Miss Trehearne—"

"Be careful!"

"No; I 'll risk it. Just now when you said he had 'asked you' you stopped short. You knew I should believe that you had been going to say that he had asked you to marry him, did n't you?"

"Oh, I know. I could n't help it. I believe I really am a flirt, after all."

"I should n't like to believe it," said Lawrence, gravely.

"Nor I, either. I only wanted to see how you 'd look if you thought he 'd offered himself just then."

"Just then! Do you mean to say that he has offered himself at any other time?"

"Now you 're rude again — only I forgive you, because you don't know that you are. It's rude to ask such questions, so I 'll be polite and refuse to answer. Not that there 's any good reason why he should n't have asked me to marry him, you know. The fact that you hate him is n't a reason."

"But you do yourself."

"Not at all. At least, I have n't said so. I wish you 'd listen to me, Mr. Lawrence, instead of interrupting me with questions every other moment. How in the world am I to make a confession if you won't let me say two words?"

"Are you going to make a confession?" asked Lawrence, incredulously. "It 's all chaff, you know."

Fanny turned her cool eyes upon him instantly.

"There 's a lot besides chaff," she said in a very different tone. "I can be in earnest, too, when I care."

She certainly emphasized the last three words in a way which might have meant much, accompanied as they were by her steady look. Lawrence felt himself growing a little pale again.

"Do you care?" he asked, and his voice shook perceptibly.

"For Mr. Brinsley?" inquired Fanny, instantly changing her tone again, and beginning to laugh.

"No — for me."

"For you! Oh, dear, what a question!" She laughed outright.

Lawrence leaned down, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the toe of his heavy walking-shoe without saying a word. Then he put the pipe into his pocket. She watched him.

"You 've no right to be angry this time," she said; "but you are."

The young man faced her quietly, and waited a moment before he spoke.

"You 're playing with me," he said calmly and without emphasis, as stating a fact.

"Of course I am," laughed Fanny Trehearne. "What did you expect? But I 'm sorry that you 've found it out," she added, with appalling cynicism. "It won't be fun any more."

"Unless we both play," suggested Lawrence, who had either recovered his temper very quickly, or possessed a better control over it than Fanny had supposed.

"All right!" she exclaimed cheerfully. "Let 's play — let us play! That sounds solemn, somehow — I wonder why? Oh, of course — it 's like 'Let us pray' in church."

Lawrence laughed dryly.

"Let us pray beforehand for the one who gets the worst of it," he said. "He or she will need it. But I shall win at the game, you know. That 's a foregone conclusion."

Fanny was surprised and amused at the confidence he suddenly affected — very unlike his habitual modesty and self-effacement.

"You seem to be pretty sure of yourself," she answered. "What shall the forfeit be, as they say in the children's games?"

"To marry or not to marry, at the discretion of the winner. I think that 's fair, don't you? I should n't like to propose anything serious — the head of Roger Brinsley in a charger, for instance."

Fanny laughed again.

"Yes; it 's very well," she protested. "But of course the one who loses will be in earnest, and the one who wins will not."

"He may be by that time," suggested Lawrence.

"Don't say 'he' so confidently. I mean to win. Besides, are we starting fair? Of course I don't care an atom for you, but don't you care for me — just a little?"

"I!" exclaimed Lawrence. "What an idea!" He laughed quite as naturally as Fanny herself. "Do you think that a man in love would propose such a game as we are talking about?" he asked.

"I 'm sure I don't know what to think," answered the young girl. "Perhaps I shall know in a day or two."

She looked down, quite grave again, and pulled a bit of fern from the bank, and crushed it in her hand, and then smelled it.

"Don't you like sweet fern?" she asked, holding it out to him. "I love it!"

"That 's why you crush it, I suppose," said Lawrence.

"It does n't smell sweet unless you do. Oh — I see you are beginning to play the game. Very well. Why should we lose time about it? But I wish it were a little better defined. What is it we 're going to do? Won't you explain? I 'm so stupid about these things. Are we going to flirt for a bet?"

"What a speech!"

"Because it 's a plain one? Is that why you object to it? After all, that 's what we said."

"We only said we 'd play," answered Lawrence. "Whichever ends by caring must agree to marry the winner, if required. But I 'm afraid the time 's too short," he added more gravely. "I 've only a week more."

"Only a week!" exclaimed Fanny in a tone

of disappointment. "Why, I thought there was ever so much more. That is n't nearly time enough."

"We must play faster, and hope for 'situations,' as they call them on the stage."

"Oh, the situation is bad enough as it is," answered the young girl, with a change of manner that surprised her companion. "If you only knew!"

"Was that what you were going to tell me about?" asked Lawrence, quickly, and with renewed interest. "I thought you were making game of me."

"That 's the trouble! You 'll never believe that I 'm in earnest, now. That 's the worst of practical jokes. Come along! We must be going home. The sun 's behind the hill, and ever so low, I 'm sure. We sha'n't get home before dusk. How sweet that fern smells! Give it back to me, won't you?"

They rose, and began to walk homeward in the warm shadow of the woods. As before, Fanny went first along the narrow path, and Lawrence, following close behind her, and watching her supple grace as she moved, breathed in also the intoxicating perfume of the aromatic fern which she still carried in her hand.

IX.

THE following afternoon Fanny Trehearne announced her intention of riding with Mr. Brinsley.

"I 'd take you, too," she said to Lawrence, with a singularly cold stare, "only, as you can't ride much, you would n't enjoy it, you know."

"Certainly not," answered Lawrence, returning her glance with all coolness. "I should n't enjoy it at all."

"You might take my cousins out in the boat, instead."

"Are they tired of life?" inquired the young man, smiling. "No. I want to make a sketch in the woods. I 'll go out by myself, thank you."

"Do you mean to sketch the place where we stopped yesterday?"

"Oh, no; I 'm going in quite another direction. I can't exactly explain where it is, because I 've such a bad memory for names of roads, and all that. But I can find it."

Miss Cordelia Miner looked up from the magazine she was reading.

"You 're not going to ride alone with Mr. Brinsley, are you?" she asked suddenly.

"Why not?" asked Fanny. "I don't see any reason why I should n't. It 's safer than riding alone, is n't it?"

"I confess I don't like the idea," said Miss Cordelia. "It looks as though there were something."

"Something of what kind?" Fanny watched Lawrence's face.

"Something — well — not really an engagement — but —"

"Well — why should n't I be engaged to Mr. Brinsley, if I like?" inquired the young girl, arching her brows.

"Why, Fanny! I 'm surprised!" And, indeed, Miss Miner seemed so, for she almost sprang out of her chair.

"I don't know why you need be horrified, though," retorted Fanny, calmly. "Should you be shocked if any one said that you were engaged to Mr. Brinsley? What 's the matter with him, anyway?" she demanded, dropping into her favorite slang. "You 'd be proud to be engaged to him — so would Elizabeth — so would Augusta! Then why should n't I be proud if I can get him? I 'm sure he 's awfully good-looking, and he rides — like an angel."

"An angel jockey," suggested Lawrence, without a smile.

"Not at all!" exclaimed Fanny. "He rides like a gentleman, and not in the least like a jockey."

Miss Cordelia had risen from her chair, and turned her back on the young people.

"You 've no right to say such things to me, Fanny," she said, going slowly toward the window. Her voice shook.

The young girl saw that she was deeply hurt, and followed her quickly.

"I did n't mean to be horrid," said Fanny, penitently. "I was only laughing, you know, and of course I shall take Stebbins. And I 'm not engaged to Mr. Brinsley at all."

"Why did n't you say so at once?" asked Cordelia, half choking, and turning away her face.

Fanny, unseen by her cousin, glanced at Lawrence, and then at the door, and the young man departed immediately, leaving the two cousins to make peace.

He did not remain long in the house. Thrusting a sketch-book and a pencil into his pocket, with his pipe and pouch, he went out without seeing Fanny again, taking her at her word with regard to her plans for the afternoon. An hour later he was seated under a tree high upon the side of the hill, and almost out of sight of the Otter Cliff Road. There was nothing particular in the way of a view from that point, but there were endless trees, and Lawrence amused himself in making a rough study of a mixed group of white pines, firs, and hackmatacks.

He did not draw very carefully, nor even industriously, and more than once he stopped working altogether for a quarter of an hour at a time. His principal object in coming had been to get out of the way just a little more

promptly and completely than Fanny could have expected. His thoughts were much more concerned with her than with what he was doing.

Naturally enough, he was trying to understand the real bent of the girl's feelings. Setting aside the absurd chaff which had formed a good deal of the conversation on the previous afternoon, he tried to extract from it enough of truth to guide him, aiding himself by recalling little circumstances as well as words, for the one had often belied the other.

He saw clearly that Fanny Trehearne might have said to him, "I like you, but I do not love you — win me if you can!" But it was like her to propose to "flirt for a bet," being at heart perhaps less of a flirt than she laughingly admitted herself to be. But that was not the point which chiefly interested him. What he wished to know was just how far that undefined liking for him extended. To speak in the common phrase, he did not "know where he was" with her, and it seemed that he had no means of finding out. On the other hand, he knew very well indeed that he himself was badly in love. The symptoms were not to be mistaken, nor had he been in love so often already as to make him skeptical as to what he felt. He was more distrustful of the result than of the impulse.

In his opinion Fanny was much too frank to be a flirt. Her directness was one of her principal charms, though he could not help suspecting that it must be one of her chief weapons. A little hesitation is often less deceptive than clear-eyed, outspoken truth. But Lawrence was no more able than most men of his age — or, indeed, of any age — to follow out a continuous train of thought where a woman was concerned. It is more often the woman's personality that concerns us unreasoning men than the probable direction of her own reasoning about us. We do not make love to an argument, so to speak, nor to a set of ideas, nor to a preconceived opinion of our merits or demerits. We make love to our own idea of what the woman is — and the depth of our disillusionment is the measure of our sincerity, when love is gasping between the death-blow and the death.

Moreover, what is called nowadays analysis of human nature belongs in reality to transcendental thought. "Transcendent" is defined as designating that which lies beyond the bounds of all possible experience. So far as we know, it is beyond those bounds to enter into the intelligence of our neighbor, subjectively, to identify ourselves with him, and to see and understand the world with his eyes and mind. It follows that we are never sure of what we are doing when we attempt to set down exactly another man's train of thought, and it follows also that few are willing to recognize the result as at all resembling the process of which they are conscious within themselves. On certain bases, all men can appeal subjectively to all men, and all women to all women. But, as between the sexes, all observation is objective and tentative, whether it be that of the author, condemned to analyze a woman's character, or that of the man in love, and attempting to understand the woman he loves.

And further, if we could see — as it is pretended by some that we can see on paper — precisely what is taking place in the intelligence of those we meet in the world, our friends would be as unrecognizable to us as a dissected man is unrecognizable for a human being except in the eyes of a doctor. The soul laid bare, dissected, and turned inside out, with real success, would not be recognized by its dearest friend, were it ever so truthful a soul. We are all fundamentally and totally incapable of expressing exactly what we feel, and, as we have no means of conveying truth without some sort of expression, we are helpless, and are all more or less hopelessly misunderstood — a fact to which, if we please, we may ascribe that variety which is proverbially said to be the charm of life. Doubtless, this is a literary heresy; but it is a human truth a little above literature.

Lawrence had never attempted to write a book, but as he sat on the slope above the Otter Cliff Road, drawing trees, it did not occur to him to draw a picture of what he thought about the inside of each tree, instead of a representation of what he saw. But he made the usual fruitless attempt to understand the woman he loved, and to reason about her; and failed to do either, which is also usual. The conclusion he reached was that he loved her, of which he had been aware before he had set himself to think it out.

What he saw was a strong girl's face, with cool, inscrutable gray eyes that never took fire and gleamed, nor ever turned dull and vacant. Their unchanging steadiness contradicted the wayward speech, the sudden, capricious confidence, even the gay laugh, sometimes. Lawrence had a lively impression that whatever Fanny said or did, she never meant but one thing, whatever that might be. And with this impression he was obliged to content himself.

From the place where he sat he had a glimpse between the trees of the road below. On the side toward him there was a little open bit of meadow where the gorge widened, and a low fence with a little ditch separated it from the highway. On the hillside above this stretch of grass the trees grew here and there, wide apart at first, and then by degrees more close together. He himself was seated just within the thick wood, at the edge of the first underbrush.

Now and then people passed along the road—

a light buckboard drawn by a pair of bays and containing a smart-looking couple, with no groom behind; a farmer's wagon, long, hooded, and dusty, dragged at a disjointed trot by a broken-down gray horse; a solitary rider, whose varnished shoes reflected the sunlight even to where Lawrence was sitting; a couple of pedestrians; a lad driving a cow; and then another buckboard; and so on.

Lawrence was thinking of shutting up his book and climbing higher up the steep side of Newport Mountain — as the hill is called — in search of another study, when, glancing down through the trees, he saw three riders coming slowly along the road,— two in front, and one at some distance behind,— a lady and gentleman, and then a groom. His eyes were good, and he would have known Fanny Trehearne's figure and bearing even at a greater distance — she sat so straight, hands down, elbows in, head high, square in her saddle, yet flexible, and all moving with every movement of her Kentucky thoroughbred. They came nearer, and Lawrence saw them distinctly, now. Brinsley was beside her. Lawrence laughed to himself at the idea that the man could ever have been in the marines. He sat the horse he rode much more like a Mexican or an Indian than like a sailor or a marine. Even at that distance Lawrence could not help admiring his really magnificent figure, for Brinsley's perfections were showy, and massed well afar off.

The riders reached the point where the little meadow spread out on their left, and to Lawrence's surprise they halted and seemed to be consulting about something. They had turned toward him, and as they talked, he could see that Fanny looked across the meadow, and up at the woods where he was sitting. It was of course utterly impossible that she should have known where he was, and it was almost incredible that she should see him, seated low upon the ground in the deep shade, when she was only visible to him between the stems of the trees. Nevertheless, not caring to be discovered, he crouched down among the ferns and grasses, still keeping his eye on the couple in the road far below.

Presently he saw Fanny turn her horse's head, walk her to the other side of the road, and turn again, facing the meadow. She looked up and down the road once, saw that no one was coming, and put her mare at the fence. It was a low one, and the ditch on the outer side was neither broad nor deep. The thoroughbred cleared it with a contemptuously insignificant effort, and cantered a few strides forward into the grass, shaking her bony head almost between her knees as Fanny brought her to a stand and turned again. Brinsley followed her on the big Hungarian horse he rode,— Mr. Trehearne's horse,— jumping the fence and ditch, and taking them again almost immediately, to wait for Fanny on the other side in the road. She followed again, and pulled up by his side. But they did not ride on at once. They seemed to be discussing some point connected with the place, for they pointed here and there as they spoke. Fanny reined in her mare and backed a little, as though she were going to jump again. The animal seemed nervous, stamping and pawing, and laying back her small ears.

A hundred yards or more in the direction from which they had come the road made a short bend round the foot of the spur of the hill known as Pickett's. Just as Fanny put the mare at the fence a third time, a coach and four turned the corner of the road at a smart pace, leaders cantering and wheelers at a long trot.

Seeing three horses apparently halting in the way, some one in the coach sent a terrific and discordant blast from a post-horn ringing along the road as a warning. At that moment Fanny's mare was rising at the bars. She cleared them as easily as ever, but on reaching the ground instantly bolted across the grass, head down, ears back, heels flying. It all happened in a moment. The two men, Brinsley and groom, knew too much to scare the thoroughbred by a pursuit, and, confident in Fanny's good riding, sat motionless on their horses in the road, after drawing away enough to let the coach pass.

The idiot with the horn continued to blow fiercely, and the big vehicle came swinging along at a great rate, with clattering of hoofs, for the road was hard and dry, baked after a recent rain — and with jingling of harness and sound of voices. The mare grew more and more frightened, and tore up the hillside like a flash, directly away from the noise. The young girl was a first-rate rider, and knew the fearful danger if she should be carried at such a pace among the trees. But her strength, great as it was for a woman, was not able to produce the slightest impression upon the terrified creature she rode.

Lawrence knew nothing of riding, but the imminent peril of the woman he loved was clear to him in a moment. He had a horrible vision of the wild-eyed mare tearing straight toward him through the trees, wide apart at first, and then dangerously near together.

On they came, the thoroughbred swerving violently at one stem after another, the young girl's strong figure swaying to her balance at each headlong movement. He could see her set face, pale under the tan, and he could see the desperate exertion of her strength. He sprang forward, and ran down between the trees at the top of his speed.

X.

THERE is nothing equal to the absolute fearlessness of a naturally brave man who has no experience of the risk he runs, and is bent on saving the life of the woman he loves. Louis Lawrence remembered afterward what he had done, and how he had done it, but he was unconscious of what he was doing at the time.

He rushed down the hill between the closer trees, and with utter recklessness sprang at the bridle as the infuriated mare dashed past him. Grasping snaffle and curb — tight drawn as they were — in both hands, he threw all his light weight upon them, and allowed himself to be dragged along the ground between the trees at the imminent risk of his life — a risk so terrible that Fanny Trehearne turned paler for him than for her own danger. In half a dozen more strides they might both have been killed. But the mare stopped, quivering, tried to rear, but could not lift Lawrence far from the ground, or shake off his desperate hold, plunged once and again, and then stood quite still, trembling violently. Lawrence scrambled to his feet, still holding the bridle, and promptly placed himself in front of the mare.

For one breathless instant Lawrence looked into Fanny's face, and neither spoke nor moved. Both were still very pale. Then the young girl slipped off, the reins in her hand.

"That was uncommonly well done," she said, with great calm. "You 've saved my life."

She no longer looked at him while she spoke, but patted and stroked the thoroughbred, looking her over with a critical eye.

"Oh, that 's all right," answered Lawrence. "Don't mention it!"

He laughed nervously, still panting from his violent exertion. Fanny herself was not out of breath, but the color did not come back to her sunburnt cheeks at once, and her hand was hardly steady yet. She did not laugh with Lawrence, nor even smile, but she looked long into his eyes.

"I may not mention it, but I sha'n't forget it," she said slowly.

"It 's one to me, is n't it?" asked Lawrence, who, in reality, was by far the cooler and more collected of the two.

"How do you mean?" inquired Fanny, knitting her brows half-angrily.

"One to me, in our game, you know," said the young fellow — "the game we agreed to play yesterday."

"Yes — it 's one to you. By the by, you 're not hurt anywhere, are you?"

She looked him over, as she had looked over her mare, with the same critical glance. His clothes were a little torn here and there, being but light summer things, and his hat had disappeared, but it was tolerably clear that he was in no way injured.

"Oh, I 'm all right," he answered cheerfully. "I should think you 'd feel badly shaken, though," he added, with sudden anxiety.

"Not at all," said Fanny, determined to show no more emotion or excitement than he. "It was a case of sitting still — neck or nothing. It 's nothing, as it happens."

At that moment Brinsley appeared, riding slowly through the trees, for fear of frightening the mare again.

"Are you hurt?" he shouted.

Fanny looked round, saw him, and shook her head, with a smile. Brinsley trotted up, and sprang from his horse.

"Are you sure you 're not hurt?" he asked again.

"Not in the least!"

"Thank God!" ejaculated Brinsley, with emphasis.

"You 'd better thank Mr. Lawrence, too," observed Fanny, quietly. "He caught her going at a gallop, and hung on, and was dragged. I don't remember ever seeing anything quite so plucky."

Brinsley looked coldly at his rival, and his beady eyes seemed nearer together than usual when he spoke to him.

"I think you 're quite as much to be congratulated as Miss Trehearne," he said.

"Thanks!"

"We 'd better be getting down to the road again," said Fanny. "You can lead the mare and your own horse, too, Mr. Brinsley. She 's quiet enough, now, and I 've all I can do to walk in these things."

Brinsley took the mare's bridle over her head, and led the way with the two horses.

"Are n't you coming?" asked Fanny, seeing that Lawrence did not follow.

"Thanks — no," he answered. "I must find my hat, in the first place."

Brinsley looked over his shoulder, and saw the two hanging back. He stopped a moment, turning, and laying one hand on the mare's nose.

"You must be shaken, Mr. Lawrence," he said. "Why don't you take the groom's horse and ride home with us?"

"I can't ride," answered the younger man, loud enough for Brinsley to hear him. "And you know it perfectly well," he added under his breath.

Fanny frowned, but took no further notice of the remark,

"Good-by," she said, holding out her hand to Lawrence. "Come home as soon as you can, won't you?"

"Oh, yes — that is, I think I 'll just see you take that fence again, and then I want to get

a little higher up the hill and do another bit of a sketch. Then I 'll come home. There 's no hurry, is there ? "

" Don't show off," said Fanny, severely. " It is n't pretty. Good-by."

She walked fast, and overtook Brinsley in a few moments. At the foot of the hill he prepared to mount her, leaving his own horse to the groom. Then a thing happened which he was never able to explain, though he was an expert in the field, and no one of all Fanny's acquaintances could mount a lady better than he. He bent his knee, and held out his hand, and stiffened his back, and made the necessary effort just at the right moment, as he very well knew. But for some inexplicable reason Fanny did not reach the saddle, or anywhere near it, and she slipped, and would certainly have fallen if he had not caught her with his other hand and held her on her feet.

" How awkward you are ! " she exclaimed viciously, with a little stamp. " Let me get on alone ! "

And thereupon, to his astonishment and mortification, she pushed him aside, set her foot in the stirrup,— for she was very tall, and could do it easily,— and was up in a flash. Lawrence, looking down at them from the edge of the woods, saw what happened, and so did Stebbins, the groom, who grinned in silence. He hated Brinsley, and it is a bad sign when a good servant hates his master's guest. Lawrence felt that, in addition to scoring one in the game, he was avenged on his enemy for the latter's taunting invitation to ride.

" I think I may count that, and mark two. I 'm sure she did it on purpose," he said audibly to himself.

Before Brinsley was mounted, Fanny was over the fence with her mare, and waiting for him in the road.

" Oh, come along ! " she cried. " Don't be all day getting on ! "

" You need n't be so tremendously rough on a fellow," said Brinsley, as his horse landed in the road. " It was n't my fault that I was n't waiting for a runaway under the trees up there."

" Yes it was ! Everything 's your fault," answered Fanny, emphatically. " No — you need not play Orlando Furioso, and make papa's old rocking-horse waltz like that. My mare 's got to walk a mile, at least, for her nerves."

It did n't require Brinsley's great natural penetration to tell him that Miss Fanny Trehearne was in the very worst of tempers — even to the point of unfairly calling her papa's sturdy Hungarian bad names. But he could not at all see why she should be so angry. It had certainly been her fault if he had failed to put her neatly in the saddle. But her ill-humor did not frighten him in the least, though he was very quiet for several minutes after she had last spoken.

" It 's not wildly gay to ride with people who don't talk," observed Fanny.

" I was trying to think of something appropriate to say," answered Brinsley. " But you are in such an awful rage —"

" Am I ? I did n't know it. What makes you think so ? "

" What nerves you 've got ! " exclaimed Brinsley, in a tone of admiration.

" I have n't any nerves at all."

" I mean good nerves."

" I tell you I have n't any nerves. Why do you talk about nerves ? They 're not amusing things to have, are they ? "

" Well,— in point of humor,— I did n't say they were."

" I asked you to say something amusing, and you began talking about nerves," said Fanny in explanation.

" I 'm not in luck to-day," said Brinsley, after a pause.

" No; you 're not," was the answer; but she did not vouchsafe him a glance.

" I wish you 'd like me," he said boldly.

" I do — at a certain distance. You look well in the landscape — and you know it."

" Upon my word ! " Brinsley laughed roughly, and looked between his horse's ears.

" Upon your word — what ? "

" I never had anything said to me quite equal to that, Miss Trehearne."

" No ? I 'm surprised. Perhaps you have n't known the right sort of people. You must find the truth refreshing."

Brinsley waited a few moments before speaking, and then, turning his head, looked at her with great earnestness.

" I wish you 'd tell me why you 've taken such a sudden dislike to me," he said in a low voice.

" Why are you so anxious to know, Mr. Brinsley ? " asked Fanny, meeting his eyes quietly.

" Because I believe that somebody has been saying disagreeable things about me to you," he answered. " If that 's the case, it would be fair to give me a chance, you know."

" Nobody 's been talking about you. You 've talked against yourself. Besides," she added, her face suddenly clearing, " it 's quite absurd to make such a fuss about nothing. I 'm only angry about nothing at all. It 's my way, you know. You must n't mind. I 'll get over it before we 're at home, and then I 'll go off, and my cousins will give you lots of weak tea and flattery."

Brinsley, who was clever at most things, was not good at talking or at understanding a woman's moods, and he felt himself at so great a

disadvantage that he slipped into an inane conversation about people and parties, without succeeding in finding out what he wished to know. If he had ever conceived any mad hope of winning Fanny's affections, he abandoned it then and there. He was still further handicapped, had Fanny known it, by the desperate state of his own affairs at that moment; and if she had known something of his reflections, she might have pitied him a little — what she might have thought, if she had guessed the remainder, is hard to guess, for he had a very curious scheme in his mind for improving his finances. He had been playing high for some time, had lost steadily, and was at the end of his present resources, which, with him, meant that he was at the end of all he had in the world.

He was not by any means inclined to give up the pleasant intimacy he had formed and fostered with the three Miss Miners, nor the attendant luxuries which he had gained with it, and the introduction to Bar Harbor society, which meant good society elsewhere. But he felt that he had no choice, since the cards went against him. He was not a sharper. He played fair, for the sake of the enjoyment of the thing. It was his one great passion. When he was in luck he won enough for his extravagant needs, for he always played high, on principle. But when fortune foiled him, he had other talents of a more curious description, by the exercise of which to replenish his purse — talents, too, which he had exercised in America for a long time. His happy hunting-ground was really London, which accounted for his evident and almost extraordinary familiarity with its ways. There are indeed few places in the world where a man may follow a doubtful occupation more freely and more successfully.

Before they reached the Trehearnes's house Brinsley had made up his mind that he must drink his last cup of tea with the three Miss Miners on that day or very soon afterward, unless he were to be even more fortunate in his undertaking than he dared to expect. The immediate consequence was an affectation of a sad and stately manner toward Fanny as he helped her off her mare at the door.

"I 'm afraid this has been our last ride," he said in a subdued voice.

"What? Oh — 'The Last Ride' — Browning — I remember," answered Fanny.

"No; I was n't alluding to Browning. I 'm going away very soon."

Fanny stared at him in some surprise.

"Oh, are you? I am very sorry." She spoke cheerfully, and led the way into the house, Brinsley following her with a dejected air. "You 'll probably find my cousins in the library," she added. "I 'm going to take off my hat — it 's so hot."

The three Miss Miners were assembled, as usual at that hour, and greeted Brinsley effusively. Not wishing to be anticipated by Fanny in telling a story altogether to Lawrence's credit, he began to tell the three ladies of what had happened during the ride. He was very careful to explain that he had of course not dared to follow the runaway, lest he should have made matters much worse.

"It 's quite dreadful," cried Miss Cordelia, on hearing of Fanny's narrow escape. "You should never have let her jump the fence at all. What do people do such mad things for!"

"If anything happened to the child, we might as well kill ourselves," said Elizabeth. "It 's too dreadful to think of!"

"Well," answered Brinsley, "nothing has happened, you see. I 've brought Miss Trehearne safe home, though I had n't the good fortune to be the man who stopped her horse. You see," he added, smiling, "I want all the credit you can spare from Mr. Lawrence. I 'm afraid there 's not much to be got, though. He 's had the lion's share."

"And where is he?" asked Augusta, who felt more sympathy for the artist than the others.

"Oh, he 'll come back. He can't ride, you know, so he had to walk, poor fellow! He 'd been pretty badly shaken, too, and he 's not strong, I 'm sure."

"You would n't have called him weak if you had seen him hanging on while the mare dragged him," said Fanny, who had entered unnoticed.

"Oh, that 's only strength in the hands," said Brinsley, in a depreciative tone, and conscious of his own splendid proportions.

"Well, then, he 's strong in the hands, that 's all," retorted Fanny. "Please, some tea, Elizabeth dear; I 'm half dead."

The three Miss Miners did their best to console Brinsley for Fanny's continued ill-treatment of him, but they did not succeed in lifting the cloud from his brow. At last he confessed that he was expecting to leave Bar Harbor at any moment.

XI.

THERE were to be fireworks that evening at the Canoe Club on the farther side of Bar Island — magnificent fireworks, it was said, which it would be well worth while to see. The night was calm and clear, and the moon, being near the last quarter, would not rise until everything was over.

"We 'll go in skiffs," said Fanny. "When we 're tired of each other, we can change about, you know. Mr. Lawrence can take one of us and Mr. Brinsley another, and the other two must take one of the men from the landing. I ordered the boats this morning when I was out."

The three Miss Miners looked consciously at one another, mutely wondering how they were to divide Mr. Brinsley among them, and wishing that they had consulted together in private before the moment for decision had come. But no one suggested that, as there were only four ladies, each of the men could very easily take two in a boat.

"We might toss up to see who shall take whom," suggested Brinsley, who had been unusually silent during the greater part of dinner.

"In how many ways can you arrange six people in couples?" asked Fanny.

Nobody succeeded in solving the question, of course. Even Elizabeth Miner, who was considered the clever member, gave it up in despair.

"Never mind," said Fanny; "we 'll see how it turns out when we get down to the landing-stage. These things always arrange themselves."

To the surprise of every one except Fanny herself, the arrangement turned out to be such that she and Miss Cordelia went together in the skiff pulled by the sailor, while Brinsley and Lawrence each took one of the other Miss Miners.

"We 'll change by and by," said Fanny, as her boat shoved off first to show the way. "Keep close to us in the crowd when we get over."

The distance from the landing, across the harbor, through the channel between Bar Island and Sheep Porcupine to the Canoe Club, is little over half a mile; but at night, amid a crowd of steamers, large and small, row-boats, canoes, and sail-boats,— the latter all outside the channel,— it took twenty minutes to reach the place where the fireworks were to be.

Fanny leaned back beside her cousin, and watched the lights in silence. Yellow, green, and red, they streamed across the brilliant black water in every direction, the yellow rays fixed or moving but slowly, the others gliding along swiftly above their own reflection, as the paddle-steamers thrashed their way through the still sea. To left and right the shadowy islands loomed darkly against the black sky, outlined by the stars. The warm, damp air lifted the coolness from the water in little puffs, as the skiff slipped along. Now and then, in the gloom, a boat showed dimly alongside, and the laughing voices of girls and boys told how near it passed, a mere floating dimness upon blackness. The stroke of light sculls swished and tinkled with the laughter. The soft, mysterious charm of the summer dark was breathed upon land and water, the distant lights were love-dreaming eyes, and each time, as the oars dipped, swept, and rose, the gentle sound was like a stolen kiss.

Then suddenly, with a wild, screaming rush, a rocket shot up into the night, splitting the sky with a scar of fire. The burning point of it lingered a moment overhead, then cracked into little stars that shed a soft glow through the gloom, and fell in a swift shower of sparks. Then all was hushed again, and the red and green lights moved quickly over the water, hither and thither.

Close to the shore of the island the skiff ran round the point into the shallow water along the beach, and all at once in the distance the festooned lanterns of the Canoe Club came into view, so bright that one could distinguish the branches of the spruces in the red and yellow glare, and the moving crowd of people on the little landing-stage and below, before the club-house. And some two hundred yards out the lights began again, gleaming from hundreds of boats and little vessels of all rigs and builds. Between these seaward lights and those on land a deep black void stretched away up Frenchman's Bay.

Miss Cordelia started nervously at the rockets, but said nothing. Fanny sat beside her in silence. The sailor, only visible distinctly when the lights were behind him, pulled softly and steadily, glancing over his shoulder every now and then to see that the way was clear. The other skiffs kept near, both Brinsley and Lawrence being keenly on the lookout for a change. Now and then Fanny could hear them talking.

"I wonder why one voice should attract one, and another should be disagreeable," she said at last, in a meditative tone.

"I was thinking of the same thing," answered Cordelia, thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Fanny, absently. "Of course you were," she added, a moment later. "I mean —" she paused. "Poor dear!" she exclaimed at last, stroking her cousin's elderly hand in the dark — "I 'm so sorry!"

"Thank you, dear," answered Miss Miner, simply and gratefully.

It was little enough, but little as it was it made them both more silent than ever. With the boatman close before them, it was impossible to talk of what was in their thoughts. Fanny, for her part, was glad of it. She had understood her old-maid cousin since the night when Cordelia had broken down and laughed and cried in the garden, and she knew how little there could be to say. But Cordelia did not understand Fanny in the least. It was a marvel to her that any one should prefer Lawrence to Brinsley — almost as great a marvel as that she herself, in her sober middle age, should have felt what she knew was love and believed to be passion.

And now Brinsley was going, and it was over. He would never come back, and she should never see him again — she was sure of

that. She was only an old maid, a middle-aged gentlewoman who had never possessed any great attraction for anybody; who had always been more or less poor and unhappy, though of the best and living among the best; whose few pleasures had come to her unexpectedly, like rare gleams of pale sunshine on a very long rainy day; who had looked for little, and had got next to nothing, out of life, save the crumbs of enjoyment from the feast of rich relatives, like the Trehearnes; a woman who had known something more grievous than sorrow and worse than violent grief, trudging through life in the leaden cowl of many limitations — the leaden cowl of that most innocent of all hypocrites, of her, or of him, who knows the daily burden of keeping up appearances on next to nothing, and of doctoring poor little illusions through a feeble existence, worth having because they represent all that there is to have.

She had been wounded by one of those arrows shot in the dark which hit hearts unawares and unaimed; and now that the shaft was suddenly drawn out, the heart's blood followed it, and the nerves quivered where it had been. It was only one of the little tragedies which no one sees, few guess at, and nothing can hinder. But Fanny Trehearne felt that it was beside her, there in the little boat, while she watched the pretty fireworks, and she was sorry, and did what she could to soothe the pain.

"Let 's change now," she said at last, just as the glow of a multitude of colored fires died away on the water. "You take Mr. Brinsley, and I 'll take Mr. Lawrence."

As she spoke, she gave her cousin's hand a little squeeze of sympathy, and heard the small sigh of satisfaction that answered the proposal. The rearrangement was effected in a few moments, the men holding the boats together by the gunwales while the ladies stepped from one into the other.

"Pull away," said Fanny, authoritatively, as soon as Lawrence had shoved off. "Let 's get out of this! I 'll steer, so you need n't bother about running into things."

Fairly seated in a boat, with the sculls shipped, and some one at the tiller-lines, Lawrence could get along tolerably well, for he knew just enough not to catch a crab in smooth water, so long as he was not obliged to turn his head. But if he had to look over his shoulder, something was certain to happen, which was natural, considering that when he attempted to feather at all, he did it the wrong way.

"You 're stronger than anybody would think," observed Fanny, as she saw how quickly the skiff moved. "You might do things quite decently if you 'd only take the trouble to learn."

"Oh, no! I 'm a born duffer," laughed Lawrence. "Besides, I could n't row long like this. I could n't keep it up."

They were just in front of the clubhouse now, and a score of rockets went up together, with a rushing and a crackling and a gleaming, as they soared and burst, and at last fell sputtering in the water all around the skiff. Lawrence had rested on his sculls to watch the sight.

"Pull away," said Fanny. "We 'll get under the foot-bridge by the landing. There 's water enough there, and we can see everything."

Lawrence obeyed, and pulled as hard as he could.

"So your friend Mr. Brinsley is going away," observed the young girl, suddenly.

"My friend! I like that! As though I had brought him in my pocket."

"I 'm very glad that he 's going, at all events," said Fanny, without heeding his remark. "I 'm not fond of him any more."

"I hope you never were — fond of him."

"Oh, yes, I was; but I 'm thankful to say that it 's over. Of all the ineffable cads! I could have killed him to-day."

"By the by," said Lawrence, "when he was mounting you — did n't you do that on purpose?"

"Of course. And then I called him awkward. It was so nice! It did me good."

"Pure spite, I suppose. You could n't have had any particular reason for doing it, could you?"

"Oh, dear, no! What reason could I have? It was n't his fault that the mare ran away, though I told him it was."

"That 's interesting," observed Lawrence. "Do you often do things out of pure spite?"

"Constantly — without any reason at all!" Fanny laughed.

"Perhaps you 'll marry out of spite, some day," said Lawrence, calmly. "Women often do, they say, though I never could understand why."

"I dare say I shall. I 'm quite capable of it. And should n't I be just horrid afterward!"

"I like you when you 're horrid, as you call it. I did n't at first. You 've given my sense of humor a chance to grow since I 've been here. I say, Miss Trehearne —" He stopped.

"What do you say? It is n't particularly polite to begin in that way, is it? I suppose it 's English."

"Oh, bother the English! And I apologize for being slangy. It 's so dark that I can't see you frown. I meant to say, if ever you marry out of spite, and want to be particularly horrid afterward, it would n't be a bad idea to marry me; for I don't mind that sort of thing a bit, you know."

"That 's a singular offer!" laughed Fanny,

leaning far back, and playing with the tiller-lines in the glow of the Bengal lights.

"It 's genuine of its kind," answered the young man. "Of course it is n't a sure thing, exactly," he added reflectively, "because it depends on your happening to be in the spiteful humor. But as you say that often happens—"

"Well, go on!"

"I thought you might feel spiteful enough to accept this evening," concluded Lawrence.

"Take care! I might, you know—you 're in danger!" She was still laughing.

"Don't mind me, you know! I could stand it, I believe."

"You 're awfully amusing—sometimes, Mr. Lawrence."

"Meaning now?" inquired the artist, resting on his sculls, for they were under the shadow of the bridge.

"I can't see your face distinctly," answered Fanny. "So much depends on the expression. But I think—"

"What do you think? That it 's awfully amusing of me to offer to be married as a sacrifice to your spite?"

"It 's amusing anyway."

"A formal proposal would be, you mean?" asked Lawrence. Then he laughed oddly.

"I hate formality," answered Fanny. "That is, in earnest, you know. It 's so disgusting when a man comes with his gloves buttoned, and sits on the edge of a chair, and says—"

"And says what?"

"Oh—you know the sort of thing. You must have done it scores of times."

"What? Proposed and been refused? You are complimentary, at all events. I 've a great mind to let you be the first, just—well—how shall I say? Just to associate you with a novel sensation."

"I might disappoint you," said Fanny, demurely. "I told you so before. Just think: if I were to say 'Yes,' you 'd be most dreadfully caught. You 'd have to eat humble pie, and beg off, and say that you had n't meant it."

"Oh, no!" laughed the young man. "You 'd break it off in a week, and then it would be all right."

"Are you going to be rude? Or are you already? I 'm not quite sure."

"Neither. Of course you 'd break it off, if we had an agreement to that effect."

"You don't make any allowance for my spitefulness. It would be just like me to hold you to your engagement. Of course you would n't live long. We should be sure to fight."

"Oh—sure," assented Lawrence. "That is, if you call this fighting."

"It would be worse than this. But why don't you try? I 'm dying to refuse you. I 'm just in the humor."

"Why, I thought you said there was danger. If I 'd known there was n't—by the by, this counts in the game, does n't it?"

"There is n't anything to count, yet," said Fanny. "Look at those fiery fish—are n't they pretty? See how they squirm about, and fizzle, and behave like mad things. Oh, I never saw anything so pretty as that!"

"Yes; if one must have an interruption, they do as well as anything."

"You were n't talking very coherently, I believe," said the young girl, turning her head to watch the fireworks. "And you 've made me miss lots of pretty things, I 'm sure. Oh, they 've gone out already! How dark it seems all at once! What were you asking? Whether this counted in the game? Of course it counts. Everything does. But I don't exactly see how—"

She stopped, and looked toward him in the dim gloom of the shadow under the bridge.

But Lawrence did not speak. He looked over the side of the boat, softly slapping the black water with the blade of his scull.

"Why don't you go on?" asked Fanny, tapping the boards under her foot to attract his attention.

"I was thinking over the proper words," answered Lawrence. "How does one make a formal proposal of marriage? I never did such a thing in my life."

"An informal one would do for fun."

"I never did that, either."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Really? Swear it, as they say on the stage." Fanny laughed softly.

"Oh, by Jove, yes!" answered Lawrence, promptly. "I 'll swear to that by anything you please."

"Well, you 'll have to do it some day, so you 'd better practise at once," suggested Fanny.

Lawrence did not notice that there was a sort of little relief in her tone.

"I suppose one says, 'My angel, will you be mine?'" he said. "That sounds like some book or other."

"It might do," answered Fanny, meditatively. "You ought to throw a little more expression into the tone. Besides, I 'm not an angel, whatever the girl in the book may have been. On the whole—no—it 's a little too effusive—angel, you know. It 's such nonsense! Try something else; but put lots of expression into it."

"Does one get down on one 's knees?" inquired Lawrence.

"Oh, no; I don't believe it 's necessary. Besides, you 'd upset the boat."

"All right—here goes! My dear Miss Trehearne, will you—"

"Yes; that 's it. Go on. The quaver in the voice is rather well done. 'Will you —' What?"

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes, Mr. Lawrence; I will."

There was a short pause, during which a number of fiery fish were sent off again, and squirmed, and wriggled, and fizzled their burning little lives away in the water. But neither of the young people looked at them.

"You rather took my breath away," said Lawrence, with a change of tone. "Did I do it all right?"

"Oh — quite right," answered Fanny, thoughtfully.

Immediately after the words Lawrence heard a little sigh. Then Fanny heard one, too.

"You did n't happen to be in earnest, did you?" she asked suddenly in a low, soft voice.

"Well — I did n't mean — that I meant — you know we agreed to play a game —"

"I know we did — but — were you in earnest?"

"Yes — but, of course — Oh, this is n't fair, Miss Trehearne!"

"Yes, it is. I said 'Yes,' did n't I?"

"Certainly, but —"

"There 's no 'but.' I happened to be in earnest, too — that 's all. I 've lost the game."

THE END.

F. Marion Crawford.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Senate.

A RECENT writer in THE CENTURY deprecated the phrase, a "rich man's club," as applied to the Senate, and showed that there are fewer very rich men there than is popularly supposed. Since this was printed another conspicuous instance of a rich man's election to a seat in that body has taken place. The general opinion is that no matter how few rich men there may be in the Senate, there are too many men there who would not for a moment have been thought of for that great place, had it not been for their money. No one would have cared how many millions Mr. Webster, or Mr. Clay, or Mr. Seward might have possessed; no one cares how wealthy a senator may be, if he is a statesman, if he is eminently fit for the place, but there is a natural and growing sensitiveness at the capture of these places by ambitious millionaires who are very far from being statesmen. Sometimes, in the past, it is believed the latter have paid State legislators directly for their votes; sometimes they have paid them indirectly by paying their campaign expenses; but the public is very often perfectly sure that, in one way or another, the millionaire's money is the chief occasion of the election.

When the senatorial millionaire is once in his place, of course there is constant suspicion of his official action, when it is supposed to affect values in which he is himself directly or indirectly interested, or in which his business associates are interested. But this is not the only danger; he is apt, at times, to rival in his speeches and proposed measures the professional demagogue, in order to appease the sentiment which takes exception to his senatorial position. So there are two distinct reasons for the fact that the presence in Congress of millionaires unskilled in statesmanship is a constant menace to good government.

There is another class of senators who have helped to injure the repute of that body — namely the "boss" of inferior character and reputation, whether he be wealthy or not, who has managed to log-roll himself into that high office by means of the spoils system. Such men used to do a certain amount of the "dirty work" in politics, in the old times; but they did not themselves aspire to places of such dignity, and the fact that they do successfully thus aspire nowadays speaks ill for the condition of public affairs in America.

Such senatorships bring the highest branch of our legislative system into contempt; constitute an ever-present legislative danger, and are both the occasion and sign of a general corruption — the inordinate use of money in elections, and the perpetuation of political oligarchies and corrupt machines in the various States. When the highest chamber of legislature in our system is thus tainted, it is time for good citizens to inquire what is their part or responsibility in the premises.

Various devices are being discussed for the cure of this immediate evil. These devices may or may not be advisable; but even if adopted they will not suffice, nor shall we secure and maintain other needful political reforms, unless Americans make up their minds that they must, from this time on, assume a new and closer relation to civil government. If we leave our politics to "the boys," they to take their rewards in cash or in public office, they will gladly accept the job, run the machine — and the government along with it.

There are plenty of much needed reforms, like the reform of the Senate, the reform of the State legislatures, the reform of city government, and at the foundation of all, the abolition of the spoils system — but none of these will be thoroughly accomplished, and stay accomplished, unless the individual citizen himself "goes into politics," and stays there.

By the way, has the reader of this joined the Good Government Club, or the City Club, or the Civil Service Reform Association in his neighborhood? Has he joined the Anti-Spoils League? Or is he too busy, or ashamed, or cowardly to join? Or, if there is no such association in his neighborhood, is he consulting with wise and disinterested fellow-citizens on the subject of starting one?

Home Rule for Cities.

THERE are, at the time this article is penned, several propositions before the New York Constitutional Convention for an amendment providing for the home rule, or local self-government, of the cities of that State. It is not necessary to our present purpose to go into the particulars of these various propositions. They all have the same end in view, namely, to give to the cities the power to regulate purely municipal affairs without interference from the legislature. At present the legislature, under its power to provide charters for cities, can make the cities its creatures by interfering with every detail of their administration. It is proposed to take away this power, and to direct the legislature to pass general laws under which the cities can organize their own system of government, leaving to the State control over such matters as concern the governmental functions of the State, as taxation, excise, courts, elections, health, education.

It is proposed as a basis of home rule that the cities be permitted under general laws to organize a system of government by means of a common council, with power to legislate for municipal purposes, whose members shall be chosen on a general ticket from the whole city, and in such manner that there shall be minority or proportional representation in such council. It is argued that election in this manner will secure a common council of higher character than is possible under the old district system, and on this point there can be no difference of opinion. Under the district system, the majority of the voters in certain districts may be of such low moral character that an objectionable candidate can be nominated and elected without difficulty. It has happened, therefore, that in many districts in large cities liquor-dealers are chosen to the common council. If all candidates were to be placed on a general ticket, and were to be voted for by all the voters of a city, no party would venture to take the responsibility of nominating men whose occupations or reputations were such as to constitute evidence of their unfitness for the position.

While there would be, therefore, an undoubted improvement in a common council elected by the whole city, as compared with one elected by districts, it is an open question whether the improvement would be sufficiently great to insure intelligent and honest municipal government. It would all depend upon the interest which the people of the city should show in the nomination and election of councilmen. In times of great public interest, like those which follow the revelations of public scandals in cities, the common council chosen would be pretty certain to be a body competent and willing to rule the city wisely and well. In ordinary times, the chances would be that quite a different body, one selected mainly by the professional politicians, would be chosen.

The great point gained, however, would be the placing of entire responsibility for the character of the municipal government upon the people of the city. If the government were dishonest and bad, the people would have to admit that it was so through their own fault. They could not escape the charge that it was bad simply and only because they were too indifferent and negligent of their public duty to make it better. So long as cities are ruled in part by the legislature, indifferent voters can say that they are not to blame if the government is bad, since they have not the power to make it better if they would. If the whole shame of ignorant, extravagant, and often brutal municipal rule were to be laid upon the people of the city, there is good reason to believe that the respectable elements of the population would be aroused to the necessity and duty of ridding themselves of it. They would have to secure better government, or admit that they were not, as a community, fit to govern themselves.

Although there are times when the country member comes valiantly to the rescue of cities from crying evils, still municipal government through a State legislature is not responsible government. A majority of the members whose votes decide upon matters relating to the great cities in New York State live outside those cities. Their constituents know nothing about those matters, and care nothing about the attitude of their representatives toward them. The members are never called to account for their doings in these respects, and they are perfectly safe in taking any course which is hostile to the interests of the cities. The consequence is that much of the legislation for cities is ignorant, much of it is inspired by unworthy motives, and not a little of it by corrupt desires. Citizens of the large cities are in constant need, while the legislature is in session, of appearing before committees to argue with members from remote quarters of the State as to the merits of measures which affect interests entirely foreign to those who sit in judgment upon them. Salaries which city taxpayers must pay are raised by the votes of members living hundreds of miles outside city limits. One bill passed at the last session of the legislature, in spite of the protests of the New York city government and the entire New York press, raised the salaries in one branch of the municipal service no less than $400,000 a year.

The experience of other cities of the country in regard to legislative interference is in favor of the change proposed in New York. Chicago has never suffered from such interference, as its charter is a general law, and the legislature cannot change it without changing the charters of all the other cities of the State. In speaking of the results of this system, Mr. Franklin MacVeagh, in the interesting address which he made before the Municipal Reform Conference in Philadelphia, in January last, said:

> So far as the State has touched us at all, it has touched us through its Constitution; and there it has acted beneficently by limiting our power of borrowing money until our city debt is ridiculously low,— only about thirteen millions,— and by limiting our power of taxation, so that our taxes are moderate. We have in this way that greatest political good — absolute home-rule, uninterfered with, untouched by any exterior force or power or influence.

Philadelphia is governed through its councils, under charter from the legislature. The Constitution of the State forbids the creation of municipal commissions, prohibits all special legislation, and limits the powers of municipalities to contract debts. Both Philadelphia and Chicago choose the members of their local legislative bodies by districts, and the consequence is that there is a large representation of objectionable men in them, with the natural result of much bad government in the city. Boston has just begun the experiment of electing its board of aldermen, who with a common

council constitute the legislative department of the city, on a general ticket, under the minority-representation provision that no voter shall vote for more than seven of the twelve aldermen to be elected. Only one trial has been made of this plan, and the results of that were not especially encouraging.

In fact the trouble everywhere, under all systems, is the same. Mr. MacVeagh, in the address from which we have quoted, defined it accurately when he said:

> Our trouble is your trouble—the indifference and the neglect of the so-called good citizens. Such men defeat good city government. I want to say that it is not the bad citizen that needs to be reformed, but the "good citizen." The bad citizens are a hopeless minority. The good citizens are a hopeless majority.

Mr. Moorfield Storey, speaking also at the Philadelphia Conference, said of the situation in Boston:

> If honest citizens without regard to their differences on national questions would combine to secure good men in the board of aldermen, this new law might be of great assistance, but employed merely to divide the board between Republicans and Democrats it is useless.

The remedy for municipal misgovernment lies in the awakening of the respectable citizens to a proper sense of civic duty. Home rule, by placing the responsibility for misgovernment squarely and fully upon the inhabitants of the cities, must tend inevitably to hasten this awakening, and for this reason it would seem to be desirable that it should be granted.

The Memory of Curtis.

WHILE good citizenship and nobility of character are honored in America, the memory of George William Curtis will remain green and fragrant, but it is altogether fitting that those who were of his own day and generation should honor themselves in making a permanent memorial to his memory. The shape of this memorial, as decided upon, is twofold: first, an artistic monument; second, an endowed course of lectures upon the duties of American citizenship, and kindred subjects, to be called the "Curtis Lectureship." It will then be seen that the memorial is of such sort as not only to be a record of his personality, but to carry on forever the true work of his life by an insistence upon the cause to which his life was devoted—the elevation of the standard of American citizenship. This was the thought that dominated his career; the motive which grew and strengthened with his years.

Curtis possessed personal traits which gave him distinction; he had exceptional literary and oratorical ability; his was a life of singular purity and nobility. But above all Curtis was a most exemplary type of American citizenship. His fame as a public man did not come from office. His great services to his country were performed as a private citizen, without expectation of political reward. In fact, his only relation to any prominent position (except the chairmanship of the Civil Service Commission) was the refusal of high place under a friendly administration.

The committee of several hundred having the matter in charge is certainly one of the most significant and representative that has ever been made in this country. It is desirable that the sum ($25,000) shall be subscribed for in every part of the Union by all who appreciate the man, and who sympathize with the patriotic form which the memorial is to take. Mr. William Potts of Farmington, Connecticut, is the secretary, and Mr. William L. Trenholm, 160 Broadway, New York, the treasurer.

A Good Minister and a Good Citizen.

THERE was a time in the recent career of a prominent minister of New York when good men questioned not his motives, but certain of his methods. It was soon found that any fault of method, if fault there was, counted as nothing to the rectitude of motive, energy, and persistence of action, and, as now appears, to the enormous value of results in the unveiling of official iniquity.

The legislative inquiry would not have taken place had it not been for a popular uprising which placed the legislative branch of the State government in hands unfriendly to Tammany Hall. But the labors of Dr. Parkhurst have been the principal means in making that inquiry successful; and the people rightly regard him as the chief hero of the preparatory struggle with Tammany Hall—a struggle soon to be followed by another, which all friends of good government throughout the world are hoping will be a fatal and final defeat of that ignoble and irredeemable organization.

All honor to the true minister and true citizen, Charles H. Parkhurst. Would that every community in America possessed a patriot as earnest, unselfish, and heroic!

OPEN LETTERS.

Abandoned Farms Again.

MR. WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP seems to have emerged from a search after an abandoned farm in upper New England, which he has described in an entertaining manner in THE CENTURY, with doubts as to the existence of the deserted homestead. Years before the abandoned farm had got itself into print, I spent some summers in Vermont, and deserted land was then abundant enough in that region. The landlord of the tavern of the quaint little village of Grafton cut the hay on a half-dozen of such places, which I have myself visited. Oftentimes the houses were on pleasant, breezy sites with delightful outlooks. Years subsequently spent in the northeastern part of New York State within sight of the distant Green Mountains have, however, made me far more familiar with local changes there. No abandoned farms were to be found in the neighborhood of Lake George eighteen, fifteen, even ten years ago. At the time of a great exodus of a portion of the original New England stock westward, Irish and Scotch families had moved in and filled up the vacant lands. Within ten years, however, the abandoned farm has made its appearance, and has gradually spread like

some novel weed, the seeds of which had come over the Green Mountains on the east wind, or lain long dormant among the belongings of the New England folk who first settled this land, to spring up at last and bring forth fruit. In a drive of five miles I can now show the beholder as many farms where the meadow-grass waves untrodden in the dooryard, and cinnamon roses struggle with weeds in the neglected garden-plots.

There is nothing romantically melancholy about the story of these abandonments. One man on the shores of Lake George, whose acres are few and untamable, though beautiful with rocks and pines, has moved to a neighboring village, where he pursues the business of boat-building. Another lives on an adjacent farm, and pastures cows on the more abundant but scarcely less rocky land of his abandoned farm. A third place with rich soil, fine fruit, a small house, and a delightful outlook, has fallen into the hands of a man who cuts the hay, and holds the farm for sale until such time as he may find a purchaser for his land. The fourth, a fine old homestead, in good preservation, with French Mountain as a background, is owned by a man who has deserted the place in search of better farming land. This farm will no doubt be sold at a low price when he dies, and his children desire to realize on their inheritance. The possessor of the fifth, which is crossed by a fine, brawling brook, prefers to abandon his place and rent a better farm, at a distance, which is in turn deserted by its owner. There are other abandoned homesteads near at hand. One man has gone into the meat business at Caldwell; another has moved to Glens Falls; a third farm, with a beautiful stretch of lake shore and a ruinous house, is deserted also, but will hardly be sold until the death of the widow of the former owner extinguishes her dower-right. Half-a-dozen abandoned mountain-side farms have been bought by a "townman," and countrymen sometimes engross land which they find on the market at prices which seem to them so low as to offer a chance for speculation.

I make no doubt that this region is far from being an exceptional one in this respect, but that corresponding evidences of a decay in the value of Eastern farm-lands may be found far and wide. The reason is patent. Rich and level Western prairies, with their farm machinery and cheap transportation, have cut out these stony, hilly farmsteads which once furnished wheat and corn for an Eastern market, and grew their half-scores of sturdy girls and boys. The boys, if possessed of spirit, have mostly long since sought the wide prairies, or moved to neighboring towns where they have chosen other vocations. Those who have inherited land, and have been unable to sell it unless at a sacrifice which seems to them too great, tug at their chains and mourn that they had not long since "gone West." The children of the Irish people who once filled up the deserted homes here have also flown the nest. And all this not because of a love of change and a hatred of hard work, but for a simple economic reason: almost anything pays better than farming. The result of this exodus is that a considerable part of the present population is a sort of immovable sediment, a weedy sort of folk attached to the soil in a blind way, who have neither the spirit to seek new fields to conquer, nor to conquer those about them, but who seem to strive only to solve the problem of how to exist with the least possible amount of bodily exertion.

Old folk remember when modest fortunes were once made on farms in this region. Now one of our most intelligent farmers has been heard to declare that he would not take the best farm in his township for ten dollars an acre. He has abandoned his own inherited land in favor of a son. When asked what he meant to do, he made answer, "Put on a gold watch and hire out by the month." It is a common saying here that a farmer cannot make more than enough in actual cash to pay his "hired man." It does not, however, follow that farms may be bought for ten dollars an acre. Your farmer is of all men the last to submit to economic changes. He is conservative and cautious above everything. He may have discovered that farming does not pay; he may know that some of the best farms in the country go begging at a third of the asking price of twenty years ago; he may even desert his land; but sell he will not at less than what seems to him to be its real value. You must wait and tire him out, and perhaps tire out his heirs, before you may get his farm at a bargain, unless indeed a mortgage overtake him before that time. His habits of thought are not business-like. He never reflects that the interest on a smaller sum would grow in time to the larger amount on which his hopes are fixed.

In New England, to the cautious spirit of the countryman one may add the presence of the city man, as a factor in enhancing the price of farm property. The latter too frequently contrives to give his country neighbors the impression that he is a boundless mine of wealth. He brings to them a never-looked-for opportunity to sell and to do for ready cash. He freely hands out in one day more money than the farmer who raises his own necessaries, and too often foregoes his luxuries, may see in months. To the farmer he seems a spendthrift who may not be deterred from sowing his means far and wide, and he shrewdly resolves that while "it rains porridge" his bowl shall not be found "bottom side up." What wonder that the price of land rises, and milk, vegetables, and carriage hire are no longer to be had for a song, when the city man is seen in the land? I myself only blame the country-folk that they too often overreach themselves in their shrewdness. If Mr. Bishop had suffered some years ago from the craze for old furniture, and had sought to buy a hall-clock from the original owner, he would have been apt to find that the price rose with the rumor of a demand even to two hundred dollars, as in one case that came to my knowledge.

Those farms which border on Lake George in this region are apt to be enhanced in price by that fact. Sales and rumors of sales have inflamed the imaginations of their owners, and no depression in the value of real estate elsewhere ever affects the ideas of these patient natives. Cases have been known where one inquiry has been enough to raise the price of a few acres to ten thousand dollars, the owner meanwhile making haste to denude his land of its timber that he might realize in two ways upon his property. The same spirit has no doubt much to do with the rise in the price of land in New England. As yet no one has selected our abandoned farms in this region for summer homes, and when they contain no lake sites they have no fancy value. Those really desiring to sell will no doubt sell at moderate prices to one whose appearance holds out no promise of miraculous showers of wealth, but is only

an earnest of a modest trickle of hard-won earnings. Perhaps, indeed, the fellow-farmer is the only man who can arrive at the lowest actual price at which farming land may be bought.

Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye.

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

An Instance of Organized Public Spirit.

FIVE years ago the city of Indianapolis suffered from an extreme public indifference to the evils of a form of municipal government lamentably lacking in intelligence and efficiency, and a general absence of home pride or public spirit on the part of citizens. Mr. William Fortune started a movement to overcome these disadvantages, and four years ago called together twenty-seven business and professional men who organized the Commercial Club, the membership of which increased within a month to nearly a thousand. Its name does not fully indicate the club's purpose, which is not commercial in the sense of devotion to trade interests, but is, broadly stated, to make the Indiana capital a better place to live in.

Attention was first directed to the need of a complete reorganization of the municipal government. The city was then under the control of a board of aldermen and common council, who had brought about a state of affairs similar to that in many other American cities and towns, where the legislative, executive, and judicial powers are intermingled in hopeless confusion, and where political advantage is the main consideration. A committee representing the club, the city government, and the board of trade prepared a charter embodying many of the best modern ideas of municipal government, and secured its enactment by the legislature, notwithstanding the bitter opposition of many influential people who were interested in the continuance of the old form.

The streets of Indianapolis, at the time of the club's organization, were little better than the worst — not a foot of asphalt or brick. Much educational work was done in enlightening the public as to the value and importance of street improvements. A paving exposition was held for the purpose of affording citizens an opportunity of obtaining information easily regarding the various street-paving methods. The project, an original one, was successful. Nearly all the leading paving companies in America made exhibits, and official delegates were sent to the exposition by a hundred or more cities and towns to gather information. The result was that remonstrances against proposed street-paving ceased, and the demand for it at once became greater than the city authorities could meet, and has so continued for four years.

In 1891 the city was without a system of sewerage. A committee of the club spent a year, under the direction of eminent experts, in an exhaustive investigation, with the result that a comprehensive sewerage system is now far on toward completion.

The club has represented the public in providing for the unemployed during this winter, having the coöperation of all organizations engaged in charitable work. It has devised and carried out a plan by which between 4000 and 5000 persons have been furnished regularly an ample supply of food, sold to them on credit, under an agreement requiring them to perform work in payment of their indebtedness, at the rate of 12½ cents an hour. The public has been given the benefit of the labor without charge. The aim has been to avoid pauperizing the people who have been under the necessity of receiving relief. Dr. Albert Shaw, in a recent article, has characterized this plan as "the most perfect arrangement for relief that has been devised in any of our cities."

The character of the club's work will farther appear in a summary of some of the enterprises with which it has had to do partly or wholly: a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar county jail in place of one which disgraced the community; a State Road Congress; equalization of the city's taxes; securing for Indianapolis the Twenty-seventh National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic; and a bill for a State Board of Arbitration and Conciliation.

In a word, the club's accomplishment is that no one's thought for the betterment of the community has had to be unrealized for lack of coöperation. With a view to permanence in this centralization of public spirit an eight-story stone front building — the handsomest business structure in the State — has been erected by the club as its home.

The articles of incorporation provide that "the club shall not be committed in any manner to the advocacy of any candidate for office." Each member has but one vote regardless of the amount of his subscription, which must be for at least five of the ten-dollar shares of non-dividend-paying stock. Only the income from the money realized by the sale of shares is available in furthering the club's undertakings.

"Booming" has been a very small part, and the offering of bonuses no part, of the work, which has been conducted on the theory that the improvement of the city is a desirable, if not an essential, precedent to its upbuilding from without.

While the large representative membership gives to the club the general support essential to the accomplishment of public undertakings, its work is done by a few men acting as committeemen or as officers. Occasional public meetings are held for the purpose of affording opportunity for suggestions as to what should be done, but all plans are quietly developed and carried out by representatives.

Evans Woollen.

One Cause of Apathy in Municipal Politics.

IT may be safely assumed that the more or less educated or cultivated man, whose abilities have made him successful in the management of his private business, or whose interest in real estate gives him a large share of taxes to pay, is rather conspicuous by his absence than prominent in the public politics of cities, or in the work of municipal legislation and administration. Let us see whether any light will be thrown on the relation of such men to the reforms which are demanded, by consideration of the significance of their "apathy" — that is, by an attempt to discover and explain their present unsatisfactory attitude toward municipal interests, commonly so characterized.

It is clear enough that in any city where a considerable number of the "representative men" — or, as some say, "the best men" — approximate to a sense of public duty, the solution of its municipal problem is probably in sight, since such men would not manifest

"apathy," but a most effective activity. But while there are cases of "apathy" which may fairly be said to be explained, if not excused, by honest discouragement, it will be evident on further consideration that "apathy" must now be, in an important percentage of cases, understood to cover at least one other constraining cause, not so innocent, and the contemplation of which is somewhat disquieting as to the probable effect of greater activity on the part of the "better element" in local politics. This is the habit of non-interference, growing out of investment in, or other relation to, business enterprises, particularly private corporations, which depend for existence on municipal franchises or patronage, or both. It is brought about, not as a result of a direct bargain, nor is it, perhaps, always or usually presented to the individual in such a way as to call for a definite and formal sacrifice of principle, but it has come to be an unwritten law that the managing officer of such a corporation is not to be embarrassed in his relations with the city by a "pernicious activity" on the part of the stock-holders or those whom they control. Sometimes, indeed, when a close vote is to be feared, and a purchasable official is needed, there has been seen the anomaly of an unblushing rascal supported by "our best men," who had, of course, been convinced by the manager of the water company, or the promoter of some other enterprise in which they were stock-holders, that the candidate was, after all, not a bad fellow, and would vote "our way" when the time came.

This is, of course, quite exceptional, and the most that is usually expected is that the stock-holder and his following shall not be active,—shall not oppose things, or be too much in favor of things, nor inquire too critically into municipal matters,— shall, in short, be "apathetic." When the number of private corporations dependent in various ways on municipal favor is considered, the ramification of this influence is seen to be enormous. When an abuse becomes intolerable, and an enthusiastic, but over-confiding, individual or party sets out upon an attempt to correct it, support is at once developed in the most unexpected quarters — not for the attempt, but for the abuse. Mr. A. will not take any active part, "although sympathizing with the movement," because his partner, Mr. B., is a director in the Something-or-Other Company. Mr. C. is deeply grieved that such a state of things should exist, but can do nothing *himself* because "you know our company does a large business with the School Board." Mr. D. is much pleased that something is to be attempted, but his relations to the City Hall, as the representative of large real estate interests, make it undesirable for him to do much; you have his sympathy, however — and so on, to the end of the alphabet.

Any of these men will discuss municipal reform,— in the abstract,—with interest; some of them with enthusiasm; many of them would resent the imputation that their relation to municipal politics is warped and biased by undue solicitude for their investments in banks, street railroads, electric, gas, or other companies; while others will say frankly, but confidentially, that they can make enough out of the city to more than make up for their share of the excessive taxation, and to pay them for submitting to defects in municipal government, some of which, in fact, they have caused, and by many of which they are known to profit. This is, of course, an unpleasant truth, but it *is* a truth; and, indeed, it may fairly be said that the greatest barrier to-day in the way of such reforms in municipal politics as are agreed upon and urgently demanded is the absorption of able and successful representative men in private corporations, which stamp out the individual conscience and obscure the individual responsibility, until many of the men who would naturally be expected to take the lead in municipal reform are unavailable because "apathetic."

James G. Cutler.

What to Do with the Tramp.

I MUST first explain just what I mean by a tramp. Some people think that he is simply a man out of work, a man willing to labor if he has the chance; and others, although admitting that he is not so fond of toil as he might be, claim that he is more a victim of circumstances than of his own perversity. Neither of these opinions, seems to me to meet the case. According to my experience,—and I have studied the tramp carefully in over thirty States of the Union,—he is a man, and too often a boy, who prefers vagabondage to any other business, and in moments of enthusiasm actually brags about the wisdom of his choice. There are some exceptions, it is true, but by no means so many as is generally supposed. Not one tramp in fifty of those that I have met could say that he could find no work, and not over ten in a hundred could claim that they had never had a "fair chance in life." During my eight months of travel "on the road," hardly a week passed that I did not have an opportunity to labor, and although the work offered me was not always pleasant or very paying, it would easily have kept anybody from becoming a beggar. And these chances were not at all exceptional. Almost any day in the summer, at least, the tramp can "earn his keep" if he wants to, and even in winter there are numerous "jobs" that he could have if he cared for them. But the fact is he does not care for them. He hates work as most people hate poison, and in the great majority of instances, confesses that he is a voluntary idler. Even when he does not admit this, he explains confidingly that "it 's drink that 's troublin' 'im." This is my understanding of the American tramp, and I think that any one who knows him well will agree that it is correct. If so, what is to be done with him?

This is a hard question to answer; in fact I know of none more puzzling; not so much, however, on account of the question itself as because of the public on whom the tramp lives. Until people agree to some definite and comprehensive plan and pledge themselves to be loyal to it, nothing can be accomplished. Exactly what this plan should be is still an open question. Some persons suggest one thing, and others favor quite the contrary. But that something ought to be done is no longer a matter of doubt. In order to suggest the possible character of this "something" I have endeavored to travel back in my experience to a point where I can imagine tramp life to begin. I have tried to picture myself standing at this outset of the whole matter, and viewing the conditions something after this fashion: Given myself, an idle fellow who hates the idea of work, and has determined to escape its drudgery and to live by other means, two courses are open — begging and stealing. If I steal, I commit an acknow-

ledged injury to society and justly deserve punishment. I have not the heart for that. If I beg and receive alms, it is a gift on which I live, and injures nobody; consequently punishment is out of the question. Assuming that this philosophy is correct, I ask: Are there enough charitable and kindly disposed people in the world to support me in an idle life provided I can keep up a good excuse for such a life? If yes, then here goes for the career of a tramp! It is an easy way of seeing the world, and has probably no more hardships than any other business in which men are accustomed to engage. Right here is the turning-point. It seems a simple matter to settle the whole business in theory. Society must agree to say to the prospective vagabond as he canvasses the situation: "No. There are not enough foolishly benevolent members of our body to feed and clothe and shelter you in a life of idleness." I do not offer this as anything that is startlingly original; I can only say had this been the order of things when I began my study of tramps, I should have found it impossible to travel "on the road," and live on the public, even for purposes of strict scientific investigation.

The public, as such, should have nothing to do with cases of charity, be they deserving or not. This is the first principle of any scientific treatment of vagabondage, and until it is put in practice any method will prove unsatisfactory. It is the public that supports the tramp — it is his source of supplies, and as long as it exists for him, he will continue to thrive. I would advise, therefore, that no charity be shown to any one who begs in the streets, or at private houses. Indeed I should be glad to have a law passed which would fine any one who gives alms to beggars. If this were done, the tramp evil would be by no means difficult to settle.

Second: Every town should have some institution to receive and care for penniless wanderers. In this country, with a little remodeling, the station-house, or "Cally," as it is known in tramp parlance, could serve for such purposes. And it should remain exclusively in the hands of the police, as one department of the police system. Some may ask: "But how are the police to know who the real tramp is?" The best method of discovering him is to compel every person who wanders at the expense of the community to give some evidence of his willingness and ability to work. In Germany, this is accomplished by means of *Arbeitsbücher* (workingmen's books), which every man on the *Chaussee* is supposed to carry, and unless the man's book shows that he has worked within a reasonable amount of time, or gives some good reason for not having done so, he is put into the hands of the police. It is hardly possible, I suppose, to introduce this "pass system" into the United States, but there are other ways of finding out who the real tramp is, and whether he wants work or not. For instance, the station-house could also be a labor test house, and situation bureau. Each inmate should be given a task of work, and if he proves honest and anxious to secure a situation, the "bureau" can be made the means of supplying him with one. If he refuses to work, or shows any inclination to be disorderly, he ought to be immediately put in "durance vile." This plan would, of course, cost the taxpayer something, but not so much as under the present arrangement, or lack of arrangement, and it would free every person in the community from the feeling that in refusing a beggar he is perhaps denying an honest man a chance to get on.

Third: Every professional beggar must be severely punished,— but not in the county jails,— until they are reformed. It is a perfect farce to put a tramp into such places. In winter he wants nothing better, for in them he is well taken care of, and is not compelled to work. This is precisely what should not be done. Every tramp should be sent to the workhouse, at least, and, in case he persists in his unwillingness to earn his living, to the penitentiary. I am well aware that a good many people will cry out at this last suggestion, but just so long as they fight shy of these necessary although severe measures, just so long will they be duped and tricked by beggars. There is no use in blinking this fact, for it is indisputable, and the sooner it is appreciated by everybody, the easier will it be to deal with the tramp question. The whole trouble, as I said above, comes from our unwillingness to give our time and painstaking assistance to some genuine and comprehensive plan. Even in Germany, where, so far as theory goes, the treatment of vagrancy is excellent, there is this same trouble; and every German sociologist admits that it is impossible to rid the country of *Chausseegrabentapezirer* so long as people feed them and are unwilling to have them severely punished.

In regard to the boys "on the road," and there are thousands of them, the question becomes serious even to dread and fear. They are the product of the criminal indifference of the good, and the bestiality of the bad. They are the new crop of tramps. If they can be snatched from the grip of the old men "on the road," where shall they be placed? They are too far demoralized to be relegated to decent companionship. What shelter and discipline is open to them? A good home is what they need, but where is one to find it? In view of these difficulties, and also because the majority of these lads are tramping because the older vagabonds persuaded them into this life, I think that the best way to keep them off "the road" is to make them dangerous companions. Let it be known, for instance, that any hobo caught in company with a "kid" will be sent to the penitentiary for two or three years, and I will guarantee that the latter will diminish in numbers very rapidly. This is putting punishment where it belongs, and at the same time tends strongly to prevention of the evil. It does not, however, provide for the boys when they are once out of the clutches of the tramp. There is a crying need for an institution which shall take the place of the reform school, a kind of industrial home and manual training-school, in which the least contaminated may be separated from the viciously trained and criminally inclined boy, and taught useful employment and obedience to authority.

I am no enemy of the reform school, but I believe that many a boy is sent there who belongs in a more gentle institution. Just what this latter should be is hard to settle; personally, I should like it to be a sort of home, in some respects like a university settlement, where the boys may be continually under the influence of cultivated and trained sociologists, and at the same time have the benefit of kindnesses not found in penal institutions. A brotherhood of young men bound together by philanthropic purpose, and charged with a mission of this sort, will, in my opinion, accomplish

more than any other existing agency in the reform of juvenile tramps.

The foregoing is but a suggestion as to the treatment of vagabondage. In the space at my command I have only been able to sketch a broken outline around what I consider the main points, which are as follows:

(1) All charity shown to beggars should be put into the hands of municipally employed specialists.

(2) Each town should have a police rendezvous for vagabonds, conducted on such principles that the seeker of work should be entirely distinguished from the professional tramp.

(3) The latter must fall under a system of graded punishment and enforced labor in institutions where he will be continually in contact with law and order.

(4) The juvenile tramp must be speedily eliminated from the problem by penalties imposed on his seducers.

These principles, as I have explained them, presuppose in municipal government a power over tramps which I am well aware does not always exist in this country; but if municipal government in the United States has come to the point where it is powerless to meet a growing evil in its own domain, or to where people are afraid to trust any more business in its hands, it is high time that a better government be begun. For until the treatment of vagabondage can be placed entirely in the hands of municipal authorities, it will not prove efficient.

Josiah Flynt.

The College Gymnasium.

IN the minds of some people, even of some educators, there is danger of misunderstanding the college gymnasium. Before describing it, therefore, it may be well to clear away some false impressions about it. In other words, before telling what it is, it is necessary to declare what it is *not*.

It is not primarily a place of exploits; it is not a place designed for teaching young men dangerous feats of strength or skill. If such things are taught in it, they are incidents, and not the chief ends, of the teaching. Though its purposes are served by means of the training of the muscles, the making of men into "lumps of muscle" is not the aim of the training.

Its chief aim is educational. The term "body-building," largely employed by the best instructors, well describes its main purpose. By a great number of prominent educators, education is made synonymous with study of books. In this view of study, what constitutes education is the evolving of brain-power through conscious cerebration, using the eyes and ears as the avenues of materials for thought contained in books. But this is a narrow view. It would not be hard to show, too, that if it were possible to carry it out to its logical issue, it would defeat its own purpose by weakening the brain instead of strengthening it; for the brain is one organ of the body, and depends for its healthful activity upon the healthy condition of all members of the body. So that when we are building up the body in the best possible way, we are really helping to form a good brain. Indeed, the first development of the brain, like the development of all the nerve-centers of which it is the chief, is by movement, and principally by conscious movement. The first years of life are taken up with movement, not always conscious, but, as the years increase, the conscious movements become more numerous. With these movements the brain develops, and if they are interfered with by an unwise system of conscious cerebration, only mischief results. Not only is the body injured, but the brain is enfeebled. A true system of education will aim not to repress movement in a growing child, boy or girl, but wisely to encourage and direct it. At first, physical education, pure and simple, is play. Action, varied yet continued, is the natural method of self-development in children. As they come toward maturity, less movement is necessary to their health, but some is still absolutely essential if they are to enter life fully equipped for the exacting demands of the modern world. So it comes about that, to the college, the gymnasium and the playground are still vitally important adjuncts. But how to use these adjuncts to the best advantage is the important question. Undoubtedly, exercise in the fresh air is superior to exercise in-doors. Athletic sports, for that reason, are to be preferred to the drill of the gymnasium. But in these sports, especially in competitive sports, the desire to excel often blinds the judgment with reference to their real value as a means of recreation and health. Some men enter them to their hurt. A thorough physical examination by an expert physician, followed by a preliminary training in a gymnasium under a competent instructor, would furnish a safeguard. For athletes, the gymnasium might stand as a gateway to the practice of athletics.

But there are, at the least estimate, three quarters of the students of every college who are either too lazy to exercise in the field, or too indifferent to the value of exercise to take the trouble to seek it anywhere. It must either be made a part of the prescribed curriculum, or it must be made so convenient and attractive that a majority of students will take it of their own choice and free will. The compulsory plan is the one adopted at Amherst. The optional plan is the one at present followed at the larger universities. To explain this latter system, I will take as a type of the modern gymnasium the one at Yale, the latest in methods and equipment, being moreover the one with which I am most familiar.

The gymnasium is large, well lighted, and well ventilated. The main exercise-hall has a floor-space of over ten thousand square feet. The height of this hall from the floor to the peak of the roof is fifty-six feet. The light comes from the roof, which is mainly of glass. So far as daylight is concerned, the student exercises in as much light as if he were out of doors. The hall is equipped with all the apparatus for exercise of the best and latest make. There are special accommodations for the athletes, such as rowing-tanks, etc. Bowling-alleys are in the basement. There are not only the ordinary facilities for bathing, but also a swimming-pool, and a system of Turkish baths.

The direction of the students in the matter of gymnastic exercise is in the charge of two regularly educated physicians, Drs. Jay W. Seaver and William G. Anderson. The first is an authority in anthropometry. He makes a thorough physical examination of every student who desires it. The result of this examination is indicated on a card, and is made the basis of the exercises prescribed by Dr. Anderson. Dr. Anderson and his brother, Mr. H. S. Anderson, have charge of the main floor.

The first anthropometrical lists were made by Dr. Edward Hitchcock, of Amherst. Successive investiga-

tors in the same line have added to them. Many charts of averages have been constructed from these various lists. At Yale an elaborate chart is furnished to every student at a slight extra charge. On this chart his measurements are graphically shown, in agreement or disagreement with the averages of the lists referred to. The results of measurements each successive year of his course can be represented on the same chart. He is thus able to see whether his exercise is followed by growth of body, symmetrical development, and improvement in strength.

Instruments are used for testing not only the strength of the muscles, but also of the lungs; for indicating the amount of abnormal development of one side of the body, or of members of any part of the body. In cases of spinal curvature the amount of such curvature is indicated, and the causes of it are investigated. Appropriate exercises are prescribed for all curable cases. Students requiring special exercises are given individual instruction by Dr. Anderson, by his brother, or by one of their assistants. Those whose cases are in no wise peculiar in abnormal or deficient development are put in classes meeting three times a week. For these classes the exercises are varied and progressive, and are designed to develop all parts of the body symmetrically. Most of these exercises are performed to the time of music, so that they may be done in unison. The instructor leads them in person.

The records of the measurements of students, and of the tests of various organs, and of special senses, give some interesting results. For the academic years of 1892–93 it was found that the number of those suffering from serious errors of refraction in sight without being aware of it was large, and several cases of recurrent headache and of similar troubles were relieved by the prescription of glasses by a specialist. The number of men examined in the Freshman classes of the academic and scientific departments was about 275, or slightly above 54 per cent. of these classes. Of these men 53 were found to be more or less near-sighted, and of these 34 were complicated cases of near-sightedness and astigmatism. There were 33 cases of far-sightedness, of which 10 were complicated with astigmatism. There were 34 cases of simple astigmatism. Of these cases 17 had already been examined, and the men wore glasses before coming to college. All required glasses, but having been notified of an error of refraction in sight, even those who did not immediately require the use of glasses were able to guard against undue eye-strain in the future. This seems to be a very simple statement of facts. But think of the amount of suffering saved to these students by the knowledge conveyed to them! The economy of suffering was not bodily suffering alone, but mental suffering as well. For eyesight is the main avenue of knowledge to a man. If that is defective, the facts acquired partake of the nature of the medium.

With regard to spinal deformities there were seventeen men with lateral curvature of the spine. In all these cases the curvatures could be traced to the mechanical condition caused by one leg being shorter than the other. The remedy was simple; namely, raising the heel and sole of the shoe on the foot of the shorter leg. Exercises were also prescribed to strengthen the muscles on the side required to draw the spine back into normal position. Simple and natural as were the remedies, they were sufficient to avert serious spinal troubles.

With regard to lesions of the heart, nine cases of organic troubles were discovered. Closely allied with heart lesions are the errors of circulation found in varicose veins. Four cases of fully developed varicose veins were found, while in many incipient cases men have been cautioned against certain forms of exercise.

Three cases of rupture were found, which were unknown previous to the examination. In two of these cases there was complete recovery. The third had so far developed as to make recovery extremely doubtful.

The sense of hearing was also examined. Two men were relieved of foreign bodies in the ear that were causing permanent impairment of hearing. Six cases of deafness were relieved.

To sum up, in about one half of the two classes there were 120 cases of eye trouble. These were either entirely remedied, or were put in the way of being remedied. Eight cases of deafness were cured. Two cases of rupture were relieved, and started on the way to recovery. There were 17 cases of curvature of the spine either cured or greatly relieved. In 6 cases of heart difficulty, and a number of cases of varicose veins, valuable advice was given looking to the improvement of the patients.

In 1893–94, the number of cases examined in the two Freshman classes was 282, or about 52 per cent. of the members of those classed. Among these men there were 140 cases of eye trouble, and of these 25 only had been examined before, and fitted with glasses. Fourteen men had lateral curvature of the spine. Five cases of heart trouble, and 5 cases of rupture, have prospects of complete recovery. About the same percentage of ear troubles was found as in the previous year.

The only regret which comes to one considering these facts is that the whole of the two classes could not have been examined. The writer believes that it would be wise so far to combine the compulsory and optional systems as to oblige every student entering college to submit to a physical examination some time early in his college course. Numerous mistakes in exercise, and much suffering due to abnormal physical conditions, would thus be avoided.

From what has been said, it will be seen that the office of the gymnasium is twofold, educational and sanative. Its educational work is extended beyond the mere exercise-hall into the class-room. For since the erection of the new building, a course of study in physical culture has been opened to the students, which is useful to those who think of making a life-work of teaching. The work comes under two branches—physiology, and the practice and theory of gymnastics.

It is too soon to pronounce on the complete results of this new departure in education; but one thing is certain, that since the opening of the new building the college has never been more orderly nor the students had better health. It is the opinion of the writer that as the work is still more widely followed its benefits will be still more marked.

Eugene Lamb Richards.

"The Century's" American Artist Series.

CECILIA BEAUX. (See frontispiece.)

CECILIA BEAUX was born in Philadelphia, where she received her first lessons in drawing from Catharine A.

Drinker (now Mrs. T. A. Janvier), and Adolf van der Weilen, and where also she studied with William Sartain. In the years 1885, 1887, 1891, and 1892 she was awarded the Mary Smith prize of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. She went to Paris in the year 1888, and studied during two winters under Tony Robert Fleury, Bouguereau, and Constant at the Académie Julien; she received instructions also from Charles Lasar, Courtois, and others. In the year 1893 she was awarded the Dodge prize of the New York National Academy of Design, and the gold medal of the Philadelphia Art Club.

She was elected member of the Society of American Artists in the year 1893, and associate of the National Academy of Design in 1894.

Her work at the two New York exhibitions in 1894 was extremely interesting. A young girl called "Revery" was especially noticeable for its grace and delicacy, the folded hands being very daintily brushed (see frontispiece). The child portrait at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists was also very much admired. Few artists have the fresh touch which the child needs, and the firm and rapid execution which allows the painter to catch the fleeting expression and the half-forms which make child portraits at once the longing and the despair of portrait-painters. This pretty child, held in tow by a big nurse, of whom one is only allowed to see the firm hand and arm and the big white apron, is as living as one could wish, and looks ready to move off the moment its curiosity has been satisfied.

A more conventional, but not less successful, portrait the year before was that of a lady of fifty, whose gentle face, aging, yet not old, was most happily and sympathetically rendered.

Miss Beaux's technique is altogether French, sometimes reminding one a little of Carolus Duran, and of Sargent — but her individuality has triumphed over all suggestions of her foreign masters, and the combination of refinement and strength is altogether her own.

H.

"The Helping Hand" of Chicago.

IN an article on "The City Tramp," in THE CENTURY for March, the writer, speaking of "The Helping Hand" of Chicago, says: "This place is not a charitable institution, although its name signifies that. It is run on business principles, in quite the same way that other lodging-houses are." Mr. W. H. Rice, secretary, writes to us that "the truth is that 'The Helping Hand' (now no longer in existence) was a charitable institution, and although it was run on business principles, it was not run as other lodging-houses are, for it furnished relief only to such needy men as were able and willing to work. During the course of its existence it found employment for hundreds of men, and it went out of existence in the spring of 1893, simply because there were no applicants for its aid."

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Aphorisms.

THE maternal instinct is so strong in the mass of women that their most romantic and passionate attachments to the other sex are molded and mellowed by it.

LOVE is an insanity of the heart, and inspires a divine faith in the impossible.

A WOMAN may be disappointed again and again in her lover; but she always retains her faith in love.

THE woman (says *Marcia* in Addison's "Cato") who deliberates is lost. But the woman who deliberates not is lost also.

MANY a woman is so uniformly good and self-sacrificing that those to whom she is good, and for whom she makes sacrifices, come to regard all her generosity as a mere duty.

IT is very hard to obey the Scriptural injunction, and love our enemies, when many of us fail to like wholly even our best friends.

ORDINARY love may be selfish. But the highest and purest love always enjoys far more from what it gives than from what it receives.

THERE could hardly be a Heaven without women — and certainly no Hell.

THE best way for a man or woman to be somebody is to do something earnestly and persistently.

A MAN can generally laugh over a love-affair, however grave, when it is really past. Not so a woman. To her the subject remains sacred; it is dedicated to solemn silence. She regards it as a tender poem unfinished, as a pure romance profaned. Is this because she has less humor or more heart?

A MAN often seems to think that, when he has won a woman's love, he is absolved from all obligation to attempt to keep it by any of the means by which he originally gained it.

MANY a woman thinks, though she may not express her thought, that one of the greatest charms of love is that, with her lover, she can lay aside shams and conventionalities, and dare to be herself.

Junius Henri Browne.

Washington's Account of his Table Supplies.

THIS interesting example of General Washington's love for detail, is contained in a book of eight folio pages measuring 17 inches in length by 7½ inches in breadth, on paper containing his water-mark and all his own handwriting. It contains entries of the amount of food and liquors used each day, and also the cost of each item, and by it we know to a certainty just what Washington ate and drank during April and May, 1794, the period covered by this book. Each page consists of sixty-four lines all evidently ruled by Washington him-

April--1794--30 days

	articles bo	Monday 21st	Tuesday 22	Wedny 23d	Thursday 24th	Friday 25	Saturday 26th	Su
Meats	Butchers	£-s-d B. 7.0. 32/ V. 2.0. 2/8	£-s-d Calves head 6.0	£-s-d Sausages 5-19-1	£-s-d Sausages 2 1.1	£-s-d B & Veal 2.0 8	£-s-d Mutton 20/ Lamb 14/	£
	Bacon		Sausages 6-0	1 Ham 20/8	1 Ham 11.6	Sausages 2/.		
	Tongues							
	Turkies	one 8/.	two 20/.					
	Fowls	four 16.0		two 6/.0	two 6.6			
	Geese							
	Ducks	two 6-0						
	Birds	6 Pidgs 6-0		6 Chickens 14/.	10 Pidgs 10/.			
Fish	Scaled		Salmon 21/.	Shad &c 11.6	3.9		3 Carp 3-9	
	Lobsters		23/.					
	Crabs							
	Oysters	15/.	15/.	7.6			15/.	
Butter & Milk &c	Butter			8 lbs 16.		24 lbs 2.8.0	10½ lbs 10 15.10	
	Milk & Cream	5-0 Mr 1.0. C	5-0 Mr 1.0. C	5.0 Mr 2.0 C	7.0 Mr 5.0 C	5.0 Mr 6-0 C	5-0 Mr 1.0. C	5.0 Mr 37.0
	Eggs			8 doz 15.6		10 doz 15/.	8 doz 12-0	
	Cheese							
Vegetables	Vegitables	Turnips 1.0-8		Turnips 10/.	Turnips 23/.3	Turnips 8-0	Sarsaf 19-0	
	Herbs	Salad	Salad 16.0	Salad 4.6	Turnips 8-9	Salad 2.6	Salad 14.0	
Fruits & Nuts	Foreign fruits	4 oranges 5/.			Lemons 8/3 24 Oran. 30/.	6 Oran. 2/10 6 Lem. 1/10		
	Domestic Do	apples 7 6					apples 6/.	
	Melons							
	Foreign Nuts				Raisins 18.8			
	Domestic Do							
Bread &c	Bread	24 Loa. 7/.	24 Loa 7/	24 Loa 7/.	24 Loa 7/ 4 Rolls 1/3	24 Loa 6/-	24 Loa. 8/ Rolls 16/.	
	Biscuit							
	Cake			0.0	2 lbs Mace 14/. -			
	Flour & Meal							

FACSIMILE OF A PART OF WASHINGTON'S DOMESTIC ACCOUNTS.

self, and on each line is written the name of one of the many articles of food, or kinds of wine, which would most likely be partaken of in those days. There are sixty-one items in all, and as Washington often bought some things not specified on the list, he has been compelled to note them where the cost should be; for example, under the 22d and 23d of April, he purchased "sausages and ham" and put them on the line dedicated to bacon; "pidgeons" and "chickens" went under the title of birds. Porter appeared to have been the steady drink of the family, for we see that from three to six bottles were consumed daily, and that every other day a half barrel of beer costing 7s. 6d. was added; but the latter, probably, went to the servants' table. "Cyder" was down for twice a week only. It appears from this list that Thursday must have been the day for dining the Senators, the Representatives, or the Diplomatic Corps, for it must be remembered that Congress was in session in the city of Philadelphia, and Washington had social duties to perform, as on that day (and only

in one instance on Friday) the wine list becomes important. I quote:

Thursday, April 17th:	Thursday, April 24th:
9 bottles of Madeira	9 bottles of Madeira
2 " " Claret	2 " " Claret
6 " " Champaign	6 " " Champaign
6 " " Porter	2 " " Burgundy
6 " " Cyder	1 " " Sauterne
	6 " " Porter

And so on all the way through. The number of bottles of Madeira and claret consumed never varied. About the same number of people were invited each time, and they could be counted on to drink just so much.

It seems astounding that Washington could have wasted so much of his valuable time over such a trifling matter. One would think he had nothing to do about this time, and that he had elaborated this system of accounts of his daily table expenses as a means of amusing his idle hours. Such was not the case. In a letter to Tobias Lear, who was then in London, dated Philadelphia, May 4, 1794, he speaks of the discontent prevailing at the action of England, of the various measures pending in Congress for fortifications, for raising an army, and for training the militia; of the appointment of John Jay as minister; of the dissensions in the Cabinet; of the resignation of Jefferson, etc., etc. And yet, with all these varied complications, which would have dazed any other man, he sits in his room and figures out that for the week ending May 4, 1794, the day the above letter was written, which was on Sunday, his bread bill amounted to £3 16s. 10d.

William F. Havemeyer.

The Humming-Bird's Nest.

WHAT a frail house to trust with family cares,
Hair, string, and moss in cunning complex twisted
Upon a branch exposed to windy airs,
As though for nestlings danger ne'er existed!

But there the humming-bird, with bravo courage,
Lays, and broods on her tinted eggs so slight
Within the woven cup, and for her forage
Trusts thoughtless nature to give food aright.

The winds may blow till like a leaf the nest
Dances and whips upon the frolic breeze,
Yet will the fledglings thrive and take their rest
Rocked to small sleep amid the airy seas.

The sharp-nosed fox about the wood may prowl,
The sharp-eyed hawk peer down in search of prey,
And 'neath the stars may hunt the sharp-billed owl,
But still the jeweled wee ones hide alway.

A wonder 't is, such tiny creatures dare
Perils so fearsome in the unsheltered wild!
But wonder greater that small son and heir
Survives such perils safe as eagle's child!

Starr Hoyt Nichols.

Two Songs.

UP AND AWAY IN THE MORNING.

TIDE 's at full; the wave breaks white
(Oh, up and away in the morning);
Blue is the blown grass, red is the height;
Washed with the sun the sail shines white
(Oh, up and away in the morning).

Wide is the world in the laughing sun
(Oh, up and away in the morning).
Work 's to be done and wealth 's to be won
Ere a man turns home with the homing sun
(Oh, up and away in the morning).

Long is the heart's hope, long as the day
(Oh, up and away in the morning).
Heart hath its will and hand hath its way
Till the world rolls over and ends the day
(Oh, up and away in the morning).

It 's home that we toil for all day long
(Oh, up and away in the morning).
Hand on the line and heart in the song,
The labor of love will not seem long
(Oh, up and away in the morning).

HOME, HOME IN THE EVENING.

WHEN the crows fly in from sea
(Oh, home, home in the evening),
My love in his boat comes back to me,
Over the tumbling leagues of sea
(Oh, home, home in the evening).

And when the sun drops over the hill
(Oh, home, home in the evening),
My happy eyes they take their fill
Of watching my love as he climbs the hill
(Oh, home, home in the evening).

And when the dew falls over the land
(Oh, home, home in the evening),
I hold in my hand his dearest hand,
The happiest woman in all the land
(Oh, home, home in the evening).

. . . . . .

All day she sang by the cottage door
(Oh, home, home in the evening);
At sundown came his boat to the shore —
But he to the hearthside comes no more,
Home, home in the evening.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

Quatrains.

A BOY'S WAY.

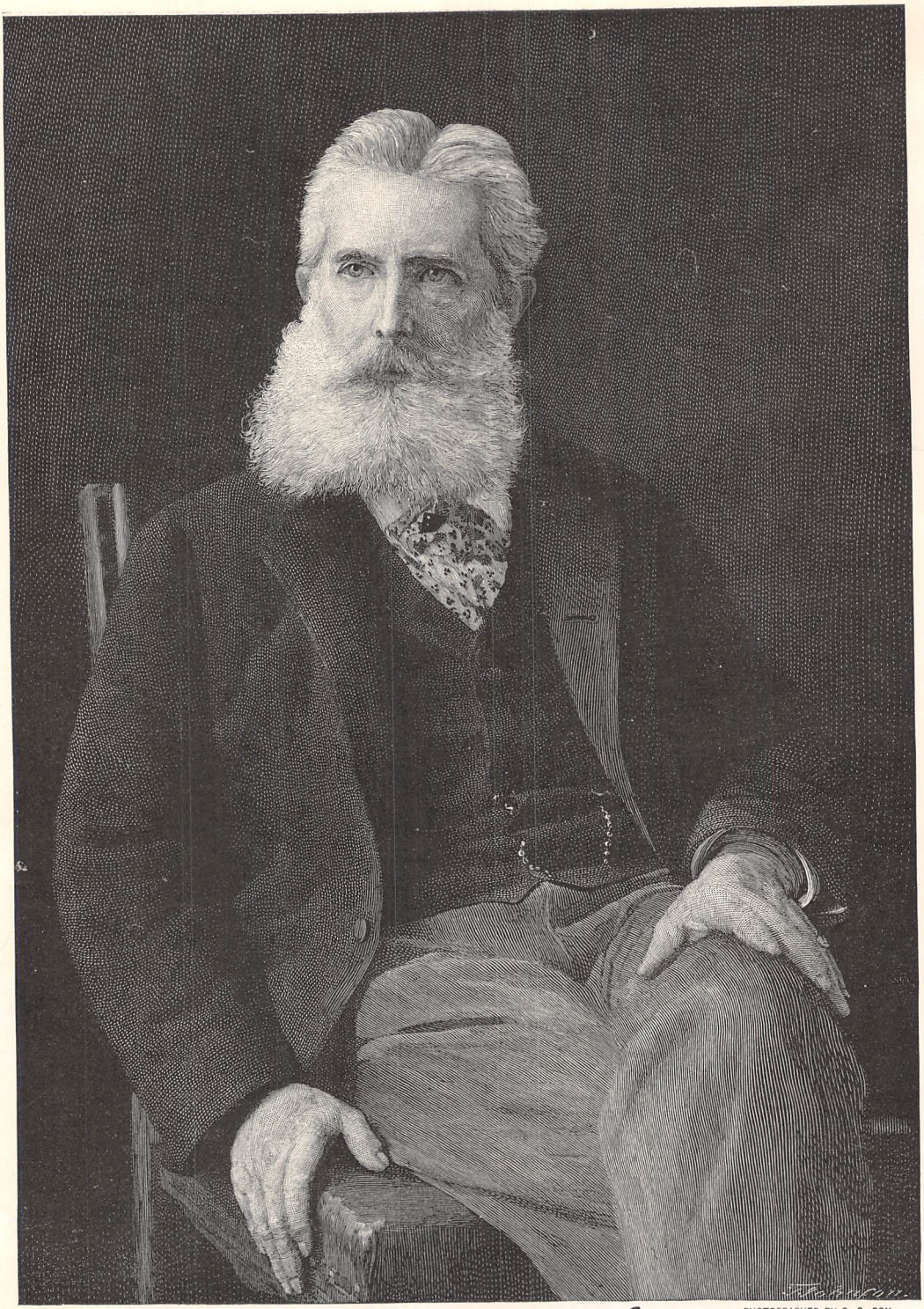
A WEEK'S attendance at a clinic,
Turns him into a rabid Cynic.
Next day a pretty girl gets kissed,
And lo — behold an Optimist!

AT THE AUTHORS' CONGRESS.

"WHAT have you writ, my pretty maid?"
A famous poet kindly prayed.
Full haughtily she tossed her head —
"Two quatrains and a skit," she said.

Dorothea Lummis.

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ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. C. COX.

Edmund Clarence Stedman

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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THE REAL EDWIN BOOTH.

LETTERS OF EDWIN BOOTH, WITH INTRODUCTION BY HIS DAUGHTER.[1]

MY father's earlier letters to me, covering a period of some seven years, were written chiefly during my absence at a convent school. Written, as they were, during his long professional tours throughout the country, these letters helped to lift me out of my narrow sphere, and took me into a new and broader field, where my father was for me always the chief actor, whether they breathed of his professional life, of his domestic or social experiences, or of loving advice, paternal care, and solicitude. No matter how weary, how irritated by conditions then unknown to me, he was sure to send me weekly missives. Though frequently expressed in a humorous vein, in order to entertain and divert me, I can now read between the lines, and appreciate the noble effort he made to throw off the burdens which during those years must have bowed him down. Under the weight of financial difficulties, the result of misplaced confidence and childlike trust in others, he rallied when his paternal duty and love reminded him of me.

I have abstained from publishing more than a small fraction of his entire correspondence, and offer only such as will prove of special interest and value in the public eye. It appears to me, on re-reading many of these letters after a lapse of years, that they present a side of my father's temperament and disposition hitherto concealed from his friends, as well as from the general public. They reveal a depth of soul, a firmness of purpose, a high resolve to battle against life's struggles, which make it incumbent upon me to publish them. They constitute, indeed, a better and more complete autobiography than that which I have in the past so often urged upon him to write. I fear his innate modesty and reluctance to speak of his own triumphs and misfortunes would have severely handicapped him in such an undertaking. But his letters to me, and to his many friends, speak of him as he was, without reserve or fear of harsh criticism.

To these same valued friends I am greatly indebted for a large part of this correspondence, which is published not only for the benefit of the many who have known and revered him as the artist and interpreter of Shaksperian drama, but as a tribute of filial respect and love.

MY MOTHER.

As a necessary accompaniment to these few reminiscences of my father, I will quote some extracts from letters written by my mother (Mary Devlin) prior to their marriage. They prove an essential chapter in the life of a man then stepping into fame and greatness, and make more clearly manifest the spiritual union of two sympathetic souls so soon to be parted by death.

My father has confided to me the gentle yet

[1] The following forms part of the preface written by the daughter of Edwin Booth to precede a collection of his letters from which those appended are selected. —EDITOR.

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powerful influence exerted over his artistic career by my young mother, herself an actress of no mean capacity. Her whole being became so centered in her lover and husband, her "Hamlet," as she so often called him, that my father felt the reflex of her refined intellectuality, both in his art, and in his attitude toward her in whom he found his purest and highest ideals sweetly embodied. Though it is my misfortune never to have known my mother, her letters, and the recollections of her many friends, place her before me in the sanctified light of noble womanhood—a faithful wife, a blessed mother.

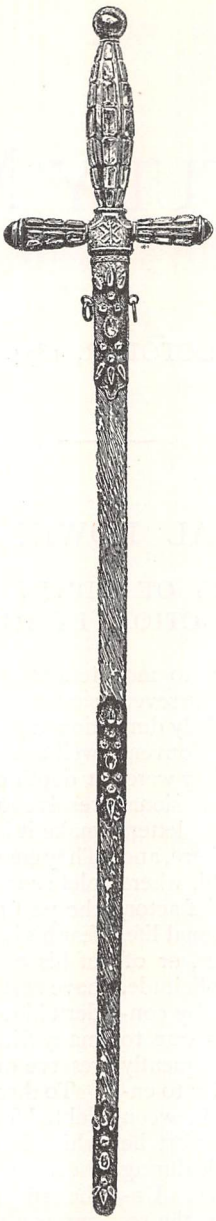
In the year 1860 she writes:

We must ever dwell "above the thunder," treading beneath our feet the black clouds of dissension. You are too great ever to descend to discord; I have too high an appreciation of the divine spark God has gifted you with, and which you intrust to my care, ever to cause you to seek another sphere than your natural one.

The above extract is from a letter written during my mother's betrothal to my father, and while she herself was yet upon the stage. I find in another letter, dated the same year, the following:

Last night I sat by the window thinking of you, and disturbed only by the mournful sighing of the wind. I wondered in "this stillness of the world without, and of the soul within," what our lives in the future would be; and I looked to see if upon the clouds I could trace any semblance of it. This led me into an odd train of thought, in which I recalled a susceptibility of yours you once told me of. You remember, 't was that a passing wind sometimes suggested to you the past, and, carrying you years back, set you dreaming. It is not wonderful that *you* should have such emotions—sensitive natures are prone to them; then why, I ask myself, should my eyes have filled with tears, and trembled lest *you* should experience them again? Ah, dear Edwin, 't was a fear that they would lead you from my side and leave me once more alone. I am very wrong, doubtless, to have allowed so simple a fact to impress me, and am still more to blame to repeat it here; for have you not "died into life," as Keats says—and I should wean you from all remembrance of the tomb; and so I promise to do.

These letters were written by my mother when scarcely twenty years of age. Her death occurred three years afterward. She constantly refers, as in the following passage, to the sacred mission she is about to fulfil as fiancée and wife:



RICHLY JEWELED SWORD WORN IN "RICHARD III."

This morning, in my walk, I was thinking of the being God had given me to influence and cherish. For *you* have ever seemed to me like what Shelley says of himself—"a phantom among men"—"companionless as the last fading storm," and yet my spirit ever seems lighter and more joyous when with you. This I can account for only by believing that a mission has been given me to fulfil, and that I shall be rewarded by seeing you rise to be great and happy.

Ah! the angels surely will rejoice in heaven when that is achieved. Edwin, I have never told you yet, have I, of all the odd thoughts I have had, and do have, about you? Well, on some of the days to come, when I am influenced by your loved presence, and after the singing of some pretty song, perhaps I will tell you.

My mother's love of music, and her naturally beautiful voice, ever proved a delight to my father, and he continued in later years to love the old melodies she used to sing to him in the early days of their courtship and marriage.

The purely unselfish love which my mother bore for my father is manifested in her earliest letters to him. His art was ever the absorbing theme, and although so young herself, she was capable of giving him wise counsel in all things. She says again:

If my love is selfish, you will never be great: part of you belongs to the world. I *must* remember this, and assist in its "blossoming," if I would taste of the ripe fruit. That will prove a rich reward.

LETTER TO CAPTAIN RICHARD F. CARY.[1]

430 FRANKLIN ST., June 30, 1860.

FRIEND RICHARD: I pray your highness to pardon my long delay in replying to your last kind letter; but the fact is, my head is turned. I am like the chap of old who wrote to his father, ending with this line: "I am, my dearest charmer, ever thine." In short, my head is full of "Marry Mary—marry"—marriage. Those are the three important degrees at present. The second, which implies fear, hope, regret, bliss, love, etc., being a sufficient excuse for anything except suicide; so bear with me, Richard, and don't "impute my

[1] Brother-in-law of Louis Agassiz.

silence to light love" of your delightful company, but rather to the tumultuous heavings of that sea through which you have already passed to a joyful haven. Phew! It takes me so long to reach a period that I almost lose the thread of my "yarn" on the journey. This day week—July 7, "young Edwin" is no more! A sober, steady, *paterfamilias* will then—excuse me a moment, there 's a hand-organ playing "Love not" under my window, and I must defer this till a more appropriate air strikes up. Half an hour has elapsed, and "A te O Cara" swells on the air—a more inspiring melody than the former, but still not sufficiently so to stimulate me to the performance of a task (to me almost impossible), that of writing a sensible letter. . . . Yours distractedly, BOOTH.



EDWIN BOOTH AND HIS FATHER, 1850.

TO CAPTAIN RICHARD F. CARY.

SUNDAY, 30, 1861.

MY DEAR DICK: I cannot tell you how sad I feel at your going away without bidding you good-by. After several ineffectual attempts to find the camp I yesterday succeeded. Covered with dust, headached, and broiled, my wife and I reached the ground just in time to see the parade dismissed, when I learned that you were absent.

I had to visit New York last week, where I found my mother, sister, and Joe. He gives a glowing account of the fight. Says no one was killed. Ten times the number of rebels could not have taken the fort by any means, had Anderson been provisioned. We all start at 7 A. M. for Bethel, Maine, where I hope to have a quiet time for a few weeks, at the end of which I sincerely hope to be summoned to England. I 've already received a request to visit the Haymarket, and about the middle of July I shall know definitely. But enough of myself. I manage, somehow, to appear very egotistical in my letters; I write of nothing else, it seems.

My dear Dick, you will not, I hope, omit any opportunity to "post" me as to your whereabouts, etc. I shall read with anxiety and interest every bulletin from the seat of war, and pray ever for your safety and distinction — of that I am sure if you only get a chance. My wife sends her blessings and heartfelt good-by, and her sincere regret at not seeing you. There is no need of protestation, I trust, on my part, to assure you of the regret, the anxiety, the hope, the fear, I feel for you, but I will say, God in heaven bless and protect you! That you may return unscathed and glorious shall be the constant, fervent prayer of

Your friend, NED.

TO ADAM BADEAU.

NEW YORK, 107 East 17th st.
May 18, 1863.

DEAR AD: I got your letter before I left Boston some weeks ago. You see I am now located in New York. I have taken Putnam's house (the publisher) furnished for six months, during which time I shall busy myself looking for a permanent home — God is. And as surely as you and I are flesh and bones and blood, so are we also spirits eternal. I believe it beyond a doubt, and I believe, too, that she who sat beside me only a few weeks ago is living, and is near me now. This should make me happy, should it not? But it does not. . . . Ad, I never knew how much I loved her. I do not perhaps fully realize it yet; if I did the loss of my Aidenn might kill me. God is wise and just and



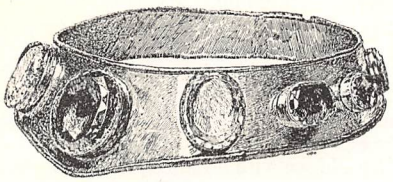
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CASE AND GETCHELL.
MRS. MARY DEVLIN BOOTH.

while on earth; something I can leave my child in case of my departing, which God grant may not occur until I have become worthy of being united with her. . . . While Mary was here I was shut up in her devotion. I never dreamed that she could be taken from me — as I ever have lived, so live I now within; you would not think I suffer were you here with me; nor would I have you think that I do suffer constantly; it is only at times, as now. When I wrote you last it seems I was hopeful and patient; now I am torn with all sorts of hateful fancies; yet but an hour ago I might have written you a far different letter. Believe in one great truth, Ad good in this, as in all things. I tell you, Ad, it is not well to forget God in our prosperity; we do not when we are sinking. . . .

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.

November 11.

MY DEAR FRIEND: . . . I have been quite ill, as I told you in my last, nor am I yet in a condition for work; but I must soon get at it for a long winter campaign. On Friday, the 25th, without fail, the long-talked-of benefit "to Shakspere" will take place at the Winter Garden with the



CROWN WORN IN "MACBETH."

"Brothers Booth"—à la Hanlon—at the mainsprings, and on the night following, *Hamlet* in a new dress (I wish Mr. W—— were here to see it) will fret his brief hour every night until further notice.

. . . I voted (for Lincoln) t' other day—the first vote I ever cast, and, I suppose, I am now an American citizen all over, as I have been in heart. . . .

Saint Valentine's Day.

MISS CARY,

MY DEAR FRIEND: A little lull in the whirl of excitement in which my brain has nearly lost its balance affords me an opportunity to write to you. It would be difficult to explain the many little annoyances I have been subjected to in the production of "Richelieu," but when I tell you that it far surpasses "Hamlet," and exceeds all my expectations, you may suppose that I have not been very idle all this while. I wish you could see it.

Professor Peirce[1] has been here, and he will tell you of it. It really seems that the dreams of my past life — so far as my profession is concerned — are being realized. What Mary and I used to plan for my future, what Richard and I used laughingly to promise ourselves in "our model theater," seems to be realized — in these two plays, at least. As history says of the great cardinal, I am "too fortunate a man not be superstitious," and as I find my hopes being fulfilled, I cannot help but believe that there is a sufficient importance in my art to interest them still; that to a higher influence than the world believes I am moved by I owe the success I have achieved. Assured that all I do in this advance carries, even beyond the range of my little world (the theater), an elevating and refining influence, while in it the effect is good, I begin to feel really happy in my once uneasy sphere of action. I dare say I shall soon be contented with my lot. I will tell you this much: I have been offered the means to a speedy and an ample fortune, from all parts of the country, but prefer the limit I have set, wherein I have the power to carry out my wishes, though "on half pay," as it were. . . .



RING WORN IN "HAMLET" DURING A PERIOD OF THIRTY YEARS.

Ever your friend,
EDWIN BOOTH.

[1] The late Professor Peirce, professor of mathematics in Harvard University, father of Professor James Mills Peirce.

TO MRS. RICHARD F. CARY.

June 3, '64.

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIENDS: You know my heart, I cannot speak to you of comfort.

One after another the blows have fallen so heavily that souls unaided by God's unfaltering love, and faith stronger than death, would have sunk in despair beneath their crushing weight.

But in your hearts as in hers,—dear, dear mother, for so she always seemed to me, Mary's mother,—as in my own, there is a light which sorrow cannot quench; which guides us through the darkness of the grave; which reveals to us the secret of His mysterious works—the secret love! Oh, that I could give you the full companionship of that love as I have felt it since Mary's death, the peace that has filled my soul, and the strength that has flowed steadily into it since that terrible day! Could I give you this you would rejoice for her as I do, although my heart aches for you while I write. Oh, be assured, dear, dear ones, that they are together; that their knowledge now is so great that even our grief for their departure causes them no pain, so well they know how good it is for us to suffer.



DAGGER USED IN "MACBETH."

That I was in the hearts of my noble Richard and his dear sister, while they were on the very threshold of Home, is a joy to me past all that earth can give me. I know I shall be welcomed there by them; they never forget us, never cease to love and care for us. When we meet, I know that I shall wonder how I could ever miss them, so brief will the separation then seem. If I feel this, dear friends, I who am so much lower in the grade of worthiness, how joyous must your hearts be when you reflect how near we all are to our unseen but real home—when you know that all that comes from Him is for our good.

Oh, I feel such an intense love for God when sorrow touches me that I could almost wish my heart would always ache—I feel so near to Him, I realize His love so thoroughly, so intensely, at such times.

I did not mean to write so much, but this (my love I speak of) has carried me away. Several times I have stopped to brush the tears away that came for you, and to give vent to that long sigh which is a yearning of the spirit to follow its loved ones home; but I could not cease to write until I had given utterance to all that choked my heart.

Let this be for the dear good mother and sisters of our dear ones as for you.

Good-by. God bless and comfort you!

Your friend,
EDWIN BOOTH.

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Saturday, May 6, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I 've just received your letter. I have been in one sense unable to write, but you know, of course, what my condition is, and need no excuses.

I have been, by the advice of my friends, "cooped up" since I arrived here, going out only occasionally in the evening. My health is good, but I suffer from the want of fresh air and exercise.

Poor mother is in Philadelphia, about crushed by her sorrows, and my sister, Mrs. Clarke, is ill, and without the least knowledge of her husband, who was taken from her several days ago, with Junius.

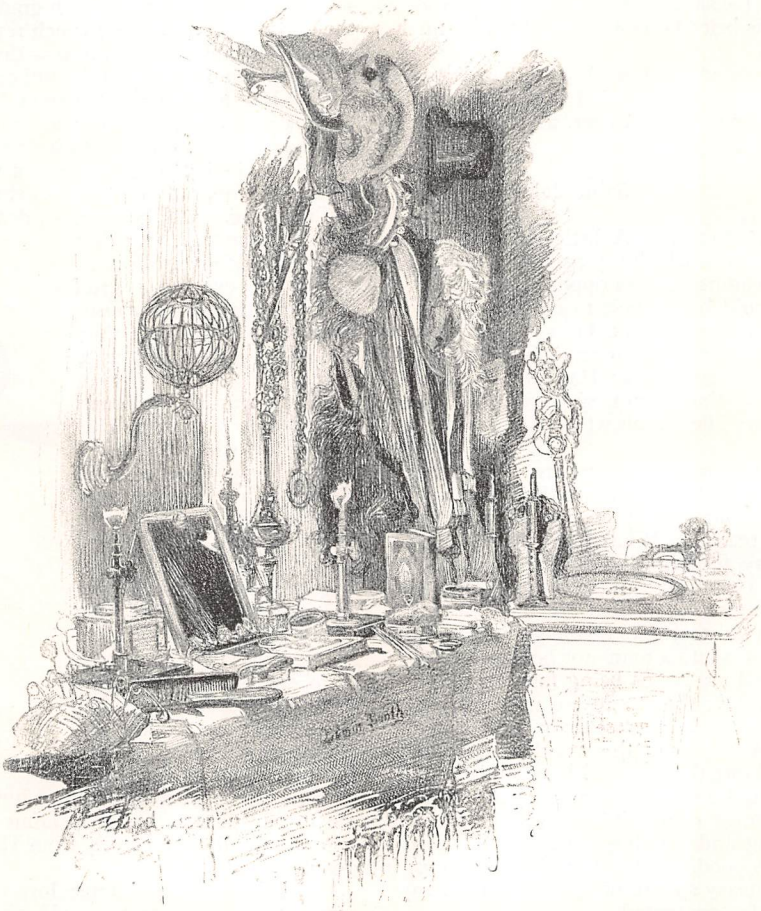
My position is such a delicate one that I am obliged to use the utmost caution. Hosts of friends are stanch and true to me. Here and in Boston I feel safe. What I am in Phila. and elsewhere I know not. All I do [know] of the above-named city is that there is one great heart firm and faster-bound to me than ever. Sent in answer to dear Mary's prayers — I faithfully believe it. She will do what Mary struggled, suffered, and died in doing. My baby, too, is there. Now that the greatest excitement is over, and a lull is in the storm, I feel the need of that dear angel; but during the heat of it I was glad she was not here.

When Junius and Mr. Clarke are at liberty, mother will come here and bring Edwina to me. I wish I could see with others' eyes; all my friends assure me that my name shall be free, and that in a little while I may be where I was and what I was; but, alas! it looks dark to me.

God bless you all for your great assistance in my behalf; even dear Dick aided me in my extremity, did he not?

Give my love to all, and kisses to Georgie. . . . I do not think the feeling is so strong in my favor in Phila. as it is here and in Boston. I am not known there. . . .

Ever yours, EDWIN BOOTH.

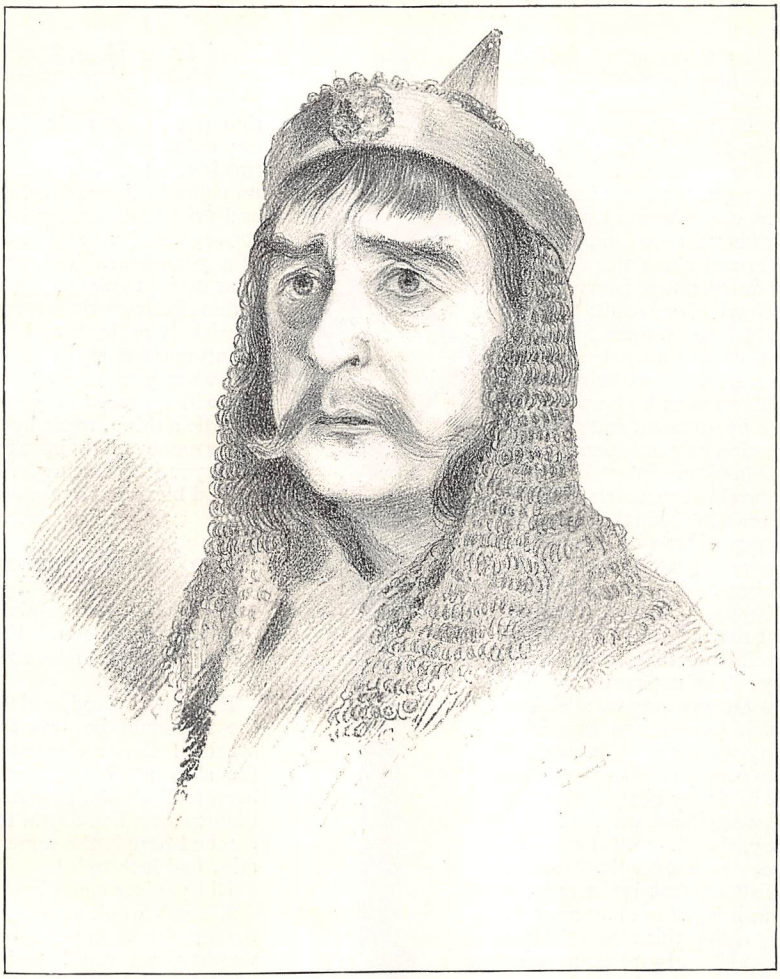


EDWIN BOOTH'S DRESSING-TABLE, 1889.

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Pray forgive my neglect. I 've been a little bothered of late, and could not bring my mind to a calm.



EDWIN BOOTH AS "MACBETH."

My affairs are quite unsettled. I don't know yet when I shall act, or what I shall do next. . . .

It seems a long time since I visited Auburn[1] last. I have lost the level run of time and events, and am living in a mist. But I am told my health is better than it ever was. I do not realize it, but am bored by people saying I am getting fat. I am a little Byronic in my dislike of such compliments, because I don't feel as I look.

Mother is very much broken, I think, poor soul! . . . She seems to have still a lingering hope in her heart that all this will prove to be a dream.

Y'r faithful friend, EDWIN BOOTH.

TO MRS. R. F. CARY, BOSTON.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND: . . . Let it pass; life is a great big spelling-book, and on every page we turn the words grow harder to understand the meaning of. But there is a meaning, and when the last leaf flops over, we 'll know the whole lesson by heart.

You have also, doubtless, heard that I will soon appear on the stage. Sincerely, were it not for *means*, I would not do so, public sympathy notwithstanding; but I have huge debts to pay, a family to care for, a love for the grand and beautiful in art, to boot, to gratify, and hence my sudden resolve to abandon the heavy, aching gloom of my little red room, where I have sat so long chewing my heart in solitude, for the excitement of the only trade for which God has fitted me. . . .

I shall begin January 3 (Wednesday), with *Hamlet*. . . . Ever truly y'r friend,

EDWIN BOOTH.

TO MISS EMMA F. CARY.

TOLEDO (in the West), Sept. 27, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND: . . . I 've heard of Dettmar. What you say of his scene with the *Ghost* I have often done; but the play (and especially that first act) is so long that I have often omitted it. Many do not like it; others (and I among them) consider it absolutely necessary to that magnificent scene. Omitting the burial and the rest of that scene is after the Garrick style of cur-

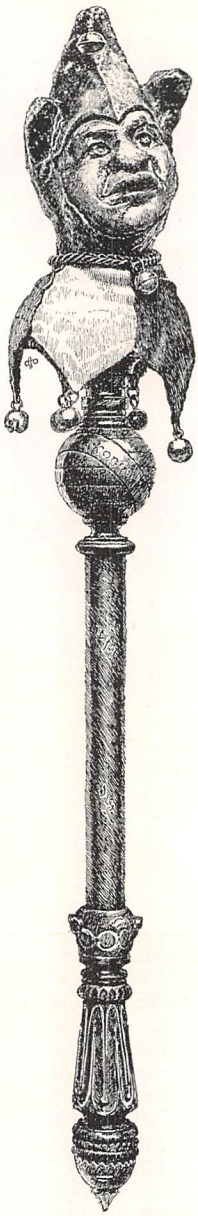
[1] Mount Auburn Cemetery, where my mother was buried.

tailment. He slashed unmercifully; altered and changed scenes by wholesale to suit his ideas of stage effect. Now *I* (egotist!) intend to go even beyond Chas. Kean in my devotion to the sacred text of the late W. S. I intend restoring to the stage (to mine, at least) the unadulterated plays of Shakspere; his "Romeo and Juliet," not so performed since the days of Betterton, I fancy, unless Barry, in opposition to Garrick, revived it; "Richard III.," which Chas. Kean feared to attempt, and offered a weak apology for retaining the Cibber version. My respect for Kean runs high up to that point; there I turn back, and pity his feeble correction of Shakspere's geographical blunders in "Winter's Tale." He should have ascertained the name of the town in which the wise man lived who jumped into a brier-bush.

My affairs are greatly mixed. The theater will be completely roofed next week, and, I hope, opened in December early (about the 14th) with as good a company as it is possible to obtain in this country. The enterprise swelled gigantically on my hands, and has attained such proportions as would frighten any one whose bump of "don't-care-a-tive-ness" was less than mine. I 'm in a very big puddle; if I can wade it, well; if not, why, as Bunsby would say, "well, too." I trust to fate, chance, or whoever that "sweet little cherub" be that looks out for me. Certain it is, I have had enough vexation regarding this same theater to drive me mad, and yet I am as calm and as careless as though the ultimate success was a fixed fact. It will entail a world of work and anxiety, but would n't life be long and dreary without these little worries and bothers?

I traveled West and South last season from Sept. 5 until June 9, made lots of money, and paid it out as fast as I could count it; have just begun my second tour, which will last until my theater opens. When I began the work, I expected to be acting in the theater by this time, but the usual obstacles—weather, rock strikes, etc., delayed it, and we are only just covering the "roof-tree."

I shall be in Boston week after next. When do you expect to be there? Apropos of Dettmar and the *King's* "picture in little," I think the allusion to the courtier's wearing it is correct. Barry Sullivan did the same thing.



BAUBLE PRESENTED TO BOOTH, AND USED IN THE "FOOL'S REVENGE." "O NOBLE FOOL, O WORTHY FOOL, MOTLEY 'S THE ONLY WEAR," IS ENGRAVED ON THE HANDLE.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

BOOTH'S THEATER, NEW YORK.
November 15, 1871.

MY OWN DEAR DAUGHTER: I arrived here last night, and found your pretty gift awaiting me. Your letter pleased me very, very much in every respect, and your little souvenir gave me far more delight than if it were of real gold. When you are older you will understand how precious little things, seemingly of no value in themselves, can be loved and prized above all price when they convey the love and thoughtfulness of a good heart. This little token of your desire to please me, my darling, is therefore very dear to me, and I will cherish it as long as I live. If God grants me so many years, I will show it you when you are a woman, and *then* you will appreciate my preference for so little a thing, made by you, to anything money might have bought. God bless you, my darling! . . .

God bless you again and again!
Your loving father.

TO DAVID C. ANDERSON.

DUBLIN, July 15, 1880.

DEAR DAVY: Arrah Galoo! Hooroo! mabokalush faleen sockdalergerwhack, me bye!

I 'm on the sod, wid a dudeen o' the rale ould bog-wood in me jaw, acushla! One week ago to-night I left the ship at Quanestown, and have been to Cork and Killarney in a fog; then spent a fine day in the cars, and reached here in the same old fog and rain, bad luck to 't!

Did yez iver come here? Don't! I did, but I won't again, mavourneen. Saving the antiquities and the foul weather, we can bate 'em in Yankeedom. Lakes and hills and all the beautiful scenery and sights they boast of are 'way behind us, so they are.

Anent ancientiquities, I am writin' wid a pen that 's mightier than the sword, videlicet a quill, from an old goose, or a hin, or else a fowl of some kind. A plume o' the weather, maybe; that 's fowl enough.

Three days here, and to-morrow we are off for Belfast, stopping *en route* at several points of interest. Shall not reach London till latter part of August. Have had two offers from there, but not being what I want, I shall wait. Find friends and acquaintances everywhere; no trouble or inconvenience yet. Had a sort of a canal-like voyage — no sea whatever. So far the trip has done us all good. Don't want to think of theater: won't, till my cash runs low. After a day or two at Belfast shall go to Glasgow, and see a little of Scotland before going to England and Wales. After a week or so in London, go to the continent. This day one month ago I was breakfasted in New York. It seems but day before yesterday. Poor mother is very sad and lonely now, I know that she misses

me very much. God bless her! Wish you were here with me. Had a jaunt in a jolting car to-day, from a place called Kingstown. Not any more in mine, I thank you. I like a trotter when I sit astride him, but a sidewise bump up and down for an hour ain't handsome, not at all, sir. How doth your bonne dame (no, that's not Irish), how 's de ould 'ooman? An' how 's yersel', me darlint? I 'll write ye Scotch next toime, maybe. All our loves to yees, all of yees.

McCullough has secured the spring months at Drury Lane; got ahead of me there. Irving keeps his place, and the only other tragedy-shop has lost caste of late; so I 'm in the cold, as before. Clarke would let me in at the Haymarket, but I 've been there onct before, ye know.

Good night, Davy. May the good God bless you and yours! Write me soon. Ever yours,

TED.

TO THE REV. DR. EWER.

LONDON, December 19, 1880.

MY DEAR EWER: So dazed have I been of late that I really forgot to whom I have and have not written. At all events, I remember that you were among the first on my long list of friends with whom I intended to shake hands after my *début*. I 'll take it for granted that I did so after "Hamlet"; if not, forgive my negligence. Had that play been kept on, it would doubtless have pulled through the fog, which *Richelieu* dispelled with his first breath, although many of the so-called critics still see me through a glass darkly, and sniff their learned noses knowingly. All goes well, but slowly. I did not expect a sunburst, as my friends predicted, nor did I expect such kindness from the public, nor from private sources, as I have received.

Your water-cure, hay-fever letter is not where I can put my hand on it just now ('t is after midnight), and therefore, without reference to it, I may be repeating what I said in reply to it. I hope you have entirely got rid of that vexation, funny as it appears to be at a distance, and that good health will attend your Christmas, with other blessings, a hundred-fold. For the first time since childhood my sister and I will (D. V.) pass that day together. I wish our dear old mother could be with us. What a miserable existence is the actor's, especially if he is domestically inclined! Home is something denied to him. I 've tried to fix myself, to settle down a dozen times, yet always comes some stern necessity to break camp and travel. I 'd rather be at home, somewhere in America, quiet and secure from the publicity my profession brings, than be here fêted and applauded, and tired with what 's called fame. Bosh! it 's my liver, I dare say; the doctors tell me so. I suppose I 'd be dissatisfied with any other lot. I 'm a chronic growler, I fear. You may judge by this that I 'm not over-elated by my success here. If I had a "pitful of kings" to act for, I should not be so. Royalty (unless I except the Duke of Connaught) has not yet deigned to notice my efforts; but titled nobs, and several citizens of high standing, have shown me great kindness. To-day we met at dinner the poet Robert Browning, and at the same house, on a former occasion, Huxley. The Dowager Marchioness of Ely, Her Majesty's lady-in-waiting, and several lesser lights near the throne, have shone serenely on my Yankeeship. Now is n't this enough to turn one's head? Yet, you see, I 've been so accustomed to the purple; with kings and cardinals have I hobnobbed so familiarly since my boyhood, that I 'm accustomed to these honors. . . . I 'm inclined to think the "Passion Play" will not be given at Ammergau again; it has degenerated into a mere show.

I 'm glad I saw it, although at the time I was disappointed. Would not look at it again, though it were presented within easy reach; but the scene of its performance — Ammergau — is worth a dozen visits, though so out of the way and uncomfortable. . . .

Ever yours, TED.



CANE CARRIED IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

TO MR. STEDMAN.

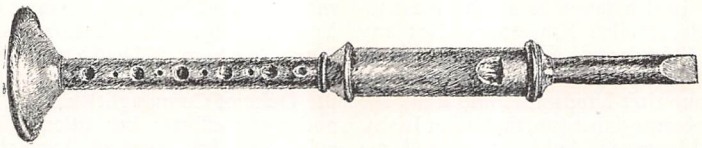
PICCADILLY, LONDON,
December 24, 1880.

. . . I know how "run to earth" you are, and therefore do not expect you to write me very often. I know what you feel for me, and shall be more than satisfied if I get but a line of greeting only when you wish to try a new pen. It was very good of you, my dear boy, to write me, tired and busy as you are, and I cordially appreciate it. Yes, "Richelieu" has warmed them up, but I believe the houses would have been quite as full if I had kept "Hamlet" on the bills. There is little chance in that respect. The enthusiasm is greater, of course, for the theatrical situations of the former play compel it. . . . Ever yours,

EDWIN BOOTH.

"WINDSOR HOTEL," July 28, 1881.

DEAR SIR: I can give you very little information regarding my brother John. I seldom saw him since his early boyhood in Baltimore. He was a rattle-pated fellow, filled with quixotic notions. While at the farm in Maryland he would charge on horseback through the woods, "spouting" heroic speeches with a lance in his hand — a relic of the Mexican war — given to father by some soldier who had served under Taylor. We regarded him as a good-hearted, harmless, though wild-brained, boy, and used



WOODEN PIPE USED IN "HAMLET."

to laugh at his patriotic froth whenever secession was discussed. That he was insane on that one point no one who knew him well can doubt. When I told him that I had voted for Lincoln's reëlection he expressed deep regret, and declared his belief that Lincoln would be made King of America; and this, I believe, drove him beyond the limits of reason. I asked him once why he did not join the Confederate army. To which he replied, "I promised mother I would keep out of the quarrel, if possible, and I am sorry that I said so." Knowing my sentiments, he avoided me, rarely visiting my house, except to see his mother, when political topics were not touched upon — at least in my presence. He was of a gentle, loving disposition, very boyish and full of fun,— his mother's darling,— and his deed and death crushed her spirit. He possessed rare dramatic talent, and would have made a brilliant mark in the theatrical world. This is positively all that I know about him, having left him a mere school-boy, when I went with my father to California in 1852. On my return in 1856 we were separated by professional engagements, which kept him mostly in the South, while I was employed in the Eastern and Northern States.

I do not believe any of the wild, romantic stories published in the papers concerning him; but of course he may have been engaged in political matters of which I know nothing. All his theatrical friends speak of him as a poor crazy boy, and such his family think of him. I am sorry I can afford you no further light on the subject.

Very truly yours, EDWIN BOOTH.

TO HORACE H. FURNESS.

29 CHESTNUT STREET, BOSTON,
May 12, 1885.

MY DEAR FURNESS: Ever since I left you I have been pacing the "Rialto," my gaberdine wrapped about me,[1] but with my eyes fixed on the "Sagittary." In other words, I have been thinking more of *Iago* than of *Shylock*. In Act III I made some remark regarding *Desdemona's* boldness, which, I 'm sure, does not express my opinion of her. I was *Iago* when I wrote it, not my cold-blooded self; his opinion of the "guinea-hen" influenced me when I said "she was bolder than her father supposed." My own notion is that in the very extravagance of innocence she exclaimed impulsively, I wish "that Heaven had made me such a man," not appreciating the dangerous nature of her words, and even when she said "if I had a friend that loved her," etc., it was in courtesy, not inconsistent with the paddling of palms, which was a common custom of the time, and thought innocent — except by *Iago*. I think that *Othello*, as guileless and impulsive as *Desdemona*, mistook her meaning for his "cue," or "hint," to speak. I am sure, too, that she burned with shame when she realized what she had unconsciously done in the way of wooing, and maybe cried herself to sleep that night; but for all that she did not refuse the suit of him whose mental beauty was affined to her own. She saw *Othello's* visage in his mind; had she not been similarly endowed she might have been fascinated as school-girls are by actors, preachers, and the like, asked his autograph, giggled, and said, "Yes," to repent at leisure. She never repented her love and marriage, not though it killed her father; even in her own death she was firm in her devotion to him, to whose "honors and valiant parts" she had consecrated her very soul. (I might say something here anent the "marriage of true minds," but I forget the passage.) She was not the darling "daisy" we see upon the stage, in white satin of the latest cut, and wax pearls, gabbling the precious text by rote; but a true woman, with a mind of her own, a deathly devotion to the man of her choice, and as pure and artless as a baby. 'T is absurd for me to say this to you, who know more of Shakspere in a moment than I 've learned in thirty years, but that note of mine (or rather *Iago's* comment on it) distresses me, and I want you to understand me rightly. I am slow at expression, and get awfully mixed at times, frequently conveying the very opposite idea to what I intend, and often forget the very gist of my subject. But this you will understand and believe of me: if my notions concerning the two characters of Shakspere that I have given any thought to "have any power to move you" to the pursuit of your great object, I am happily rewarded, and ask "no doit of usance" for my twaddle in the form of commendation other than your own, privately given, proud as I would be if merely glanced at in the progress of your work. Now 't is daylight, and I am going to bed — with my gaberdine about me, and will cuddle up with *Shylock* till I lose him in sleep. I wish I could describe to you the white-lipped, icy smile, the piercing glance at *Othello's* half-averted face, and the eager utterance with which my father spoke the lines "Ay, there 's the point: as to be bold with you," etc., but I cannot; and if I could at any time, I would not attempt to do so now — I 'm too sleepy. . . .

Thine own,

EDWIN BOOTH.

[1] At Mr. H. H. Furness's desire, my father had aided him in compiling his Variorum on Shakspere's plays by explaining many points in his own interpretation of Shaksperian characters.

TO HORACE H. FURNESS.

NEWPORT, June 30, 1885.

MY DEAR FURNESS: . . . I fear that I can be of no service to you in dealing with the "Merchant." Somehow I can feel no sort of inspiration or spirituality in the atmosphere of that play. *Shylock* seems so earthy that the little gleams of light that I have perceived while acting some other parts are absent, and I can see no more than what is clear to the "naked eye." However, I will tug at him during the summer; in the mean time let me be assured that you are bravely and cheerfully "pegging away" at "Othello." . . .

Affectionately yours,
EDWIN BOOTH.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

NEW YORK, January 5, 1888.

. . . I have seen Rose several times, and shall say good-by to-morrow. I do all I can for her, but nothing on earth can render her lonely life less weary, poor soul! As for God's reward for what I have done, I can hardly appreciate it; 't is more like punishment for misdeeds (of which I 've done many) than grace for good ones (if I 've done any). Homelessness is the actor's fate; physical incapacity to attain what is most required and desired by such a spirit as I am slave to. If there be rewards, I certainly am well paid, but hard schooling in life's thankless lessons has made me somewhat of a philosopher, and I 've learned to take the buffets and rewards of fortune with equal thanks, and in suffering all to suffer — I won't say *nothing*, but comparatively *little*. Dick Stoddard wrote a poem called "The King's Bell," which fits my case exactly (you may have read it). He dedicated it to Lorimer Graham, who never knew an unhappy day in his brief life, instead of to me, who never knew a really happy one. You must n't suppose from this that I 'm ill in mind or body: on the contrary, I am well enough in both; nor am I a pessimist. I merely wanted you to know that the sugar of my life is bitter-sweet; perhaps not more so than every man's whose experience has been above and below the surface. . . . Business has continued large, and increases a little every night; the play will run two weeks longer. Sunday, at four o'clock, I start for Baltimore, arriving there at ten o'clock. . . .

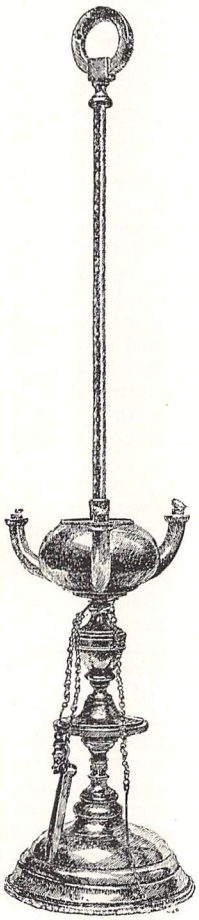
To-morrow, a meeting of actors, managers, and artists at breakfast, to discuss and organize, if possible, a theatrical club[1] like the *Garrick* of London. . . .

TO THE SAME.

NEW YORK, November 14, 1888.

. . . I could not write yesterday, as I intended, for the whole day was a whirl until long after midnight. Your most welcome portrait came to greet me first, — the previous day, in fact, — and that pleased me very much. It does not do you justice, but 't is a fine piece of work. Flowers and fruits from many quarters, a little gold pencil from D——, and some silk handkerchiefs from Barrett. I must have had a hundred dozen silk handkerchiefs given me at various times by different persons. . . .

I 've had an irreparable loss in the midst of all this fun; the dear little knife your mother gave me twenty-seven years ago, and which I 've always carried about with me, is gone! I think I dropped it at supper Saturday night . . . at Delmonico's; they have searched in vain for it. I never missed anything so much. The pictures of babies amuse and delight every one that calls, and to all of whom I exhibit them. . . .



ANTIQUE ROMAN BRASS LAMP USED IN "RICHELIEU."

TO OLIVER J. LAY.

HOFFMAN HOUSE, Dec. 26, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. LAY: I have heard that some of my friends among the "Players" desire to compliment me by placing a portrait of myself (in character) on the wall of the club reading-room, as a surprise for me on the opening night, and that your *Hamlet* has been suggested for that purpose.

On some other occasion I could not decline such a manifestation of good feeling; but under present circumstances — while the house is yet my own, to be presented by me to others — I shrink from the indelicacy I should be guilty of were I to permit any conspicuous portrait of myself to be exhibited. Therefore I request your non-compliance with the wishes of my over-zealous friends, who, no doubt, will consider me morbidly sensitive on the subject. I may be so, but 't is my nature, and no effort of mine can overcome my aversion of anything suggestive of self-glorification, which a prominent portrait of myself on such an occasion would evince.

Since the secret has "leaked out," and I am no longer a stranger to their diabolical (?) plot, I shall request the gentlemen who are interested in the well-meant compliment to spare my blushes till some future time, when the property will be theirs to decorate as it may please them best. I have written to acquaint you with my feelings on this subject, which I am sure you will respect. Very truly yours, EDWIN BOOTH.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

THE PLAYERS, 16 GRAMERCY PARK,
NEW YORK, Jan. 1, 1889.

Happie Newe Yeare! God bless you, darling, and all of you! The thought of your not being

1 This resulted in my father's founding The Players' Club, which was ready and inaugurated at the close of that same year.

well alone marred my full enjoyment of last night's delightful success — the culmination of my professional hopes. I cannot describe the universal joy that pervaded all hearts present, the sympathy expressed, and the entire success of everything — except my speech. I broke down toward the close of it, but it passed off with éclat. Everything else was *perfect* — the clock, with deep cathedral tones tolled twelve in the midst of Barrett's reading of your blessed letter — just in time, as though it had been prearranged. White, the architect, went into ecstasies at the success of everything, and exclaimed, "Even the log burned without smoking," which we feared it would do in the new chimney.

I suspected that Barrett had a poem to read, but the dear letter was a happy surprise, and the wreath and your apt quotation on the card were delightful.[1] You got as much applause as I did. I wired Dr. Parsons of his success. Several were here from Boston. Harry Burnett and Mr. Wendell, Fairchild, and others, were prevented from coming; so was Furness, so was Jefferson, but all sent messages. Barrett and I got to bed about 5 o'clock this A. M., but got little sleep; we both feel wretched in consequence. The papers are full of it, but I 've not had a chance yet to read them. Since I rose at 1 o'clock I have been busy packing my things at the hotel to bring here, as we both concluded to pass the balance of the week "at home." When we get *well set*, we will have a "lady's" day for *you*. My head is now in a whirl, of course. Old Mr. Connor and Murdock, with other old actors, were present. Judge Daly just interrupted me; sends his love, and has ordered his lunch. Several of the best men of New York are here, and it will, no doubt, be the rendezvous of the choicest. Some are in the library reading, and it really seems as if we had been going for years instead of one day. All the exclusive neighbors in this most conservative quarter are pleased instead of offended by the innovation of a club-house in the midst of their respective mansions, as they were at first. All believe, as I do, that this will be of more real benefit to the actor than anything ever done in the world. . . . Only old distinguished actors are "on the free list." . . . The list is overfull, and we must go slowly now, lest we exclude the actors we want. Our list of membership is too small in its limits at present. The walls are filled with pictures, mostly mine,[2] and my books just filled one section of the cases, which soon will be entirely filled; every day some gift comes. An anonymous lady sent a fine crayon copy of a Shakspere, and other things come from strangers. The affair has aroused the greatest sympathy for the cause, to my great surprise and delight. This is all I can tell you now, and I am too hurried and nervous to review my letter, so you must guess at what my mistakes mean.

God bless you all a thousand times!

[1] I had sent a wreath of laurel, asking Mr. Barrett to place it upon my father's brow on this great occasion. I attached to the wreath on a card the words, "Hamlet, King, Father."

[2] Portraits of celebrated actors, and many valuable paintings owned and presented by my father to the club.

I hope you are well again and very happy. I go to Pittsburg from here,— one of the Baltimore weeks, as per printed tour,— then to Baltimore, then Boston. God bless you! Papa.

TO THE SAME.

DETROIT, April 14, 1890.

. . . Yes; it is indeed most gratifying to feel that age has not rendered my work stale and tiresome, as is usually the case with actors (especially tragedians) at my time. Your dear mother's fear was that I would culminate too early, as I seemed then to be advancing so rapidly. Somehow I can't rid myself of the belief that both she and my father helped me. But as for the compensation? Nothing of fame or fortune can compensate for the spiritual suffering that one possessing such qualities has to endure. To pass life in a sort of dream, where "nothing is but what is not," — a loneliness in the very midst of a constant crowd, as it were,— is not a desirable condition of existence, especially when the body also has to share the "penalty of greatness," as it is termed. Bosh! I 'd sooner be an obscure farmer, a hayseed from Wayback, or a cabinet-maker,[3] as my father advised, than the most distinguished man on earth. But Nature cast me for the part she found me best fitted for, and I have had to play it, and must play it till the curtain falls. But you must not think me sad about it. No; I am used to it, and am contented.

I continue well, and act with a vigor which sometimes surprises myself, and all the company notice it, and comment upon it. I 'm glad the babes had a jolly birthday. Bless 'em! Love for all. Papa.

TO THE SAME.

"THE PLAYERS," March 22, 1891.

DEAR DAUGHTER: I 'm in no mood for letter-writing to-day. The shock,[4] so sudden and so distressing, and the gloomy, depressing weather, entirely unfit me for the least exertion — even to think. Hosts of friends, all eager to assist poor Mrs. Barrett, seem helpless in confusion, and all the details of the sad business seem to be huddled on her. . . .

General Sherman's son, "Father Tom," as he is affectionately called by all the family and the friends of the dear old general, will attend. He was summoned from Europe recently to his father's deathbed, and he happens to be in time to perform services for his father's friend, poor Lawrence. After the services to-morrow at 10 A. M., the remains and a few friends will go direct to Cohasset for burial Tuesday, where Barrett had only two weeks ago placed his mother; removed from her New York grave to a family lot, which he had recently purchased at Cohasset. He had also enlarged his house there, where he intended to pass his old age in privacy. . . . I have not seen Lawrence since death; when I saw him Thursday he was in a burning fever, and asked me to

[3] My father has often related that his father was opposed to his being an actor, and desired him to learn a trade, like cabinet-making.

[4] Mr. Lawrence Barrett's death.

keep away for fear his breath might affect me, and it pained him to talk. He pulled through three acts of "De Mauprat" the night before, and sent for his wife that night. His death was very peaceful, with no sign of pain. A couple of weeks ago he and I were to meet General Sherman at dinner: death came instead. To-night Barrett had invited about twenty distinguished men to meet me at Delmonico's, and again the grim guest attends. . . .

My room is like an office of some state official; letters, telegrams, and callers come every moment, some on business, many in sympathy. Three hours have elapsed since I finished the last sentence, and I expect a call from Bromley before I retire. A world of business matters have been disturbed by this sudden break of contracts with actors and managers, and everything pertaining to next season, as well as much concerning the balance of the present one, must be rearranged or canceled. I, of course, am free; but for the sake of the company I shall fulfil my time, to pay their salaries, this week here; and next week in Brooklyn, as they were engaged by Barrett for my engagement. After which they will be out of employment for the balance of the season. . . .

Papa.

TO THE SAME.

NEW YORK, March 15, 1893.

. . . It seems a most difficult task for me to write a simple letter, even to spell. I don't know what is the cause; I certainly am much better than I was, in all respects, until I attempt to write, when all my wits seem to go astray, and my nerves get beyond control. Several days have gone without my having had energy to write more than a telegram to you, which I did also yesterday. If I could take exercise, I believe I should gradually grow stronger. My 'lectric doctors are now reduced to two; I formerly had four a day. After breakfast I take a paper and lie on my sofa in the back room, where I get most sunlight, till about 3:30 or 4 o'clock, when I dine a little, and after go to Carryl's or Bispham's, or to the play, in order to get a vain hope for an interest in the theater. My deafness is so much increased that I don't hear a word that is spoken on the stage. . . . I won't promise any more, but I 'll try to finish this badly begun letter in the morning. 'T is quite late now, eight and a half, at least; just my bedtime, and dear old Harry stays with me, to tuck me up, and say good night, till the last, every night. I miss you all very much, but am glad you escaped this bad weather.

March 16. Good morning, my little ones! Only 't is nearly evening again; the way I let time slip away is a caution to babies. I left this letter to mama last night, meaning to finish it for her this morning: but 't is now nearly to-morrow evening ahead, and I 'm just about awake, and have only just scratched a few lines addressed to my good little "Babes in the Woods" way down South, where 't is nice and warm, amongst the birds and flowers. Here 't is just as cold as winter still. I 'm really cold and shivering while I try to write. . . . I hope you are still all well. If you are always as good as you are now, and have been this summer, I 'm sure the good angels will take good guard of you, and bring you all to our happy home in New York, to see grandpa, who is anxious to see his old babies again. Now, you see, I 've managed to write two letters for you (you and mama in one, you see). That 's for waiting so long. . . .

TO THE SAME.

"THE PLAYERS," NEW YORK,
Tuesday, 4:30 P. M., April 17, 1893.

DEAR DAUGHTER: I rose very late this morning, and brought with me an all-night and permanent headache, which still sways me after a long nap on the sofa till just now; I hope to get rid of it, and be soon with you for a while this evening. Will send for coupé; am sorry that I did not send word earlier. Very sorry your cold is worse, but am glad that you take care of it, and have stayed in-doors, for it seems quite cold here.

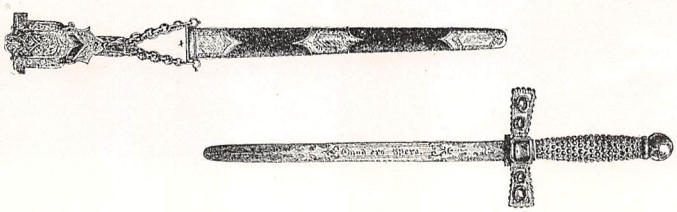
If I should not get out, don't worry; I am quite well, except my stupid headache, that will perhaps keep me in the house. Nothing worse. I hope 't is better with you, and nothing worse with you all.

God bless you! Papa.

The above is my father's last letter to me; on the following morning he was taken ill (Wednesday, April 18).

On the previous evening he came to my house, as usual, to dinner, and although very feeble, he seemed bright, and spoke of his pleasure in still being able to come to us.

Edwina Booth Grossmann.



DAGGER AND SHEATH WORN BY BOOTH IN "HAMLET." HANDLE STUDDED WITH BOHEMIAN GARNETS AND TOPAZES; STEEL BLADE ENGRAVED ON ONE SIDE WITH THE BOOTH MOTTO, "QUOD ERO SPERO"; ON REVERSE WITH HIS NAME AND DATE, "EDWIN BOOTH, 1866."



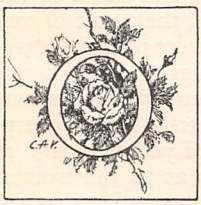
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THE NANTUCKET SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

BROOKES: A STORY OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

By the Author of "Tiger Lily," "The Major's Appointment," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ALBERT E. STERNER.



ON one of those bright benignant days that frequently interrupt the brief rigor of the Washington winter, Forrest Lyddane was sauntering along the northern pavement of Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Treasury Building.

It was eighteen years since he had left the city on the mustering out of his regiment at the close of the war, and the twenty-four hours since his return had been full of interest.

Lyddane had heard Americans at home and abroad declare that Washington had become the most beautiful city on earth. As he drove about the handsome streets and avenues that morning, while admitting to himself that wonderful changes had been wrought, he was hardly prepared to echo the boast of his traveling compatriots. That process of natural selection by which, in older cities, poverty and degradation draw gradually to a head, to fret and fester in localities remote from the ordinary line of public observation, had not yet reached an advanced stage in Washington. In more than one instance, palace and shanty, church and saloon, elbowed each other in startling proximity. It seemed to Lyddane that in her haste to put on sumptuous raiment, the bedraggled beauty of ante-bellum days had left some shreds and patches of her former squalor in unpleasant evidence.

Nevertheless, he had found Washington charming in its own peculiar way, and there was very evident delight in the look which this afternoon wandered from one end to the other of the avenue, taking in the splendid vista terminating at the east in the marble terraces and noble dome of the capitol, at the west in the southern façade of the Treasury Building, standing out in classical beauty from the background of interlacing branches formed by the trees in the White House grounds beyond.

Amid all changes this view had remained almost unchanged. It might have been yesterday that he had marched with his regiment through the clinging mud of the then unpaved avenue, his boyish heart heavy with homesickness and the nameless dread he would have died rather than own, and he remembered with a thrill how the sight of that white dome, lifting itself above the din, and dirt, and brutality that surrounded him, had kindled his soul and vitalized his fainting patriotism.

Lost in these reminiscences, Lyddane was walking on in a sort of dream, when he became suddenly aware that the crowd of passers was increasing, and looking up, saw that the Treasury Department was discharging its multitude of employees.

From every exit the crowd poured steadily, separating, as it reached the pavement, into diverging streams, these being augmented by others issuing from the State, War, and Navy departments, and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

This great army of government workers, men and women, was a wonderful sight, and Lyddane, at once interested, stepped aside into a convenient doorway, the better to pursue his observations.

All at once a man among the passers stopped, and with an exclamation seized Lyddane by the hand.

"Forrest!" he cried. "Lyddane! What! You do not know me — Brookes — your old comrade!"

"Know you!" Lyddane exclaimed after a moment of bewilderment. "Of course I know you! Why, Chris," laughing cordially, and drawing the other into the doorway, "I was thinking of you and the old times only a moment ago!"

For some minutes there was a rapid crossfire of questions, reminiscences, and congratulations; then they paused and took a survey of each other.

What Lyddane saw was a ruddy, middle-aged man, with that indefinable something about him which suggests the soldier — a suggestion further borne out by the dragging leg, the artificial character of which was obvious to the most careless observer. There was something of the military, too, in the big slouch hat, under which was one of those faces that fall into sad, even severe, lines in repose, but become singularly attractive when animated, as now, by pleasant emotions.

Brookes saw something very different — a handsome man of the world, carrying himself with the dignified ease which, though not per-

haps the invariable accompaniment of success, never coexists with failure — and though quick to feel this difference, Lyddane's genuine response to his own delighted recognition deprived the feeling of all possible sting.

"By Jove, Forrest!" he cried, with a boyish laugh, "you don't look just as you did when I saw you last, hanging from the rear end of a freight-car full of mustered-out soldier-boys, waving adieu with a smoked herring from a corner grocery! But you were a handsome fellow even then, in spite of the herring! And you are not married?"

Lyddane shook his head. "But you are, Chris?"

"Oh, yes; married these fifteen years. Married to an angel, Forrest, and father of five boys and girls. Oh, you need n't make such an evident effort to congratulate me!" he added, gleefully. "Wait, sir, until you have seen my Dora, and the babies! Come! You must go right along to dinner with me!"

Lyddane demurred. He had all a sensitive man's aversion to the rôle of unexpected guest, and all a prosperous bachelor's mistrust of family dinners; but Brookes would not accept a refusal.

"I confess," he went on in his whimsical way, "that I might hesitate ordinarily to ask a swell like you to share a poor man's pot-luck, but this happens to be a special occasion. It is my natal day, you see, and my little wife never fails to celebrate that auspicious event with all pomp and festivity. There will not be any '*Pasteten und Lampreten*,' as our German colonel used to say, but there will be a little dinner no man need scorn, and they will all be glad to see you. Why, your name is a household word, Forrest! You have figured as hero in all my war yarns, and we never miss anything of yours that is published, if we can help it. No, you cannot refuse! It is only a little way from here."

Unable to resist, Lyddane allowed himself to be led away.

"So you have remained in office ever since the close of the war?" he asked, as they walked along.

"Yes; ever since," Brookes answered. "I have advanced, however. I am Chief of Division now."

"Ah, that is good!" said Lyddane. "At least it sounds good."

"Yes," responded Brookes, dryly, "it sounds considerably better than it is. It means in reality a slight increase in importance and in salary, offset by a vast increase in risk of decapitation. You seem puzzled," he continued, with a dry smile. "How should you, denationalized American that you are, know anything of the practical workings of our glorious civil service system? Well, we won't spoil our appetites by discussing the subject before dinner, at all events."

The conversation was made to take another turn, and Brookes's house, being within easy walking distance of the Treasury, was soon reached.

It was a pretty little box of a house, simply furnished, with a look as if things had grown gradually out of the tastes and needs of the occupants, instead of being the result of any deliberate scheme. There were plenty of easy-chairs, and cushions, and rugs, and books, and musical instruments, a few etchings and water-colors, an open fire, and flowers — flowers everywhere; and on the whole Lyddane began at last to feel some curiosity as to the woman Brookes had referred to as an angel, and as she finally came in, a little flushed and awed at this unexpected meeting with so distinguished an author and traveler, Lyddane was at once captivated. Mrs. Brookes was fair, small, graceful, and more than pretty, with that almost infantile serenity of expression only seen in the faces of women who have led unruffled, protected lives; a look which appeals strongly to most men, but especially so to men of tender, chivalrous natures, like Christopher Brookes.

"You do not seem like a stranger," she said with unaffected sweetness. "My husband has talked of you until you seem like an old friend."

"An undeserved honor, then," protested Lyddane, uncomfortably aware of his long forgetfulness of his boyhood's friend and army comrade.

"Oh, but *you* have been doing things to make it impossible to forget you!" said Brookes, guessing his thoughts. "We ordinary mortals must expect to be forgotten."

"I hope, Lyddane," he continued, as dinner was announced, "that you are prepared for a family dinner. We are not swells, you know; we don't exile our children from the table when we have guests."

Lyddane expressed himself delighted to meet the small folk, and indeed, if he cherished misgivings, they proved to be needless. The children, like the dinner, were agreeably surprising. There were four of them at table, two pretty girls, and two manly-looking boys, all very wide-awake, yet well-mannered and unobtrusive.

The dinner was simple but enjoyable, and served with great daintiness. Lyddane showed himself a charming guest, and, the natural anxiety of a hostess once conquered, Mrs. Brookes proved herself equal to the occasion.

"You have forgotten one thing, Dora," said her husband as, dinner over, they were sipping their coffee. Mrs. Brookes cast a disturbed look over the table.

"Oh, don't be alarmed, dear!" laughed Brookes. "It 's only Jack. You see, Lyddane, we cannot have charlottes and ices every day in the week, but we can *always* have Jack. And when you have seen him you will admit that, as we boys used to say, Jack beats the other sweets 'all hollow.'"

Meantime Mrs. Brookes had touched the bell, and a small black maid now appeared, bearing in her arms a beautiful boy about a year old.

"Bring him here, Rosie!" shouted Brookes. "There!" turning the child about in his hands before Lyddane. "What do you say to that?"

The child gazed upon the stranger for a moment with gentle gravity, like one who, though he would fain be kind, was on his guard against imposition; then a broad smile overspread his lovely face, and, with a gurgle of satisfaction, he seized upon Lyddane's flowing beard, tugging at it valiantly. Brookes burst into laughter.

"You are all right, Forrest!" he shouted. "Your future is secure! Jack approves of you!"

"Oh, Chris!" laughed his wife, "see how you embarrass your friend!"

"Not at all!" declared Lyddane, rising to the occasion. "Jack is magnificent; and Chris is justified in being a proud man — for more reasons than Jack," he added, in a way that covered Mrs. Brookes with confusion, and produced another laugh from her husband.

Lyddane stole a covert glance at Brookes. That laugh, for some reason, had begun to grate upon his nerves.

Jack, meantime, having been passed around and his sweetness duly partaken of, was banished to upper regions, and Brookes led the way to the drawing-room. "I shall not ask you to smoke, Lyddane," he said. "We will perform that ceremony later, in the open air, if you don't mind; but you shall hear Dora sing after a while, as compensation."

And after a while, when the old days had been passed in review, and old stories retold, Dora did sing, very charmingly, in a small tender voice, that suited perfectly the little *chansons* and ballads selected. What interested Lyddane, however, more than the singing, was the adoring intentness of her husband during the performance. As soon after she was called from the room, he looked at Lyddane, exultantly, expectantly.

"Your wife is adorable!" responded Lyddane warmly. "It does me good to see you so happy, dear old boy."

Brookes's face darkened for an instant, then glowed again.

"Yes," he said in a deep, soft voice, "yes, Dora is a wonderful woman. You cannot have an idea of her goodness and cleverness. Do you know, Forrest, I have never gotten over my astonishment at her caring for me — three quarters of a man that I am? Though as to that, the whole of me would n't amount to much.

"Oh, I know!" he went on hurriedly, his sensitive face flushing, as Lyddane would have protested — "I know very well what a nonentity I am. Maybe if I had gone back to my studies when the war ended, I might have come to something, but this thing" — kicking out awkwardly with the artificial limb — "seemed to paralyze my ambition. Honestly, I was young enough, and foolish enough, to dread the idea of hobbling around on a cork leg among the people who had known me for a sort of athlete. Vanity, of course, but even commonplace people have their vanity, you know! When a clerkship was offered me, I took it quickly enough. I never was very ambitious, and it was a relief to have my future career decided for me so easily, as I thought. Of course, I soon learned the fallacy of *that* idea, as I saw how men came and went, but I plodded along without much thought of the future, and might have gone on so to the end if I had not met Dora, and married her. After that I began to reflect, and would have been glad enough to escape and get into something else, but somehow I never could see the way clear. Experiments are costly, and I never am a hundred dollars ahead. Of course," with a contemptuous shrug, "by stripping life down to the barest necessities, one might save a little something, but with a wife and children like mine — my God, Lyddane! There are things a man cannot and should not bear, and to see a woman like my Dora a mere drudge — no, I could n't think of it! I tell you, Lyddane, this department life plays the very devil with a man. It is the old legend of the siren translated into plain American. A man is lured on by the seductive voice that sings of a respectable position, regular hours, moderate labor, and a fair income. Before he knows it he finds himself chained to his desk, the threatening ax suspended over his head by the slightest of cords. He soon finds out that neither fidelity nor capacity can stay its fall, and naturally he sinks into a sort of fatalism, and drifts along as I and thousands of others are doing, hoping and fearing to the bitter end!"

"But promotion — is that not an incentive — a stimulus?" asked Lyddane, deeply interested.

"If it were the result or the reward of faithfulness, or even if it rendered a man's tenure of office more secure, it might be, but that is not the case. It is all a matter of influence. For instance, I owe my promotion to the fact that up to a year ago I had a powerful friend — General Golding — our old commander. He died a few months ago, and with him I lost my only real hold upon my position."

"But the Civil Service Reform law," Lyddane again asked—"was that not devised expressly to remedy some of the defects and abuses of the system?"

"Certainly it was; but it does not reach the root of the evil. That terrible force, political expediency, overrules everything. It is true that since the passage of the bill the department clerks are comparatively safe. There is more caution and discrimination used in making changes. But the heads of divisions are never safe. With the next administration, particularly if the other party gets into power, my head goes into the basket as sure as fate."

Lyddane was more than interested now—he was disturbed. He knew now why that too-frequent laugh of Brookes had grated upon his nerves. He would have continued the conversation, but steps were heard, and Brookes gave him a sign which he understood. It was evident that Dora was not to read this dark page of her husband's inner life. When she came in Brookes was again in apparently jovial spirits.

When, soon after, Lyddane took his leave, Brookes walked with him to his hotel. They lighted cigars, and talked in a desultory way until the entrance to the Arlington was reached. Then, in parting, Brookes, with a sudden change of manner, said:

"I want to apologize, Forrest, for entertaining you with a history of my affairs. You must not think that I don't know what bad form it was! It was worse than that—it was brutal. I don't understand how I came to do it—but you see, this unexpected meeting, and going over the old days stirred me all up, and when you spoke of my happiness—why—I—"

His voice broke short off. Lyddane seized his hand warmly.

"I am glad you spoke. I only hope you exaggerate the danger of the situation," he said.

"I hope so, indeed!" Brookes responded with one of his whimsical smiles. "Good night, old friend!"

Lyddane stood listening until the halting footsteps of his friend died away in the distance, then turned thoughtfully, and entered the lighted vestibule.

In spite of many engagements, and the shortness of his stay in Washington, Lyddane managed to revisit some of their old haunts in Brookes's company, and to pass an hour at his house the evening before leaving the city.

On none of these occasions did Brookes give way to the morbid train of thought that had so disturbed Lyddane on that first evening, but a word that now and then fell from his lips showed that it had been no passing mood. The cloud hung ever in his horizon, and Lyddane, though inclined to optimism, as a man is apt to be with whom things have gone well, could not help feeling the shadow of it drift at times across his own spirits.

Yet who, he asked himself, would disturb a faithful, plodding, non-partizan official like Brookes? It would be an act of injustice so flagrant as to cause the most unscrupulous politician to hesitate. Something like this he said to Brookes, as they parted for the last time.

The latter smiled moodily. "God grant that you may be right," he said. "Good-by; and don't quite forget me."

Lyddane did not mean to forget him, and for a time a fitful correspondence was kept up, but as time and distance increased it was in the nature of things that this should die out, and that events of travel and literary occupation should fill Lyddane's mind to the exclusion of everything else for the time being. And so the old silence set in, and Brookes was again practically forgotten.

FIVE years passed before Lyddane again set foot on American soil. Then business connected with the book he was about to publish brought him to Washington; and once there, his mind naturally reverted to his old friend, Brookes. As he reflected that since their separation not only a new administration, but a new party, had come into power, a feeling of apprehension took possession of him. What might not have happened to poor Brookes in all these silent years! He really meant to hunt him up without delay, but several days passed before he could free himself sufficiently from his engrossing affairs to carry out this resolve. Finally, as he was strolling about Lafayette Square, one morning after breakfast, as was his custom when the weather was fine, he suddenly decided to hunt up Brookes's address; and flinging his half-consumed cigar aside, he turned to leave the square.

At the same moment a woman dressed entirely in black rose from a bench near by, and stepped timidly toward him. As the sun struck across her fair hair and pale face, Lyddane was impressed by something familiar in her appearance, but not until she spoke his name did he recognize the speaker. It was Mrs. Brookes.

For a moment Lyddane was overwhelmed, and it was not strange.

There was little in the woman before him to recall the smiling, dainty matron he remembered. What did it mean—this startling change? What could it mean, except that Christopher Brookes was dead? This suggestion was like a knife-thrust in Lyddane's heart. For a time he was unable to utter a word, and Mrs. Brookes herself stood silent with averted eyes.

At last Lyddane forced himself to speak.

"What a curious thing," he said, painfully aware that his words might have an insincere ring under the circumstances, "that I should meet you here quite accidentally, just as I would have started to hunt you up!"

Mrs. Brookes looked at him, hesitatingly. A little color came into her face.

"It was not altogether an accident, Mr. Lyddane," she said. "The reporters have noticed your walking here every morning, and I took advantage of the fact. I wanted to see you — because —" the lips quivered and she stopped speaking.

"You could not believe I would leave Washington without seeing you, Mrs. Brookes!" Lyddane interposed — "without seeing my old friend —"

A look of anguish on her face checked his words.

"He is not —"

She hastened to answer his unspoken question.

"No, my husband is not dead, nor even ill. But — you did not receive his letters?"

"Not a word since I left San Francisco four months after I was in Washington," Lyddane answered, full of misgivings.

"Ah! Then you know nothing! Nothing!"

She struggled with some great emotion, while Lyddane impatiently awaited her words.

"Things have changed very much with us since you were here," she said, after a moment. "The year following, my husband lost his position —"

"No!" interrupted Lyddane. "It is not possible! Then he was right, after all! Tell me," he continued, much distressed, "tell me how it happened."

"As those things always happen," Mrs. Brookes answered, quietly. "A new administration; the old officials pushed aside to make room for the new party's men. My husband was only one of many."

"Outrageous!" muttered Lyddane. "And of course this has broken Chris up terribly!"

"That — and losing little Jack — our baby!"

Again her voice broke, and she turned her face away. Lyddane's own eyes filled, and like a second knife-thrust in his heart came the thought of his own remissness. What might he not have been to his friend during these years of trial, if he had known — and he might have known, if he had possessed a tithe of Brookes's loyalty and affection! When he could command his voice he said:

"I will see Chris at once. Tell me, Mrs. Brookes, why has he not been to see me?"

She looked at him with a strange, sorrowful gaze.

"I cannot explain," she said; "you will understand when you see my husband. That is why I wanted to see you first — to prepare you for the change in him. It will be easier for you — and for him — now that you know how things are with us; and he will be so glad, so glad, to see you!"

Lyddane would gladly have accompanied Mrs. Brookes home, but at her request left her at one of the gates after agreeing upon the hour when he might see her husband. The interview had left a deep impression upon his mind, and thoughts of his friend's unmerited misfortunes obtruded themselves many times in the midst of the day's affairs.

At the hour appointed he rang the bell of the house indicated by the card Mrs. Brookes had given him, one of a tiny row in an out-of-the-way street.

Brookes, haggard and hirsute, opened the door, and, too moved for speech, grasped Lyddane's hand an instant, then led the way to the room where Mrs. Brookes and the younger children were sitting. It was a small, common room, yet kept from absolute ugliness by the pretty furniture, the books and pictures, that had survived the wreck of the old home.

In the presence of her husband and children Mrs. Brookes seemed more like her old, bright, charming self, yet with that added strength and dignity that comes to natures like hers through struggle and endurance. There was something exceedingly touching in her manner toward her husband. Through all its tenderness it was so evident that her woman's pride suffered cruelly at his dejected, conquered air. Brookes took but little part in the conversation, and even after his wife and children had withdrawn, it was only after repeated efforts that Lyddane succeeded in breaking down his almost surly reticence. Then the story of the last five years poured from his lips in a torrent of passionate words.

"It is the old story of the superfluous man, Lyddane," he concluded. "Nobody wants me. My very honesty is against me. You doubt it? Then listen! I was on the point of getting a place as secretary to a big real-estate firm here — the former incumbent having obligingly died. The decision rested with one of the firm then absent, but there seemed no doubt that he would decide in my favor. As soon as he had returned, I presented myself. The man knew me well. 'Brookes,' said he, 'you are a good fellow, and I would like to see you well fixed, but I 'll tell you the truth: you are not the man for our business; you are too d—d honest!'"

Ending with a discordant laugh, Brookes began pacing the floor.

Lyddane, whom deep emotion always reduced to silence, sat mutely watching him. He understood what Mrs. Brookes had meant by

preparing him for a change in his old friend. It was not so much a physical change, the deepening of some lines in his face, the whitening of the ruddy locks about the temples, nor even the absence of his old cordial manner. It was something subtler, more terrible, than these.

At some moments his eyes held a baleful glitter, his lips tightened into sinister curves, his voice grew harsh, as if the man's very nature, once brave, gentle, and frank, had suffered an essential change.

"Too d—d honest!" repeated Brookes in a strident voice. "Why not? What is 'honesty,' any way, but a respect for the rights of others! Now, when it comes to a question of the rights of those nearest to a man, in opposition to the rights, say, of corporations, whose claims should be paramount? And if it be heroic for a man to give his life for another, how much greater the heroism of him who gives up what are more precious than life, his consciousness of rectitude, his hope of heaven, perhaps, for those he loves! What do you say, Lyddane?"

He had planted himself before Lyddane in an attitude both reckless and imposing. The glaring eyes, the pallor of his face, the sinister curve of his lips, were awful to see.

Lyddane was shaken to his inmost soul. Speech was impossible; but better than speech was the gesture with which he rose and laid his arm about Brookes's shoulders, and looked in his face.

At his touch and look the man quivered from head to foot, and with a choking cry sank upon a chair, burying his face in his hands.

It was very late when Lyddane reluctantly left Brookes. The effect of this interview upon himself was an almost sleepless night, spent in revolving plans for the relief of his friend. Quite naturally, if not wisely, the first plan which took definite form was the endeavor to have Brookes reinstated in the position from which he had been ousted. That proving impracticable, some other position of a clerical nature — the only thing for which Brookes's long experience of routine work had fitted him — must be secured, and that speedily, for the man's condition filled Lyddane with grave apprehensions.

It must be owned that in forming this plan Lyddane was doing violence to his own convictions. Since his return to America, and particularly since his arrival in Washington, he had become deeply interested in the politics of his country, and though long residence under various existing forms of government had only intensified his patriotism, he found much in the workings of our complex system to astonish and repel. Only the day before he had had occasion to condemn in strong terms one of its most flagrant abuses — the spoils system — before a group of his country's legislators in the library of Senator Fairweather, one of the most powerful and brilliant politicians of the day. And in running over his list of influential friends, it was Senator Fairweather who seemed to him the man most likely to be able to assist him in the matter under consideration!

Altogether, it was a queer situation; but having once determined on his line of action, Lyddane lost no time, and, calling a cab, started at once for the Capitol.

As may be imagined, his reflections as the cab rolled along were of a peculiar nature, and as he mounted the steps of the Senate wing, he could not repress a laugh at his own expense.

"'We know what we are,'" he quoted: "at least, we think we do; 'but we know not what we may be!' Preferably I would settle a couple of thousand a year on my friend Chris for life, if he could be prevailed upon to accept it; but as he undoubtedly could not be, here goes!" And entering the reception-room, he despatched a messenger to the Senate Chamber with his card.

Senator Fairweather soon appeared, his countenance wearing a civil smile. Lyddane realized at once that his urbane host of yesterday and the politician on his native heath were two distinct individuals, and decided to meet the senator on his own ground — Greek against Greek.

"Senator," he began, when they had seated themselves on two chairs that still retained the confidential angle acquired from the last occupants, "you will hardly find yourself prepared for what I am going to say, after my talk at your house yesterday."

The senator's face became slightly charged with interest. He smiled encouragingly.

"Senator Fairweather," went on Lyddane, a glimmer of a smile in his eyes, "yesterday I expressed my detestation of what is known in politics as the spoils system. To-day I retract those words. Under certain conditions I am heartily in favor of the system, and have come here, as an American citizen and a party man, to demand my share of the spoils!"

The senator laughed.

"So!" he exclaimed, "you have caught the infection, too? Well, well! And you want a place, Mr. Lyddane? Oh, in that case, of course, I am at your service. What is it you want, Mr. Lyddane? A consulate? An embassy, perhaps? That is what our famous literary men generally prefer. Have you any particular place in view? How about Berlin, or London, or Paris?"

The ironical glitter in the speaker's eyes did not escape Lyddane.

"Thank you, senator," he responded seriously, "but it is not for myself that I am asking your influence. It is for an old friend of mine, who has been the victim of cruel injustice."

Then, as briefly and effectively as possible, he presented the salient points in Brookes's case. The senator listened with an attentive air.

"Brookes, you say! Christopher Brookes? Hm! Yes! I know the case. He was put out to make room for one of Doubleday's men," he remarked. "He has been mentioned to me before. But you forget, Mr. Lyddane: Brookes belongs to the defeated party."

"So far as I know, Brookes is a strict non-partizan," Lyddane said.

The senator pushed out his under lip in an obstinate fashion.

"I don't take much stock in non-partizan men," he said dryly. "He who is not for us is against us, you know."

"Hardly that, since a District man has no vote to dispose of," retorted Lyddane. "But what is more to the point is that Brookes was a soldier, and left a leg on the field of Antietam. That ought to offset a mere difference of opinion, it strikes me."

"Yes, yes; certainly," assented Senator Fairweather, uneasily. "Er — how long did you say the man was in office?"

"About nineteen years," Lyddane answered.

The senator almost bounded from his chair; his eyes glared. "Nineteen years!" he ejaculated. "Great Heavens! Does the man want the earth?"

Scratch a Russian, and you find a Tatar. Lyddane had scratched his Russian, but it cannot be said that he was seriously alarmed at his Tatar. Whatever else was in the gaze he kept upon the honorable gentleman before him, it was certainly not fear. The senator met that gaze, and his manner instantly softened.

"Nineteen years!" he repeated, but in different tones. "Why the man ought to have laid by a competence by this time."

"Pardon me," responded Lyddane quietly, "but if you will consider the matter a moment, you will see how impossible that is. Department clerks and officials are mostly gentlemen, many of them refined, educated men. They are paid hardly more than good mechanics earn, yet they cannot be expected to live like bricklayers. How can such a man support wife and children as his position requires, on an income of from twelve hundred to two thousand dollars, and amass a competence — even in twenty years?"

"Well, he knows all that beforehand! Why does he marry?" demanded the senator, brutally. "It is an old story, Mr. Lyddane. I have heard it a thousand times. These department men all know their tenure of place is uncertain, yet they go right on, most of them, marrying, living bang up to the last dollar of their salaries — their wives following the fashions and trying to get into society — children indulged, and filled with extravagant ideas; not a cent put by for a rainy day. Then suddenly the ax falls, and the devil is to pay generally, and they come to us to get them out of trouble! Great Heavens, sir! The United States Government is not an eleemosynary institution!"

Then, catching Lyddane's level gaze, he added, in a changed tone:

"Pardon me, Mr. Lyddane, but I cannot help thinking that your long absences from our country have disqualified you for looking at this subject in the proper light."

"It may be," responded Lyddane, who was no longer disposed to facetiousness; "I confess I comprehend no policy involving injustice and ingratitude. In no other career, so far as I know, is the sudden removal of a faithful official, without other ground than that of wanting his place for another man, sanctioned or defended."

"Yet is that not what you are now asking me to do, Mr. Lyddane?" retorted the senator, with a keen look.

"Not precisely," returned Lyddane, calmly. "I ask the restoration of a competent officer to a position from which he was unjustly removed."

"But his successor — how about the injustice of removing him?"

"His claims to the place, whatever they may be, amount to nothing beside those of Christopher Brookes."

"But failing to secure his reinstatement," the senator proceeded, his eyes showing again an angry sparkle, "you approve of the removal of some other man to make room for your friend? Do I understand you, Mr. Lyddane?"

"No, senator," answered Lyddane, after a moment of reflection; "it is evident that I have failed to make myself understood. If Mr. Brookes's reinstatement should prove impossible, I only ask that you will strongly recommend him for any vacancy that may come to your notice. Still, I cannot admit that even the removal of some unworthy or incompetent man to make a place for a man with Mr. Brookes's claims would offend any canon of right or justice."

The senator smiled. "As a matter of abstract justice, no. But the fact is that justice has very little to do with this matter of appointments. It has always been so, and you and I cannot change it. And, by Jove, sir, the people themselves do not want it changed! The Civil Service Reform law has never been looked

upon favorably by the masses. When it comes to public offices, every man wants a chance. I am sorry for your friend, Mr. Lyddane, but really, I am afraid he has had *his* chance."

"Then I understand," said Lyddane, rising, "that you can do nothing for Mr. Brookes? In that case I must lose no time. I must see what I can do elsewhere."

Senator Fairweather pulled his iron-gray mustache nervously. The truth was that he suddenly realized with whom he was speaking — the wielder of a famous pen whom it would not be well to antagonize. Another reason for keeping up friendly relations with Lyddane existed. Like the old king in the ballad, the senator had taken to himself not long before a young and charming wife with a strong *penchant* toward literary people in general and Mr. Lyddane, the lion of the hour, in particular. His beautiful Kate would never forgive him if he alienated the famous writer. So, to Lyddane's surprise, the senator with his most cordial smile responded:

"Oh, no! By no means! I will engage to make a note of your friend's case, and be on the watch for a vacancy. Let him send his papers to me,— he will know what I mean,— and though I cannot promise anything, I won't forget him. Be sure of that."

The senator had quite recovered his customary suavity by this time, and bowed Lyddane from his presence, after a few moments' talk on general subjects, with all possible courtesy.

AT a reception that afternoon he met the senator's charming wife, who looked at him, he felt, with a new interest as he entered the crowded drawing-room, and soon achieved the apparent impossibility of a little talk in a quiet corner.

"My husband came in just as I was leaving home," she said at once. "He told me of your call. He tells me everything, of course! That is, everything he knows will interest me."

"I am glad to know that I come under the head of the topics your husband knows will interest you," said Lyddane. "Did he tell you the object of my call?"

"Not fully, but he gave me an idea of it."

"Then you know how low I have fallen," said Lyddane, with a deprecating air.

"I know how high you have risen," Mrs. Fairweather answered, smiling. "But I was not surprised. No — don't explain, or apologize! I know what one will do for a friend. You made only one mistake," she added, laughing.

"I am fortunate then! What was it?"

"You should have come to me!"

"Ah!" Lyddane exclaimed. "You see what a novice I am. But the mistake is not irretrievable, I hope. Suppose I come now!"

Mrs. Fairweather nodded. "Yes, come to-morrow, and tell me all about your friends. We wives of public men know a great deal of what is going on, Mr. Lyddane. We are not exactly the giddy butterflies the society reporters make us appear. I have known many sad cases like that of your friend, and I am with you fully in your sympathy for men made to suffer so unjustly; particularly our old soldiers. If I have any influence with Senator Fairweather something shall be done!"

"Then he is saved!" responded Lyddane, gallantly.

The senator himself came in presently, and was cordiality itself. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "I see that you and Mrs. Fairweather have been conspiring! Your looks betray you!" Then aside to Lyddane he added:

"I have been thinking over the case, and must warn you that it presents unusual difficulties; the man is known as belonging to the other party you see — and I shall have to manage very discreetly. This is the short session, and I may not be able to do anything before next winter. Will that do?"

"No, senator!" promptly answered Lyddane. "Whatever is done should be done at once. It is a most pressing case. I beg, as a personal favor, that you will make a special point of it."

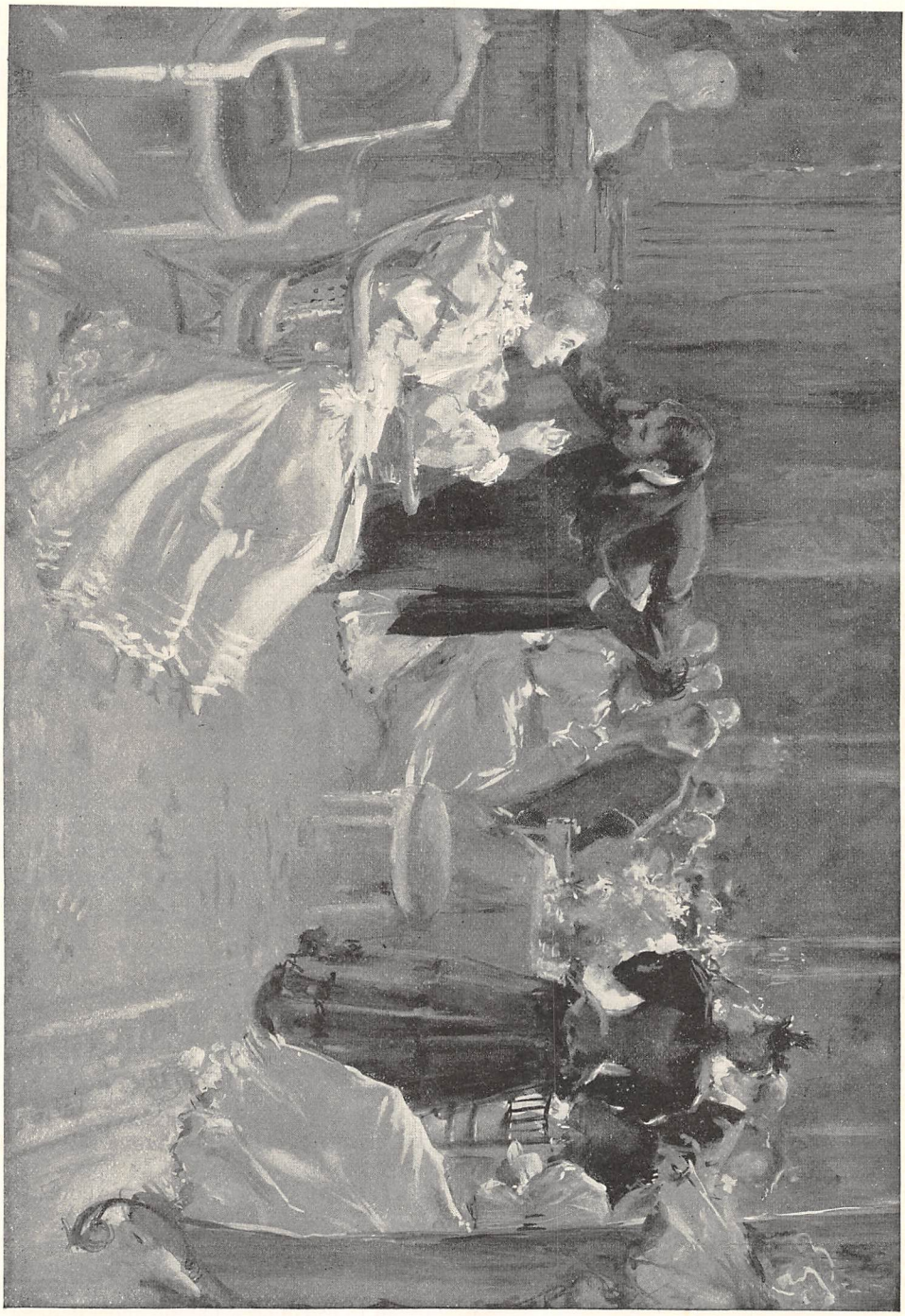
The senator laughed, not very gleefully. "Well — for a novice — you are coming on bravely, Mr. Lyddane," he said. "Mrs. Fairweather has reinforced you to some purpose. However, we will see. Rest assured I shall do my best, but do not be too sanguine. Even a United States senator cannot perform miracles!"

Lyddane did go the next day as requested to see Mrs. Fairweather, and left her, he was sure, a bold and invincible champion of his friend's cause. This conviction was strengthened by a note received from the lady the next morning, in which she said:

A vacancy has been discovered in one of the Departments, but it is not going to be smooth sailing. There must be a fight for the place. One of my husband's colleagues wants it for *his* man. I have vowed that if persistent audacity can win, our man shall have it, and my husband is pledged to the same vow. Still, do not be too sanguine — the ways of politicians are dark and devious. Buoy your friend up for a while, as best you can, until we are sure. By the way, my last scruple has been vanquished. I have learned that our opponent's man is a callow Western youth with no other encumbrances than his own folly. Nothing can shake my fell purpose now — he shall go back to his prairies.

Yours sincerely,

KATHERINE FAIRWEATHER.



THE RECEPTION AT THE SENATOR'S.

Lyddane was greatly encouraged by this very feminine epistle. Success seemed sure, and, in his last interview with Brookes before leaving for New York, though he was prudent as to details, he could not refrain from mentioning the names of those whose interest he had secured.

"And now, Chris, remember!" he urged affectionately. "No more indulgence in womanish paroxysms, or infernal sophisms. They are unworthy of you. As Reade's old soldier says, 'Courage, comrade! The devil is dead!'"

Brookes smiled a forced sort of smile at his friend's last words, but as it was the first of any sort Lyddane had been able to produce, he left Washington in a cheerful state of mind, hardly warranted, perhaps, by the circumstances.

Yet it was not strange. Since Mrs. Fairweather had taken up his friend's cause, Lyddane, knowing the senator's devotion to his beautiful wife, felt that no further question of that gentleman's intentions could arise, and as to his power, in common with the rest of the world Lyddane believed that to be limited, in a matter of this kind, only by his will.

But as two of the remaining three weeks of the congressional session passed without a sign, Lyddane became uneasy, and wrote an earnest letter to Senator Fairweather. The response was a marvel of smooth nothingness. There came also a bright hopeful letter from the senator's wife; but between the lines Lyddane was sure that he could discern disheartenment, and though he continued to write cheerfully to Brookes from time to time, his confidence steadily evaporated. When finally Congress adjourned, and apparently nothing had been achieved, he was more than disappointed,— he was indignant,— all the more that not a word of explanation was proffered. If it had been his own fate that hung in the balance he would have died and made no sign; but with Brookes on his mind he waived dignity, and despatched a telegram to Mrs. Fairweather, as follows:

"What does this mean? Defeat?"

Within an hour came the answer. "Yes. Will write."

And by the first mail came the following letter:

Alas, my dear Mr. Lyddane, our banners trail in the dust! The Western youth has the place! He was our enemy's own nephew, and, in vulgar parlance, had the inside track from the start, which I did not know, and which in politics means everything. When I tell you that I have quarreled with my husband (who is not one bit to blame), and resolved never, *never*, to forgive my ungallant opponent (who is otherwise a very charming man), you may know how I have taken the matter to heart. And yet, let me add, paradoxically, that I am not sorry that we lost the battle! Why? Because from all you have told me, it would be a pity to put your poor friend into a position where the same fate might again overtake him! Did you think of that? And I am almost sure I have something better for him! Know you, some of my male relatives are in the Land Claim business, and they want a man for a responsible position, where integrity will prove no objection! I believe your friend is the man for the place, and I have almost a promise that he shall at least have a trial, which means that he will keep the place, of course. Not a word to him, but keep him up some way for a time, and the minute I get the answer I expect I will carry the news to your friend in person. I owe that pleasure to myself, after all I have been through! Trust me a little longer!

This letter did not have the effect upon Lyddane that it was meant to have.

He threw it aside angrily, vexed that he had allowed himself to be misled, as he put it, by the vague promises of a politician and the shallow enthusiasm of a pretty woman — so unjust is the nature of man when his self-esteem suffers. Ignoring the good sense and sincerity that breathed from every line of the letter, he did not attempt to answer it, but forced himself to write hopefully to Brookes, promising to see him soon in person. He was tempted to proffer again the pecuniary aid which had already been bruskly repulsed by Brookes, but on reflection decided to wait until he was in Washington, when he would insist upon Brookes's acceptance until the knotty problem of his future should be solved.

Meantime that out-of-the way little house in Washington was the scene of a soul-tragedy that was fast approaching a climax. Few men have within them greater capacity for heroism than Christopher Brookes possessed. He had faced death a hundred times without flinching, on the field of battle, on the deck of a sinking ship, in flood and fire; nor was he lacking in that rarer heroism that resists the slow continuous agony of years, the silent heroism of which the world knows nothing, yet which is the whole of many human lives; but the situation in which this man found himself was indeed enough to appal the stoutest heart.

To find himself, after almost half a century of faithful service and manly living, standing at bay with the whole world apparently arrayed against him, closing its ranks grimly upon every avenue to honest work that seemed about to open to him; to know himself steadily acquiring the ignominious stamp with which society brands the man who has failed; with every fiber of his being in agonized protest against his unmerited doom, to feel himself sinking under it, dragging with him those dear and innocent beings whose destinies were bound up with his own, this was a test before which the strongest nature, the firmest faith, might well give way.

Brookes was not a man of creeds. The very

depths of his nature, its broad and loving sympathy, had long ago brought him into revolt against the narrow religious teachings of his youth, as they had against the cold theorizing of a science that defines the origin of human love as the elective affinity of two cells, and sees in every manifestation of beauty only means used in the blind struggle for an existence that has no higher purpose than perpetuation. Both were equally hateful to him. Long since he had ceased the hopeless endeavor to reconcile the irreconcilable, and, like many another soul as true and tender, waited, dumb before the awful mysteries of life and death, for more light. Even now, when the earth seemed slipping from under his feet, and impenetrable darkness encompassed him, no scoffing word passed his lips. He even found himself flinging hopeless, incoherent prayers into that desolate void, and all the time sinking to lower depths of despair.

Of all this Dora knew nothing. Her husband's silence on religious subjects sometimes puzzled her, but like a wise woman she accepted the example of his blameless life, and asked no questions.

Dora's faith was of the simple unquestioning sort. God and heaven had become more real and precious since life had become sadder and harder, and Brookes would as soon have struck a dagger to her tender heart as utter one skeptical word in her presence.

Always ready to snatch at any straw that drifted toward them on the troubled waters, Lyddane's assurances of relief, and his genuine sympathy and kindness, had raised Dora's spirits wonderfully. She simply *could* not doubt. A man of Lyddane's resources could not fail.

Brookes, as he helped her in his clumsy, loving fashion with the heavier tasks that now fell to her lot, watched her bright face with misgiving. He, too, for a time had been influenced by Lyddane's enthusiasm, but as day after day passed without bringing the promised relief, the little flame of hope died away to a smoldering spark, and again the shadow of black care filled the little household.

Sinking into apathy, Brookes gave up even the perfunctory wandering in search of employment that had become the daily habit of his life, and sat wrapped in silence by the scanty fire; the children, their young faces reflecting the general gloom, came and went with unnatural noiselessness, and even the heart of the brave wife was at last near faltering; but with a woman's desperate courage she kept a calm face to the enemy, and only words of cheer and hope passed her lips.

Congress adjourned; the members scattered to their homes; Senator Fairweather's departure was announced — the finishing stroke, for Brookes knew that his fate was in the hands of that great man, and that his last hope had accompanied the senator on his journey. It was a newspaper error; the Fairweathers had not left Washington, but this he could not know.

Then came Lyddane's letter, full of fresh assurances and warnings against despair. "The devil is not as dead as I thought," he wrote, "but he is far from being the invincible devil some people think he is. Right does conquer sometimes, even in politics, and your chance will come. Meantime," etc., etc.

Brookes was alone with this letter for some time. When Dora at last came in it was lying on the floor, and her husband was standing at the window, back toward her. She asked no questions; but without a word she went to his side, and laid her head against his shoulder, and without a word he put his arm out and drew her closer. For days they had avoided each other's eyes, and they did not look at each other now.

It was a bright day in early spring. Tree-buds were swelling, grass springing, and the hardy honeysuckle that draped the ugly railing of the small inclosure before the house was flinging green pennons to the breeze. Before the window some sparrows, with spring in their little hearts, were disputing with many a quirk and chirp the possession of material that should form a shelter for the offspring of their mated happiness. A particularly fierce combat was being waged over a snarl of string, which was finally borne away by the victor to a distant tree.

At this point Dora, who had unwittingly been watching the movements of the sparrows, as in the supremest moments of life one does watch the most trivial events, was startled by the harsh laugh from her husband.

"Have you seen it, dear?" he said, as he met her astonished eyes. "To the victor the spoils, even among the sparrows!"

"Yes," answered Dora, gently. "Yes, dear; but even among the sparrows, you know, not one falls to the ground without His notice!"

Brookes made no response in words. The momentary bitterness faded from his face. He took his wife in both arms, and held her away from him, looking into her eyes so solemnly, with such yearning love, such tender pity, that her heart stood still. It was so, she remembered, that her father had looked upon his dying bed as he took leave of wife and children.

On the afternoon of the day following, Mrs. Brookes sat alone in her little chamber. It was not an unusual thing for her to be left alone in the house. Tom — the eldest boy, and at present the bread-winner — was constantly employed, the children went to school, and, until



ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

"SHE WENT TO HIS SIDE."

the past few days, her husband had been absent hours at a time. But whether her nerves were at last playing her false, or whether it was the memory of that new strange look her husband's face had worn since the day before, and his going away that morning during her temporary absence without leaving the usual explanation — whatever may have been the cause, Dora was singularly restless and troubled. A sense of some new misfortune impending weighed upon her spirits, and would not be banished by any of the usual feminine resources.

At last the solitude of her room became unbearable, and, throwing aside her book, she went down-stairs and stood at the window where she had stood with her husband the day before. Here she might at least see the street, an occasional human form, something — anything — tangible that might divert her thoughts from the nameless dread that oppressed her. Would her husband *never* come?

A messenger-boy, in a uniform much too large for him, turned the corner at last, and came along after the leisurely manner of his kind — an unwonted spectacle in this quiet street, whose residents were in the habit of carrying their own messages. Upon this boy Dora's eyes fastened themselves with shuddering fascination, and it was without surprise that she saw him pause before the house, glance indifferently at the letter in his grimy hand, and turn into the walk that led to the door. A moment later he was standing transfixed, his mouth drawn into an abortive whistle, his hand empty, for, with the wind in her feet, Dora had come, had seized upon the letter, and fled into the house.

BALTIMORE AND POTOMAC STATION.
2 P. M.

MY DEAR WIFE: At last I am on the track of a situation which, if secured, will place my family above want. This business calls me out of town suddenly, but you will hear from me very soon. God bless you, until we meet again.

YOUR HUSBAND.

Standing erect in the middle of the room, Dora read this letter once, twice, and again. There was nothing on the face of it unusual or alarming; a number of times in his unflagging search for employment her husband had made such unexpected trips out of town, and never without some affectionate and thoughtful message.

Yet as she read the simple, straightforward words, the conviction that, at that instant even, some awful peril menaced him turned her brain to fire, her heart to ice. For a moment she stood with staring eyes and parted lips; then, with a cry that brought the startled messenger-boy to her side, she fell unconscious to the floor.

When Brookes had finished reading Lyddane's letter, it dropped from his nerveless hand, and for the time his mind was swept clean of all thought or sensation; all power of resistance left him. This was the devil's opportunity, and he used it.

In the early years of his married life Brookes had had his life insured for an amount large in proportion to his circumstances. It was characteristic of the man to do this, and to keep the knowledge of it from his wife, to whose simple loving heart it would have seemed almost like a sentence of death.

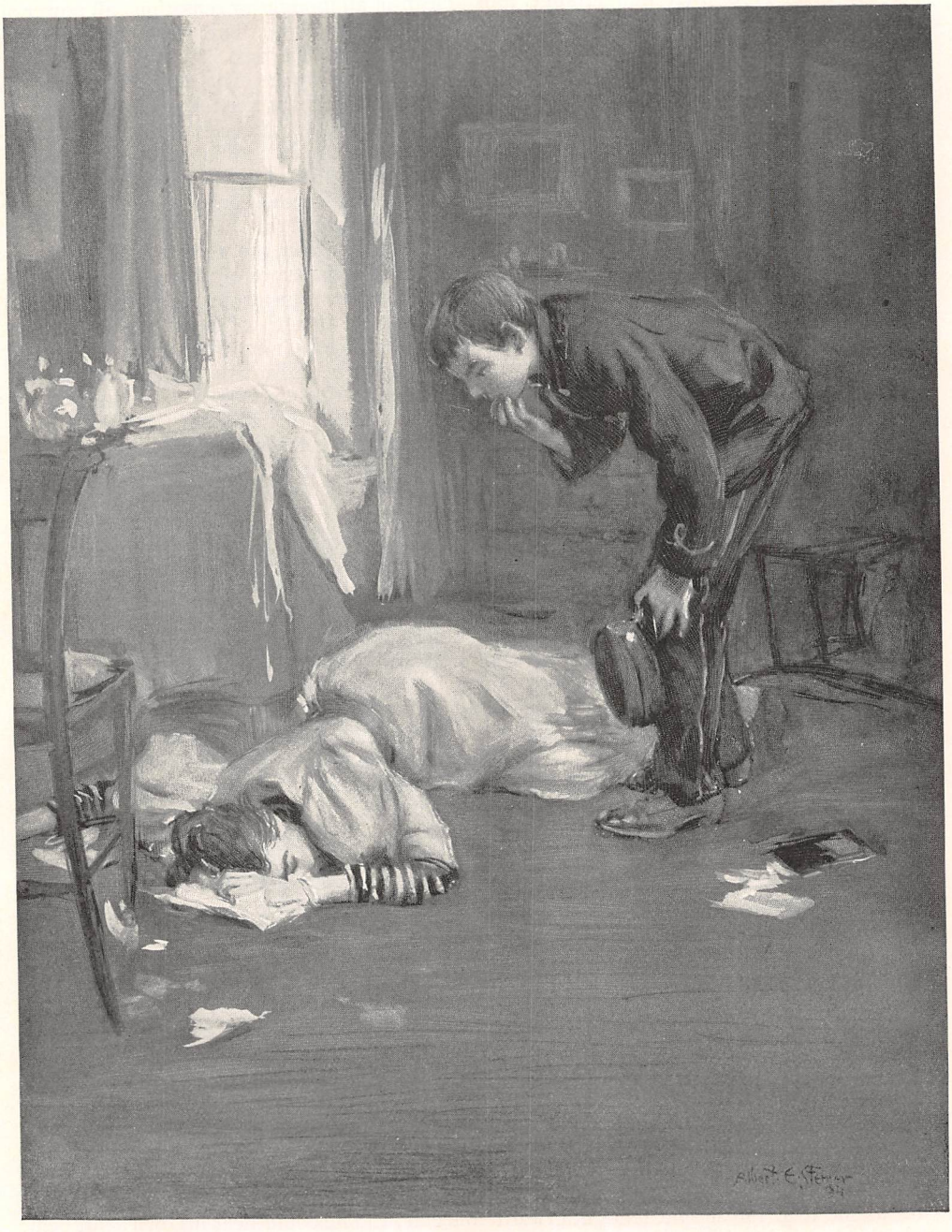
It was like him, too, through all the privations and vicissitudes of the past few years, to keep this provision for the possible widowhood of his wife intact and secure, at what personal sacrifice, by what ingenuity and thought, only he knew. Always a source of secret satisfaction and congratulation, through much dwelling upon this thought, in solitary wanderings, in sleepless nights, it had come to take a morbid prominence in his mind. He gloated over the possession of these papers which meant comfort and security to his family — when he should be no more — as a miser gloats over his secret hoard, but with what a difference!

Often, in his solitary musings, he found himself repeating with a fervent glow of satisfaction: "At least, when I am gone, it will be well with them!" Or, as the clouds lowered and the waters rose higher: "If only I might die!"

Then in a bitter hour one of those malignant demons that follow in the train of Despair whispered in his shrinking ear a terrible suggestion. At first repulsed with loathing, after each new rebuff, each fresh disappointment, it was repeated with fiendish persistence, until at last came that moment of utter hopelessness and helplessness, when Lyddane's letter fell from his grasp, and in that moment a legion of waiting demons trooped into the empty chambers of his mind, a legion of voices seemed hissing the words: "*When it comes to this, that a man is worth more to his family dead than living — what then?*"

Even now this man did not fall without a struggle. Far into the night, in solitude and darkness, he wrestled with the great horror which had challenged his soul, wrestled until drops of anguish started from his forehead, until all the blood in his veins seemed thundering in his ears, and he could hear his own heart beat, like the stroke of iron upon iron. This could not last. There came a moment when something in the divine mechanism of the man gave way, and the fight was lost.

FROM a heavy death-like sleep Brookes awoke to a strange half-life.



THE LETTER.

Though moving among the living he felt himself not of them. All sensations were muffled and deadened; all animate forms, even those of his wife and children, were invested with an air of vagueness and distance, as they are to the eyes of one sick unto death.

From this murky background one idea — that of his contemplated act — stood out in flaming outlines. Dulled as were his perceptions in other respects, he went about his preparations for its perpetration with the cunning and unscrupulousness of a madman.

The letter Mrs. Brookes had received, though sent from the railway station, in reality had been written at home the previous night. So far from having suffered in the writing, he had felt a keen satisfaction in its ingenious wording, a grim appreciation of the terrible *double entente* of the opening lines; and he had walked away from his home that morning without emotion, without once turning to look back. In that instant of defeat he had been cut off, forever as it seemed, from human affections and interests. Where his heart had been a stone rested. A deadly purpose usurped the place of reason and conscience.

It remained now to avert suspicion that might defeat the end for which he had planned, and with this in view he spent some hours in going about in public places among people who knew him, assuming a hopeful air, throwing out in a casual way hints as to his prospects and expectations, exhibiting to an old acquaintance a telegram summoning him to Baltimore — a telegram, it is almost needless to say, of his own writing.

Having so far accomplished his object, as he believed, he finally went to the station, despatched the note to his wife, and, to make the chain of evidence complete, bought a ticket for Baltimore. Then, there being still some time before the gates leading to the tracks would be opened, he seated himself in the waiting-room.

As he sat there, his eyes, wandering vaguely, fell upon the marble tablet that records the assassination of an honorable man on that spot. It entered his mind that he must be sitting near, perhaps upon, the seat from which the unhappy wretch who perpetrated that atrocious deed had watched for his victim. According to human judgment, he, too, was a criminal. It was a fitting place for him.

How slowly the hands moved across the face of that clock! Fifteen minutes — ten minutes — five minutes — before the gates would open. He mentally repeated those words, "The gates would open," again and again. They had for him almost a joyous significance, for while he suffered no more acutely, he was very weary. His own personality weighed upon his consciousness like a heavy armor, which, now that the fight was over, he might lay aside, and he was impatient to be rid of it. Death had no sting for him, the grave no terrors. As for what lay beyond, whether annihilation or immortality, he feared nothing. If there *were* a God, an all-knowing, all-comprehending, all-loving being, he did not fear him. His judgment would not be man's judgment, his mercy not man's mercy.

All this time the crowd pressed about him — going, coming, yet no one bestowed upon him more than a passing glance. Judged by externals, a dozen men might have been selected from that same crowd as more likely to be on the brink of crime than this pale man in threadbare coat and slouch hat, sitting there alone and motionless. Thus unconsciously we elbow sin, and suffering, and despair, as we push our way along. As for him, all these people, jostling, talking, laughing, weeping, were no more than shadows projected from the life to which he had bidden farewell.

Something like a drifting flower-petal touched his cheek — he started and looked around. A baby in the arms of a woman sitting behind him — a baby with wide dark eyes and curling yellow hair — had reached over to touch his cheek. The benumbed heart of this man who had forsworn life thrilled faintly. Little Jack had had just such eyes and hair. The child put out its hand again, with a soft smile. Brookes drew a quick breath, and, rising hastily, mingled with the crowd which was now passing through the gates. With them he traversed the long platform, but he boarded no train.

Instead, he made his way out of the rear of the station, crossed to another platform, and standing apart, glanced at his watch. A New York train was due in five minutes. For that length of time he stood with folded arms, waiting. A distant rumble! Yes, it was coming! The engine was in sight. When it reached a certain point which he had mentally designated he would start as if to cross to the other platform, stumble, fall, and — all would be over. How quick, how easy, is the passage through death to peace! How strange, he reflected, that so few seek it!

The engine reached the point: one step forward, one last thought of wife and children — oh, sweet young faces of children he would render fatherless! oh, dear brave face of the wife who had never failed him — who was waiting for him at this moment — *praying* for him, perhaps — for *him*, the thief and suicide! Great God! How those faces rose before him out of the reek and muck of the hideous place! What tenderness, what pleading, what reproach in all those familiar, beloved eyes! Then, by God's grace, there came to the man a swift, sudden illumination of soul, stripping this deed he was about to do of all illusion, of all disguise,

revealing it in all its cruelty and baseness — stark, hideously naked. And he recoiled, shuddering. In that instant the engine thundered by, slowed up, and stopped. Lyddane, stepping from the train a moment later, was amazed to see Brookes among the throng. "Why, how did you know I was coming?" he cried, joyfully seizing his hand.

The contact made him start back, and look again into Brookes's face. It was more the face of a dead than of a living man.

"Take me home, Forrest!" he said, hoarsely, clinging to his hand. "I have been in hell, I believe! Do not question me, but take me home!"

ALL that need now be told of the story of Christopher Brookes may be told in a few words.

Lyddane saw Mrs. Fairweather for a few moments the evening of the day following his arrival in Washington. She came in — it was her own drawing-room — magnificently dressed for some great occasion, and radiant with beauty and high spirits.

"You have seen your friend?" she began, eagerly. "Then you know that I was successful? Oh," she went on with sudden gravity, "never, never shall I forget that scene! I reached the house just as the poor wife was coming out of a long swoon. The two little girls were working over her like little women. Then, while I was trying to make her understand who I was, her husband came, looking — no, I will not try to say how he looked — and I put my brother's letter in his hand and came away. My brother has seen Mr. Brookes, and likes him already. Is it not a delightful *dénouement?* I feel quite like the beneficent fairy in a spectacle. Only it seemed at one time as if I had missed my cue, and was going to arrive too late!"

"Thank God you did not," said Lyddane, fervently. "The spectacle was nearer being a tragedy than you suspect."

"Yes. Thank God I did not!" repeated Mrs. Fairweather. Then, with tears in her brilliant dark eyes, she added, "Do not doubt me again! Ah, I know you did," she persisted, as Lyddane would have expostulated. "But I forgive you, since you are so evidently penitent."

Then, with the old gay smile, "There is my carriage, and I must leave you. To be late to dinner is a graver crime than doubting a woman's sincerity. So, until later, good-by!"

IT were as easy for a man raised from a forgotten grave, or for one grown old in a dungeon and suddenly restored to liberty, to adjust himself to the demands of every-day life, as for Christopher Brookes to shape himself to the life which now awaited him. The sensation of freedom, of security, was at first almost intolerably keen. He was like a man who having been disinherited, beaten, and cast out upon the highway to perish under trampling feet, suddenly finds himself lifted up, anointed, and restored to his own. He was no longer a trembling slave — he was a man among men.

He dared not look back into the past — he shrank shudderingly from the thought of that abyss upon whose brink his soul had hung, from which it had been snatched at the last moment, nor did he ever utter a word of the marvel of that moment to any human ear. His hair grew rapidly white; his eyes never lost a strange, introspective look which made strangers turn for a second glance, but though graver and more reticent, in time he came to bear himself like other men. In his new life, long-choked sources of energy, and capacities unguessed even by himself, were given free play, and won him recognition and friends. And though he might not now grow to his full stature, it was good to feel himself a man, free to think, and free to speak; and above all, it was good to know that no cloud charged with destruction lowered in his horizon, that so long as he could do a man's work in a manly way, no clamorous demagogue might snatch the bread from his children's lips to fling to a no less clamorous constituent.

Julia Schayer.

BEAUTY'S DOWER.

TO day the sun; the moon and stars to night;
And to sweet music syllables of song.
All lovely things to loveliness belong:
Beauty is beauty's by a sacred right.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE ETERNAL GULLIBLE.

WITH CONFESSIONS OF A PROFESSIONAL "HYPNOTIST."

THAT genial old skeptic, Montaigne, summed up his criticism of life in the terse aphorism, "L'homme se pipe." Man cheats himself even more than he is cheated. Gullibility springs eternal in the human breast; in the evolution of the race other feelings and beliefs wither away like organs which have lost their use; this alone abides with us as an inalienable birthright. In the immortal words of Robert Macaire, "Tout passe; mais les badauds ne passeront jamais." In the "eternal gullible," which is a primary constituent in the nature of "this foolish-compounded clay, man," lies the whole secret of the success of quackery of all kinds. This chronic disease of the human mind is subject to periodical exacerbations under the influence of what appear to be pandemic waves of credulity. At the present moment we are passing through such a phase of occultation of common sense, and hypnotism, spiritualism, telepathy, "spookism" in its various manifestations, Mahatmism, Matteism, and intellectual fungi of a like kind, flourish in rankest luxuriance in the minds of men and women, some of whom in other respects give evidence of more than average intelligence.

To prevent misconception, it may be well for me to repeat here that I do not deny the physical facts of hypnotism and its heteronyms. It is the interpretation of them, put forth by some hierophants of the cult, that I consider erroneous. I fully admit that, under the influence of certain psychological stimuli, persons whose nervous system is ill-balanced, or at best in a condition of "unstable equilibrium," readily pass into a state which we may, if we choose, call "hypnotic sleep." In view of the doubtful connotation which, owing to unsavory associations, the word "hypnotism" has acquired, I prefer to designate the condition here referred to as "Braidism," after the name of its most philosophical exponent, the late Mr. Braid of Manchester. I think there can be no doubt that the condition is mental and purely subjective, but there must also be a pathological coefficient on which the susceptibility of the patient to the so-called "hypnotic influence" depends. As to the nature of this coefficient, or of the condition which it underlies, we are at present in the dark; there are unfortunately still some riddles in medicine of which the solution has yet to be discovered, and this which we call "Braidism," or "hypnotism," is to that extent one of them. However, we are at least sure that there is nothing miraculous or preternatural about this condition, no "magnetism," no "efflux of will-power," no added function of the organism or new power of mind — unless it be the credulity of those who accept them as signs and wonders. The hypnotist counts for nothing in the matter, except as an object inanimate or animate affecting the imagination of the subject, who is always self-hypnotized.

A chief obstacle in the way of the scientific investigation of hypnotism is the difficulty of finding any solid footing in the quagmire of error, self-delusion, and downright imposture in which this *ignis fatuus* of the human intellect lives and moves and has its being. Even in the hands of medical men of high character the proportion of truth to mere error is as Falstaff's half-penny worth of bread to his intolerable deal of sack. As for the hypnotism and the crystal-gazing of the drawing-room and of the public platform it is, so far as the "subjects" are concerned, of imposture all compact. In a little book recently published, the first edition of which was exhausted in a few months, I showed how Dr. Luys's subjects, in their own words, "gulled" him, and how sadly he played the part of dupe and decoy. If such things be possible in the green wood of an intellect originally trained to scientific observation, what is likely to happen in the dry sticks and shavings of half-educated, wholly uncritical, and superstitious minds ready to take fire at the slightest spark of the mysterious? The fact is that without specially trained "subjects" hypnotism could not exist. Even Charcot had to put his chief subjects through a long course of training to fit them for his public displays at the Salpêtrière. In accordance with a fundamental law of political economy, the demand has created the supply; hence that curious product of our latter day *Aberglaube*, the professional "subject," has come to be. Of the nature and significance of this "sign of the times" something may be gathered from the tale I am about to unfold.

Some little time ago I was the recipient of the confessions of a professional subject, who had come to see the error of his ways, or, as I fear is more probable, finding his occupation gone (for your "subject" loses his commercial value by over-use), was not unwilling to unfold the story of his "professional" life for a consideration. He was sent to me by the editor of London "Truth," into whose sym-

pathetic ear he had first poured the story of his career as a *corpus vile* of pseudo-scientific experiment. The confessions of this ingenuous youth are amusing and instructive, though, as in most confidences of the kind, the light is thrown strongly on the sins and shortcomings of others, while the penitent's own peccadillos are left in shadow. They are, unfortunately, too long to give in full, but I may say that the original documents submitted to me prove that in the most noted hypnotic exhibitions given on public platforms at the Aquarium in London, and other places of amusement, the performers, both hypnotizers and hypnotized, are, almost without exception, conscious humbugs going through a prearranged "show," and, to quote the *vates sacer* of the Heathen Chinee, "the same with intent to deceive." In the inner circles of the music-halls, the "line" of the professional subject is, I find, as well recognized as that of the contortionist, or any other variety of mountebank. He is engaged in the usual way, and his earnings are proportionate to his professional skill, that is, to his power of gulling the groundlings. Nor, taking into account the disagreeable experiences which he has to go through, can it be said that his line of business is particularly remunerative. His muscles must be under extraordinary control; his palate must be disciplined to tolerate, and his stomach to retain, such delicacies as castor-oil, mustard, Cayenne pepper, paraffin, and ipecacuanha; and he must bear pain with the impassive stoicism of an Indian brave. It is clear that a professional subject must not only be born, but must be made, and to the making of him there must go an amount of trouble worthy of a better cause. His professional equipment must include some measure of histrionic ability, as, in his time, he has many parts to play. Above all, he must, like the Roman augurs, cultivate a command of countenance which shall prevent his laughing outright in the faces of his dupes.

My interesting penitent has allowed me the privilege of seeing his business correspondence, from which the story of his professional life, from year to year, can be extracted. According to these documents, his first introduction to mesmerism was at St. James's Hall; this important event is best described in his own words:

> When I first went to the above show, I was sitting among the audience when a mesmerized subject rushed up to me, and said the place was on fire. He tried to pull me away from my seat, but I would not go, till at last Mr. ——[1] came up and awakened him. As I was leaving the building, that subject came up to me, and apologized for the trouble he had occasioned me. He asked me whether I would have a ticket for the following evening; he gave me a ticket, and I came again the following evening. When I saw him again, he asked me if I believed in it; I answered yes. He asked me if I thought I could do the same; I said no. He said he would teach me if I liked.

My penitent has been endowed by Nature with a countenance which resembles Pindar's verses in being "significant to the initiated." I am therefore not surprised that he was quickly recognized by the sympathetic intuition of a kindred spirit, as one born to hypnotic greatness. In his modest diffidence as to his capacity in that direction we may recognize the "unconsciousness" which, according to Carlyle, is a distinguishing attribute of the highest genius. An appointment was made for the following morning at an address in the classic region of Drury Lane, and there the neophyte received his first lesson in the mystery of his art.

> When I came there I saw half a dozen other young fellows who went through all sorts of tricks. Mr. —— was not present. Then he [presumably the amiable subject who had discerned the latent possibilities in our friend's expressive physiognomy] told me to sit down and close my eyes and pretend to fall asleep, and he stuck a needle in my arm and asked if it hurt much. I said no. After a few more tricks, like falling from my chair, I was asked to come up for one week for 15s. Being without employment, I accepted. When I came up for the first time on the stage, the mesmerist tried to put me to sleep, but I did not [sic], as I was afraid.

Some further tuition was necessary, and for a short time the candidate was not trusted to do anything on the stage beyond going to sleep, in the mean time learning different tricks at the seminary in Drury Lane. He was an apt pupil, and very soon he was able to do several things which he had been taught, such as "laugh, cry, smoking tallow candles, and being fireman." The rapid progress of our hero is proved by the fact that apparently within a couple of weeks of his being taken in hand by the principal of the Drury Lane Academy aforesaid, whom he calls his "agent and trainer," he, in his own words, "went through catelepsy [sic], oil-drinking, needle, and all other tricks."

In the course of time we find our now fully fledged "subject," whom I will call L., performing with a well-known professor of hypnotism at the Royal Aquarium and elsewhere. He seems to have been at first taken on trial, but having gone to sleep, been pierced with needles, and drunk a glass of "paraffin mixture" to the satisfaction of the mesmerist, he was engaged as a regular "subject" at £1 15s. a week. By this operator L. was, in his own words, "put in catelepsy" [sic], and had two fellows laid across him, with the master himself on top.

[1] I have all the names as they stand in the original documents, but omit them here.

In fact, so promising a subject was he considered that he was selected by the "professor" for private demonstrations. Having been seen talking to gentlemen in the Aquarium, he received a serious caution from his employer not to reveal the fact that he was pretending to be under mesmeric influence, and not "to go to anybody's private house," presumably on his own account. He speaks of having worked eighteen months with his employer at different places, such as the Agricultural Hall, Bow, Sanger's, and Shoreditch, besides the Royal Aquarium. During this engagement his stomach was put to some severe tests, as he had at various times to eat tallow candles, cigarettes, raw onions, etc., and to drink a variety of "vile concoctions."

L. next became connected with another "professor," with whom he performed at the Aquarium, giving "two shows a day," going through "the usual tricks." The "professor's" style seems to have been of the robust order; he is described as throwing "the subjects most unmercifully about, and especially the bad ones." At the request of a doctor a penknife was on one occasion stuck into L.'s arm. The following newspaper report of the "show" at the Aquarium is interesting in view of L.'s own statement as to his previous appearances on the same stage:

> The subjects were very much of the same class of men that Mr. —— operated upon, and in some instances they were challenged as to whether they had not appeared with ——, *an assertion which they stoutly denied.*

At one time Succi, the fasting man, traveled with them, and he also appears to have been smitten with the noble ambition to become a mesmerist. He tried his prentice hand on L., who, being nothing if not accommodating, allowed him to succeed, to the great disgust of his employer, who feared that Succi might set up as a rival showman in the hypnotic line.

L. next appears as an instructor in the art and mystery of hypnotism. Under his tuition his pupil soon blossomed into a "professor," and gave some successful public exhibitions of his mesmeric influence, which led to an engagement at the Royal Aquarium. There he and his *fidus Achates* remained eight months, demonstrating the wonders of hypnotism to an admiring public. At these performances our poor fakir of a "subject" had to put six bonnet pins through his cheeks, drink any amount of paraffin mixture, go twice a day through "catalepsy, and imitate Samson the strong man."

With Dr. ——, another member of the hypnotic fraternity, our hero became acquainted through an advertisement in the "Era." On calling upon the mesmerist he saw three country lads going through what may be called the goose-step of mesmerism and hypnotism. L., however, who had got more insight into the inwardness of hypnotism than most of his employers, advised his master to get London subjects, who might be supposed, in the classic words of Sam Weller, to be "up to snuff and a pinch or two over," and warned him against the danger of his show being wrecked by the stupidity of country subjects. His engagement with Dr. —— does not seem to have been very brilliant in point of profit. The terms were, however, subsequently raised on L.'s giving assurance that he was used to the "needle business." But the interesting partnership was dissolved because although the subject had all the heavy work to do he could obtain no further increase of pay. The letters before me show the extremely businesslike way in which these public hypnotists arrange for a proper supply of subjects who travel with them as regular members of the "company," and have to give satisfactory assurance before being engaged as to the quality and extent of their powers.

L.'s advice to his employer was thoroughly sound; it would be to the last degree dangerous for a professor of hypnotism to trust to local talent for his public displays. A proof of this occurred while L. was at Birmingham. The "Dr." usually took the precaution of giving the oil-drinking and "all the heavy and difficult things" to L. to do. One night, however, he tried to make one of his country subjects take the oil, but the latter refused, and a scene was prevented only by L.'s ingeniously creating a diversion which changed a beginning hiss into applause.

Another "professor" he first met at the Middlesex Music Hall, where, with an eye to possible business, he gave the hypnotist his professional card. The result is seen in the following letter, dated October 16, 1891.

> I have just dropped across your card. I am going to open at Greenwich on Boxing Day. I want two subjects.
>
> I should like to know whether you are used to the oil and needle business and can do *catelepsy*. Please let me know by return.

Apparently L. was able to satisfy this eminent performer as to his exceptional talents as a subject to such an extent that he was eager to secure another subject equally gifted. This is shown by the following extract from a letter dated December 20.

> Yours to hand. If the other fellow is also used to the needle and oil he can come as well. I will give you each thirty shillings for the seven days. Be at the Hall at 3 o'clock sharp. Do not disappoint me. Inclosed find two tickets.
>
> P. S. Learn a good comic song if you can.

The postscript shows that in addition to his powers as a fakir, and to his general histrionic

capacity, the subject who wishes to reach the highest pinnacle in his profession must, as Goethe said, "develop his powers in every possible direction," and all for thirty shillings a week. This particular "professor" "made impressions without talking to the subjects," but as a man of forethought who left nothing to accident, he was careful to give instructions beforehand as to what was to be done every night. L.'s powers of endurance were somewhat severely tested by an inquiring doctor, who stuck a penknife into his leg, and tested him by lighting a match under his eye, and by "rubbing the eyeballs." Here our subject takes us into his confidence, and reveals one of the tricks of the trade, for he says, "having the eyes turned up, we cannot see anything." If this device succeeded in deceiving any member of the medical profession, it could have been only by the operation of faith, which not only moves mountains, but seems to deprive otherwise observant men of the use of their senses. Truly the hypnotic showman and his acolytes, finding people so willing to be deceived, may almost be forgiven for saying with Autolycus: "Ha! ha! What a fool Honesty is, and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman!"

L.'s next employer was an "editor," who had become acquainted with him at the Royal Aquarium during one of his previous performances there. He is said to have been very sceptical at first, but L. convinced him — an interesting example of the faith born of the will to believe, of which theologians tell us. Behold now the able editor reincarnated as a professional hypnotist, giving exhibitions at Blackfriars Road, Brentwood, the Metropolitan Music Hall, and at private houses. This new avatar seems, however, to have been a failure. To quote the words of L., "He did not seem to succeed, so took on private pupils, which he is training now," a view of the place of the teacher of hypnotism which may be compared with Lord Beaconsfield's description of critics as men who have failed in literature and art.

L.'s next engagement was with a lady hypnotist, with whom, to use his own words, he "gave different shows at all sorts of clubs and music halls." They were also engaged for the Royal Aquarium, which seems to be the San Carlo of such exhibitions; but here the professional jealousy of a rival hypnotist interfered with the arrangement, and they had to seek fresh fields and pastures new. The fair mesmerist would seem to have been the object of considerable jealousy on the part of her male rivals. Miss ——, we are assured, was at first a believer in her own possession of a mysterious mesmeric power, but L. opened her eyes on the subject, a useful part he was well qualified to play. The following extracts from the business correspondence of this lady are interesting, as showing the care that has to be taken in selecting for these exhibitions subjects that can be trusted to go through the usual rites without indecorous levity, and without mistaking the situation.

To-day my arrangements have been completed, and am now under the orders of —— [a well-known theatrical agent], so that at any time he may be pleased I shall have to appear, so according to your promise I want you to procure about six easy subjects to begin with. I should be pleased if you could forward their addresses. (Only men who could be surely relied upon, I mean that would come upon the stage for sure, and temperate.) For each man I will allow you two shillings; their wages will be settled by my agent to-morrow, which I shall see to being liberal.

Sorry I could not write as promised on Saturday, but nothing really definite was arranged concerning the men's wages. The latest desire of Mr. —— being that on Wed. he would like to see just two of the *smartest* subjects obtainable — must be "gentlemanly" with a view to their further engagement — he has some idea of my getting up quite a novel show (with perhaps two men only). Now if you care to make one find the other (don't forget he must be smart and good-looking — that 's the order), I should prefer a cataleptic subject if this is agreeable, please to be at ——'s office —— at 1:45 sharp on Wed. morning.

The lady's style is a little incoherent, and she shows an ultra-feminine contempt for punctuation; but she manages to make it clear that she wants a particular kind of goods delivered punctually and in sound condition. L. seems to have been successful in finding the class of subject required, for on August 7, 1891, Miss —— writes:

Thanks for your prompt reply with addresses. I will allow you to judge them, as to subjects I *suppose them to have been controled before.* I don't know how soon I may require them — of course with you.

From the stipulation as to the subjects having been controlled before, the lady seems to have been somewhat distrustful of her own powers, but her confidence in her leading subject, Mr. L., was evidently complete. In another letter we find her asking for subjects "not too well known," and especially bargaining for a supply of "decent young men" that she can depend upon. This difficulty in connection with professional subjects — that they may become too well known — recurs more than once in Miss ——'s letters: thus she adds a postscript to one, to the following effect:

N. B. I hope they are not too easily recognizable at the Aquarium. I should like their names and addresses.

The following letter is an example of the careful way in which the arrangements for these performances are made beforehand.

The gentlemen would have to be at the hall at 6:30 sharp. For this occasion I will give them 4s. each — and this will in all probability lead to a permanent engagement at once,— for which the proprietor has already undertaken to pay 5s. a turn each and every occasion, being, as it is a music hall, one half hour only — it is a stage rather bigger than at Aquarium, and being rather a decent place, of course *I must this time be sure of their turning up.* Now could you get about eight men, one half cataleptic, for this occasion? *Write by return* as there is so little time — only if agreeable — they *must come*, and I will meet them that I may know them upon the stage just for the first time.

L. performed with many other hypnotists, professional and amateur. Among the latter were the author of a book on hypnotism which has been somewhat favorably noticed in the British press, and a well-known "faith-healing" divine. It is all the same story, *mutato nomine.*

Whether L. actually gulled the various "professors," "Drs." etc., to whose influence he submitted as completely as he states may be doubted, and in any case the matter is of no interest to any one but those who may have paid their shillings and half-crowns on the understanding that they were to see a thaumaturgic display of a genuine kind. The case is different, however, as regards members of the medical profession whom he professes to have deceived. That he actually has succeeded in imposing on certain doctors is beyond question, but the evidence before me in no way bears out the statement made in "Truth," that L. "had again and again solemnly been experimented on by eminent English doctors, and that he had simply made fools of them all." On the other hand, it is clear that he succeeded in humbugging the editor of "Truth" himself. After speaking of a "learned caucus" at St. Mary's Hospital, where "some medico performed the amazing feat of raising a blister upon him [L.] by mere 'suggestion' while he [the subject] was under hypnotic control in the next room," Mr. Labouchere goes on to say, "If that worthy medico could have heard the youth describe to me how he raised the blister, I think he would have taken down his brass plate forthwith, and have retired into private life for very shame. This 'promising subject' further bore on his body the marks of a serious surgical operation, which, by his own account, he had undergone in France for an enormous fee at the hands of two doctors. Both of these votaries of science seem to have been so anxious to test the possibility of performing the operation on a hypnotized patient that they quite omitted the preliminary formality of ascertaining whether the patient was not quite as wide awake as themselves." While admitting that he has only the patient's word for this edifying story, the editor of "Truth" makes it clear that he fully believes, or at least sees nothing improbable in it, a suggestive circumstance which seems to show that after all there may be something in hypnotism.

There can be no doubt, however, that L. found some of his most confiding dupes among members of the medical profession. Speaking of one of these, a demonstrator of physiology at a London medical school, L. says:

> This gentleman I first met at the Royal Aquarium after leaving the stage. He made an appointment with me at his house and tried to mesmerize me. The first time I did not let him succeed entirely, next time the same, but the third time he succeeded to get me under his entire control. He mesmerized me always with his *eye-glasses* on, and that made me sometimes laugh in his face. He asked me the reason and I replied he looked at me so stern, that made me laugh. He made any number of difficult experiments on me, viz., making me write my name at different ages like 7 years, 9, 12, 15, and 19 years of age. He used to put me to sleep and make an impression on my mind that as soon as he rapped on the table I have to wake. There were then always three gentlemen present, but I always succeeded. He also gave me ink to drink, and tested my pulse on a pulse-tester machine; while there he did the blister trick. Of course, Mr. —— was a very firm believer in mesmerism. I have heard nothing of him lately. At his place I met Dr. —— of —— Hospital, where I gave a show. —— did all sorts of tricks with me. He also experimented heavily with an electric battery. He made me fetch certain books from the book-case; also when he touched a flower to fall asleep. He made me a teetotalar [sic], and I promised to remain one. He also put an impression on me never to be mesmerized again by any one. Of course, all these things never come true.

Poor Mr.—— would seem to have been fooled to the top of his bent, and from the correspondence which his tricky subject placed in my hands he would seem to have paid, one way or the other, a good deal of money for the imposition practised upon him. He may, I think, be taken as a type of the scientific man who is led astray when he touches hypnotism and cognate subjects, not so much by the want of knowledge or powers of observation, as by what I should call want of insight into character to control the merely scientific judgment.

Being curious to study the technic of so exceptionally gifted an artist as "L.," I accepted his offer, to use his own elegant language, "to give a show at my house." I invited several medical acquaintances interested in hypnotism, including Dr. J. Milne Bramwell, Dr. Hack Tuke, Dr. Outterson Wood, Surgeon-Colonel J. B. Hamilton, Mr. Wingfield, and others, to be present on the occasion. L. brought two other subjects with him: one of these was introduced

by him as his cousin, but there was so strong a family likeness between all the three, that they might easily have passed for brothers. There are few people, who, as Sydney Smith said of Francis Horner, "have the Ten Commandments written on their faces." It is, therefore, not the fault of these ingenuous youths that their physiognomy is not exactly, to put it delicately, such as would generally be accepted as a guarantee of good faith. They went through all their ordinary "platform" business, simulating the hypnotic sleep, performing various antics "under control," and in particular "going through catalepsy," to use my friend's own phrase. Not the least interesting part of the "show" was the preliminary hypnotization of L. by the demonstrator of physiology already referred to, whose eyes had not yet been opened to the fact that he had been imposed upon. When he commanded L. to "sleep" the latter obediently did so, with all the usual appearances of profound hypnotization, muscular relaxation, facial congestion, upturned eyeballs, not moving when touched, apparent insensibility, stertor, insensibility to sound, light, and external stimuli. The performance was splendid and complete, and Mr.—— enjoyed a moment's triumph. But L. instantly woke up again with a leer as soon as the operator announced that he was "under influence." Mr. —— made several further attempts to hypnotize his former subject, each time with the same result. The situation was comic, yet had in it an element of pathos; the operator was so earnest a believer that the shock of his awakening was almost painful to witness.

L.'s performance was not destitute of merit, but to the critical judgment it left a good deal to be desired. He overdid his part, the congestion of his face being exaggerated to a degree almost suggestive of impending apoplexy, while his snoring somewhat overstepped the modesty of nature. These points were dwelt on by more than one of the gentlemen present, but I am not altogether free from a suspicion that in some of the cases at least the observation was of an *ex post facto* nature. On the whole, it was a very clever, but somewhat overdone, imitation of the ordinary hypnotic sleep.

One of L.'s companions seemed to me to simulate the hypnotic sleep better than he did, but L. at once dispelled any illusion there might have been by unexpectedly gripping him behind the knee. Some exhibitions of "post-hypnotic suggestion" given by the two were well calculated to tickle the groundlings in a music-hall, but could hardly have deceived any serious observer. The "catalepsy business" had more artistic merit. So rigid did L. make his muscles that he could be lifted in one piece like an Egyptian mummy. He lay with his head on the back of one chair, and his heels on another, and allowed a fairly heavy man to sit on his stomach; it seemed to me, however, that he was here within a "straw" or two of the limits of his endurance. The "blister trick" spoken of by "Truth" as having deceived some medical men was done by rapidly biting and sucking the skin of the wrist. L. did manage with some difficulty to raise a slight swelling, but the marks of the teeth were plainly visible.

As to the wonderful operation on his throat, L. made a great mystery of it, and required a good deal of pressing before he could be induced to allow the scar to be seen. The reason of this unexpected modesty was apparent as soon as the part was shown, for the wound had obviously been self-inflicted. How any one could have imagined that such a wound had been made by a surgeon's hand, it is difficult to understand. When challenged on the subject, L. took refuge in the supposed *sub sigillo* nature of the transaction, a sudden awakening of conscientious scruples which was in amusing contrast with the extreme freedom of his voluntary confidences on all other matters relating to his professional experiences. Though the appearance of the scar itself was conclusive, the true nature of the "operation" was abundantly proved by the evidence of the records of the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, which, by a kind of poetical justice, the much-beguiled Mr.—— was the means of bringing to light.

One point in L.'s exhibition which was undoubtedly genuine was his remarkable and stoical endurance of pain. He stood before us smiling and open-eyed while he ran long needles into the fleshy parts of his arms and legs without flinching, and he allowed one of the gentlemen present to pinch his skin in different parts with strong crenated pincers in a manner which bruised it, and which to most people would have caused intense pain. L. allowed no sign of suffering or discomfort to appear; he did not set his teeth or wince; his pulse was not quickened, and the pupil of his eye did not dilate as physiologists tell us it does when pain passes a certain limit. It may be said that this merely shows that in L. the limit of endurance was beyond the normal standard, or, in other words, that his sensitiveness was less than that of the average man. At any rate, his performance in this respect was so remarkable that some of the gentlemen present were fain to explain it by a supposed "post-hypnotic suggestion," the theory apparently being that L. and his comrades hypnotized one another, and thus made themselves insensible to pain. Such a power would have been invaluable to the Jews whose grinders were extracted by our Plantagenet kings, and to the heretics who fell into the clutches

of the Inquisition. So far-fetched an explanation is, however, unnecessary. As surgeons have reason to know, persons vary widely in their sensitiveness to pain. I have seen a man chat quietly with the bystanders while his carotid artery was being tied without the use of chloroform. During the Russo-Turkish war, wounded Turks often astonished English doctors by undergoing the most formidable amputations with no other anesthetic than a cigarette. Hysterical women will inflict very severe pain on themselves — merely for wantonness or in order to excite sympathy. The fakirs who allow themselves to be hung up by hooks beneath their shoulder-blades seem to think little of it, and, as a matter of fact, I believe are not much inconvenienced by the process.

The impression left on my mind by L.'s performance was mainly a feeling of wonder that so vulgar and transparent a piece of trickery should ever have imposed on any one. Yet, though having no scientific interest in itself, the "show" has a *foolometric* value of a very distinct kind. That any medical man should have thought "phenomena" such as those obligingly displayed by these subjects worthy of serious study is, as Carlyle would have said, "significant of much." What weight can be attached to the judgment of persons so devoid of the critical faculty when dealing with these matters? If they allow themselves to be gulled by so sorry an impostor as L., are they not likely to be as wax in the hands of subjects of a higher order, in whom a natural genius for deception has been developed, and I may say educated, by the unconscious tuition of scientific enthusiasts? I am willing to believe that some subjects may, like *Hamlet*, be "indifferent honest," at least at first; but it must be as difficult for a person who is habitually made the subject of such experiments to remain truthful as for a publican to be a total abstainer. The wish to please the investigator leads in the first instance to a little over-coloring; then come a harmless experiment or two on the scientific pundit's credulity, and so on, the appetite for deception growing by that it feeds on, to systematic imposture. Men are easily induced to see what they are anxious to see, and even the dry light of science does not always keep its votaries out of this pitfall. "Suggestion" often acts more powerfully on the operator than on the subject.

It is not too much to say that the majority of observations of hypnotic phenomena which we are invited to accept on the authority of men of acknowledged scientific competence and indisputable personal integrity are vitiated by the fundamental assumption that the subjects are trustworthy — that is, neither deceiving nor self-deceived. This source of fallacy is one to which the scientific experimenter is perhaps peculiarly exposed. He is rather apt to look upon his subjects as the pathologists look upon their rabbits and guinea-pigs, simply as the abstract quantities, x, y, or z, in a scientific theorem, without taking into account the possible disturbing influence of the "personal equation." In investigating the phenomena of hypnotism, scientific phenomena must always be controlled and directed by the practical insight of the man of the world, and a cardinal principle in all such inquiries must be to look upon all experiments on trained mediums or hysterical subjects as utterly worthless. How even the best trained scientific judgment may be misled by disregard of this fundamental truth was only too well illustrated by the example of Charcot, who finally abandoned his researches in this department of neurology in disgust.

The rules of scientific criticism which should guide us in estimating the value of such experiments cannot be better formulated than they have lately been by Professor Moriz Benedikt of Vienna, in the following sentences: "1. Hypnotic phenomena in general cannot be accepted as scientifically established facts *without objective proof*. Performances at the command, or at the supposed wish, of the experimenter take place under the pressure of his authority, even in the case of persons who are not deliberate deceivers, relatively few persons being capable of independent volition and independent thought. 2. Only experiments on unprepared individuals who have not been initiated into the mysteries of hypnotism have any value; experiments on 'mediums' are worthless. 3. As a rule, only very few individuals and very few conditions are suitable for hypnotic treatment." [1]

Professor Benedikt adds — and the vast majority of the medical profession will agree with him — that the repetition of such experiments on neurotic subjects cannot be too strongly condemned. Systematic hypnotization is not only useless, but actively harmful, as it has "a demoralizing influence on the intellect, the will, and the physical independence of the subject."

While, however, admitting as I have already said, that hypnotism is a reality, I repeat that the great bulk of the "phenomena" described by observers reputed to be "scientific" is founded on imposture. What is true in hypnotism is not new, — for it is only old-fashioned mesmerism masquerading under a newly coined Greek name — nor is it of any practical use to mankind. The "cures" attributed to its agency are exactly similar to those wrought by "faith-healing," when they are not altogether imaginary.

Ernest Hart.

1 "Hypnotismus und Suggestion: Eine klinisch-psychologische Studie." Leipzig und Wien, 1894.

OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

PAUL POTTER (1625–1654).

PAUL POTTER'S career was of short duration, but the number of excellent works which he executed, and the zeal and untiring energy with which he labored, were extraordinary. He was born at Enkhuizen, a fishing-village on the Zuyder Zee, November 20, 1625, and studied art under his father, an obscure landscape-painter; yet such was the precocity of his talent that at the age of fourteen years he executed a charming etching, and from that time forth produced work upon work. He lived for some years with his father at Amsterdam; then, at the age of twenty-one, went to Delft, where during two years he painted many of his finest things, including his large and famous work, "The Young Bull." In 1649 he took up his residence at The Hague, where he joined the Painters' Guild, and rose to fame and princely patronage. In 1650 he married, and in 1652 returned once more to Amsterdam, at the instance of one of his chief patrons, the burgomaster Tulp. Here, his health rapidly failing, he died in 1654 of consumption, superinduced by over-work.

During this brief period of not more than fourteen working years, the latter part of which must have been hampered by disease, he produced an astonishing amount of work, not to be matched in its kind. His paintings amount to 103, besides 18 etchings, together with numerous drawings and studies, including landscapes, and masterly heads of oxen and sheep in varied positions with difficult foreshortenings; trees and tree-trunks well understood and energetically executed; carts and plows, and all kinds of farming implements, showing singular precision of design.

"The Young Bull," considered as a piece of portraiture, is doubtless a splendid work. It is one of the most celebrated things in Holland, and The Hague Museum owes to it a large part of the curiosity of which it is the object. Though it may not fill all the requirements of a perfect picture,—and in this respect it has been the subject of criticism,—it nevertheless satisfies as a complete and conclusive portrayal of a bull, and has been rightly termed "The Bull." The animal shows its temperament, length, height, joints, bones, muscles, its hair rough or smooth, tangled or curled, its loose or tight skin, all in perfection. The gesture is true, and the head admirably living. Consider its setting upon the canvas: it is placed upon a rising of ground, opposed to the wide sky and against a white cloud, becoming, by this artifice, of paramount importance, and filling the eye at a glance, so that the other animals, with the herdsman in his safe retreat behind the tree (not a bull-tamer by any means), and the pastures beneath him, are but accessories—the bull is lord of the fields and pastures.

In point of execution it is marvelously minute: the single hairs upon the brute's head are seemingly palpable to the touch, and flies are seen buzzing about. This closeness of observation extends to the bark and foliage of the tree, and the grass and pebbles on the ground, where also a toad is seen; yet although the artist appears to ignore the art of sacrifices, and the fact that things must sometimes be suggested and but half expressed, he does not lose sight of breadth. This work measures 8 feet 6 inches in height, by 9 feet 10 inches in width, and was painted in 1647, when the artist was but twenty-two years of age.

But Paul Potter does not succeed so well in his large pictures as in those of more moderate size. In many of his small works he evinces fine poetic feeling and depth of sentiment, and these are rightly his *chefs d'œuvre*. In the Louvre, for instance, there is a charming little work of this description 9 by 10 inches, painted in the same year as "The Bull,"—1647,—and catalogued under the title of "Horses at the Door of a Cottage." It is an evening effect. Here are mystery and beauty of tone, and, to know Paul Potter in his fullness, one must not overlook such works as these.

The Hague Museum possesses a portrait of Paul Potter painted by Van der Helst in 1654, and as Potter died in January of that year, it follows that this portrait must have been completed but a few days before his death. It shows a sensitive and refined countenance, light hair and eyelashes, full, strong lips, and delicate mustache. He is clad in velvet, and sits by his easel with palette and brushes in hand, looking out at the spectator with a serious, determined expression. It seems very remarkable that this should be the likeness of a man wasted with consumption, and at death's door. But it is not more remarkable than his life, which was one of prodigious labor, and wonderful perseverance.

T. Cole.

COMMERCIAL BOOKBINDING.

NOTES OF A BOOK-LOVER.



DESIGNED BY D. S. MACCOLL. PUBLISHED BY T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON.

"GREEK VASE PAINTINGS,"
BY D. S. MACCOLL AND J. E. HARRISON.

I.

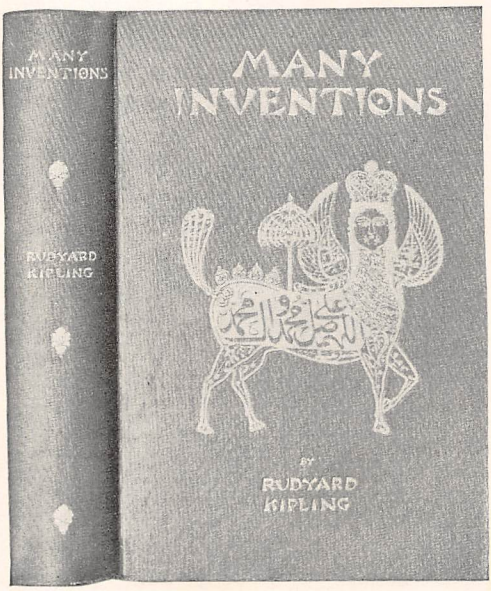
IN one of the annual volumes of "La Vie à Paris," stout tomes of cheerful gossip, intermitted now that the author is the director of the Théâtre Français, and a member of the French Academy, M. Jules Claretie tells a pleasant anecdote of a contemporary Parisian binder who was asked to cover one of the beautiful books which M. Conquet sends forth spasmodically from his little shop, and who drew back with scorn, declaring, "Sir, I will not dishonor myself by binding a modern book."

This craftsman's pride it was, no doubt, to clothe the stately Aldine and the pigmy Elzevir in fit robes of crushed morocco, decorating them with delicate gold traceries tooled bit by bit, and lingered over lovingly. To him it would have been a sad shock, had he been told suddenly that, in the eyes of the average reader, a book is bound when it is merely cased in a cloth-cover whereon a pattern has been imprinted by machinery. Yet so it is.

> Not as ours the books of old —
> Things that steam can stamp and fold;
> Not as ours the books of yore —
> Rows of type, and nothing more.

Ours are not the books of old, but sometimes, when they are the result of taking thought and pains, they have a merit of their own; and the thing that steam can stamp and fold may be as lovely in its way as the poet's missal of the thirteenth century, around which the illuminator's brother monks sang "little choruses of praise." The beauty of the modern book is not that of the book of yore. There will always be between them the difference which separates machine-work from that done by hand — a difference wide enough, and deep enough, to admit of no denial. But the volumes stamped by steam may have their own charm and their own qualities — to say nothing of their superior fitness for the nineteenth century, when democracy is triumphant.

The books bound in thousands for publishers are mostly ill-bound from haste and greed, from ignorance and reckless disregard of art. But once in a way they attain a surprisingly high level. Just how excellent some modern commercial bindings are, scarcely any of us have taken time to discover; for we are prone to overlook not a few of the best expressions of contemporary art, natural outgrowths of modern conditions, in our persistent seeking for some great manifestation which we fail to find. Great manifestations of art are hopelessly rare; and

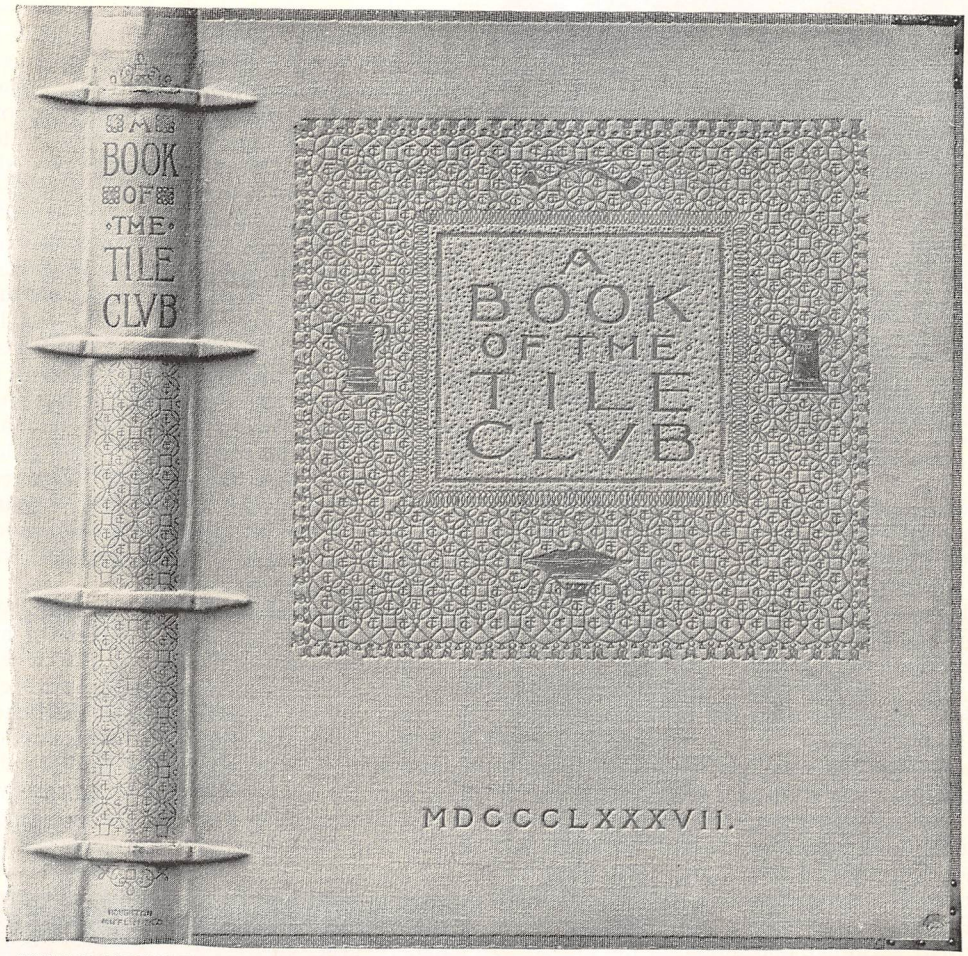


DESIGNED BY HAROLD B. SHERWIN (THE FIGURE BY J. L. KIPLING).
PUBLISHED BY D. APPLETON & CO.

"MANY INVENTIONS," BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

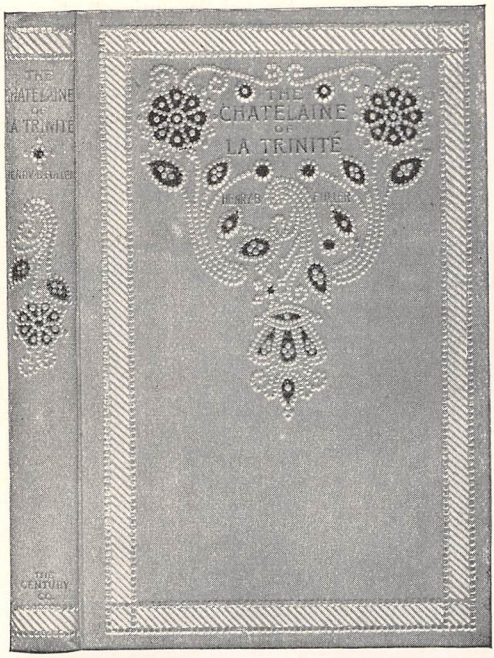
little things far more often attain perfection and reward our seeking. A chromolithographic placard does not seem to promise much — but in M. Cheret's hands the "poster" is never insipid, and has often a most engaging and masterly originality. Cast-iron is an unlovely material — but, by recognizing its limitations, Alfred Stevens was able to give dignity to the little lions on the outer rail at the British Museum. So a book-cover stamped by steam may be a thing of beauty if it is designed by Mrs. Whitman or by Mr. Stanford White. It is a fact that commercial bookbinding, often ignorantly looked down on, is now at a most interesting stage of its history; and it seems to me very well worth while to consider some of its recent successes.

In a paper on "Bookbinding considered as a Fine-Art, Mechanical Art and Manufacture," read before the Society of Arts in London, Mr. Henry B. Wheatley declared that "cloth-binding is entirely an English invention." Just as the fine-art of bookbinding began in Italy during the Renascence, and was most highly cultivated in France, so the art of cloth-binding, arising in Great Britain, has been carried to a higher level of mechanical perfection by machines invented or mightily improved in the United States; and I am inclined to think that the principles which should govern the decoration of cloth-covers are better understood in New York than in London — in so far at least as one may judge from the results of their application.



DESIGNED BY STANFORD WHITE. "A BOOK OF THE TILE CLUB." PUBLISHED BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

While it is true enough that cloth-binding is an English invention, commercial binding, "edition work," as it is called, is almost as old as printing itself. The early printers, from Aldus in Venice to Caxton in London, were binders as they were also publishers; and very early in the history of the trade were there attempts to simplify the toil of the finisher who



DESIGNED BY ALICE E. MORSE. PUBLISHED BY THE CENTURY CO.

"THE CHÂTELAINE OF LA TRINITÉ," BY HENRY B. FULLER.

decorated the leather sides and backs of the broad volumes. In the finest of the early books every touch of gold on the cover was made by a separate tool, which the skilled workman impressed on the leather at least twice, once without the gold and once to affix it, a slow, laborious and expensive process.

One of the first of the devices adopted as a short cût was the *roulette* or roll, a complete pattern engraved on the circumference of a wheel, and reproducing itself as the wheel was rolled across the leather. The roulette served for borders and frameworks; it was often most admirably engraved; and its employment was not altogether injurious if proper care was taken to match the corners with precision. In these days when omniscience is everybody's foible, it may seem like affectation for me frankly to confess ignorance as to the origin of the roll, but I think it was first seen in Italy.

In like manner I must avow that I do not know for certain the origin of the next labor-saving device, but I think it came from Germany; and beyond all question its use was most frequent there. This was the combination of engraved blocks into a pattern more or less appropriate to the book. The binder had in stock a variety of these blocks, of different sizes and independent in subject, or related in pairs, or even in sets of four; and he would rearrange these corners, center-pieces, and panels as best he could to suit every succeeding book, availing himself also of the roll, and falling back on hand-work where the occasion seemed to demand it. Careless as this method often became, it was still a crude form of design, even though the toil of the hand was minimized to the utmost.

But one step needed to be taken to get rid altogether of hand-work on the cover; this was to engrave a design for the whole side of a book, and to stamp it on at a single stroke of a press. These plates — *plaques* is the French term — were probably first employed by the Italians; but the most noted of those who made early use of them was a Frenchman, Geoffroy Tory, the friend of Grolier, and the would-be reformer of the alphabet. All collectors know the plate he designed for the Book of Hours he printed, which was a staple of the book trade, and for which there was an unfailing demand. Tory's plate was original and complete in itself, but another plate contemporary with it, and also reproduced in the invaluable essay of M. Marius Michel on "La Reliure Française, Commerciale et Industrielle," is complete; it was intended to spare the time and trouble needed to adorn a book-cover with the elaborately interlacing arabesques of the Grolier type; but it left to the hand of the workman the task of adding the name of the owner of the book, the scattered gold dots which greatly enriched the appearance, and a few other details here and there. It is instructive to note how adroitly the means have been adjusted to the end.

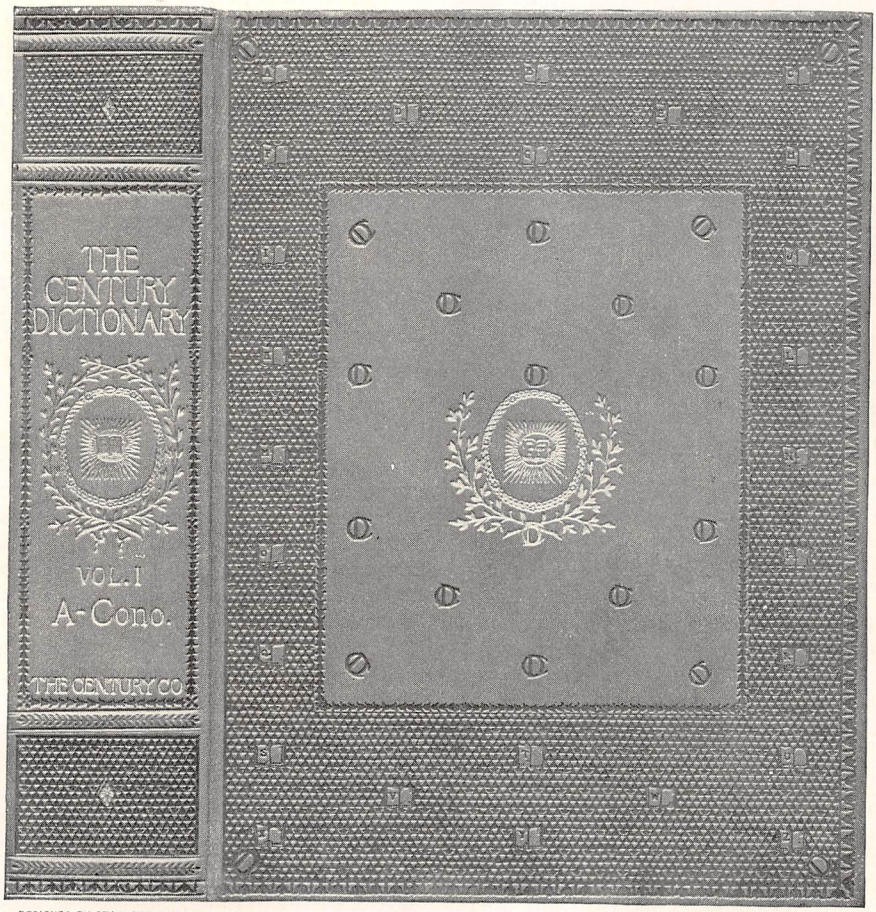
These three devices, the roll, the combination of blocks, and the plate complete or incomplete, mark different stages of the development of wholesale binding; and they existed simultaneously for centuries. M. Marius Michel declares that out of every hundred of the smaller sized volumes sent forth by the printer-publishers of the sixteenth century, eighty have their sides stamped by a plate simulating hand-work. The original editions of Rabelais of



DESIGNED BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS. PUBLISHED BY THE CENTURY CO.

"THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES," BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

Montaigne, of Ronsard and of Clément Marot, were issued more often than not with plate-marked sides. There is in M. Marius Michel's essay a drawing of a block used to aid in the imitation of the brilliant *fanfares* of Le Gascon. There is in M. Gruel's "Manuel Historique" a most sumptuous binding by Derome, in which



DESIGNED BY STANFORD WHITE. PUBLISHED BY THE CENTURY CO.

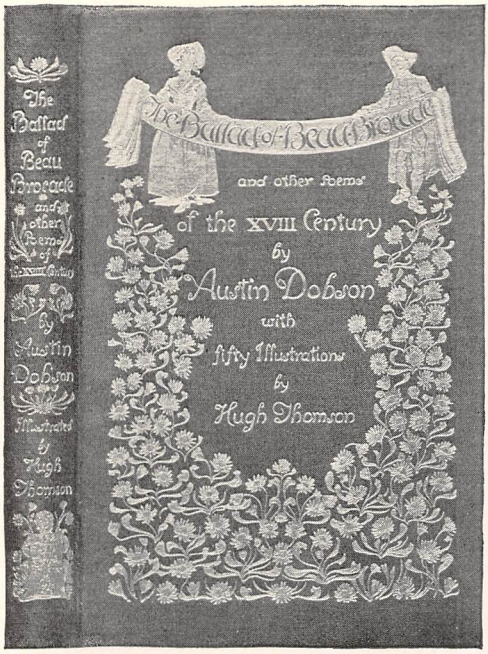
"THE CENTURY DICTIONARY."

there was no hand-tooling at all, save perhaps a monogram or a coat-of-arms here and there; it is formed by combining corners and border-pieces, and it was stamped in a press.

The chief characteristic of the early German, Italian, and French commercial binding is that it was an imitation of artistic binding done wholly by hand. It was a humbug trying to pass itself off as something other than it really was, and failing of course as fraud always fails. It was forever forging the designs it found on the books of the best binders, and very often its thefts were stupid, although once in a while they were adroit. Now this copying was foolish, because in art the impersonal machine can never rival the personal hand — for art is indeed only individuality. M. Zola defines art as "nature seen through a temperament" — and even in the decorative arts personality is omnipotent. But by abandoning all thought of imitating hand-work, modern commercial bookbinding has a fair chance of developing according to its own conditions. The machine has tireless power of production and absolute regularity; and it is for those who set the machine going to supply that personal touch without which all art is as naught.

II.

THIS is the great merit of modern commercial bookbinding done by machinery — that it is independent, that it has freed itself from the trammels and the traditions of hand-work, that it is no longer a savorless sham copying blindly, that it lives its own life. It recognizes the fact, obvious enough nowadays, that we cannot all be as Heber, to whom Ferrier sang:



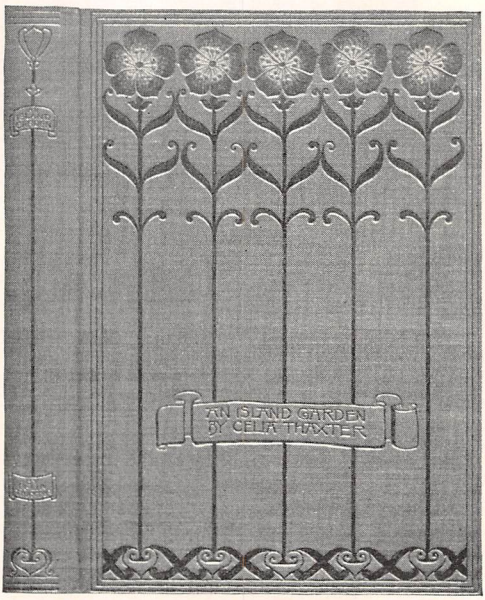
DESIGNED BY HUGH THOMSON.
PUBLISHED BY KEGAN PAUL, FRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LONDON.
"THE BALLAD OF BEAU BROCADE," BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

The folio Aldus loads your happy shelves,
And dapper Elzevirs, like fairy elves,
Shew their light forms amidst the well-gilt twelves.

In this change Great Britain and the United States have led the way, followed for once by France, and, after an interval, by Germany. It was in frugal Germany that "half-binding" had its origin. Half-binding is a money-saving contrivance, which lordly book-lovers have reprobated as equivalent to genteel poverty. The Jansenists used to keep the leather sides of their books free from ornament; and some sparing German carried this simplicity one step further, substituting paper for the plain surface of leather, and using morocco and calf only for the back and a narrow but needful hinge on each side. To push this economy a little further yet was easy, and so it came to pass in the last century that the English binders omitted altogether the leather, and covered both the sides and the back with paper. Strictly speaking, those books were not bound at all; they were merely cased — that is, sheathed in boards. A casing of this kind was the most temporary of makeshifts. Every librarian knows how fragile are the paper and pasteboard which envelop the books of the last century. The back is prone to crack and to peel off, and the sides are prompt to break away; the method was as slovenly and as inconvenient as possible.

Early in this century the disadvantage of paper-covered boards led to the use of plain glazed calico in place of the paper. There was at first no thought of decoration: the plain calico was substituted for the plain paper because it was stronger and did not chip and tear quite so easily; the title was still printed on a label of white paper, and pasted on the back of the volume. The exact date of this improvement is in doubt. I have among my Sheridaniana the third edition of Dr. Watkins's "Memoirs of the Public and Private Life of the Right Honorable Richard Brinsley Sheridan," printed for Henry Colburn in 1818, and both volumes are clad in glazed calico, with a slightly ribbed surface and of a faded purple tint. The date of the biography is that of the binding. "Constable's Miscellany," the publication of which was begun in 1827, is said to have been the first collection regularly bound in cloth; the cases were covered in the simplest fashion with plain calico, and distinguished by a paper label. The edition of Byron's works in seventeen volumes published in 1833 is supposed to have been the first work issued without the paper label, and with the title printed in gold on the backs of the books.

Stamping was probably done by a hand-press, such as British binders kept ready to impress on the sides of leather-covered volumes the broad block with the owner's arms. From this "arming-press," as it was called, has been evolved by slow degrees the powerful and rapid machinery of the modern bindery. Murray's "Family Library" was probably the first series on which the title was printed with ordinary ink. Then came, in 1832, Charles



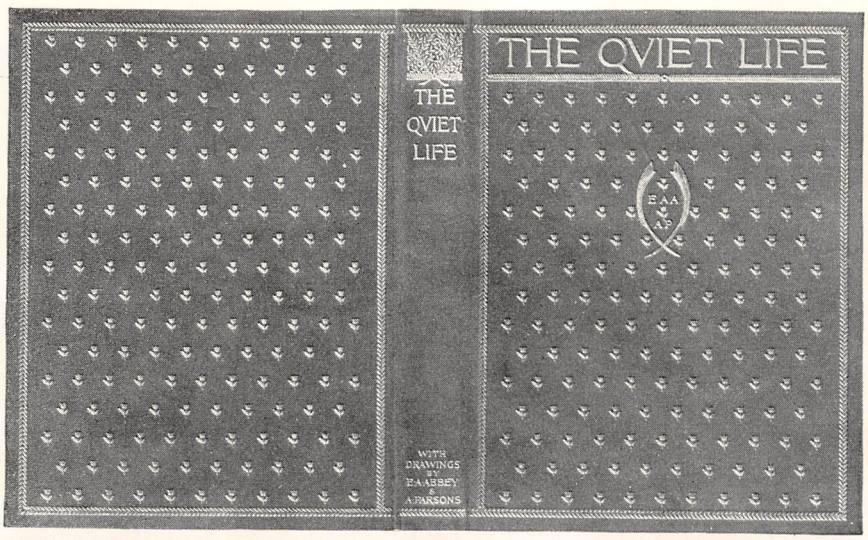
DESIGNED BY MRS. HENRY WHITMAN. PUBLISHED BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.
"AN ISLAND GARDEN," BY CELIA THAXTER.

Knight's "Penny Magazine," and, in 1833, his "Penny Cyclopædia," the successive volumes of which were bound by Archibald Leighton in stamped cloth. Mr. Wheatley says that at first the cloth was stamped before it was put on the boards, a proceeding which proved unsatisfactory from the beginning, so the boards were covered with the cloth, which was then stamped.

Thereafter the art speedily improved. The cloth was dyed to any desired color; and it was run through rollers to give it any desired grain or texture. The old-fashioned arming-press was modified and made stronger; and steam was swiftly substituted for foot-power. Subsequent improvements enabled the pattern to be imprinted on the side and back of the book in as many colors as an artist could use to advantage or the publisher was willing to pay for. And the work can be done with extraordinary speed; it is no unusual thing now for a bindery to turn out several thousand copies of a book in the course of twenty-four hours.

Here we come to the essential difference between bookbinding by hand and bookbinding by machinery. In artistic hand-work the book is bound in leather and then decorated. In edition work the cloth case is made and decorated apart from the book itself, which is afterward fastened in. The former is a slow process, and in its higher manifestations it is an art. The latter is a rapid process, and it is wholly mechanical, except in so far as the designer of the stamp is concerned. And therefore it is on the designer of the stamp that the duty lies of making beautiful the books demanded by our modern and democratic civilization.

In Great Britain those who were called upon to invent ornament for the outside of cloth-bound books were free from the disadvantages under which their fellow-laborers in France were placed. In France there still lingered the dominating influence of the traditions of the great bibliopegic artists of the past, and there was pressure on the designer to devise a decoration which should make his machine-made cloth cover look like the slowly tooled leather of a book bound by hand. In England where the solid cloth-casing was hailed as a manifest improvement on the flimsy paper-boards which had immediately preceded it, there existed no such pressure, for no one seemed to see any necessary connection between the new cloth-work and the old artistic leather-work. So the designers were at liberty to develop a new form of decoration suitable to the new conditions. In this endeavor they have been unexpectedly successful; indeed, there is hardly any form of modern decorative art which has achieved its aim more satisfactorily. One might hazard the suggestion that there has been less copying and less conventionality, more inventiveness and greater appropriateness, in the commercial bindings of England and America during the past thirty years than in the avowedly artistic "extra" binding.



"THE QUIET LIFE."

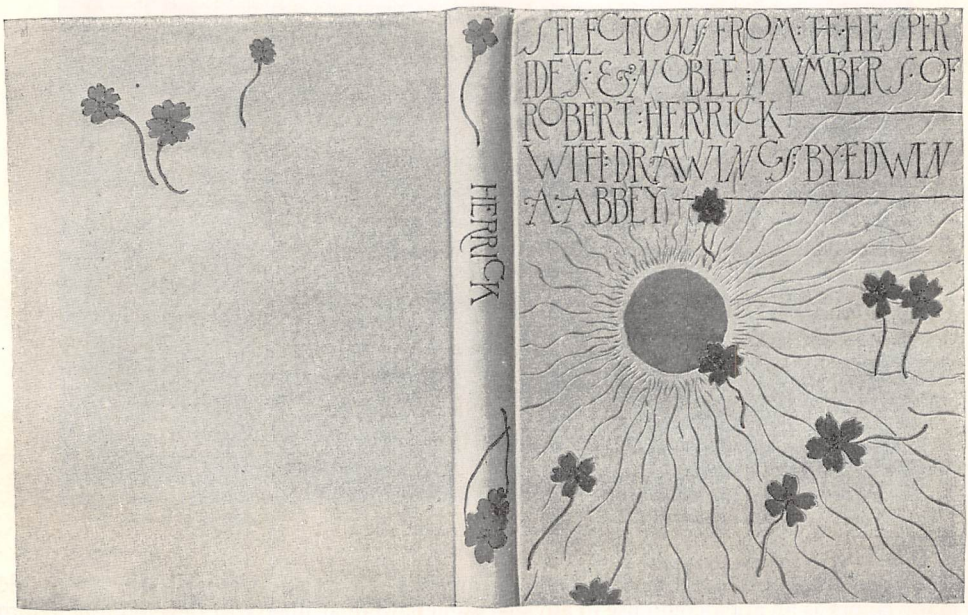
Of course there have been countless millions of tomes disfigured by hideous covers; and of course every one of us can recall cloth cases which were the epitome of everything they should not be. But a selection of machine-made covers most pleasing to the trained taste is equally easy. When Thoreau bought back the many unsold copies of his first book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers,"

remarking with characteristic humor that he had now a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, more than seven hundred of which he had written himself, he had added to his collection books probably quite as appropriately bound as those which he owned before. No doubt if he could see the neat attire his "Walden" wears now it is included in the trim and tasteful Riverside Aldine Series, Thoreau would acknowledge that he could ask no fitter garb for his offspring. Nor could there be anything more modestly satisfactory than the maidenly simplicity of the little tomes in this series, with their smooth blue cloth, with their chaste lettering, and with the golden anchor of Aldus — a hopeful emblem of good books yet to come.

more time and attention on the decoration of the books he offers for sale.

Consider, for example, the gaudy cover which the British publisher put on Mr. Du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun," and compare it with that prepared by Mr. E. A. Abbey for the American edition. A true book-lover would be in haste to get Mr. Du Chaillu's entertaining work out of the British cloth case; but he would feel it absurd to wish to rebind a copy adorned with Mr. Abbey's cover. He would be ready to echo Hawthorne's protest against those who "strip off the real skin of a book to put it into fine clothes."

Again, take Mr. Vedder's remarkable edition of Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám,"



DESIGNED BY EDWIN A. ABBEY. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROS.

"SELECTIONS FROM ROBERT HERRICK."

In comparing many modern books to select illustrations and examples for this paper, I have been led to the conclusion that there is more thought given to book-decoration in the United States than in Great Britain. There are not a few beautiful book-covers to be found in the shops of British booksellers, but not so many, I venture to think, as might be collected from American publishers. And the reason of this, I take it, is partly that the British are borrowers of new books rather than buyers, and partly that the British still desire to have the books worth owning bound finally in leather, and they therefore still look upon the cloth case as merely a temporary convenience. The American reader, for the most part, accepts the cloth binding as a permanency; and the American publisher is moved, therefore, to expend

for which the artist designed the cover-stamp. To rebind this folio, even in the most sumptuous crushed levant, is to deprive one's self of not the least interesting of the illustrations by which the American painter has interpreted the Persian poet. And what could be more ingenious or more characteristic than the Dutch tile which is seemingly set into the golden cover of the "Sketching Rambles in Holland" of Mr. George H. Boughton and Mr. E. A. Abbey?

Simplicity is an ingredient of dignity, and there are book-lovers who love simplicity above all things, having a Jansenist taste even in cloth bindings. There is nothing noisy or fussy in the cover of Mr. Harold Frederic's "In the Valley," due to the pencil of Mr. Harold Magonigle, or in the cover of Mr. Aldrich's "Sisters' Tragedy," with its severe and yet elegant



DESIGNED BY HAROLD B. SHERWIN. PUBLISHED BY THE CENTURY CO.

PANEL FROM BACK AND COVER OF "OLD ITALIAN MASTERS."

myrtle wreath designed by Mrs. Whitman. To Mrs. Whitman also is due the credit for the tea-leaf border of Dr. Holmes's "Over the Tea-cups," with its vigorous lettering, and its subordinate teapot of a fashion now gone by. None of Mrs. Whitman's book-covers is frivolous or finicky; they have always reserve and purity.

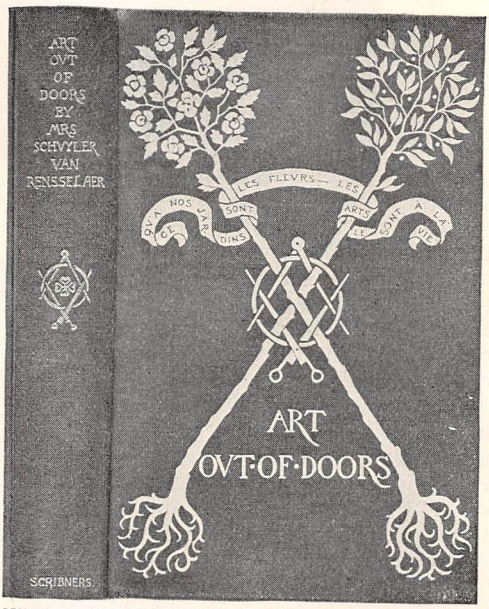
Yet decorations of this chaste severity are not alone on our book-shelves; and there are not a few devised on other principles and compounded in another fashion. Some satisfaction there is in finding an old German woodcut border doing duty on the cover of Mr. Woodberry's "History of Wood Engraving," or in observing the apt use of the orange with its full fruit and its green leaves as they are wreathed in the arabesques of the medallions which adorn the back and side of Mr. Lafcadio Hearn's "Two Years in the French West Indies," and which were designed by Miss Alice E. Morse, with a full understanding of the value of color on a book-cover, and an apt appreciation of the technical means whereby it is best to be attained. It is essential to good decorative design, whatever its kind, whether it be a book-cover or a wall-paper, a carpet or a tapestry, a carved panel or an inlaid floor, that the artist shall recognize technical limitations, shall perceive technical possibilities, and shall be in sympathy with the material employed. The decorative artist must be swift to seize that one of the processes presenting themselves which will best suit his immediate object. "One reason for our modern failures lies in the multitude of our facilities," suggests Mr. Lewis F. Day in his little book on the "Application of Ornament," and he adds that "the secret of the ancient triumphs is often in the simplicity of the workman's resources." Where a man has but a single tool, he must perforce devise ornament which that single tool can accomplish, or else go without ornament altogether. Out of the struggle comes strength.

When we see the rather violently polychromatic cover which that most accomplished artist Jules Jacquemart placed on the book on "La Céramique" illustrated by him, we cannot but wonder whether he would not have given us something quieter and more beautiful, if the resources of modern color-printing had not been ready to his hand. And yet, nothing venture, nothing have: the decorative artist, if he wishes to get outside the little circle of every-day banality, must try the hazard of new fortunes as often and as boldly as the explorer or the soldier. Often he will discover strange countries fair to see, which he will annex forthwith.

Sometimes the search for novelty is rewarded only by a chance fantasticality. A volume of ghost-stories by Mrs. Molesworth had a plain cloth cover, from the side of which, as one gazed at it, there seemed suddenly to start a shadowy figure — due to a stamp which did no more than remove the glaze of the calico, not changing its color. Colonel Norton's glossary of "Political Americanisms" was covered with a dark-blue cloth turned inside out, and exposing a blue-gray grain, on which there was printed, in the original dark blue, the title, set off by the figure of the fearsome gerrymander. But these are trifles — the casual freaks of commercial bibliopegy.

III.

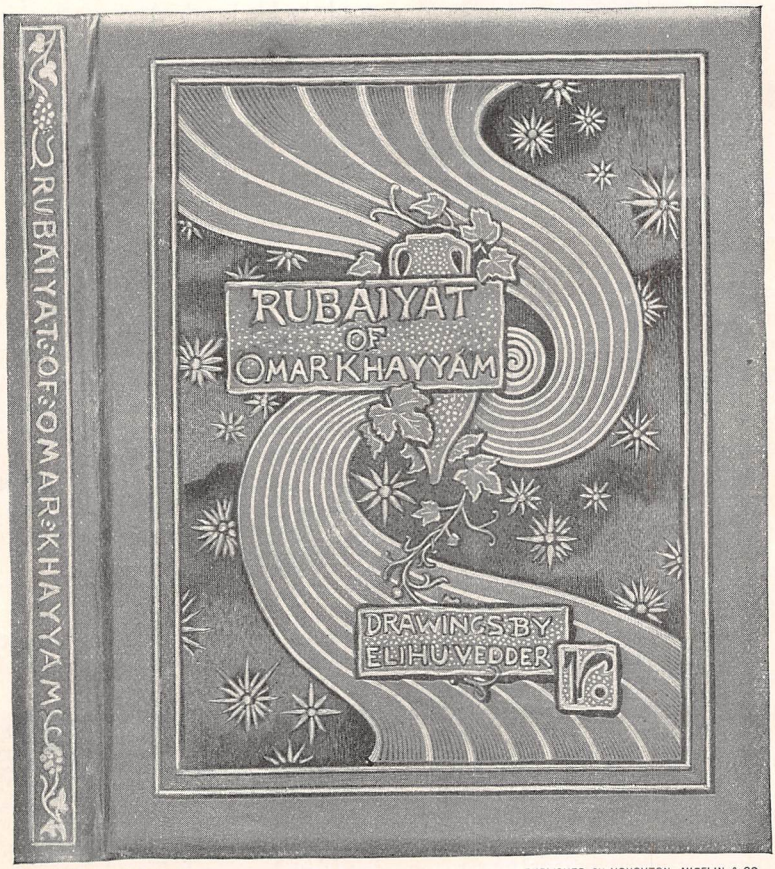
MORE fertile is the effort to find special cloths for special books, to enlarge the number of fab-



DESIGNED BY MARGARET N. ARMSTRONG. PUBLISHED BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

"ART OUT-OF-DOORS," BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER.

rics from which the binder may choose. The very step in advance which M. Octave Uzanne urged upon the artistic bookbinders of France has been taken by the commercial bookbinders of America; and we are constantly seeing new stuffs impressed into the service. M. Uzanne claims the invention of the *cartonnage à la Pompadour,* the clothing of a light and lively tale of some woven material such as is used in the nursery for the pinafores of childhood; and the same publisher covered Mr. Riis's stimulating account of "How the Other Half Lives," with a stuff very like that from which the laborer's overalls are made, a most appropriate garment for a book like Mr. Riis's. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have made experiment of a more

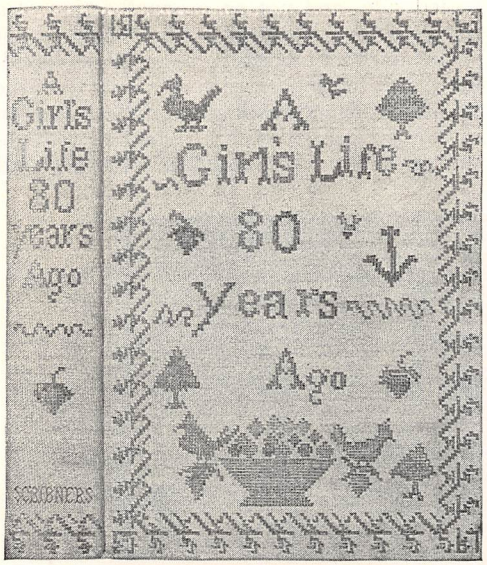


"RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM."

the eighteenth century in a brocade or a damask of the period. This is almost exactly what a publisher in Boston did when he sent forth Mrs. Higginson's "Princess of Java," clad in the cotton which the Javanese wear. It was what a publisher in New York did when he sent forth Mr. Lafcadio Hearn's "Youma," the story of a slave, covered with the simple fabric that slaves dress in. It was what a London publisher did when he sent forth a tiny little tome of old-time fashions, "Our Grandmothers' Gowns," bound with the chintzes and calicoes of bygone days.

The American edition of Charles Lamb's "Poetry for Children" was issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons in a half-binding of esthetic fabric, Persian silk; they used it for the back of Miss Jewett's "Strangers and Wayfarers," on which it contrasted boldly with the white side bearing Mrs. Whitman's decorative lettering imprinted in the color of the silk; and they employed it again for Browning's latest volume of poems, "Asolando," in this case covering the whole book, one side of which was further decorated by a dignified panel and border of Mrs. Whitman's designing. I know of no recent commercial binding more satisfactory than this, or more adequate to its purpose, the appropriate sheathing of a poet's last words.

This same house published the "Book of the Tile Club," a portly folio bound in sturdy canvas — a material already used by Mr. Marvin



A COPY OF THE SAMPLER WORKED BY THE "GIRL." LETTERED BY A. HILGENREINER, DIE-CUTTER. PUBLISHED BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

"A GIRL'S LIFE 80 YEARS AGO," BY ELIZA SOUTHGATE BOWNE.

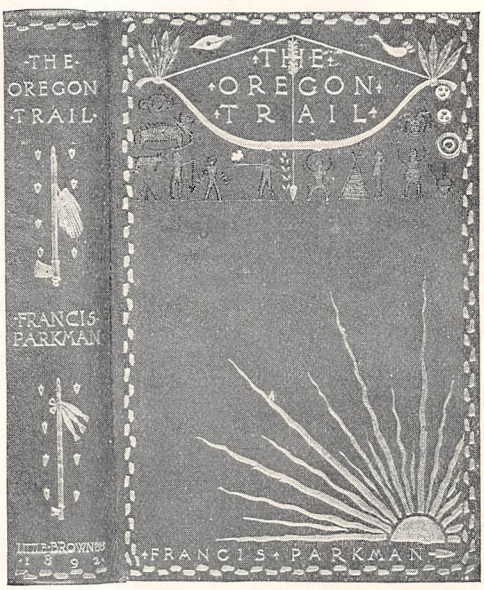
(for Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons) in the cover of "A Girl's Life 80 Years Ago" (whereon the title was printed in imitation of a child's sampler, a pleasant fantasy). The "Book of the Tile Club" was altogether a more imposing tome, with its delightfully decorative side-stamp by Mr. Stanford White, with its prominent (not to call them aggressive) nerves across the back, with its brass-bound corners, with every page separately and securely mounted on a linen guard, and with its personal and peculiar end-papers wherein we can trace the portraits or insignia of the Tilers, every one with his *nom de guerre*. "The Book of the Tile Club" was aimed high; and it hit its mark fairly and squarely in the bull's eye.

End-papers of special design are among the refinements of book-making, which might be seen oftener than they are when publishers are giving time and thought to the preparation of an exceptional volume. Those in the Grolier Club edition of the "Philobiblon" were admirably in keeping with the text. They may even be made useful, as they were in Dr. Eggleston's histories of the United States, where they are maps. But supplementary delicacies of this sort can be expected only when, in the phrase of the Chicago art-critic, "the book is illustrated by the celebrated French artist De Luxe." Still rarer is another ancillary adornment to be found in certain proof copies of Mr. W. J. Loftie's "Kensington: Picturesque and Historical." These, it was announced by the publisher, would "have painted in water-colors on the front, under the gilt edges of the leaves, a couple of Kensington views, which, until the leaves are bent back at an angle, will be invisible." In Mr. S. P. Avery's copy of the Grolier Club edition of Irving's "Knickerbocker," the water-colors under the gilt of the fore-edge are the work of Mr. G. H. Boughton. But this is an excursion. There are so many byways of book-lore that the book-lover can hardly help digressing occasionally.

IV.

FROM the beginning commercial binding has concerned itself chiefly with cloth, with but an occasional venture with other fabrics, linen, or dimity, or silk. The few copies of certain single books, and of full sets of certain authors, which publishers now and again advertise as ready in half-calf, in tree-calf, or in crushed levant-morocco are not really commercial bindings; they are more or less artistic bindings done chiefly by hand, but done wholesale. Generally they are to be avoided by all who hope to see their books really well bound, for they lack the loving care with which a conscientious craftsman treats the single volume intrusted to him to bind as best he can; and they are also without the merits of another sort which we find in the best cloth coverings. Sometimes, of course, the sets which publishers offer in leather are honestly forwarded and thoroughly finished; but for the most part they are hasty and soulless.

To the true book-lover's eye no crushed levant can be too fine or too magnificent for the books he truly loves:



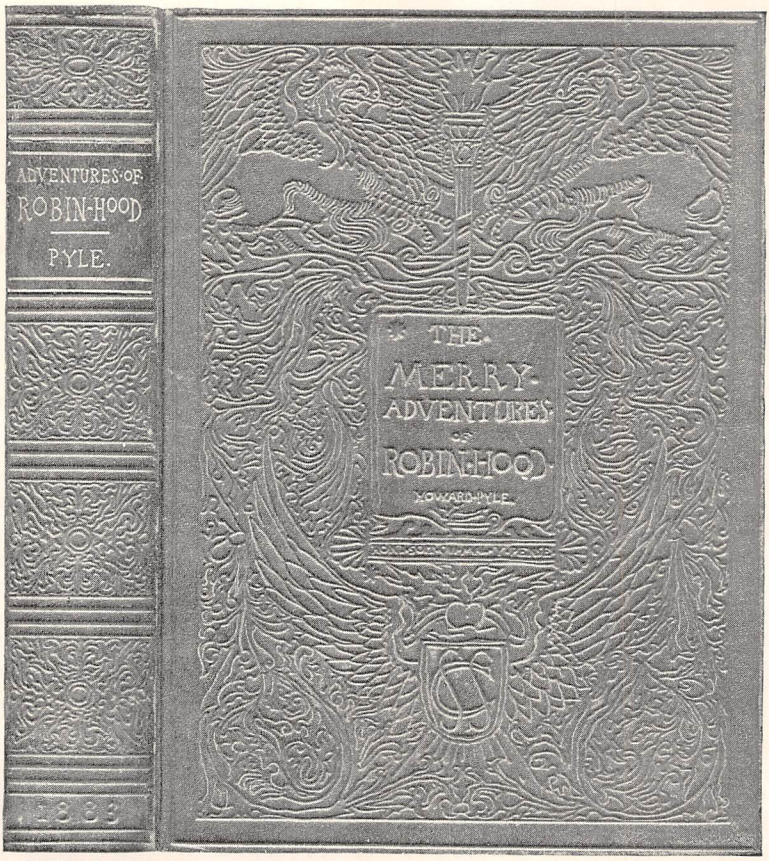
DESIGNED BY J. A. SCHWEINFURTH. PUBLISHED BY LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

"THE OREGON TRAIL," BY FRANCIS PARKMAN.

In red morocco drest he loves to boast,
The bloody murder, or the yelling ghost;
Or dismal ballads, sung to crowds of old,
Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold.

Knowing this, some American publishers have issued the whole edition of certain books bound in full leather, and with the covers stamped in appropriate designs. Here we have the methods of the best cloth-binding applied to the best material, leather. These books are as carefully forwarded and finished as though they were hand-work; indeed, almost the only objection the purist might make against them would be the saw-cuts in the back; and this objection is minimized by the fact that the volume is now permanently clothed, and that there will therefore be no need to rebind it.

Although plates were engraved even in the fifteenth century to stamp the sides of leather-bound books, the practice had long ceased except so far as dictionaries, prayer-books, and bibles were concerned; and even in its palmiest days the plate was an imitation of a hand-tooled side, and not an original design of a nature appropriate to the individual book. It is the quality of modern commercial bookbinding that it has separated itself wholly from the traditions of hand-tooling, and that it stands on its own merits. Consider the massive and substantial solidity of the side-stamp Mr. Stanford White designed for the "Century Dictionary," and note how different it is in its vigorous firmness from even the most elaborate hand-tooling. Technically, this dictionary cover is most interesting, for the design is impressed on damp sheepskin by a heated plate, which changes the tone of the leather, thus imparting to the decoration color as well as relief.



DESIGNED BY HOWARD PYLE. PUBLISHED BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

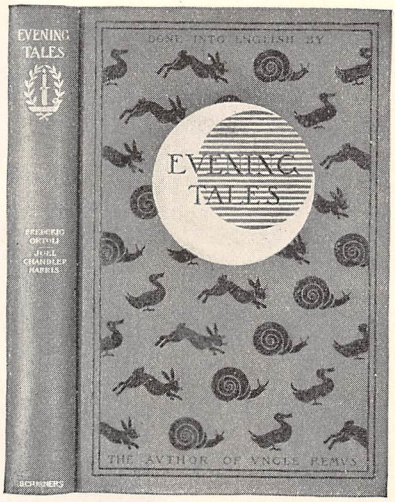
"THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD," BY HOWARD PYLE.

Although I recall the stamped leather cover of the photolithographic facsimile of the first folio of Shakspere,— blind-tooled in accordance with Teutonic tradition,— I think that it is only within the past decad, and here in the United States, that publishers have made a practice of issuing the whole edition of certain beautiful books bound in leather stamped by machinery as though it were cloth. Mr. Howard Pyle's

resetting of "Robin Hood" was issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons in 1883 with a leather cover embossed with a Düreresque design by the artist-author. Then came the lovely volumes illustrated by Mr. E. A. Abbey with the collaboration of Mr. Alfred Parsons, and published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. For Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," an ample folio, Mr. Stanford White devised a cover decoration, modern, tasteful, and graceful; a border surrounded the two sides and the back, here treated as if they were a single plane surface (although outlined straps crossed the back), and a cartouche on the side held the title of the work and the name of the artist who had made the sprightly and refined drawings that illustrated it. The gold of the lettering was of a different tone from the gold of the decorative design; and by another mechanical device the filleted border was filled by a ribbed surface.

Quite as effective as this, although simpler, was the cover of "The Quiet Life" of Messrs. Abbey and Parsons, with its "powder" of flowers, also due to the ingenuity of Mr. White. From the same publishers have since come the "Old Songs" by the same illustrators, the "Sonnets by William Wordsworth," with drawings by Mr. Parsons alone, and "The Boyhood of Christ," of General Lew Wallace, the covers of which were all conceived in the same spirit as the two earlier books, although they lacked something of the distinction Mr. White gave to his handiwork. For the edition of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," to the illustrating of which Mr. Frederic Remington brought his extraordinary knowledge of Indian manners and modes of thought, the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., prepared a most appropriate cover of buckskin, and on the rough, brown-red surface of this Mrs. Whitman's side-stamp stood out brilliantly. So far as I know, buckskin had not before been used in bookbinding in America, although it seems to be a fit material to clothe the many books of frontier life: the late Édouard Fournier records that many of the old monkish bindings were of deerskin — so, as usual, the novelty turns out to be an antiquity.

Vellum, which was once a favorite skin with the old bookbinders, has gone out of use almost everywhere except in Italy. It was employed in covering the "Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson," for which Mr. George Wharton Edwards designed a rich and ingenious Renascence side-stamp to be embossed on the yielding leather. Vellum was also utilized by the Grolier Club to clothe its unequaled edition of the "Philobiblon," but in this case the only decoration was the seal of the good Bishop of Bury.



DESIGNED BY MARGARET N. ARMSTRONG.
PUBLISHED BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.
"EVENING TALES," BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

V.

HERE I come to the end of my notes on the art of commercial bookbinding, an art which, in this mechanic age, is perhaps most flourishing in this country of inventive mechanics. It is one of the most important forms of household art — of decorative art. Properly understood, and intelligently practised, it is capable of educating the taste even of the thoughtless, and of giving keen enjoyment to those who love books for their own sake. There needs no argument to prove that it is not an art to despise which has called forth the energy of M. Giacomelli and Jules Jacquemart, of Mr. William Morris and Mr. Walter Crane, of Mr. E. A. Abbey, Mr. Elihu Vedder, and Mr. Howard Pyle, of Mr. Stanford White and Mrs. Whitman.

Brander Matthews.



FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE OWNED BY MR. ROBERT LEE TRAYLOR.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.[1]

POE IN NEW YORK.

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EDITED BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

POE removed to New York from Philadelphia in the early spring of 1844. He had no regular employment until the fall, when he was taken on the staff of the "Evening Mirror," edited by Willis. In February, 1845, Lowell's life of Poe was published in "Graham's," and the same month saw the publication of "The Raven." In March Poe became co-editor, with C. F. Briggs, of "The Broadway Journal"; in July he became sole editor, and in October proprietor, of this periodical, which expired in January, 1846. He never again held an editorial position, but strove to live by contributing to as many magazines and papers as would publish his writings. In June, 1846, he was attacked by Thomas Dunn English in the "Evening Mirror," and brought a suit for libel, which he won in February, 1847. He was very poor during that winter, and aid for him was publicly solicited in the press. On January 30, 1847, his wife died. During his life in New York a prominent feature in his career was his friendship with several women, and after his wife's death these friendships took the form of proposals for marriage in two cases, those of Mrs. Whitman of Providence, and Mrs. Shelton of Richmond. These facts sufficiently explain the remaining correspondence in its general aspect.

1 This daguerreotype, made by Pratt of Richmond, was presented by Poe, a short time before his death, to Mrs. Sarah Elmira (Royster) Shelton, whom he had engaged to marry. It is believed to be his last portrait. The portrait of Poe in the September number, from the daguerreotype made by Chilton and owned by Mr. Thomas J. McKee, so closely resembles that printed with Hirst's Biography in the "Philadelphia Saturday Museum," March 4, 1843, as to suggest that the latter, though very rude in execution, was copied from it, and to place its authenticity beyond doubt. Both portraits, as well as Mr. Sterner's picture on p. 856, will appear in the forthcoming complete edition of Poe to be published by Stone & Kimball.

The first letter of importance is an appeal for aid to his old correspondent, Dr. Charles Anthon of Columbia College.

POE TO ANTHON.

June, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR: Many years have elapsed since my last communication with you, and perhaps you will be surprised at receiving a letter from me now — if not positively vexed at receiving one of so great a length and of such a character. But I trust to your goodness of heart for a patient hearing at the least.

You will have already seen that, as usual, I have a favor to solicit. You have, indeed, been to me in many respects a good genius and a friend, but the request I have to make now is one of vital interest to myself — so much so that upon your granting it, or refusing it, depends, I feel, much if not all of the prosperity, and even comfort, of my future life.

I cannot flatter myself that you have felt sufficient interest in me to have followed in any respect my literary career since the period at which you first did me the honor to address me a note while editor of the "Southern Messenger." A few words of explanation on this point will therefore be necessary here.

As I am well aware that your course of reading lies entirely out of the track of our lighter literature, and as I take it for granted, therefore, that none of the papers in question have met your eye, I have thought it advisable to send you with this letter a single tale as a specimen. This will no doubt put you in mind of the trick of the Skolastikos — but I could not think of troubling you with more than one. I do not think it my best tale, but it is perhaps the best in its particular vein. Variety has been one of my chief aims.

In lieu of the rest, I venture to place in your hands the published opinions of many of my contemporaries [appended to Hirst's "Life of Poe"]. I will not deny that I have been careful to collect and preserve them. They include, as you will see, the warm commendations of a great number of very eminent men, and of these commendations I should be at a loss to understand why I have not a right to be proud.

Before quitting the "Messenger" I saw, or fancied I saw, through a long and dim vista, the brilliant field for ambition which a Magazine of bold and noble aims presented to him who should successfully establish it in America. I perceived that the country, from its very constitution, could not fail of affording in a few years a larger proportionate amount of readers than any upon the earth. I perceived that the whole energetic, busy spirit of the age tended wholly to Magazine literature — to the curt, the terse, the well-timed, and the readily diffused, in preference to the old forms of the verbose and ponderous and the inaccessible. I knew from personal experience that lying *perdu* among the innumerable plantations in our vast Southern and Western countries were a host of well-educated men peculiarly devoid of prejudice, who would gladly lend their influence to a really vigorous journal, provided the right means were taken of bringing it fairly within the very limited scope of their observation.

Now, I knew, it is true, that some scores of journals had failed (for, indeed, I looked upon the best success of the best of them as failure), but then I easily traced the causes of their failure in the impotency of their conductors, who made no scruple of basing their rules of action altogether upon what had been customarily done instead of what was now before them to do, in the greatly changed and constantly changing condition of things.

In short, I could see no real reason why a Magazine, if worthy the name, could not be made to circulate among 20,000 subscribers, embracing the best intellect and education of the land. This was a thought which stimulated my fancy and my ambition. The influence of such a journal would be vast indeed, and I dreamed of honestly employing that influence in the sacred cause of the beautiful, the just, and the true.

Even in a pecuniary view, the object was a magnificent one. The journal I proposed would be a large octavo of 128 pages, printed with bold type, single column, on the finest paper; and disdaining everything of what is termed "embellishment" with the exception of an occasional portrait of a literary man, or some well-engraved wood-design in obvious illustration of the text. Of such a journal I had cautiously estimated the expenses. Could I circulate 20,000 copies at $5, the cost would be about $30,000, estimating all contingencies at the highest rate. There would be a balance of $70,000 per annum.

But not to trust too implicitly to *a priori* reasonings, and at the same time to make myself thoroughly master of all details which might avail me concerning the mere business of publication, I entered a few steps into the field of experiment. I joined the "Messenger," as you know, which was then in its second year with 700 subscribers, and the general outcry was that because a Magazine had never succeeded south of the Potomac, therefore a Magazine never could succeed. Yet, in spite of this, and in despite of the wretched taste of its proprietor, which hampered and controlled me at all points, I increased the circulation in fifteen months to 5500 subscribers paying an annual profit of $10,000 when I left it. This number was never exceeded by the journal, which rapidly went down, and may now be said to be extinct. Of "Graham's Magazine" you have no doubt heard. It had been in existence under the name of the "Casket" for eight years when I became its editor, with a subscription list of about 5000. In about eighteen months afterward, its circulation amounted to no less than 50,000 — astonishing as this may appear. At this period I left it. It is now two years since, and the number of subscribers is now *not more* than 25,000 — but possibly very much less. In three years it will be extinct. The nature of this journal, however, was such that even its 50,000 subscribers could not make it very profitable to its proprietor. Its price was $3, but not only were its expenses immense, owing to the employment of absurd steel plates and other extravagances, which tell not at all, but recourse was had to innumerable agents,



DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

ELEANORA.

who received it at a discount of no less than fifty per cent., and whose frequent dishonesty occasioned enormous loss. But if 50,000 *can* be obtained for a $3 Magazine among a class of readers who really read little, why may not 50,000 be procured for a $5 journal among the true and permanent readers of the land?

Holding steadily in view my ultimate purpose, —to found a Magazine of my own, or in which at least I might have a proprietary right,— it has been my constant endeavour in the mean time, not so much to establish a reputation great in itself as one of that particular character which should best further my special objects, and draw attention to my exertions as Editor of a Magazine. Thus I have written no books, and have been so far essentially a Magazinist [illegible] bearing, not only willingly but cheerfully, sad poverty and the thousand consequent contumelies and other ills which the condition of the mere Magazinist entails upon him in America, where, more than in any other region upon the face of the globe, to be poor is to be despised.

The one great difficulty resulting from this course is unless the journalist collects his various articles he is liable to be grossly misconceived and misjudged by men of whose good opinion he would be proud, but who see, perhaps, only a paper here and there, by accident — often only one of his mere extravaganzas, written to supply a particular demand. He loses, too, whatever merit may be his due on the score of *versatility* — a point which can only be estimated by collection of his various articles in volume form and all together. This is indeed a serious difficulty — to seek a remedy for which is my object in writing you this letter.

Setting aside, for the present, my criticisms, poems, and miscellanies (sufficiently numerous), my tales, a great number of which might be termed fantasy pieces, are in number sixty-six. They would make, perhaps, five of the ordinary novel-volumes. I have them prepared in every respect for the press; but, alas, I have no money, nor that influence which would enable me to get a publisher — although I seek *no* pecuniary remuneration. My sole immediate object is the furtherance of my ultimate one. I believe that if I could get my tales fairly before the public, and thus have an opportunity of eliciting foreign as well as native opinion respecting them, I should by their means be in a far more advantageous position than at present in regard to the establishment of a Magazine. In a word, I believe that the publication of the work would lead forthwith either directly through my own exertion, or indirectly with the aid of a publisher, to the establishment of the journal I hold in view.

It is very true that I have no claims upon your attention, not even that of personal acquaintance. But I have reached a crisis of my life in which I sadly stand in need of aid, and without being able to say why,—unless it is that I so earnestly desire your friendship,— I have always felt a half-hope that, if I appealed to you, you would prove my friend. I know that you have unbounded influence with the Harpers, and I know that if you would exert it in my behalf you could procure me the publication I desire.

ANTHON TO POE.

NEW YORK, November 2, 1844.

DEAR SIR: I have called upon the Harpers, as you requested, and have cheerfully exerted with them what influence I possess, but without accomplishing anything of importance. They have *complaints* against you, grounded on certain movements of yours, when they acted as your publishers some years ago; and appear very little inclined at present to enter upon the matter which you have so much at heart. However, they have retained, for a second and more careful perusal, the letter which you sent to me, and have promised that, if they should see fit to come to terms with you, they will address a note to you forthwith. Of course, if you should not hear from them, their silence must be construed into a declining of your proposal. My *own advice* to you is to call in person at their store, and talk over the matter with them. I am *very sure* that such a step on your part will remove many of the difficulties which at present obstruct your way.

You do me injustice by supposing that I am a stranger to your productions. I subscribed to the "Messenger" solely because you were connected with it, and I have since that period read and, as a matter of course, admired very many of your other pieces. The Harpers also entertain, as I heard from their own lips, the highest opinion of your talents, but — I remain very sincerely, Your friend and well-wisher,

CHARLES ANTHON.

P. S. The MSS. which you were kind enough to send can be obtained by you at any time on calling at my residence. C. A.

The letters of Richard Hengist Horne, whose poem "Orion" had been enthusiastically noticed by Poe, are of interest in themselves, and also because they furnished the means of communication with Mrs. Browning, then Miss Barrett, to whom Poe dedicated his collected poems in 1845. The first was written when Poe had just come to New York, and concerns a tale, "The Spectacles," which Poe had sent Horne to have published in London. Horne's account of the matter is printed in the "Poe Memorial" volume.

LONDON, April 16, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your letter this morning, and shall feel now and at all times happy in forwarding your views here so far as I am able, in these matters of literary engagement. Just at this time, however, and probably for some months to come, I shall not be *likely* to have the power. If you have seen the "New Spirit of the Age," you will readily understand that a great many critics here and some authors are far from pleased with me. The attacks and jeers in magazines and newspapers (though several have treated me very fairly) are nearly all written by friends of the angry parties or influenced by them. Perhaps I may say a word on this point in the Second Edition now preparing. I mention this to show you *why*

I can do so little at present. I need not say to an American that when the storm has blown over, those trees that are not blown down nor injured look all the fresher among the wrecks. I dare say I shall be able to do what you wish before long. I should prefer to do this so that you are fairly remunerated; but if the parties are *not* in a "paying condition," then I will put you in direct communication with them to arrange the matter yourself.

I could most probably obtain the insertion of the article you have sent in "Jerrold's Illuminated Magazine." Jerrold has always spoken and written very handsomely and eloquently about me, and there would be no difficulty. But — I fear this magazine is not doing at all well. I tell you this *in confidence*. They have a large but inadequate circulation. The remuneration would be scarcely worth having — ten guineas a sheet is poor pay for such a page! And now, perhaps, they do not even give that. I will see. My impression, however, is that for the reasons stated previously, I shall not at *present* be able to assist you in the way I could best wish.

Your name is well known to me in the critical literature of America, although I have not seen any American magazine for some months. I have ordered the last two numbers of "Graham's Magazine," but have not received them from my booksellers. I am very grateful for the noble and generous terms in which you speak of my works.

I have written you a business-like, and not a very "spiritual," letter, you will think. Still, as you are kind enough to give me credit for some things of the latter kind, it seemed best at this distance to reply to your wishes practically. I am, dear sir, Yours truly,

R. H. HORNE.

HORNE TO POE.

LONDON, April 27, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR: When I replied to your letter (which I did by the next post of the day on which I received it) I had not seen the number of "Graham's" for March, containing the review of "Orion." Mr. C. Matthews, of New York, had been so good as to inform me there would be a review; and he, at the same time, mentioned that he had sent me a copy of the magazine in question. My friend Miss E. B. Barrett also sent me a note to the same effect. But owing, no doubt, to some forgetfulness on the part of the booksellers who were to forward it, the magazine never reached me, nor was it at Wiley and Putnam's when I called the other day. Your MS. of "The Spectacles" is safely lodged in my iron chest with my own MSS. till I find a favorable opportunity for its use.

I have carefully read and considered the review of "Orion" in the magazine. It would be uncandid in me to appear to agree to all the objections; and, amidst such high praise, so independently and courageously awarded, it would be ungrateful in me to offer any self-justificatory remark on any such objections. I shall, therefore, only observe that there are *some* objections from which I can *derive advantage* in the way of revision — which is more than I can say of any of the critiques written on this side of the water. One passage, in particular, I will mention. It is that which occurs at p. 103. "Star-rays that first" — needlessly obscure, as you truly say. For, in fact, I *did* allude to Sleep, as the antecedent — and it should have been printed with a capital letter. What I meant by the passage, if rendered in prose, would be something like this: "The God Sleep, lying in his cave by the old divine sea, feeleth the star-rays upon his eyelids at times; and then his sleep is not perfect, and he dreams, or for a brief interval awakes. Without which awaking he would never have known surprise, nor hope, nor useful action. Because (your poet herein bewitched by a theory he fancies original) we are never *surprised* at anything, however wonderful, in a dream; neither do we *hope;* nor do we perform any action with an idea of its being at all useful." A pretty condition, you see, my imagination had got into while writing this passage. The explanation, if it does not make you angry, will, I think, greatly amuse you.

Are there any of my works which you do not possess, and would like to have? I shall be very happy to request your acceptance of any, if you will let me know how to send them. It strikes me (from some remarks of yours on versification and rhythm) that you do not know my introduction to "Chaucer Modernized." Do you? Would any American bookseller like to reprint "Orion," do you think? If so, I would willingly superintend the sheets, by a slight revision in some half dozen places, and would write a brief Introduction or Preface addressed to the American Public; and certainly I should at the same time be too happy to express my obligations to the boldness and handsomeness of American criticism. I am, dear sir, Your obliged,

R. H. HORNE.

P. S. In the remark I have made at the close of my letter, as to a reprint of "Orion" by an American bookseller, I forgot to say that I was not particular as to terms; and if they would give me nothing, I was still ready to give them the thing I proposed.

HORNE TO POE.

LONDON, May 17, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR: After so long a delay of my last letter to you, I am at all events glad to hear that it reached you — or rather that you, in diving among the shoals at the Post-Office, had contrived to fish it up. But matters do not seem to mend in this respect; for your present letter of the date of January 25, 1845, only reached my house at the latter end of April. In short, we might as well correspond from Calcutta, as far as time is concerned. However, I am glad that the letters reach their destination at all, and so that none are lost we must be patient.

I have only just returned from a nine months' absence in Germany. I principally resided, during this time, in the Rhine Provinces. I take the earliest opportunity of thanking you for all attentions.

As I thought your letter to me contained more of the bright side of criticism than the "Broadway

Journal," I sent it to my friend Miss Barrett. She returned it with a note — half of which I tear off, and send you (*confidentially*) that you may see in what a good and noble spirit she receives the critique — in which, as you say, the shadows do certainly predominate. Well, for my own part, I think a work should be judged of [by] its merits *chiefly* — since faults and imperfections are certain to be found in all works, but the highest merits only in a few. Therefore the highest merits seem to me to be naturally the first and main points to be considered. Miss Barrett has read the "Raven," and says she thinks there is a fine lyrical melody in it. When I tell you that this lady "says" you will be so good as understand that I mean "writes"—for although I have corresponded with Miss Barrett these five or six years, I have never seen her to this day. Nor have I been *nearer* to doing so than talking with her father and sisters.

I am of the same opinion as Miss Barrett about the "Raven"; and it also seems to me that the poet intends to represent a very painful condition [of] mind, as of an imagination that was liable to topple over into some delirium, or an abyss of melancholy, from the continuity of one unvaried emotion.

Tennyson I have not seen nor heard from yet, since my return. It is curious that you should ask me for the opinions of the only two poets with whom I am especially intimate. Most of the others I am acquainted with, but am not upon such terms of intellectual sympathy and friendship, as with Miss Barrett and Tennyson. But I do not at this moment know where Tennyson is.

You mention that an American publisher would probably like to reprint "Orion," and I therefore send a copy for that purpose, or probability. I also send a copy in which I have written your name, together with a copy of "Gregory VII," and two copies of "Introductory Comments" (to the second edition of the "New Spirit of the Age") of which I beg your acceptance. Of "Chaucer Modernized" I do not possess any other copy than the one in my own library, and I believe it is out of print; but if you would like to have a copy of Schlegel's lectures on "Dramatic Literature" (to which I wrote an introduction to the second edition), I shall be happy to forward you the volume, and any others of my own you would like to have — that is, if I have copies of them. "Cosmo de' Medici," for instance, I could send you. I have made no revision of "Orion" for the proposed new edition. The fact is, I have not time, and *moreover* am hardly disposed to do much to it, after so many editions. I had rather write (almost) another long poem. I shall be happy to send you a short poem or two for your magazine, directly it is established, or for the first number, if there be time for you to let me know. I am, dear sir, Yours truly,

R. H. HORNE.

MRS. BROWNING TO HORNE.[1]

58 WIMPOLE ST., May 12, 1845.

You will certainly think me mad, dear Mr. Horne for treading upon my own heels (room for the [illegible], in another letter. But I am uncomfortable about my message to Mr. Poe, lest it should not be grateful enough in the sound of it. Will you tell him what is quite the truth, that in my own opinion he has dealt with me most generously, and that I thank him for his candour as for a part of his kindness. Will you tell him also that he has given my father pleasure, which is giving it to *me* more than twice. Also the review is very ably written — and the reviewer has so obviously and thoroughly *read* my poems, as to be a wonder among critics. Will you tell Mr. Poe this, or to this effect, dear Mr. Horne, all but part of the last sentence, which peradventure may be somewhat superfluous. I heard from dear Miss Mitford this morning, and she talks delightfully of taking lodgings in London soon; of coming not for a day only, nor for a week only [end of sheet].

MRS. BROWNING TO POE.

5 WIMPOLE ST., April, 1846.

DEAR SIR: Receiving a book from you seems to authorize or at least encourage me to try to express what I have felt long before — my sense of the high honor you have done me in [illegible] your country and of mine, of the dedication of your poems. It is too great a distinction, conferred by a hand of too liberal a generosity. I wish for my own sake I were worthy of it. But I may endeavour, by future work, to justify a little what I cannot deserve anywise, now. For it, meanwhile, I may be grateful — because gratitude is the virtue of the humblest.

After which imperfect acknowledgment of my personal obligation may I thank you as another reader would thank you for this vivid writing, this power which is felt! Your "Raven" has produced a sensation, a "fit horror," here in England. Some of my friends are taken by the fear of it and some by the music. I hear of persons haunted by the "Nevermore," and one acquaintance of mine who has the misfortune of possessing a "bust of Pallas" never can bear to look at it in the twilight. I think you will like to be told that our great poet, Mr. Browning, the author of "Paracelsus," and the "Bells and Pomegranates," was struck much by the rhythm of that poem.

Then there is a tale of yours ["The Case of M. Valdemar"] which I do not find in this volume, but which is going the round of the newspapers, about mesmerism, throwing us all into "most admired disorder," and dreadful doubts as to whether "it can be true," as the children say of ghost stories. The certain thing in the tale in question is the power of the writer, and the faculty he has of making horrible improbabilities seem near and familiar.

And now will you permit me, dear Mr. Poe, as one who though a stranger is grateful to you, and has the right of esteeming you though unseen by your eyes — will you permit me to remain very truly yours always,

ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT.

[1] Permission to use these letters has been granted by Mr. R. B. Browning.— EDITOR.

HAWTHORNE TO POE.

SALEM, June 17, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR: I presume the publishers will have sent you a copy of "Mosses from an Old Manse" — the latest (and probably the last) collection of my tales and sketches. I have read your occasional notices of my productions with great interest — not so much because your judgment was, upon the whole, favorable, as because it seemed to be given in earnest. I care for nothing but the truth; and shall always much more readily accept a harsh truth, in regard to my writings, than a sugared falsehood.

I confess, however, that I admire you rather as a writer of tales than as a critic upon them. I might often — and often do — dissent from your opinions in the latter capacity, but could never fail to recognize your force and originality in the former. Yours very truly,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

At this time Poe was contributing his papers, "The Literati," to "Godey's Lady's Book," and he sent to the editor his reply to Thomas Dunn English's attack, which had been drawn out by Poe's criticism on the latter in that magazine. Godey refused to print the reply in the "Lady's Book," but published it in the Philadelphia "Times." The following letter was partly printed by Griswold, but is here given entire.

POE TO GODEY.

NEW YORK, July 16, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR: I regret that you published my "Reply" in "The Times." I should have found no difficulty in getting it printed here in a *respectable* paper and gratis. However, as I have the game in my own hands, I shall not stop to complain about trifles.

I am rather ashamed that, knowing me to be as poor as I am, you should have thought it advisable to make the demand *on me* of the $10. I confess that I thought better of you — but let it go — it is the way of the world.

The man or men who told you that there was anything wrong in *the tone* of my "Reply" were either my enemies, or your enemies, or asses. When you see them, tell them so from me. I have never written an article upon which I more confidently depend for *literary* reputation than that "Reply." Its merit lay in being *precisely* adapted to its purpose. In this city I have had upon it the favorable judgments of the best men. All the error about it was yours. You should have done as I requested — published it in the "Book." It is of no use to conceive a plan if you have to depend upon another for its execution.

Please distribute twenty or thirty copies of the "Reply" in Philadelphia, and send me the balance through Harnden.

What paper, or papers, have copied E.'s attack?

I have put this matter in the hands of a competent attorney, and you shall see the result. Your charge, $10, will of course be brought before the court as an item when I speak of damages.

In perfect good feeling, Yours truly,

POE.

It *would* be as well to address your letters to West Farms. Please put "Miss Lynch" in the next number. I enclose the "Reveillé" article. I presume that, ere this, you have seen the highly flattering notices of the "Picayune," and the "Charleston Courier."

The following, from W. G. Simms, the novelist, and P. P. Cooke, his old correspondent, illustrate again the appreciation of Poe by Southern writers of distinction.

SIMMS TO POE.

NEW YORK, July 30, 1846.

DEAR SIR: I received your note a week ago, and proceeded at once to answer it, but being in daily expectation of a newspaper from the South, to which, in a letter, I had communicated a paragraph concerning the matter which you had suggested in a previous letter, I determined to wait until I could enclose it to you. It has been delayed somewhat longer than I had anticipated, and has in part caused my delay to answer you. I now send it you, and trust that it will answer the desired purpose; though I must frankly say that I scarcely see the necessity of noticing the sort of scandal to which you refer. I note with regret the very desponding character of your last letter. I surely need not tell you how deeply and sincerely I deplore the misfortunes which attend you — the more so as I see no process for your relief and extrication, but such as must result from your own decision and resolve. No friend can well help you in the struggle which is before you. Money, no doubt, can be procured; but this is not altogether what you require. Sympathy may soothe the hurts of self-esteem, and make a man temporarily forgetful of his assailants; but in what degree will this avail, and for how long, in the protracted warfare of twenty or thirty years? You are still a very young man, and one too largely and too variously endowed not to entertain the conviction as your friends entertain it — of a long and manful struggle with, and a final victory over, fortune. But this warfare the world requires you to carry on with your own unassisted powers. It is only in your manly resolution to use these powers after a legitimate fashion, that it will countenance your claims to its regards and sympathy; and I need n't tell you how rigid and exacting it has ever been in the case of the poetical genius, or, indeed, the genius of any order. Suffer me to tell you frankly, taking the privileges of a true friend, that you are now perhaps in the most perilous period of your career — just in that position — just at that time of life — when a false step becomes a capital error — when a single leading mistake is fatal in its consequences. You are no longer a boy. "At thirty wise or never." You

must subdue your impulses; and in particular, let me exhort you to discard all associations with men, whatever their talents, whom you cannot esteem as men. Pardon me for presuming thus to counsel one whose great natural and acquired resources should make him rather the teacher of others. But I obey a law of my own nature, and it is because of my sympathies that I speak. Do not suppose yourself abandoned by the worthy and honorable among your friends. They will be glad to give you welcome *if you will suffer them.* They will rejoice — I know their feelings and hear their language — to countenance your return to that community — that moral province in society — of which, let me say to you respectfully and regretfully, you have been, according to all reports, but too heedlessly, and perhaps too scornfully, indifferent. Remain in obscurity for a while. You have a young wife, — I am told a suffering and an interesting one, — let me entreat you to cherish her, and to cast away those pleasures which are not worthy of your mind, and to trample those temptations under foot which degrade your person, and make it familiar to the mouth of vulgar jest. You may [do] all this by a little circumspection. It is still within your power. Your resources from literature are probably much greater than mine. I am sure they are quite as great. You can increase them so that they shall be ample for all your legitimate desires; but you must learn the worldling's lesson of prudence — a lesson, let me add, which the literary world has but too frequently and unwisely disparaged. It may seem to you very impertinent, — in most cases it is impertinent — that he who gives nothing else should presume to give counsel. But one gives that which he can most spare, and you must not esteem me indifferent to a condition which I can in no other way assist. I have never been regardless of your genius, even when I knew nothing of your person. It is some years since I counseled Mr. Godey to obtain the contributions of your pen. He will tell you this. I hear that you reproach him. But how can you expect a Magazine proprietor to encourage contributions which embroil him with all his neighbors? These broils do you no good — vex your temper, destroy your peace of mind, and hurt your reputation. You have abundant resources upon which to draw, even were there no Grub Street in Gotham. Change your tactics, and begin a new series of papers with your publisher. The printed matter which I send you might be quoted by Godey, and might be ascribed to me. But, surely, I need not say to you that, to a Southern man, the annoyance of being mixed up in a squabble with persons whom he does not know, and does not care to know, — and from whom no Alexandrine process of cutting loose would be permitted by society, — would be an intolerable grievance. I submit to frequent injuries and misrepresentations, content — though annoyed by the [illegible] — that the viper should amuse himself upon the file, at the expense of his own teeth. As a man, as a writer, I shall always be solicitous of your reputation and success. You have but to resolve on taking and asserting your position, equally in the social and the literary world, and your way is clear, your path is easy, and you will find true friends enough to sympathize in your triumphs. Very sincerely though sorrowfully,

Your friend and ser'vt,

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

P. S. If I could I should have been to see you. But I have been, and am still, drudging in the hands of the printers, kept busily employed night and day. Besides, my arrangements are to hurry back to the South where I have a sick family. A very few days will turn my feet in that direction.

COOKE TO POE.

August 4, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . You propose that I shall take up your memoir where Lowell drops it, and carry it on to the present date of your publications. I will do so, if my long delay has not thrown the work into the hands of some other friend, with entire pleasure. I, however, have not "Graham's Magazine" for February, 1845, and if you still wish me to continue the memoir you must send that number to me. I some months ago procured your Tales and Poems, and have read them collectively with great pleasure. That is a wonderful poem ending —

> Hell rising from a thousand thrones
> Shall do it reverence.

"Lenore," too, is a great poem. The closing stanza of "To One in Paradise" (I remember it as published in "The Visionary") is the perfection of melody. "The Raven" is your *best* poem.

John Kennedy, talking with me about your stories, old and recent, said, "The man's imagination is as truth-like and minutely accurate as De Foe's —" and went on to talk of your "Descent into the Maelstrom," "MS. Found in a Bottle," "Gold Bug," etc. I think this last the most ingenious thing I ever read. Those stories of criminal detection, "Murders of the Rue Morgue," etc., a prosecuting attorney in the neighborhood here declares are miraculous. I think your French friend, for the most part, fine in his deductions from over-laid and unnoticed small facts, but sometimes too minute and hair-splitting. The stories are certainly as interesting as any ever written. The "Valdemar Case" I read in a number of your "Broadway Journal" last winter — as I lay in a turkey-blind, muffled to the eyes in overcoats, etc., and pronounce it without hesitation the most damnable, *vraisemblable*, horrible, hair-lifting, shocking, ingenious chapter of fiction that any brain ever conceived, or hand traced. That gelatinous, viscous sound of the man's voice! There never was such an idea before. That story scared me in broad day, armed with a double-barrel Tryon turkey-gun. What would it have done at midnight in some old ghostly country-house?

I have always found some one remarkable thing in your stories to haunt me long after reading them. The teeth in "Berenice"; the changing eyes of Morella; that red and glaring crack in the "House of Usher"; the pores of the deck in the "MS. Found in a Bottle"; the visible drops falling into the goblet in "Ligeia," etc.,

etc.,— there is always something of this sort to stick by the mind — by mine at least.

My wife is about to enter the carriage, and as I wish to send this to the P. O. by her I must wind up rapidly. I am *now* after an interval of months again at work in the preparation of my poems for publication. I am *dragging*, but perhaps the mood will presently come. I bespeak a review of my Book at your hands when I get it out. I have not time now to copy "Rosalie Lee." It is in Griswold's last edition. I am grateful to you for the literary prop you afford me; and trust to do something to justify your commendations. I talked recently with a little lady who had heard a lecture of yours in which you praised my poetry — in New York. She had taken up the notion that I was a great poetic roaring "Lion."

Do with my MS. as you choose. What do you design as to the "Stylus"? Write to me without delay, if you can rob yourself of so much time.

A paragraph of the following letter was partly printed by Griswold.

POE TO COOKE.

NEW YORK, August 9, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR: Never think of excusing yourself (to me) for dilatoriness in answering letters— I know too well the unconquerable procrastination which besets the poet. I will place it all to the accounts of the turkeys. Were I to be seized by a rambling fit, one of my customary *passions* (nothing less) for vagabondizing through the woods for a week or a month together, I would not — in fact I *could* not — be put out my mood, were it even to answer a letter from the Grand Mogul informing me that I had fallen heir to his possessions.

Thank you for the compliments. Were I in a serious humor just now, I would tell you frankly how your words of appreciation make my nerves thrill — not because you praise me (for others have praised me more lavishly) but because I feel that you comprehend and discriminate. You are right about the hair-splitting of my French friend — that is all done for effect. These tales of ratiocination owe most of their popularity to being something in a new key — I do not mean to say that they are not ingenious — but people think them more ingenious than they are — on account of their method, and *air* of method. In the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," for instance, where is the ingenuity of unravelling a web which you yourself (the author) have woven for the express purpose of unravelling? The reader is made to confound the ingenuity of the supposititious Dupin with that of the writer of the story.

Not for the world would I have had any one else to continue Lowell's memoir until I had heard from you. I wish *you* to do it (if you will be so kind) and nobody else. By the time the book appears you will be famous (or all my prophecy goes for nothing), and I shall have the *éclat* of your name to aid my sales. But, seriously, I do not think that any one so well enters into the poetical portion of my mind as yourself — and I deduce this idea from my intense appreciation of those points of your own poetry which seem lost upon others.

Should you undertake the work for me, there is one topic — there is one particular in which I have had wrong done me, and it may not be indecorous in me to call your attention to it. The last selection of my Tales was made from about seventy, by Wiley and Putnam's reader, Duyckinck. He has what he thinks a taste for ratiocination, and has accordingly made up the book mostly of analytic stories. But this is not *representing* my mind in its various phases — it is not giving me fair play. In writing these Tales one by one, at long intervals, I have kept the book-unity always in mind — that is, each has been composed with reference to its effect as part of *a whole*. In this view, one of my chief aims has been the widest diversity of subject, thought, and especially *tone* and manner of handling. Were all my Tales now before me in a large volume, and as the composition of another, the merit which would principally arrest my attention would be the wide *diversity and variety*. You will be surprised to hear me say that (omitting one or two of my first efforts) I do not consider any one of my stories *better* than another. There is a vast variety of kinds, and, in degree of value, these kinds vary — but each tale is equally good *of its kind*. The loftiest kind is that of the highest imagination — and for this reason only "Ligeia" may be called my *best* tale. I have much improved this last since you saw it, and I mail you a copy, as well as a copy of my best specimen of analysis — "The Philosophy of Composition."

Do you ever see the British papers? Martin F. Tupper, author of "Proverbial Philosophy," has been paying me some high compliments — and indeed I have been treated more than well. There is one "British opinion," however, which I value highly — Miss Barrett's. She says [the letter has been printed above] . . . Would it be in bad taste to quote these words of Miss B. in your notice? Forgive these egotisms (which are rendered in some measure necessary by the topic), and believe me that I will let slip *no* opportunity of reciprocating your kindness.

Griswold's new edition I have not yet seen (is it out?), but I will manage to find "Rosalie Lee." Do not forget to send me a few personal details of yourself — such as I give in "The New York Literati." When your book appears I propose to review it fully in Colton's "American Review." If you ever write to him, please suggest to him that I wish to do so. I hope to get your volume before mine goes to press — so that I may speak more fully.

I will forward the papers to which I refer *in a day or two* — not by to-day's mail.

Touching "The Stylus": this is [the] one great purpose of my literary life. Undoubtedly (unless I die) I will accomplish it — but I can afford to lose nothing by precipitancy. I cannot yet say when or how I shall get to work — but when the time comes, I will write to you. I wish to establish a journal in which the men of genius may fight their battles upon some terms of equality with those dunces, the men of talent. But, apart from this, I have *magnificent* objects in

view. May I but live to accomplish them! Most cordially your friend,

EDGAR A. POE.

The correspondence with F. W. Thomas, which continued with some laxity on Poe's part, is self-explanatory:

POE TO THOMAS.

NEW YORK, September 8, 1844.

MY DEAR THOMAS: I received yours with sincere pleasure, and nearly as sincere surprise; for while you were wondering that I did not write to *you*, I was making up my mind that you had forgotten *me* altogether.

I have left Philadelphia, and am living, at present, about five miles out of New York. For the last seven or eight months I have been playing hermit in earnest, nor have I seen a living soul out of my family — who are well and desire to be kindly remembered. When I say "well," I only mean (as regards Virginia) as well as usual. Her health remains excessively precarious.

Touching the "Beechen Tree" [a poem by Thomas], I remember it well and pleasantly. I have not yet seen a published copy, but will get one forthwith and notice it as it deserves — and it deserves much of high praise — at the very first opportunity I get. At present I am so much out of the world that I may not be able to do anything *immediately*.

Thank God! Richard (whom you know) is himself again. Tell Dow so: but he won't believe it. I am working at a variety of things (all of which you shall behold in the end) — and with an ardor of which I did not believe myself capable.

You said to me hurriedly, when we last met on the wharf in Philadelphia, that you believed Robert Tyler really wished to give me the post in the Custom-House. This I also really think; and I am confirmed in the opinion that he could not, at all times, do as he wished in such matters, by seeing —— —— at the head of the "Aurora"— a bullet-headed and malicious villain who has brought more odium upon the Administration than any fellow (of equal littleness) in its ranks, and who has been more indefatigably busy in both open and secret vilification of Robert Tyler than any individual, little or big, in America.

Let me hear from you again very soon, my dear Thomas, and believe me *ever*

Your friend, POE.

POE TO THOMAS.

May 4, 1845.

MY DEAR THOMAS: In the hope that you have not yet *quite* given me up as gone to Texas, or elsewhere, I sit down to write you a few words. I have been intending to do the same thing ever since I received your letter before the last — but for my life and soul I could not find, or make, an opportunity. The fact is, that being seized of late with a fit of industry, I put so many irons in the fire all at once that I have been quite unable to get them out. For the last three or four months I have been working fourteen or fifteen hours a day,— hard at it all the time,— and so, whenever I took pen in hand to write, I found that I was neglecting something that *would be* attended to. I never knew what it was to be a slave before.

And yet, Thomas, I have made no money. I am as poor now as ever I was in my life — except in hope, which is by no means bankable. I have taken a third pecuniary interest in the "Broadway Journal," and for everything I have written for it have been, of course, so much out of pocket. In the end, however, it will pay me well — at least the prospects are good. Say to Dow for me that there never has been a chance for my repaying him, without putting myself to greater inconvenience than he himself would have wished to subject me to, had he known the state of the case. Nor am I able to pay him now. The Devil himself was never so poor. Say to Dow, also, that I am sorry he has taken to dunning in his old age — it is a diabolical practice, altogether unworthy "a gentleman and a scholar"— to say nothing of the Editor of the "Madisonian." I wonder how he would like me to write him a series of letters,— say one a week,— giving him the literary gossip of New York, or something of more general character. I would furnish him such a series for whatever he could afford to give me. If he agrees to this arrangement, ask him to state the length and character of the letters — how often — and how much he can give me. Remember me kindly to him, and tell him I believe that dunning is his one sin — although at the same time, I do think it is the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost spoken of in the Scriptures. I am going to mail him the "Broadway Journal" regularly, and hope he will honor me with an exchange.

My dear Thomas, I hope you will never imagine, from any seeming neglect of mine, that I have forgotten our old friendship. There is no one in the world I would rather see at this moment than yourself; and many are the long talks we have about you and yours. Virginia and Mrs. Clemm beg to be remembered to you in the kindest terms. Do write me fully when you get this, and let me know particularly what you are about.

I send you an early number of the "B. Journal" containing my "Raven." It was copied by Briggs, my associate, before I joined the paper. The "Raven" has had a great "run," Thomas — but I wrote it for the express purpose of running — just as I did the "Gold Bug," you know. The bird beat the bug, though, all hollow.

Do not forget to write immediately, and believe me, Most sincerely your friend,

POE.

The following is the last letter to F. W. Thomas.

POE TO THOMAS.

FORDHAM, February 14, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND THOMAS: Your letter, dated November 27, has reached me at a little village of the Empire State, after having taken, at its leisure, a very considerable tour among the Post-Offices—

occasioned, I presume, by your indorsement "to forward" wherever I might be — and the fact is, where I might *not* have been, for the last three months, is the legitimate question. At all events, now that I have your well-known MS. before me, it is most cordially welcome. Indeed, it seems an age since I heard from you, and a decade of ages since I shook you by the hand — although I hear *of* you now and then. Right glad am I to find you once more in a true position — in the field of Letters. Depend upon it, after all, Thomas, Literature is the most noble of professions. In fact, it is about the only one fit for a man. For my own part, there is no seducing me from the path. I shall be a *Littérateur* at least all my life; nor would I abandon the hopes which still lead me on for all the gold in California. Talking of gold, and of the temptations at present held out to "poor-devil authors," did it ever strike you that all which is really valuable to a man of letters — to a poet in especial — is absolutely unpurchasable? Love, fame, the dominion of intellect, the consciousness of power, the thrilling sense of beauty, the free air of Heaven, exercise of body and mind, with the physical and moral health which result — these and such as these are really all that a poet cares for: then answer me this — *why* should he go to California? Like Brutus, "I pause for a reply" — which, like F. W. Thomas, I take it for granted you have no intention of giving me. I have read the Prospectus of the "Chronicle," and like it much, especially the part where you talk about letting go the finger of that conceited booby, the East, which is by no means the East out of which came the wise men mentioned in Scripture. I wish you would come down on the Frogpondians. They are getting worse and worse, and pretend not to be aware that there *are* any literary people out of Boston. The worst and most disgusting part of the matter is that the Bostonians are really, as a race, far inferior in point of *anything beyond mere talent* to any other *set* upon the continent of North America. They are decidedly the most servile imitators of the English it is possible to conceive. I always get into a passion when I think about [it.] It would be the easiest thing in the world to use them up *en masse*. One really well-written satire would accomplish the business: but it must not be such a dish of skimmed-milk-and-water as Lowell's. I suppose you have seen that affair — the "Fable for Critics," I mean. Miss Fuller, that detestable old maid, told him once that he was "so wretched a poet as to be disgusting even to his best friends." This set him off at a tangent and he has never been quite right since — so he took to writing satire against mankind in general, with Margaret Fuller and her *protégé*, Cornelius Matthews, in particular. It is miserably weak upon the whole, but has one or two good but by no means *original* things,— oh, there is "*nothing* new under the sun," and Solomon is right — for once. I sent a review of the "Fable" to the "S. L. Messenger," a day or two ago, and I only hope Thompson will print it. Lowell is a ranting abolitionist, and *deserves* a good using up. It is a pity that he is a poet. I have not seen your paper yet, and hope you will mail me one — regularly if you can spare it. I will send you something whenever I get a chance. With your coeditor, Mr. [name crossed out] I am not acquainted personally, but he is well known to me by reputation. Eames, I think, was talking to me about him in Washington once, and spoke very highly of him in many respects, so upon the whole you are in luck. The rock on which most new enterprises in the paper way split is namby-pambyism. It never did do and never will. No yea-nay journal *ever* succeeded. But I know there is little danger of your making the "Chronicle" a yea-nay one. I have been quite out of the literary world for the last three years, and have *said* little or nothing, but, like the owl, I have "taken it out in thinking." By and by I mean to come out of the bush, and then I *have* some old scores to settle. I fancy I see some of my *friends* already stepping up to the Captain's office. The fact is, Thomas, living buried in the country makes a man savage — wolfish. I am just in the humor for a fight. You will be pleased to hear that I am in better health than I ever knew myself to be — full of energy, and bent upon success. You shall hear of me again shortly — and it is not improbable that I may soon pay you a visit in Louisville. If I can do anything for you in New York, let me know. Mrs. Clemm sends her best respects, and begs to be remembered to your mother's family if they are with you. You would oblige me very especially if you could squeeze in what follows, editorially. The lady [Mrs. Lewis] spoken of is a most particular friend of mine, and deserves *all* I have said of her. I will reciprocate the favor I ask, whenever you say the word, and show me how. Address me at New York City as usual, and if you insert the following, please cut it out and enclose it in your letter.

Truly your friend,

EDGAR A. POE.

A notice of Mrs. Lewis, "Estelle," is appended. Poe recurs to the same subject in the next.

POE TO GRISWOLD.

NEW YORK, June 28, 1849.

DEAR GRISWOLD: Since I have more critically examined your "Female Poets," it occurs to me that you have not *quite* done justice to our common friend, Mrs. Lewis; and if you could oblige me so far as to substitute, for your no doubt hurried notice, a somewhat longer one prepared by myself (subject, of course, to your emendations) I would reciprocate the favor when, where, and *as* you please. If you *could* agree to this, give me a hint to that effect, and the MS. is ready. I will leave it sealed with Mrs. Lewis, who is unaware of my design — for I would rather she should consider herself as indebted to *you* for the favor, at all points. By calling on Mrs. Lewis, and asking for a package to your address, you can at any moment get it. I would not, of course, put you to any *expense* in this matter. All cost shall be promptly defrayed.

Truly yours, EDGAR A. POE.

MRS. CLEMM TO GRISWOLD.

NEW YORK, September 4, 1849.

DEAR MR. GRISWOLD: I have tried so long to see you without success, that I have taken the liberty of addressing this note to you. I understand from Mrs. Lewis you received the package Mr. Poe left at her house for you. I wish you to publish it exactly as he has written it. If you will do so I will promise you a favorable review of your books as they appear — you know the influence I have with Mr. Poe. Not that I think he will need any urging to advance your interest. I have just heard from him; he writes in fine spirits and says his prospects are excellent. Will you be so kind as to let me know if you receive this? Please direct to me at New York, care of E. A. Poe. Respectfully,

MARIA CLEMM.

I will call on Saturday at ten o'clock at your room if you will please meet me there.

Mrs. Lewis's comment on this interest in her verse is contained in the following:

MRS. LEWIS TO GRISWOLD.

125 DEAN STREET, September 20, 1850.

DEAR DOCTOR: . . . Nothing has ever given me so much insight into Mr. Poe's real character as his letters to you, which are published in this third volume [of Poe's collected works]. They will not fail to convince the public of the injustice of Graham's and Neal's articles. I was astonished at the part of P.'s Note, where he says — "But I have promised Mrs. Lewis this." I will explain. Mrs. Clemm said to me on one of her visits: "Dr. G. has been to Fordham — he came to see Eddie about you — something about the new edition of 'The Female Poets.' But you are not to know anything about it." Mr. P. never mentioned the subject to me, or I to him. He only sent to me for my latest poems, saying that you were going to increase or re-write the sketch for a new Edition of "The Female Poets."

I have ceased to correspond with Mrs. C[lemm] on account of her finding so much fault, and those articles of G's and N's. I cannot endure ingratitude. I have felt and do feel that you have performed a noble and disinterested part toward Mr. Poe in the editing of his works. . . .

Yours ever sincerely, ESTELLE.

A second letter from Mrs. Clemm to Griswold illustrates the relations of the family with him at the time he was designated by Poe as his literary executor. It should be said, too, that several of the letters published by Griswold, as from Poe to him, are among these papers, and a few other unimportant notes.

NEW YORK, August 27, 1849.

DEAR MR. GRISWOLD: I feel you will pardon the liberty I take in addressing you, but the extreme urgency of my situation compels me to do so. Mr. Poe has been absent from home for some weeks; he is now in Richmond and has been very ill, and unable to send me any money since he left, and is much distressed for fear of my suffering. Indeed I *have suffered.* I have been very sick, and entirely unable to make the least exertion. I have been without the necessaries of life for many days, and would not apply to any one, in hopes that I would soon receive some aid from my poor Eddy. He writes me that he is getting better, and hopes he will be soon able to attend to business. I confide in you, dear sir, and beg you to loan me a small sum until I can receive some from him. I have not the means to go to the city, but a note addressed to Mrs. Maria Clemm, care of E. A. Poe, New York, will reach me. A gentleman in the neighborhood asks every day for me at the post-office. You have no idea how distressing it is to my feelings to make this request, but I think you will feel for my situation. Respectfully,

MARIA CLEMM.

Poe's relations with literary women are further illustrated, and some details are elucidated by letters belonging to his own correspondence, and by other letters that passed between these ladies or between them and Griswold. The subject, however, is an involved one, and would require, for proper understanding, a more detailed explanation of minor incidents than is here possible. All the papers bearing upon this matter are therefore omitted.

The last letter we shall print is from Poe to Mrs. Clemm, written at Richmond, whither he had gone to lecture and to visit old friends, especially Mrs. Shelton, to whom he became engaged. The "Annie" to whom he refers is the lady of Lowell whose friendship seems to have been uppermost in his mind during the later period of his much-tangled affections.

POE TO MRS. CLEMM.

RICHMOND, September, 1849.

[First sheet missing.] . . . possible. Everybody says that if I lecture again and put the tickets at fifty cents, I will clear $100. I *never* was received with so much enthusiasm. The papers have done nothing but praise me before the lecture and since. I inclose one of the notices, the only one in which the slightest word of disparagement appears. It is written by Daniel, the man whom I challenged when I was here last year. I have been invited out a great deal, but could seldom go, on account of not having a dress-coat. To-night Rose [his sister] and I are to spend the evening at Elmira's [Mrs. Shelton]. Last night I was at Poitiaux's; the night before at Strobia's, where I saw my dear friend Eliza Lambert, Gen. Lambert's sister. She was ill in her bed-room, but insisted upon our coming up, and we stayed until nearly one o'clock. In a word, I have received nothing but kindness since I have been here, and could have been quite happy but for my dreadful anxiety about you. Since the report of my intended marriage the McKenzies have overwhelmed me with

attentions. Their house is so crowded that they *could* not ask me to stay. And now, my own precious Muddy, the very moment I get a definite answer about everything I will write again and tell you what to do. Elmira talks about visiting Fordham, but I do not know whether that would do. I think, perhaps, it would be best for you to give up everything there and come on here in the Packet. Write immediately and give me your advice about it, for you know best. Could we be happier in Richmond or Lowell? for I suppose we could never be happy at Fordham, and, Muddy, I *must* be somewhere where I can see Annie. Did Mrs. L[ewis] get the "Western Quarterly Review"? Thompson is constantly urging me to write for the "Messenger," but I am so anxious that I cannot. Mr. Loud, the husband of Mrs. St. Leon Loud, the poetess of Philadelphia, called on me the other day and offered me $100 to edit his wife's poems. Of course I accepted the offer. The whole labor will not occupy me three days. I am to have them ready by Christmas. I have seen Bernard often. Eliza is expected, but has not come. When I repeat my lecture here, I will then go to Petersburg and Norfolk. A Mr. Taverner lectured here on Shakespeare, a few nights after me, and had eight persons, including myself and the doorkeeper. I think upon the whole, dear Muddy, it will be better for you to say that I am ill or something of that kind, and break up at Fordham, so that you may come on here. Let me know immediately what you think best. You know we could easily pay off what we owe at Fordham, and the place is a beautiful one, but I want to live *near Annie*. And now, dear Muddy, there is one thing I wish you to pay particular attention to. I told Elmira when I first came here, that I had one of the pencil-sketches of her, that I took a long while ago in Richmond; and I told her that I would write to you about it. So when you write, just copy the following words in your letter:

"I have looked again for the pencil-sketch of Mrs. S. but cannot find it anywhere. I took down all the books and shook them one by one, and, unless Eliza White has it, I do not [know] what has become of it. She was looking at it the last time I saw it. The one you spoilt with Indian Ink ought to be somewhere about the house. I will do my best to find it."

I got a sneaking letter to-day from ———. Do not tell me anything about Annie — I cannot bear to hear it now — unless you can tell me that Mr. —— [her husband] is dead. I have got the wedding ring, and shall have no difficulty, I think, in getting a dress-coat.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

. . .[torn out] also the letter. *Return the letter when you write.*

The letters selected in these articles include the more important portion of the Poe papers in Griswold's hands. Whatever one may think of the temper or prudence of Griswold, they abundantly sustain the substance of his memoir. They are now furnished for publication by his son, in defense of that memoir, and the present writer's responsibility is merely an editorial one. It is a gratification to find that American men of letters who were contemporary with Poe are so fully freed from the charge, brought against them by English admirers of the poet, of lack of aid and appreciation toward him. Few men have received such cordial encouragement, praise, and welcome, material and moral, as Poe received from nearly all who were brought into relations with him, and the number of these was many — Irving, Kennedy, Paulding, Hawthorne, Willis, Anthon, Lowell, Simms, and others less distinguished, but then of note. Yet Mr. Andrew Lang says that Poe was "a gentleman among *canaille*."

G. E. Woodberry.

AN OPAL.

A ROSE of fire shut in a veil of snow;
An April gleam athwart a misted sky;
A jewel — a soul! Gaze deep if thou would'st know
The flame-wrought spell of its pale witchery.
And now each tremulous beauty lies revealed;
And now the drifted snow doth beauty shield.

So my shy love, aneath her kerchief white,
Holdeth the glamour of the East in fee;
Warm Puritan!— who fears her own delight,
Who trembleth over that she yieldeth me.
And now her lips her heart's rich flame have told;
And now they pale that they have been so bold.

Ednah Proctor Clarke.

FOLK-SPEECH IN AMERICA.

EVELYN, recounting his visit to Beverly in 1654, says, "Here a very old woman shew'd us the monuments, and being above one hundred years old, spake ye language of Queen Marie's daies, in whose time she was born." The change in speech was probably even greater than in written English, in the century preceding the Commonwealth — the century in which the mother colonies of Virginia and Massachusetts received most of the stock from which their widely scattered children sprang. The "language of Queen Marie's daies" was perhaps more antique than the English spoken by Queen Elizabeth, which, if we may judge from her letters, was less modern than Shakspere's. Elizabeth called her eyes "yees" — that is, "i-ees," as Chaucer pronounced it. She says "hit" for it, the old neuter of *he* in Anglo-Saxon days. This pronoun is yet heard among the Virginia negroes, who got their English no doubt from the white bond-servants, who outnumbered them in the tobacco-fields until near the close of the seventeenth century. (The negro preterit with "done" for an auxiliary is perhaps Anglo-Saxon old clothes. I have seen a citation from a translation of Luke made in the fourteenth century where one reads: "And it was done that the beggar died." The negro would clip it to, "The beggar done died.")

From the days of Evelyn's entry above cited — that is, from the middle of the period of primary American settlement to the present time — the language has changed more slowly than in the hundred years between Mary the Catholic and Cromwell the Puritan. The English of book-reading Americans differs from that of educated English people only in those superficial traits that are the unavoidable result of a different environment and the fluctuations of fashion. But along the shore of a stream the current moves more slowly, and suffers eddies and backsets. Much old English of the days of Cromwell, some that goes back farther even than to "Queen Marie's daies," will be found in the dialect speech of rustic neighborhoods in America. There are facts in the history of English words that will never be known until some of the younger American philologists go afield in search of the living forms that grow in the soil about them, and that are not less instructive than the dialects of England assiduously gathered by a multitude of observers, or the *patois* of the French country to which Littré was not above paying his respects. Disavowing any pretension to be a philological expert, I propose to write here as an observer of American folk-speech. On that portion of the history of the English language which has to do with its conditions and changes in this country, and on that alone, I may claim to speak with some authority, if the life-long habit of studying the people's speech, exceptional opportunities for observing it in many widely separated districts, and an extensive acquaintance with writings of all sorts, printed and manuscript, of the colonial period, can give authority.

English travelers very early mention the differences between colonial speech and that of the mother country. This arose partly from the great number of new objects and processes that must have names, and partly from English provincial words adopted into general speech in America. For example, "swamp," with a far-reaching Scandinavian ancestry, and no doubt a long provincial use in England, had to be explained to English readers, though its use appears to have been general in the American colonies. By 1676 it had passed into a verb in common use in Massachusetts: thus Ninigret, the Indian chief, is said to have "swamped himself" when he had hidden in a wooded morass. In 1730 "swamp" formed part of a compound word; "swamp-law," in Maine, stood for certain extra-judicial methods of attaining justice known to all rude and pioneer lands. The word "swamp," like many other provincials of the time, bettered its fortunes by emigration, and was received into good English society when it went back. There are many other words in orthodox use to-day that were apparently not so universally understood in the seventeenth century. Josselyn, the traveler, thinks it needful to make a curious explanation about 1675. "At last we lost our dogs," he says, "it being (as the Lancashire people phrase it) twi-light, that is almost dark." But twilight was in occasional literary use long before this time. I find "sky-setting" used for a time of day in an item of news from Edinburgh printed in Bradford's "New York Gazette" in January, 1731. I suppose the disappearance of twilight to be intended.

There are indigenous words in our folk-speech, but our local rustic dialects are composed almost entirely of words in their older forms or older senses, of English words now quite obsolete, and of words from provincial

English dialects. When first I heard farmers in the Lake George region call a "cowslip" a "cowslop," I smiled to think how modern the corruption was, and how easy to imagine that the name had something to do with the feeding of a cow. But rash guesses in etymology are ever unsafe; "cusloppe" is given as a form of the Anglo-Saxon word nine centuries ago. The etymologists miss the history of this word, and of the word "slop," by not knowing that, both as noun and verb, "slop" refers to any liquid or semi-liquid food for cattle, and this over so wide a region of America as to make its antiquity certain.

Take another expression that seems strictly American. "She is in a perfect *gale*," one says of a little girl or a young woman in a state of effervescent mirth. It is easy and natural to suppose this to be modern, and to derive it from a seafarer's figure of speech. But the "Danes" who settled in England spoke a tongue very much like the Icelandic, and there is in this speech the word *gáll*,— with a long vowel,— meaning "a fit of gaiety," so that Anglo-Danish ladies in the court of Knut probably "got into a perfect gale" as our American women and girls do now. In New England they have the verb to "train" for to romp. For this I can find no remote ancestry; it may have come from the New England "trainin'," with its rum, cider, and ginger-bread, but I do not think it so recent as that.

Whenever a "half-cut" — but "half-cut" is a folk-word heard in New York city, and must not pass without explanation. The phrase is sometimes, "half-cut quality"— people whose social position is the irksome one of looking down on nearly everybody, except those who look down on them. The phrase is probably tautological, cut being used in its original sense of docked; "half-cut quality" is only "bob-tailed quality." To begin again my remark — when an English traveler of the class designated in New York as "half-cut" comes to this country, and goes home to write a book, — for the half-cut traveler, English or American, is prone to embalm his impressions of foreign lands in a book,— he is pretty sure to express great amusement at the "niggers." Especially does a "nigger regiment" marching down the street give him no end of diversion.

Now, an American feels something vulgar in the word "nigger." A "half-cut" American, though he might use it in speech, would hardly print it. It repels us even in Thackeray. The black man has taken to calling himself *negro* nowadays, and he puts no little race assertion into the word; but he is mortally averse to "nigger," which on this side of the sea has the tang of overseer's lingo. "Don't you call me niggah; de debbil is a niggah," is the way a South Carolina black woman uttered her objection a while ago. But there is nothing diabolical — indeed, there is nothing essentially vulgar — in the pedigree of the offensive word. The first blacks brought to Jamestown are not called in Captain Smith's history "negro," the Spanish word for "black," but "negar," from the French word for a black man. They were similarly called in Boston — in the records it is spelled "neger," but a will of 1653 made it "negar." This pronunciation "negar," or "neegur," was the commonest one on the Ohio River in my childhood, and is an older word in English than negro.

In the first anti-slavery tract printed in New England, in the year 1700, Judge Sewall writes not only "negro," but in one place "niger," which I take to be "nigger" in sound. Perhaps the sound of the old French word is most nearly kept in the Irishman's "naygur."

Our Lake George people say *fairce*, and the word seems merely a broad sound of fierce. In Chaucer's "Knight's Tale" we read:

> Whan he him knew and had his tale herd,
> As *fers* as a leon, pulled out his swerd.

"Fers" here is a literal transcript of the old French *fers*, which would be sounded very like our "fairce." Lowell also notes "ferce" in New England. The word "fierce" is used by our country people as a different word from "fairce." "Fierce" is a word descriptive of character — a *fierce* dog is dangerous. But "fairce" only means eager; a dog may be *fairce* to catch a rabbit, or *fairce* to get indoors on a cold night, and yet not be fierce, and so a man is said to be *fairce* to hear the news. *Fers* and *fiers* were two forms of the word in old French.

Alongside "swamp," which signifies a wooded morass, the country people in many places have another word for boggy ground covered with grass. This word, "mash," occurs in many of the colonial writers of the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth century it was sometimes confused with "marsh" — that is, "marsh" was written and "mash" pronounced. Among the Du Cimitière papers I find a humorous "Reply to the Assessors," in which is this couplet:

> I have no banks, I have no Marsh,
> Delaware's tide ne'er does me dash.

But it could hardly have been a recent corruption of marsh. The elision of the liquid is easy, but the flat vowel probably points to a closer kinship with the old form "marish," which occurs in a Virginia document of 1679. The corruption, whenever it first occurred, is a variant from attraction. The notion of a yielding substance is consciously present with a countryman when he uses it. The rustic likes to twist

a word about so as to make it descriptive. The word "tarantula" is corrupted by Mississippi wood-choppers into "tareantelope," and the peasants of the Pays de Vaud call "laudanum," *lait d'anon* — young ass's milk.

A good example of the attraction of one word for another is to be found in our American word "riffle," which gets the go-by from all the dictionaries and vocabularies, so far as I know,[1] though it is present in the excellent proverbial phrase, "He cannot make the riffle," *i. e.*, he cannot achieve his purpose against opposing circumstances. The notion is that of a boatman or canoe-man struggling up-stream over a riffle, or ripple. The word "riffle" is common enough in this sense, and seems at first a corruption of "ripple." But this latter word is by the etymologists considered a modern form of "rimple," while riffle comes doubtless from "rift," which is the form given to the word in the letter-press to Evans's analysis of his famous "Map of the Middle British Colonies." Now "rift," as applied to a slight fall, or a "shoaly place," as the first English explorer of the Delaware has it, is but another form of "reef." Mr. Skeat cites from Hexham's "Dutch-English Dictionary" of 1658, "rif" or "riffe," defined by "a foard or shallow place," and of this the colonial "rift" was but another form. By attraction of "ripple," or mere effort to produce representative sound, we get "riffle." "Riff," "rift," and the more modern "riffle" are wholly omitted from the dictionaries, and the word "ripple," in the sense of *a slight fall in a stream*, is not known to lexicographers. I believe its use to be all but universal in the United States. I very much doubt the derivation of "ripple" from "rimple."

Much like "ripple" and "riffle" are "whipple-tree" and "whiffle-tree," both in common use, yet each susceptible of a derivation of its own. It is worth while remarking here that the "double-whiffle-tree" or "double-tree" is known in some Northern regions by an excellent descriptive name, the "evener." By analogy with "whipple-tree," the ghastly wit of "The Sot-weed Factor" calls a gallows a "tripple-tree," which was probably colonial slang.

The change of "rif" to "rift," pointed out above, reminds us of "clift" for "cliff," which I find in Josselyn. "Clift" is the folk-word in many parts of the United States, as it is also in England. Two picturesque streams in Indiana claim the adjective "clifty" for proper name. It is not for a student of folk-speech to go above his last, and meddle with the difference among philologists, as to whether cliff did or did not come from the verb "cleave," to split open. The wide prevalence of the form "clift" creates a prejudice in favor of this etymology so strongly rejected by some authorities. A fissure in the rocks is called a "rock-cleft" in an old Connecticut writing.

But the *t* in "clift" may easily be an excrescence, as it is in many other folk-words. Unlettered people love uniformity. I heard of a company of mountaineer soldiers who persisted in changing their captain's name, Lambkin, to Lambkins, in order to make it dress the line with Tomkins, Watkins, Jenkins, Haskins, and Simpkins. There is a strong tendency to put an *s* on every proper name that will bear it, from the prevalence of the old possessive or patronymic termination. Given soft, raft, aft, daft, rift, drift, shift, and other words like them, and skiff straightway becomes skift; whiff, whift; and cliff, clift. "Once" may get a *t* because it is so often used to mark time past that it seems to deserve a preterit ending; "twice-t" may have caught the *t* from proximity to "once-t," for final sounds are highly contagious. Many a terminal *t* appears to have come from the frequency of its sound in the past tenses of verbs. Thus "across" becomes "acrost," perhaps from "crossed," or maybe from association with *past* used as a preposition of place. This latter in turn pays itself back by filching an augment, though Chaucer uses "apass" as a verb. Thus a man from the bottom of the Indiana "Pocket" — let us say from the hill country of "Posey Kyounty, Injeanny" — might have said thirty years ago: "I come straight acrost the crick, an' kep' a-goin' right ahead, and clim plum' to the top of yan hill over yander, an' wuz a-comin' down on t' other side of that air branch, apast the woods paster," and so on. No types can express, however, the long-drawn flatness of the accented vowel in apast, yander, and paster, or for that matter, in "pasnips" for parsnips, in "passell" for parcel, in "sassers" for saucers, and in "sassingers" for sausages. I give "sassers" for extreme Hoosier, but I find "sasers" in a Connecticut inventory before 1650, in the time of American phonetic spelling. "Passell" I give as equivalent to parcel, but it has in the dialect the sense of a portion or quantity, as "he spilt a whole passell of eggs in the road." It is also applied to people in contempt, as "a passell of nateral born fools," and especially "a passell of thieves."

To begin again with words like "acrost" and "apast," the Pennsylvania laws in colony times speak of "wears [weirs] *cross* creeks and rivers." Judge Sewall of Massachusetts says "aclock" before 1700, as most of our country people do to-day. Indeed, the "New York Gazette" has no other form, I believe, until 1733. I suspect that this is the most ancient locution. Folk-speech uses the prepositional prefix *a* much oftener than modern literate language does, especially before present participles. Oliver the Protector says, "What is the Lord adoinge?"

[1] This was written before "The Century Dictionary" was issued.

precisely as a Western exhorter says it. I have never heard the plural of "ado" as King James uses it when he thanks Queen Elizabeth for "her motherlie caire" of all his "adoes." But I know a woman of the upper Hudson country who "puts the tea adoin'" when she sets it to draw.

When I was a little boy my playmates at a country school in southeastern Indiana wore "skeets" and went "skeeting," though the village boys said *skates*. I counted "skeet" a curious corruption. Fancy my surprise at meeting an old acquaintance in a far-off land, and in strange company, when long years afterward I read the passage in Evelyn's "Diary" for the year 1662, in which he speaks of "having seene the strange and wonderful dexterity of the sliders on the new Canal in St. James's Park, perform'd before their Majesties by divers gentlemen and others with Scheets after the manner of the Hollanders, with what swiftness they passe, how suddainely they stop in full carriere upon the ice," and so forth. The *ch* in "scheets" is Dutch, and therefore sounded like *k*. Pepys tells of being at St. James's Park on the same day: "Where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skeates, which is a very pretty art." I here discovered that the country boys in the hills of Craig Township, when they said "skeet," were only one or two centuries behind the fashion, and were using the word as pronounced by Charles and his courtiers when they brought the "very pretty art" to England. A New York journal of 1784 complains of the time wasted in "skeating" on Collect Pond. Nowhere is it truer that "all which is partakes of that which was" than in language.

I have often heard on the Ohio River a curious phrase, "Hump your stumps"—that is, "Hurry along." Skeats notes the kinship of the verb "stamp" with the Sanskrit "stambha, a post, pillar, stem," without remarking that a near kinsman of this word, applied to those "pillars" of the human body with which men *stamp*, has come down to us through the byways of English. Do you smile at this and say that "Stir your stumps" is used by all the world that knows English, and is only modern slang and a manifest figure of speech? Perhaps "Stir your stumps" is another form of "Hump your stumps," the alliteration in the one phrase supplanting the rhyme of the first and last words in the other, but Halliwell cites "Stirre your stumps" from a writing of 1640. That "stumps" was used for "legs" at least three hundred years ago is proved by a passage that I find in Philip Stubbes, who, in pouring out the lava of Puritan indignation upon the gross festivities of the English Christmas-tide in 1583, gives us this lively picture:

> Then marche these heathen companie towards the churche and churche-yarde, their pipers pipyng, their drommers thonderyng, their *stumppes* dancyng, their belles ringlyng.

"Stump and Rump" is given in Halliwell in the sense of "completely." Literally it means "leg and thigh." "Stumps" is equivalent to "legs" in several English dialects, and a direct connection is found with stamp in the English provincial word "stump," to walk heavily —*i. e.*, to "stomp," as our American country people give the vowel. I have taken pains to follow this word so far as a sort of test, showing that humorous and slang-sounding phrases may have long lines of descent and a widely scattered kindred. I find the phrase, "On a sudden," in the English Public Record Office. It is in a report on Bacon's Virginia Rebellion of 1676. In a despatch from The Hague in Bradford's "New York Gazette" of December 11, 1727, it is said: "The Council of Desmesnes of the Succession of Orange are *struck all of a heap* by a vigorous resolution enjoining them to give an account," etc. The familiar "Take care of yourself," uttered at a parting with a friend, I found used in the Pays de Vaud, where one peasant says to another, "Conservez-vous." The phrase may go back to the original Aryans. "Good-by, Jake, take keer of yerself," was the farewell caution a poor-whitey gave to his brother, who was about to be hanged in Columbia, South Carolina.

But let us look at the other end of the phrase, "Hump your stumps," the assonance of which hangs like a pair of saddle-bags across the middle word. "Hump" is not, as the dictionary people imagine, from the noun. It is clearly a derivative of the root of "hop." "I must hump along if I would get home to-night," the people say. Mr. Lowell gives us another word from the same stem in the phrase, "I must hyper round and get tea." So the vocabularies give us an archaic word, "huppe," to hop. In parts of Pennsylvania, in the eighteenth century, there were wild frolics of dancing and drinking called "hup-se-saws," which name analyzed gives us "hop" and "see-saw." The verb to "hump" is probably a nasalized form of "hup" or "huppe." "Hyper," which I fancy borrowed its *r* from the next word in "hyper round" (hype round), is identical in meaning with hump. A Hoosier house-mother would hump around and get supper, while a Yankee matron was hypering round and getting tea.

I cannot suggest any explanation of an Indiana mother's injunction by which she seeks to quicken the pace of the boy "creeping like snail unwillingly to school." She says, "Marvel, now!" I have heard it "Marble, now!" "Mosey" is another imperative used in the same

way, and this I have heard in Brooklyn as well as in the old West. Bartlett, with his usual felicity in going wrong, gets "mosey" from a runaway postmaster in Ohio named Moses, and "the Spanish *vamose*." In colony times a ship's yawl was sometimes called its "Moses," in allusion perhaps to the ark of bulrushes. The play known to boys as "mumble-the-peg" is called by an old writer, "moselle-the-peg," but this does not help us out with "mosey." Nor can I suggest any original for "torshent," a Cape Cod word for the youngest child in a family. Those who have read "The Chezzles" will remember how delightful is the use Mrs. Morse makes of a deaf mute "torshent" and of the word. I believe it is not confined to Cape Cod.

The word "gent" nowadays seems to wear its hat cocked on one side of the head, and to walk with a caddish swagger of vulgar self-importance. But I know a worthy old lady in the country who calls her husband the "old gent," using it as a title of respect, and such it was in her childhood and long before. In 1754 the Reverend Samuel Davies, afterward president of Princeton College, traveling in England, describes the Reverend Dr. Lardner as "a little pert old gent," epithets that would not be flattering to a minister to-day, nor even dignified for a minister to use. "Pert" here has the sense of "lively"—much as a Kentuckian might use "peart," or a New Englander "perk." Indeed, I suspect that Davies gave the word the sound of "peart." That Davies used "gent" as a term of respect is shown by his characterization of another reverend doctor as "a venerable, humble, and affectionate old gent." It will not do, therefore, to account a word recent because of its slanginess. When a smoker professes fondness for "the weed" he does not dream that he is using an epithet applied to tobacco by King James I. in 1620, and that nearly two hundred years earlier than James, in the reign of Edward VI., the hop-plant just coming into England was called "the wicked weed." What plant had worn this title of contempt before the hop I do not know.

Our very mispronunciations and distortions of words are ancient. Seeing an old quarto of 1623, entitled "Le Negoce d'Amsterdam," lying on the table in an auction room, I left a little nibble of a bid for it, and got it for a dime. One has a good chance of finding something of value in an old tome, even if it should finally go to the junkman to save shelf-room. This one, redolent, as I deemed it, of the dingy counting-house of some ancient Dutch grossburger to whom it had served as a sort of trade-bible, stood on my shelves for a long time without being opened. In moving the books awhile ago I tried it to see if it could pay shelf-rent. There was not much in it; explanations of obsolete weights and measures, lists of the fees of convoy-loopers, and tables of exchange in the outlandish moneys of those times. But I presently found that this book hugged another between its back cover and fly-leaf, and had held it for a century perhaps, and held it so close that even the expert maker of auction catalogues had not found out that he was selling two books for one. The inclosed pamphlet of forty-two pages was in English, and entitled "The Captain's Directory, etc., by T. M., English Ships Broker at Rotterdam." This sea-captain's hand-book, preserved by good fortune from the destruction which befell its mates, enables us to overhear the pronunciation of a ship-broker of a hundred-and-sixty years ago, for these pages have not known the hand of the literary reviser. T. M. must have spoken English much as a man of his class in South street, New York, would to-day. He said "marchandise," which is out of date, but he also said "pruens," "liquorish," "salpeter," "Ierland," "celtificate," and "lamb-black." Apropos of this last word, Mr. Wright defines it by "to black shoes," and cites from Wycherly "lamb-blacking the judge's shoes." But any one who has seen lamp-black and tallow put on shoes, as it sometimes is in country places, will readily perceive that Wycherly merely spelled "lamp-black" as many of our people pronounce it. And, indeed, all of the corruptions cited above in this paragraph are in the interest of euphony, and would perhaps have been sanctioned by usage among a people like the Greeks, who had what our English stock so wofully lacks — the artist spirit. But I cannot say much in favor of the word "peter," which is used for saltpeter by some of the Massachusetts colonists; it even gets into some official documents, in the time of the Indian wars, perhaps because saltpeter was then regarded as a very proper apostle to send to the Gentiles.

The Earl of Surrey, in one of his best poems, says:

> Laid in my quiet bed,
> In study as I were,
> I saw within my troubled head
> A heap of thoughts appear.

He here uses "heap" in precisely the sense given it by people in southern Indiana, in Georgia, in Texas, and generally over a large part of the United States. This sense of the word is very primitive. I believe "The Century Dictionary" gives the sense of a crowd or throng as the earliest meaning of the word. It was good when the first colonists came out of England. It seems a little monstrous nowadays to hear a man speak of his cow's giving "a heap of milk," or to hear that "there was a heap of people at the basket meetin'."

"Sight" is also used for a great quantity, or a great number, and an example of it is given from a writing of 1540, "Where is so huge a syght of mony?" But this is not quite the same; it shows the phrase in transition. The Hoosier duplicates the sense: he has raised "more corn by a heap-sight" than his neighbor. Sight is intensified by becoming plural, as "There 's goin' to be sights and sights of people at the barbecue." The poor-white's phrase for a great quantity is sometimes "gobs," sometimes "lots and gobs," or rather "lots and *gaubs*," with a long hold on the last note. He also says "the whole gob" for all of anything. To "sell by the gob," in the dialects of parts of England, means to sell the whole lot. Our "job-lot" is only a sprucer form of "gob-lot." On the western slope of the Green Mountains each cluster of charcoal kilns with the shanties of the workmen is called a "job." In ascending the road which crosses the wooded summits of Mount Tabor, I was told to go on "to the third job," and there turn to the right. In the village of East Dorset, Vermont, the marble factories, which make monuments and tombstones by machinery, are severally called "marble-jobs," and in the same region a lumbering-camp with its saw-mill is a "lumber-job."

The low-down man not only says "gobs," but he also expresses quantity by a still ranker word, as: "He 's rich; he 's got gaums of money," as though his Dives were all besmeared with riches — "gaum" being the old English and French *gomme*, that is, "gum."

Since this article was written, "The Century Dictionary" has made my examples of the American "guess" antique, by showing that Gower, Chaucer, Shakspere, Sheridan, and Wordsworth use this Americanism. I therefore omit them, only remarking that I find the word so used in the Paston letters in the fourteenth century, and that there is evidence of its existence in our colonial period. It is by no means confined to New England. It is common in Pennsylvania, and in southern Indiana, where there is practically no population of New England origin. But "calc'late," or "cal'late," is exclusively Yankee, and is limited to the substratum of folk-speech. So, on the north side of the Ohio River, "guess" is genteel enough for colloquial use, but "'low" is lower class. Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms" gives this word as "allow," which it rarely is except when pressed and laid away in an herbarium. Bartlett wholly misses its sense. He has misled Lowell and all the dictionaries in this as in many other definitions. Professor A. S. Hill of Harvard is the latest writer I have met who gives "allow" as a dialect word meaning "to assert, to affirm," which it never does except by way of irony — just as "guess" and "calc'late" and the Southern "reckon" are used ironically to express assertion. "I allow," or rather "I 'low," in its commonest sense is equivalent to "I guess," "I calculate," "I reckon," and the Englishman's "I fancy." By way of irony, an Appalachian mountaineer will say, it is true, "I 'low that 's a mighty nice hoss, Squire." He means to affirm by innuendo, as a Yankee, in the same case, might "calc'late." The word has another very common signification. "I 'low to go to town to-morry" is an expression of purpose. A New England up-country man would say, "I 'lot on goin' to taown."

"Guess" appears rarely, "'low and "calc'late" almost never, in writings of the past. Our forefathers regarded writing as a solemn business, and certain colloquialisms were never put down on paper except by inadvertence. My father was a Virginian, and, like Virginians in all generations, spoke of his father as "pa." But one would never suspect it from his most intimate family letters. He always sends his love and other messages to "my father." I remember how surprised I was when a boy, visiting in Virginia, to find that "mama" in a letter was pronounced "ma." I was regarded as outlandish because I did not know that "ma" was always spelled but never pronounced "mama." Who knows how much of the speech of the past we have lost by such conventions? In the Dillwyn manuscripts in Philadelphia, young Susan Dillwyn's form of address is "father." But once in telling what she said to him in a dream she calls him "daddy" — no doubt the common colloquial form in Pennsylvania. Once again she slips into calling her grandfather "grandady." In another Philadelphia journal of the last century, the sprightly Sally Wister writes "dada and mama," and as she elsewhere says "daddy," she no doubt pronounced "mama" "mammy" as it seems to have been generally spoken in country places in the early years of this century.

The first-comers to Connecticut must have pronounced many words exactly as my neighbors, the lake-dwellers of northern New York, utter them to-day. The old Hartford inventories have "tacklin'" for harness, "exepinn" for linchpin, and "grin'ston' and winch." The real sound of grindstone here is "grin'st'n'." We also anchor our rowboats with an "anchor-st'n'." To "get shut of," in the sense of "to get rid of," is given in Halliwell's provincial vocabulary; the phrase is used in, though not confined to, what I have called the Hoosier — the speech of illiterate people within the Ohio River watersheds, and in the whole southern Appalachian region. But the Hoosier sometimes "gits *shet* of," or "*shed* of" what he does n't like.

Halliwell gives "duberous" for "dubious"

in several English dialects. The Hoosier makes it "juberous," and gives it both a subjective and an objective sense. He feels "mighty juberous" about crossing an unsafe bridge, and he also regards the bridge as "juberous." But two words have been well mixed here, for "juberd" is a form of "jeopard," and "juberous" in the same sense may be "juberdous"—that is, "jeopardous." But folk-speech often applies a subjective word to the object. The peasants on Lake Geneva speak of *une chose envieuse*, when they mean *une chose enviée*.

Our country lads say "galluses" for what we call suspenders, as the Yorkshire dialect has "gallaces" for what the Englishman calls braces. Ashton gives from a London newspaper of 1712 an advertisement of a house for sale. It is interesting, from an architectural as well as from a linguistic point of view, to know that this unquestionably "Queen Anne" house had a "cupalo" on it. By a similar transposition "gundalow" was the name given to a large, rough flat-boat on the Potomac; it was to the lively imagination of the earliest boatmen a gondola, or, as they said it, a "gundalo." The word is now applied to a box-car for coal.

I find "daythe" for dearth in early colonial letters, and "haythe" for height in Vaughan's journal of 1684, but I nowhere find the Hoosier "hath" for hearth. One not only hears "haith" but also "hait" for height in the Adirondacks. "Fur" for far, and "furder" for further, were common enough on the Ohio a quarter of a century ago, and may no doubt be found there yet, in spite of hostile schoolmasters. In the Huchinson papers I find "farder." Edward Winslow, a Mayflower pilgrim, says "admired to see" in a letter to Winthrop; the phrase is still green in Massachusetts, though the word admired has shifted its sense. "Overhalls" appears in the secret record of Sir Henry Clinton, which Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet contributed to the "Magazine of American History," and as no man who wears overalls ever called them anything but "overhauls," I am inclined to think it the original word. Major Vaughan, the New Hampshire colonial magistrate, who says "haith," also writes "menester," "heither" for hither, "becase," "scurse," "haifer," "rauth" for wrath, "caitch" for catch, and "dafter" for daughter. Nearly all of these are yet to be heard in one or another down-east folk-speech. Vaughan uses some quaint terms and phrases that I have never met with elsewhere. "Hand-apase" is his expression for with haste. He says "rutted at" for scolded or threatened; literally roared at, akin to the Latin *rugitum*. There is an English dialect word, "raut," to bellow, and the same root is found in "rother beasts," a name in use in this country two hundred years ago for horned cattle. Vaughan writes "at ditto time" for at the same time,—literally at *said* time,—"ditto" being a form of the Italian *detto*, "said." He also says that Mason "had *refin'd* up to the Kinge all fines and forfitures." "Fine" has in several of the writers of this period the sense of a composition in one payment for future instalments on contingent dues. It will be seen that Vaughan's language is antique and well-preserved, many of his words are in even an earlier stage of development than those in common use in his time. Edward Randolph, the most gifted liar of all the royal agents in the colonies, said "hursh't" for hushed, and "forgit," and "bene," now coming into favor again. The latter two were common in that day. Randolph, though professing a great attachment to the English Church and its rites, unluckily calls the liturgy "the lethardge of the church."

One John Wright, living near the site of the city of Trenton, wrote a letter to Andros in 1680. He speaks of persons "concarnid in the satlin of a toune." He is an emigrant from Martha's or, as he calls it, after the manner of the time, "Martine's," Vineyard. He seems to have had trouble there: "A sentence of death" had been "given upon all my Concarnes." Andros had interposed in his behalf and given him what he calls "a Resericktion"; otherwise "I had now been but the prodikt of a sifer." He writes "curis" and "concaiveing"; he makes three syllables of "afayars" and "desiar," but he gives rather short "mesar" for measure. He says "destover" for discover, writes "reule," and calls the "Deucke" of York "Riall Hiness." He has "holle" for whole, by which he seems to intend the unspellable pronunciation prevailing throughout New England to this day. He says "acenn" for akin, "case" [caze] for cause, and he writes "implyment." I suppose "mesar" is the only one of the pronunciations indicated by his spelling that could not easily be found to-day among illiterate people.

I have given enough examples to show that the most ancient and least mutable part of a language is the residuum — the folk-speech. Fashions may change, but the countryman is slow to give up the ways and words of his forefathers. If the world's changes knock the sense out of a word he will put another meaning into it with as little alteration as possible. Some of the provincial English people say "hallow-day" for holiday or holy day. But New England hallowed no holidays, and kept holy no holy days but the Sabbath. So from *holiday*, or the broad sound of *hallow-day*, some of our Northern farmers get "hollow-day"—that is, a day with no work in it. They attach quite another sense to "hollow" when they note the condition of the atmosphere in which sound

is easily carried. "The air is so *hollow* that I can hear a train ten miles off," one will say.

There are *patois* much more outlandish than our well-known rustic dialects; such as are to be heard in out-of-the-way places — in North Carolina byways, in the Jersey mountains, in some parts of the "Eastern shore," and in some remote nooks of the Appalachian range. Nowhere in print can I find any parallel for the most atrocious features of the dialect of the "tar-heels" and "crackers," the Carolina dregs. A Confederate officer told me that during the long siege of Petersburg, whenever the battery to which he belonged fired upon the entrenchments over against it, the return fire was very disturbing to the North Carolina infantry alongside. At length one of the infantry soldiers came over to remonstrate with the commander of the battery against this reckless provocation of an enemy's dangerous fire. He said: "Leftenant, ef you uns could shell the uns 'thout the uns shellin' we uns, ur hurtin' you uns, we uns would n' keer ef you uns wuz to shell the uns all the time." "What the deuce *is* he saying, anyhow?" cried the South Carolina lieutenant, in despair, turning to his orderly for explanation. In such out-of-the-way *patois* there are preserved perhaps distorted fragments of now this and now that English dialect, with bits of argot perchance brought from the slums by ancestors who emigrated involuntarily, and new distortions or contortions of speech developed by the sheer intellectual depravity of clay-eaters and moonshiners.

If all the monstrosities of such dialects had come from England we should not be able to find evidence of it — such people do not record their speech. Now and then, however, an early immigrant who could write has set down some of these distortions, and we are led to suspect that most of them came from Britain; some of them came with the Saxons from Frisia, no doubt.

One of the most curious documents that I have met is a petition of one Barnard Hodges of Delaware. It gives us what is to be found to-day, though rarely, the excrescent "y" at the beginning of a word, a sound that might easily have begun from a drawling use of the definite article before a vowel, and from a habit common with illiterate people of using *a* for *an*. Thus if I say "a understanding," it helps the euphony to let it slip into "a yunderstanding." This Hodges, albeit he shows some education, is partly phonetic, as will be seen by "maapeyer" for "may appear." But his letter *u* is often silent and superfluous. He styles the governor, "Your Younneur," and he says, "yunless," "yeunder," "yunderstanding," and "yeundertake." He even takes pains to write "yeouffeis" for office. His dialect must have been strangely antique; that he pronounced the past tenses of regular verbs as a separate syllable is shown by his frequent spelling of them with *a*, without eliding the feminine *e*. For example, "returnead" for returned, "seattlead" for settled, and "obtainead." He wrote "bestoued" for bestowed; his was is "wous," his what "wout" — but in these the *u* is probably superfluous. What gives consistency to his speech is that he twice writes "wertue." It is a general rule that the man who says "yundertake" and drinks "yarb" tea when he is sick, usually spells wertue "with a we." The author of this letter, which is evidently written with considerable elaboration, and no little perspiration, had probably received more "schooling" in England than his neighbors. He complains that his cause had been tried by a jury of "unettercat men."

In nothing is the student of American folk-speech so liable to error as in assigning geographical limits to a word or phrase. The English local dialects were pretty thoroughly mixed. One gained a little more dominance in one place, another in another, but a stray provincial term is prone to turn up in places the most unexpected. "Tote" has long been regarded as a word of African origin, confined to certain regions where negroes abound. A few years ago Mr. C. A. Stephens, in a story, mentioned an "old tote road" in Maine. I wrote to inquire, and he told me that certain old portage roads, now abandoned, bore that name. I find the word used in a "Remonstrance" from the people of Gloucester County, Virginia, preserved in the Public Record Office in London. This paper bears date 1677, when there were four times as many white bond servants as negroes in Virginia. "Tote" appears to have been a well-understood English word in the seventeenth century. It meant then, as now, to bear. Burlesque writers who represent a negro as "toting a horse to water" betray their ignorance. In Virginia English, the negro "carries" the horse to water by making the horse "tote" him.

"Quoit" is pronounced "quait" in most rural districts in America, I believe. There are other words showing a like interchange between the vowel sound represented by our "oi" and the long "a." It is precisely the characteristic most easily remarked by a foreigner in Canadian French, that such words as *bois* are sounded "bway," while a reverse process takes place in words with the sound of our long *a*. An amusing instance of this is found in early New England history. Elizabeth Hanson was carried away captive to Canada by the Indians in 1724. She fell at length into the hands of a kind French family, who insisted on baptizing her infant in order to make it French. Mrs. Hanson relates

that the name given to her baby at its French baptism was "Mary Ann Frossways." I make no doubt the last of these names was a riddle to all New England. But the poor woman's English tongue could not come any nearer to the Canadian pronunciation of *Françoise*. What the little Yankee child was called at its Canadian christening was equivalent to "Mary Ann French."

The relations between Protestantism and the Roman Catholic church have now and then changed a familiar word. Governor Winthrop was so Protestant that he changed the name of a fording place in a stream from "Hue's Cross" to "Hue's Folly." So I find that what we nowadays call scare-crow is called in an American document of about 1680, preserved in the Egerton manuscripts, "a scare +," that is a scare-cross. Did our reforming ancestors change cross to crow?

Franklin noted in the pages of "Poor Richard" the differences of speech in the several provinces; he laughed at the Marylander and the Connecticut man for beginning and ending their sentences with "sir"; at the Dutch New Yorker for saying "diss" for this; at the Pennsylvanian's "painter" for panther; and at the residents of New England and Cape May because they called a cow a "keow," "by a certain involuntary twist at the root of the tongue." The striking difference between the speech in two adjacent towns on Long Island was noted very early, and is significant. Sally Wister, in the Revolutionary times, thought it royal good fun to return the gallantries of the Virginia officers by chaffing them about their broad speech and their lost final *r*. It was, perhaps, a peculiarity of the accepted English speech when Virginia was settled. Queen Elizabeth writes "moe" for more, as a Virginian utters it yet. Our Southern dialect writers succeed in misleading all but Southern readers by using an *r* where none is sounded. All my friends say "Brer Rabbit," as Mr. Harris writes it, but as neither he nor any other Georgian, white or black, says it. It is "Bruh Rabbit," if one gives the common sound to the letters, but the Virginian and the Georgian regard a final *r* only as a modifier of the vowel.

While I was yet a young man living in the West, I received a letter from Lowell in reply to one of mine, in which he gave me somewhat full suggestions regarding methods of collecting dialect. Some sentences I transcribe here for the sake of their Lowell-ish flavor.

> I hope you will persevere and give us a collection. Remember that it will soon be too late. Railways are mixing and the school-master rooting out. . . . Archaisms of speech survive only among people who are so lucky as not to be able to get at your new-fangled phrases. When the lumberer comes out of the woods he buys him a suit of store-clothes and flings his picturesque red shirt into the bush. Alas! we shall soon have nothing but store-clothes to dress our thoughts in, if we don't look sharp.

Edward Eggleston.

PAIN.

THOU drear companion of the slow night-hours,
Thou sharpener of the soul! Long, long had I
Waged weary combat with thee, though my cry
Of anguish only cheered thy mocking powers,
As through the years we strove; no respite ours,
Till, lo! one day each breathed victorious sigh,
The master, thou, of my mortality,
But master who beneath my spirit cowers
Its slave forever. Now fast friends are we,
My vanquished victor Pain, and much I owe
To thy stern fellowship: through thee I see
With quickened sense all things both high and low,
For knowing all that I can never be,
Tutored by thee, all wider life I know.

Elizabeth West.

[BEGUN IN THE JULY NUMBER.]

A BACHELOR MAID.

By Mrs. Burton Harrison,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," "Belhaven Tales," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY IRVING R. WILES.

VII.

NEXT morning, Marion, in her turn, awoke out of a dull and troubled sleep, to cogitate her new situation in the chill gray of early daylight, so depressing to resolutions of the night before. To Miss Effie, who had offered to remain with her, she had said no — that it was better at once to attempt the solitude henceforth her portion in life. And Miss Effie, tender, if a trifle gruff of voice, had patted her on the shoulder, told her that on the whole she was right, and, declining to have a cab or servant, had trotted off alone in the darkness, intending to catch a street-car going west.

Marion, as she dwelt on the old maid's sterling goodness, her clear common sense, her happiness in her own beliefs, yet had a little shiver of distaste at a grotesque dread thrusting itself upon her, that she, Marion, might one day come to be of the same type. Whilst combing her hair, the girl surveyed in her mirror her stately shape and clear soft coloring, and wondered if she ought to wish they would never know transformation into the square dimensions, drab tints, and tanned surfaces with which Miss Effie faced the realities of life. And yet even Miss Effie, provided by nature with a shield against contact with the wicked world, had the walls of a home behind which to intrench herself — an unimpeachable background in those faded pastels, the sisters; while Marion, having none of these, must go on her lonely way, and look not back or around her.

It would have been superhuman indeed, if, in the first moment of reaction after great excitement and stern resolve, Marion's thoughts had not dwelt upon Alec Gordon. As she lay waiting for sounds of awakening life about the house, for the soft noise of the housemaid's brushes in the hall outside her door, for the glimmering casement to be defined upon the full light of outer day, her soul seemed to be floating afar in a world void of substance, instinctively seeking a mate with which it could blend and be at rest. This was no doubt a capital weakness, but Marion, in that hour betwixt sleep and waking, was not fully responsible. As she turned on her weary pillow, trying to banish these thoughts in sleep, again and again the image of Gordon putting aside his pride in the tender burst of pleading that she should bring all her troubles to him, with him share the odium that had been thrust upon her, returned with haunting persistence. How simple a process, how natural and right it then appeared to her, to throw aside her dream of independence, put her hand in that of this true and manly fellow, and say to him: "Where thou goest, I go. Thine is mine, the world before us is ours to meet for good or ill, to live together according to God's holy ordinance as man and wife."

God's holy ordinance! What did that mean — the words she had so often heard over the heads of couples standing at the altar? If there were anything in religion, was it not the first injunction of the Creator to created man and woman, to blend their interests in one? If there were anything in law and order of human society, was it not the first requisite that the joint life of man and woman should be lived as ordained, that their mutual love might remain immortal in a perishable world?

Somehow or other, this was a sweet and sustaining thought. All her other ideas of living for championship of the unaccorded rights of her own sex faded away in the light of its steady radiance. The fond fancies of girlhood about wifehood, hitherto dormant in Marion, trooped up to surround the image of the lover she had cast away.

When the maid came in, and Marion, starting, saw upon the woman's face the ill-concealed curiosity of her order about her young lady's changed prospects, she was disagreeably surprised. The hard reality of her actual lot had been, during this last hour of reverie, so happily remote! She had had such lovely things to think of!

Dismissing the woman, whose eagerness for items to discuss among her fellows below-stairs disgusted Marion, she went through the various stages of her toilet, still strangely under the influence of the rebound in favor of Gordon. She recalled his trying position under her interrogatory, his self-control, his open statement that unless she could trust him he must go away without her trust, and stand by the consequences of his inability to make due explanation. Her fleeting suspicion that he had been engaged in

some affair of the heart with Sara now seemed to her to have been a monstrous injustice. Whatever the understanding between them, Marion would never believe but that Gordon's attitude in the matter was one of fidelity to herself, although many evidences of Sara's fancy for the handsome young man now arose to convict Madame Stauffer of double treachery in her hasty marriage with the judge.

On Sara's side all was dark, shifty, perfidious. On Gordon's Marion saw only his native endowment of manly virtue, strengthened by a great love for her, a love she now knew she never had deserved. The fine balance of sense and judgment in his character, his refusal ever to be moved to the right or left against their dictates, were admirable in her sight. Nothing like them was observable in her retrospect of the brilliant inconsistencies of her later friend and guide, who had ended by inflicting on her that most cruel wound.

In this mood, she went down into her morning-room to find on the table a note from Gordon, running as follows:

I cannot but hope, my dear Marion, that your after-thought of our conversation will confirm you in your generous promise to believe me without specific explanation of my share in the crushing blow that God knows I never dreamed would fall on you. If I bungled, it was hoping to be of use to you. But consideration of the affair, and above all of your present attitude to me, proves that I am wiser in not again offering to approach you personally. In whatever I can serve you as a friend, as a brother, as one who has received every kindness from your father and yourself, command me always. A letter from your father, which I found on returning home last night, makes such explanation of his act as he thinks needful. He asks me to convey it to you, and I do so. While I cannot, in conscience, advise you to reconsider your intention not to remain under their roof, I am still gravely anxious as to what other course you will pursue. I beg of you to be guided in all things by my aunt, who will counsel you as I could not do. If I do not again take occasion to say so, believe always in my interest and solicitude for your welfare; count upon me not as the lover who has failed to win you and accepts his fate,— and to whom wisdom suggests absence from you as the only means of enabling his judgment to act in your behalf,— but as, in the full sense, your friend and servant,

ALEXANDER GORDON.

Marion dropped this letter in her lap.

It was as if a needle-bath had played upon her warm feelings.

Mechanically she took up the sheet of notepaper it had inclosed, in which the bridegroom of the day before had penciled a few lines of palliation of his sudden action. Few they were, and, naturally, inefficient in producing the desired result; the plea of a vain, pompous, self-sufficient man under the spell of a folly old as creation — determined to indulge himself, and to leave others to bear the consequence.

Her father's letter had upon Marion the salutary effect of arousing anew her old resentment of injustice. Otherwise had she been in great peril of shedding mere womanly tears because her lover had at last gratified her by definitely leaving her to herself. In a trice, the soft visions of the early hours of day fled away from her — now, indeed, had she attained the summit of her old ambitions; now was she free and able to be a law unto herself! And Marion, for the first time in all her trials, broke down, and cried until she could cry no more.

Miss Effie, engaged with some of her charities in the forenoon, had promised to be with her in the afternoon.

Marion, after regaining her self-possession, was employed in putting beneath the grate and burning to a crisp a newspaper containing an animated version of the surprising marriage at such a church, by such a rector, of the well-known Mr. Justice Irving, with his daughter's "governess," when Hilary, coming into the room fresh from a bout with a reporter who had called to inquire particulars of the judge's family, brought Marion a card.

It was Mrs. Romaine's, and above the name was penciled an urgent request to be received, if for a few minutes only.

"That hard, cold, cynical woman!" said Marion, inwardly. "How she will grate on me! But still — what does it matter? I have got to face this wretched business, and I may as well begin. Yes, I *will* begin. If she is hard, I will be hard. *No one* shall pity me!"

She went into the drawing-room, to find quite another Mrs. Romaine than the one to whom she and society had been used. This woman's face was not hard, and there was genuine sympathy in her eyes, as she arose and took Marion's hand.

"My dear, as soon as I read it in my morning's paper, I ordered the carriage, to come to you," she said. "I felt as if I, better than some others, could understand what has been going on, because I mistrusted that person from the day she was at my house at luncheon. But, Marion, I thought it was Gordon she aimed for,— and I still think so,— if she could have got him. Don't think me impertinent,— I don't mean to be,— or prying, or anything. Don't answer me unless you like, but give me leave to talk out what 's in my mind, or heart, rather — if I can persuade you I have such a commodity behind my hooks and eyes. You are dreadfully alone in the world, you poor girl, and I came to say that if you would like to — if you can't think of anything

better for the present — I have plenty of room in my house for you — or, better still, if you want to go away, I will take you anywhere — Florida, Bermuda, Spain, Italy — all places are the same to me, and I am always glad to move on. I don't know what your resources are, independent of your father, but don't speak of expense. I have more money than I can spend, and it is n't because I want a new sensation that I ask you, though you probably will think so —"

She stopped to draw breath, and Marion saw something like tears come into her eyes, and escape upon her cheeks.

"Mrs. Romaine —" the girl began, gratefully, her heart kindling with a sudden pleasant warmth.

"Don't answer me yet. You 'll say no, of course, and I hate to be refused anything. Think it over. You won't care to stay on here — a girl of your cut of mind and temper, I 'm sure; and, on the whole, the best thing would be to travel. So pray come away with me; and if I 'm trying, you may be trying, too. But I 'm really better than I seem. And if you want to know one reason why I 'm sorry for you — it 's because I had a baby once, named Marion — my only girl, whom I loved passionately. She was a wee delicate thing, that died in my arms in her sleep. I sometimes think my husband has forgotten she was ever born; he never speaks of her. I believe he thinks it was a relief to have her taken. But *I* don't forget. I see her, in company, among the other girls, and think that if I were ever ill (which fortunately I 'm not) she would sit by my bedside, and stroke my hand, and kiss my brow, and call me 'mother.' Now, my dear, I 'm not given to gushing, any more than you are; but if you want me, take me, and you 'll not regret it."

"If you knew how empty the world seemed to me, half an hour since, of people likely to make such an offer," said Marion, "you 'd know how truly I thank you for it. When I sat there reading those wretched notices with the head-lines in the newspapers, about my father's marriage, I felt utterly alone."

"Gordon?" said the lady, eager interest perched upon her brows.

"You know, of course, that our engagement has been for some time at an end? He came last night, and so did dear Miss Effie Gordon; but I can hardly take more than sympathy in words from them."

"I thought so," said Mrs. Romaine, triumphantly. "I considered all that, before I came. Otherwise, I should perhaps not have ventured to offer myself."

"How good you are!" cried Marion, struck with this evidence of, it must be confessed, an unsuspected delicacy. "But, indeed, you must not tempt me to be a coward and run away from my duties and obligations in New York. Nor must I trust myself in your home. You, who are all for the ability of woman to meet crises in life as bravely as any man would meet the same, must not unnerve me at the start."

"Oh, but, my dear, a man under your circumstances would whistle and say a few bad words, and probably take a room at his club or a hotel till he had made up his mind where to move to — and that would be an end of it. He would not feel it as you do; his nerves would not be on edge at the prospect of staying here to welcome the happy couple home."

Marion shivered.

"As usual, my tongue goes too fast. No, my dear girl, what I should have advised would have been for you to make up with Alec Gordon, who, even if he does not hit it off with me, is a rare fine fellow —"

"*You* counsel me to marry?" interposed Marion, surprised.

This time it was Mrs. Romaine's turn to wince.

"Did nobody ever tell you that in some far prehistoric time I was in love with my husband?" she said carelessly. "Well, I was. I used to go to afternoon services in Lent and pray for that love to last, because the sensation was so much to my taste. I used to have ecstatic feelings when his foot was on the stair, and I sat sewing little baby-clothes. We lived in a plainish way, then; three dollars spent in two theater-tickets was a tremendous outlay; and we walked out to dinners — I tucking up the train of my best gown under a long cloak, and laughing if the wind snatched it away from me at the corners and whipped it around my feet. Then he grew richer, and we broadened the borders of our phylactery, and then — how — when — dear knows if I can remember, we grew farther and farther away from each other. Now, when he is at home, I am aware of it because he is there behind a newspaper, but that is all! When our lips meet, it is like two pieces of dry pith coming together. I have a perfectly unsurpassed power of annoying him by my presence. I know nothing of his affairs, nor he of mine. Our interests are his, not mine. Our house is mine, not his. All my tastes are 'fads'; but so long as I don't disgrace him, he does not interfere. I have money in abundance. Money — money — who cares for money when a man's heart and soul and brain have gone into it? How long is it since he has thought I could want anything from him but a check? But ah! if I were you, and Gordon were my suitor — if, knowing what was to come, I had it all to live over again — I think I would take

the bitter present for one taste of the old sweet that never can come back!"

"Nevertheless you make me feel that I was wiser than I knew," said Marion, with a wan smile.

"Yes, I suppose you were wise. Now, please forget my maunderings, and think over my desire to be of use to you. If you don't wish to travel, then just come to my house, and stay with me. It is too wretchedly lonely for you here. Have you an idea when they will be at home?"

"A week hence, my father said in his note."

"A week of this? An eternity of moping. Come, my dear, I have a brand new notion. Leave the house to run itself; you have old servants who know their business. Return home with me, or come this afternoon. My husband is away, we shall be quite to ourselves; I won't let my stupid sheep-dog, Loulie Kemp, darken the doors while you are there, or Herr Hofman, or that idiotic Reggy Poole. Then, if you are still bent on living to yourself, we will find out a home for you, and amuse ourselves with fitting it up, and you will add an important 'one more' to the fast-growing ranks of the 'Bachelor Girls.' Oh!" and she clapped her hands, "we will make yours an ideal bachelor establishment. You shall test the question whether it is possible to do the thing properly, thoroughly, in a perfectly well-bred, unbohemian way. No divans and cigarettes like that goose Kate Collingwood, who makes such strenuous efforts to be an original, and succeeds only in being a bouncer! I am almost sorry you have three thousand a year, it would be so nice to find you a vocation. But three thousand won't go far, after what you have been used to. It will really be quite paltry, after you pay the rent of a little flat, even if I furnish it — and I have rooms full of furniture I don't use. You could not trim bonnets, could you? No, that 's not your sort, at all. Perhaps you would like to be the agent to sell the violets from our country-place. The gardener tells me he has thousands in the new frames, and begs me to let him dispose of 'em."

Marion again recognized the Mrs. Romaine of her former acquaintance, alert, animated to enthusiasm in carrying out a new idea.

"There is Clara Van Shuter, who has started a mushroom 'plant' in her father's cellar, and has orders from all the clubs. She has her own floor, where she receives her own visitors independently; and is making a very tidy little income, on which she travels where she likes. Mr. Van Shuter, who is a lazy kind of a man, fond of his own ease, and not as rich as other members of his illustrious family, says he does not mind, if it keeps Clara out of other mischief. Then Louise Alston runs a shop, where girls under her direction make the loveliest evening shirts for men, with white lawn ties, better than any you can get in the shops, and they drive a thriving trade. Louise takes orders at the Assemblies, and 'Howling Swells," and the like; and she supports a lot of poor women, and gives herself a nice little margin of profit. The thing is, to think of something taking; and, with a little capital, the thing is done. Oh, we *must* find a trade for you. I shall give a luncheon altogether for self-supporting bachelor girls, and afterward each will say a little something about her experience of the blessed estate of living to herself, and whether she can think of anything nicer."

Marion laughed outright. Mrs. Romaine had at last succeeded in putting to flight the haunting shadow of her grief.

"I can think of many things nicer," she said; "but as circumstances have driven me to making the experiment, I must try to be equal to the occasion."

"Well said, Marion! I, for one, have faith in you. And, whatever you do, you may count on me to help you."

"Then I think I shall begin by living here until my father returns; and going out of his house quietly, to avoid the talk my leaving now would create."

"I suppose you are right," said Mrs. Romaine, a trifle disappointed. "But I shall be robbed of my visitor."

"You have a much better friend than I was before," cried Marion, warmly.

"I hope so, my dear. I need all I can get. And there is one thing certain. Your mother's provision for an independent income for you will at once determine your entity as one meriting consideration from all outsiders. If I had had any funds of my own that did not come in a stream running from my husband's pocket into mine, I should have been a happier and a better woman. If to-day I could go to work and earn an income, however small, that I might jingle in my own pocket, I should walk through life with my head higher. As it is, I spend money like water because my husband likes to have me do it; but he pays all bills, or gives me checks to pay them. I don't know what we spend, or where it comes from. I don't value it. I am a wretched do-nothing in a society of busy workers. And I 've an idea I should have made an immense success in business. Just see how I make the wheels of social enterprise go round. Ah, there was a famous wage-earner lost in John Romaine's wife!"

"I don't think I should object to owing my independence to the man I love," said Marion, wondering as she said it, what strange influence was at work inside of her — and, blushing, she stopped short.

"Perhaps not. Unmarried girls have literally every kind of fantastic notion before they meet the touchstone of the financial question with a husband, face to face. But take my word, and be thankful for your little purse. That is the key that will unlock the chief difficulty of your present position, and a lot of others through life, I can tell you."

VIII.

It was over, and Marion breathed more freely! She had nerved herself to stay and receive Sara upon her return as the mistress of the house into which she had come in her meek poverty and insignificance, a stranger, so few months before. Needless to say, Mrs. Irving's manner upon this crucial occasion had been all that the most fastidious could have demanded. To Marion she was deprecating yet tender — not offering, but awaiting, overture; to the servants, banded together in tacit opposition, gracious, tactful, yet leaving no loophole by which any one of them might escape into open rebellion against her rule; and to her husband she held herself as to the source and fountain of all earthly beneficence and wisdom. It was long since — indeed, it had never been in Marion's experience, or in that of his present household staff — that the judge had worn such an air of complacent satisfaction with the events of every day.

Upon Marion, this new aspect of her father acted as an instant quietus of any emotional demonstration she might, in spite of her proud resolve, have been led into betraying upon his return. For the first time she saw fully the childish side of him,— his vanity, strutting cockerel-wise through all his actions,— and realized that her whole life had been a sacrifice to it. The film of filial reverence fell from her eyes. She knew now that, had he been different, her nature had not been warped into dissatisfaction with the common lot of woman. Something within her even asked the question whether, in the happy natural estate of girlhood and wifehood, where the relations with father and husband, or other so-called "governing" power of home, are as they should be, this modern unrest and impatience of woman are to be found.

But this was not the time, upon the eve of putting into reality her most cherished dreams of freedom, to turn and look back at what might have been. To Sara she said nothing of her new plans. Between those two, henceforth, there was to be a barren place, charred as by fire, in which no shoot of verdure would ever grow again. And Sara, who perfectly understood this fact, secretly rejoiced that matters had turned out no worse. The circumstance that Marion had met them, greeted them in conventional fashion, ordered tea to be ready for the bride on her arrival, and had sat down to dinner with them on their first evening at home,— quietly gliding out of her own place for Sara to sit in it (which Sara did with the most bewitching gesture of grace and deprecation),— was an enormous gain to the new Mrs. Irving. It had given her the *pas* with the servants, and would do so with the outer world; and it had put the judge into such bountiful good humor with Marion that he was absolutely playful with her, in an elephantine way.

Sara, pleading fatigue, had contrived to leave Marion alone with her father while he was still in this happy frame of mind, enjoying what seemed to him the reward of a deed that had brought good to all concerned. And Marion, profiting by it unconsciously, for she was in the exalted state of one ready to move mountains, if called upon to do so, had gone at once to the point by telling her father that she intended directly to leave his house.

Spite of his serene selfishness, the judge was startled into an expression of some natural regret. He went further; he even lost his temper, quite in the old natural way, ill befitting a joyous bridegroom. Marion was told that she was unfeminine, ungrateful; was threatened with every variety of paternal displeasure if she so much as proposed the scheme again; and, in the end, was ordered out of his presence contemptuously, like a child who has been caught stealing jam.

"This makes it easier for me," said Marion, as with a swelling heart she locked herself into her own room. A little later, she heard outside her door a footstep, and the sweep of feminine garments. There was a soft knock, and Sara's voice pleaded with her for admission.

Marion, opening her door, stood within it holding to the knob.

"You will excuse me," she said, frigidly. "It is as well to tell you, now, that what I did in staying here to receive you was done for him. And, since he has spoken as he allowed himself to speak to me just now, there is no longer any reason to affect for you a tolerance I do not feel."

"As you like. But, indeed, peace is so much less complicated than war between us two," said Sara, with a shrug. "I could really be of the utmost service to you."

"I will owe nothing to you," said Marion, inflexibly.

"My dear child, you are always so very positive," returned her step-mother, entirely at her ease. "But I am afraid you will be forced into accepting from me your father's consent, given since I have remonstrated with him, for you to shape your life from this time according to

your own desires. I don't say that I approve of it. I think that, together, you and I would have got on better than the majority of mixed families. I have always liked you, and meant well by you; and, of course, I recognize that, by living on here, and accepting me before the world, you 'd have been a tremendous help to me. But when I contrast what I was when I first came here — when you were so much more hospitable with that door of yours than you are now, by the way — with my present position and possibilities, I really can't bring myself to lament over spilt milk. Therefore, since you are bent on not forgiving me, I 'll just agree with you to carry on this thing as we 've begun it — decently, before observers. Your father bids me tell you, you are to do exactly as you choose — come, go, remove yourself and your belongings, where and when you please. This house, when you like to come here, will be open to you as before; and we shall always receive you most kindly."

"I thank you," said Marion, with haughty emphasis.

"You should really thank me, though you do not mean it," went on Sara. "And if, as I suppose you mean to try to do, you succeed in whistling back your old lover—"

"That I will *not* hear!" cried Marion, shutting herself in her own room — to hear Sara's soft, unconcerned laugh, as she withdrew rustling down the corridor.

"What did she mean?" Marion asked herself. "It was as if she had kept that arrow for the last; and had shot it against her better judgment."

And, for the remainder of the night, the arrow, as its sender had intended it to do, rankled in the bull's-eye of the target at which it was let fly. Marion's nature, too large for petty jealousy, was just then in an abnormal and not especially healthy state of readiness to doubt every one in whom she had formerly believed. The fact that she and Gordon had so elaborately given each other up, and that she was about to embark upon the career of a "victim of arrested development" emerged into the "arena of perfect independence," did not entirely console her.

AND so, through the series of events detailed, the wrench had been made; the parting was complete between Marion Irving, her home, and her domestic duties of the past.

To Miss Effie Gordon, as the representative of Alec, she could not bring herself further to appeal for the advice and assistance offered. To Mrs. Romaine, rather, who, although she failed again to exhibit the womanly tenderness of their first interview after Marion's blow, was unceasingly kind and active in her behalf, Marion listened exclusively, thereby wounding Miss Effie, and keeping her at a distance.

"It is only to start you, my dear," said her animated mentor, who actually put off two of Herr Hofman's talks on socialism, in her energy to find a habitat suitable for her new *protégée*, "that I interfere at all in your affairs. And I have come this morning — you won't mind that I have left no cards for Mrs. Irving, but my time is really *so* taken up — to say that Providence has sent us Mignon Cox, whose silly mother has just started off upon another one of those long wandering journeys to kill time abroad — just the kind I proposed to you, and you refused! Mignon, who is tired to death of dawdling in foreign countries and being a cipher, so she says, positively declined to go. So Mrs. Cox left her with an ex-governess in a flat hired for her — since Mignon could not be expected to keep up the big Cox establishment alone, and that is let at a huge sum per annum, all of which Mrs. Cox is warranted to spend, and more, on this expedition. I believe she and her maid mean to go around the world, this time. Where was I? — oh! the flat and the ex-governess! It seems Mignon and Miss Slater have fallen out, and the governess is about to leave. Mignon, who says she always admired you awfully, but is rather afraid of you, wants to know if you won't share the flat and the expenses, have your own sitting-room, bedroom, latch-key, and maid — only sitting at table with her. And as she is a nice little girl (a cousin of mine, did I tell you? — though I can't stand that mother of hers), I think it is just your affair."

"Mignon Cox? Why she looks like a mere child!"

"She is two-and-twenty, has a separate income from her father's estate, and yearns to be in the swim of modern thought."

"But I thought she was going to be married to Lowndes Carleton."

"So she was, but it 's off. Carleton is terribly old-fashioned, you know; and when she told him she was determined not to be, according to Mrs. Browning, 'kept in long clothes long past the time for walking,' he asked her if she was going to take up the divided skirt — and that was enough. The real truth was that he scoffed at the 'woman's movement' on all occasions. Anyhow, their engagement came to a sudden crash. Of course you think she was right to rid herself of such an obstacle to progress."

"Of course," echoed Marion, but without warmth.

"This arrangement with Mignon need not last longer than the summer. It is to be an experiment, for both of you; but I know she is refined and amiable, and very affectionate; so

I 'd strongly advise you to consider it. Come with me now, and call on her, and you can judge how you would like the idea; and then I will take both of you home to lunch, and we can talk it over on all sides."

There was no resisting the breezy impulse of Mrs. Romaine when in pursuance of a novelty, and Marion, shortly after, found herself with that lady invading the maiden stronghold of Miss Mignon Cox.

This was a seventh floor in one of the tall new buildings of cream-colored brick — possessing florid portals of iron scroll-work, and buttoned elevator-men — that embody every known idea of modern architects for condensing conveniences. There were a drawing-room and a library of equal dimensions, opening out of a hall into which visitors, caught upon entering, were forced to move back or forward in single file. In one of these rooms, decorated to extremity with a colonial mantelpiece and frieze, and filled with the usual litter of choice nothings that strew the path of favored young womanhood, Miss Cox was discovered behind an Empire desk covered with brass filigree, whence she arose with cordial alacrity to receive her visitors.

That this bachelor was a pretty creature, with a complexion of cream and roses, hair purely golden unmixed with brown or red, and a physique suggesting extreme fragility, Marion already knew. They had met often in society, but in a casual way. Mignon was now attired in a so-called "morning" frock of white crépon, with floating ruffles, and a sash of white satin belted around the prettiest little waist in the world. Her hair, twisted in a small knot, was arranged with care and neatness. Her feet, shod with nicety, were matched by a pair of snowy, pink-tipped hands, soft as down, and adorned with rings of turquoise and diamonds. She had just laid down a formidable rubber penholder, of the "office" variety, which had been coursing its way unchecked over a pad of undefended paper.

"Perhaps we ought not to disturb you, dear," Mrs. Romaine said, sinking upon a "three-decker" of silken cushions, near the wood fire sparkling upon brass dragon andirons; "are you too busy to be interrupted?"

"Not at all. I was just finishing my paper upon Municipal Reform, to be read before our Twentieth Century Symposium, to-morrow. And I am glad it *is* finished, for it leaves me comparatively free. This week I had rather more than usual. In addition to my visits to the tenement-house regions, my lecture on Political Economy to a class of working-girls, whom I am really bringing over in the most gratifying manner to accept Free Trade, occurs this afternoon; and yesterday I had to lead the discussion in our literary club that takes up weekly some book of the hour."

"And what did you take up yesterday, if I may ask?" said Mrs. Romaine.

"They gave out —— —— ——, but it was voted down as really a little too advanced — then we took —— —— —— —— ——, which was unanimously accepted. I wish I knew your opinion, Miss Irving, of that deliciously sad story. Somehow or other, it seemed an echo of so much I have felt and dreamed of."

"You?" said Marion, in some surprise.

"Yes, though I am not sure I should have found voice for it, had not the talented author done so for me. It makes one feel there is, after all, so little in our healthy, every-day lives of interest comparable to those of our brothers and sisters whom God has set aside for affliction and infirmity."

"When I was a girl, people used to read Molière's 'Malade Imaginaire'," said Mrs. Romaine, with apparent irrelevancy. "And in that we were told about the learned Thomas Diafoirus, who, when he wooed his fair Angélique, drew from his pocket a medical thesis and presented it to her, at the same time inviting her, with her father's permission, to attend, as a *divertissement*, the dissection of a woman upon whom he was to lecture. That 's what modern authors are doing to you fair Angéliques, only they don't ask the fathers' permission."

"I thought you are saturated with the modern thought-waves, Cousin Adela," said Miss Cox, like a reproving cherub.

"Dear me, so I am," said the lady. "But I 'm on the down-grade in life, and I can't afford to enjoy melancholy as you can. For instance, I like to go to 'Charley's Aunt'; but you, I make no doubt, prefer Maeterlinck's 'Aveugles'."

"That marvelous soul-drama! Oh! I have no words for it," cried Mignon.

"I thought not. Neither have I. But all the same, my dear, you are a delightful little person; and I have every confidence in your ability to make just the chum Marion Irving wants. She is n't as advanced as you, and she will be a good brake upon your wheels. You 'll give her something to interest her, and to work with. And I shall have an eye on both of you."

"I wish you would come to me," said Mignon to Marion, blushing in true girlish fashion. "I should consider it such a privilege. And I am so constantly engaged, I don't think I should interfere with you. You can have no idea how often I 've wanted to make friends with you, and how I could hardly believe my good fortune when my cousin proposed this arrangement."

"I am a very disappointing person," said

Marion, genuinely pleased. "Could you take me soon?"

"Indeed, yes," cried Mignon. "Miss Slater is just stopping on till I can get somebody; and, to tell you the truth, Cousin Adela, she is too cross for anything. She 's one of those old things that always take offense at suspected affronts, and now she sits at table without opening her lips. Oh! Marion (I may, may n't I?) — if you really will come at once, what fun we shall have!"

"Not fun. A chastened resignation to hilarious circumstance," suggested Mrs. Romaine, mischievously.

The conversation, at this point, was interrupted by the entrance of Mignon's married half-sister, a handsome young woman a year or two older than Marion, dressed with the fastidious elegance of her class.

Mrs. "Johnnie" Clyde, as she was usually called, was full of excitement, and lost no time in communicating it.

"I want you all to come to a woman's suffrage meeting at my house on Thursday," she exclaimed. "I told Johnnie at breakfast, today, that he need n't say a word,—that I am bound to have my turn,—and I have got several leaders of public opinion on both sides to promise to be present and address us. There 'll be no trouble about getting people to come, for the thing is a 'go' in society, if it never was before."

"And what did Johnnie say?" asked Mrs. Romaine.

"Oh! he was trying to be witty, as usual. He said that, if, in addition to striking out the word 'male' as a qualification for voters, they require voters to be thirty-one, instead of twenty-one, years of age, it will settle the whole affair — that no woman will ever confess to the qualification."

"How ridiculously trifling men are about the great issues of our age," said Mignon, putting back into duress a truant of a curl, and elevating her little patent-leather toes upon the low fender. "But it does n't matter, in the least. Our day is coming, swiftly, surely. What if we don't master at once all the intricacies of political knowledge involved in the assertion of our rights. When we have the right to cast a ballot, we shall have wider views, see further, see all things as they are."

"Good gracious, I hope not," said Mrs. Romaine.

"Indeed we shall," chimed in Mrs. Clyde. "Mignon is quite right. It is time to have done with accepting what is handed down to us by tradition as the limit of woman's horizon. And we must work, work always. There must be no rest, no shameful peace, till we have asserted ourselves."

"Then, my dear, there will be a larger army of nervous prostrates than ever, in the field," remarked Mrs. Romaine; "for goodness knows how we American women are going to take on any more than we are doing now. That is, I confess, what is always bothering me."

"With our allotted work will come strength," said Mrs. Clyde, piously. "You must let me give you one or two 'Woman's Suffrage Leaflets' I carry about with me, Cousin Adela; and don't fail to be at my house, Thursday at 3. You are to be one of our champions in the column now forming for the march, although you do amuse yourself by jesting a little on the way. Here is the leaflet entitled 'Wyoming Speaks for Herself.' It is a conclusive answer, I think, to that exceedingly mischievous paragraph read aloud at a recent meeting by a prominent editor purporting to come from an observer of the results of women's vote in that State. And here is Mr. Higginson's 'Short Answers to Common Objections against Woman Suffrage.' I wonder which of the enemy is clever enough to dispose of *these*. And look how beautifully Mr. Cordaire spoke for us the other day! There was n't a right-minded woman present who did n't just *love* that man when he had finished speaking! Why, I tell you, there are *lots* of our very best, soundest, most conservative men ready to be won over to our cause if we take hold of it the right way. As for the best women, we think we have them already!"

"Bravo, Adelaide! I hope the husbands will all be as amiable as yours, and then we shall have fewer obstacles. We must get them to illustrate what they say in that play of Oscar Wilde's that 'all men are married women's property — in fact, that is the true meaning of married women's property.' As for me, I have now no more claim to that sort of property than I have to any other. John Romaine does n't even do me the honor to listen, when I talk about such things."

"But you could have us in your ball-room, dear?" asked Mrs. Clyde, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, as often as you please. I don't think John Romaine has been inside of that room, any more than he has of our pew at church, or of my carriage, in the last twelve months."

"Never mind, Cousin Adela," said Mrs. Clyde, with conviction. "The best part of all this is that we are proving to ourselves as well as to the men, that we can do without them."

"So we are!" cried Mrs. Romaine, looking from one to the other of the three — "except you, Adelaide, who are a high priestess. I am afraid you and Johnnie are still in love with each other."

"Of course we are," said Adelaide, bridling.

"It is only that I have just come to a realizing sense of the unnecessary and unjust limitations of our sex. Miss Irving, you have kept so quiet, I wish I knew exactly your view of this matter."

"My view seems, by yours, to be a rather humdrum kind of one," said Marion. "I think if we have the right to hold property, we are entitled to the right to vote; but it does not seem to me we are yet, as a class, well enough informed in political matters to wisely handle that right. And if all this stir should fit us for what we are seeking, then it will not be thrown away."

"Oh, I see. You are one of the moderates," said Mrs. Clyde, in a rather dissatisfied tone. "But come to our meetings, and you will get on. And now let me tell you how pleased Mr. Clyde and I are — I mean how pleased I am — that you are thinking of putting up here with Mignon. Mrs. Romaine told us yesterday she was going to beg you to do so."

"She won't be allowed to say no," said Mignon, taking Marion's hand.

"I can think of nothing pleasanter," answered Marion, looking with admiration into the beautiful eyes, appealing as a child's.

"Then it 's done! You are mine! My pal, shall we say? The firm is Irving and Cox, for weal or woe — or till either of us has any valid reason to back out," exclaimed the girl, joyously.

"What is a valid reason?—marriage?" asked Mrs. Romaine; and immediately the countenances of the new firm were overspread with gloom, tinctured with some resentment.

"There is no danger of that for either of us," said Mignon, firmly. "Now come, Marion, let me show you the flat. It 's, of its kind, a perfect dear, I know you will admit. You shall have the yellow bedroom — it 's larger and has the sweetest glimpse of the river over the chimney-pots and roofs; and it is n't as becoming to me as the blue. And there 's a porcelain tub and tiled floor in the bath-room, and electricity everywhere. The cook and housemaid have to turn in unison when they are in the kitchen, it is so tiny. But you 'll see; and I 'm quite sure you 'll fall in love with our bachelor establishment."

IX.

AMONG the political advocates of Alexander Gordon during these busy days when his prospect of high place in the service of his country occupied our hero to the exclusion of minor considerations, none was more ardent than Lowndes Carleton. Although both at the bar, the two men had never been intimate until latterly, when, during the public discussion of Gordon's aspiration to be United States Attorney, Carleton had sent to one of the newspapers a letter, since widely quoted in Gordon's favor.

This circumstance bringing them together, they had met frequently, and become friends. Gordon found in his new advocate an enthusiastic, manly fellow, as good-looking as Greek regularity of feature joined to Spanish richness of coloring could make him, and, while of a pleasant temper, possessed of that pugnacity of opinion apt to be agreeable only when it chimes with one's own way of thinking.

Gordon, as he looked at Carleton one evening over the edge of a claret glass, while they were dining together in Carleton's rooms, felt himself wondering at the heroism of Miss Mignon Cox, in having deliberately put out of her range of vision such an attractive object for daily survey, and was further possessed with a secret wish that something would lead Carleton to embark upon the subject of this his sentimental side of experience in life, which their intimacy seemed now to warrant. Needless to say that Gordon, to all intents the same man as before his final break with the lady of his own love, was still eagerly interested in all that concerned her. He knew, as everybody knew, of her removal to live with Miss Cox; and yet, by a strange fatality, he had met no one who could give him details of their arrangement, of its success or failure, of Marion's welfare, spirits, occupations. Had he, at this epoch, gone into general society, there would have been no lack of petty dribblings of information on the subject. But, partly from a natural distaste for its functions of the ordinary banal kind, partly because he preferred to keep out of range of discussion of the Irvings' household calamity, Gordon had eschewed society, and treated the houses of his friends as if they displayed yellow flags over their doors.

Moved to especial activity of speculation and annoyance by a column in an evening paper including Marion and her chum in a jocularly described list of the girl bachelors of the new era, he had arrived to break bread with Carleton in a very truculent frame of mind. Carleton, also, was perturbed. His handsome face was clouded, his speech upon all subjects was biting, uncompromising. And now, after dinner, both men had subsided into a sort of sulky silence.

"Hang it all, Gordon," said Carleton, finally emerging from a reverie during which he had been unconsciously gritting his teeth. "This is slow work for you. Let me make a clean breast of it, and say I want to murder somebody."

"Spare me till we have heard the result of the President's cogitations upon my case," said Gordon, smiling. "Then, I don't know but that you 'll be welcome to make a beginning with me."

"I want to know if you saw that infernal

thing in the 'Evening ——,'" said his host, who declined to smile. "It has broken me all up, and you — I beg your pardon, if I take a liberty — but you must have something of the same sort of disgust and rage in you."

"Quite the same sort," said Gordon, grimly.

"If these girls were our wives — I mean if such good, straight, honest girls, who have no earthly intention to invite comment like that, would give men the right to punch heads for them, there might be a way of relieving the situation.

"As it is, we are helpless. Walter Bagehot says the Earl of Buchan once had a copy of the 'Edinburgh Review,' containing an article that offended him, put in the lobby of his house, and kicked it solemnly into the street. Perhaps you and I might insure a pleasanter evening if, between us, we disposed of the offender in that sort.

"What does it matter? The whole country will have it to-morrow, anyway. Gordon, now the ice is broken, do you mind if I talk to you about those girls? What 's the matter with 'em — with all the women, nowadays? I would not care if it was n't the nice ones — the kind a fellow wants in his home, you know; but they 're as prickly as hedgehogs, and they 're forever trumping up 'intense' arguments you are not prepared for. After I 've been in court, and down-town in that bustling throng of workers all day, I don't want to spend my evenings in a debating society where women expect you to give them the lead *because* they are women, in order to prove to you they are *not* women!"

Gordon made an attempt to answer, but his friend, having begun his tirade, was not prepared to relinquish it.

"Do you believe they are really, as they affect to be, ashamed of being loved by us in the old-fashioned way? Do you know they declare a true woman ought to teach her husband to love her ethically, not physically. Now, what do you suppose they mean by that? I don't understand; I can't understand; I am all at sea; and I confess this unrest, this hysteria they call the advent of release from their slavery of sex, is the most unpleasant feature of the not enticing age we live in."

"It is not all unrest and hysteria," said Gordon. "My own idea is that it is a serious movement that will lead to results from which many of these offensive features will be absent. But our American women have got to solve the problem whether they can accomplish all they have laid out for themselves to do. They are not, as a rule, good housekeepers; and I fear they will become worse ones. They are devoted mothers; but in a high-strung, emotional way, not always best for their children. Is the present training going to improve them in that respect? Too many of them are but fairly good wives, inclined to regard husbands merely as channels for golden bounty, whose cheerful compliance and continuing admiration of them are only their just due. I am not sure a wider liberty will change this condition for the better."

"See here, Gordon, as you 're in the same box with me, I 'd like to tell you how cut up I feel about my affair. And the worst of it is they tell me *she* goes about as pink and white and jaunty and smiling as ever, perfectly absorbed in her duties to humanity at large, evidently ignoring my existence. I could n't have believed it of her. A perfect little angel, she used to be. And, the worst of it is, I can't go there to see for myself how she is getting on. I said some things when she threw me overboard that she can't forgive, and I have n't shown myself to her since. The fact is, I don't know whether they receive men visitors, do you?"

Gordon, who had read in his friend's countenance a gradual leading-up to the question put, and was conscious of an equal desire for information of an exactly similar kind, burst into a laugh.

"I don't know, and it 's just what I want to know," he said frankly, and was interrupted by the arrival of Strémof and Clarkson, who had been asked to the dinner, but had excused themselves on different grounds.

"I did not join you, my dear fellow," said Clarkson, beamingly, "because, in my new *régime*, it is really more than human nature can endure, to sit through a good dinner and not touch a morsel of it."

"What 's your present lay-out, Clarkson?" said the host. "Still on that liquid food that rhymes, I believe, to hats off?"

"Matzoff? The same," said Clarkson. "And my digestion is wonderfully improved already, I assure you. The only trouble is, it is revolutionizing my habits. Hardly worth while to put on a clean shirt and a white tie and evening clothes to sit down before a bottle of milky, fizzy stuff that you have been keeping outside on your window ledge, is it? Confounded thing went off in my office the other day, and the cork hit a respectable elderly client in the eye, and scared him out of his wits. Thought it was a dynamite explosion, don't you see?"

"*You* have n't the excuse of a solitary banquet, Strémof," said Carleton, offering cigars, and a little silver lamp alight with alcohol.

"No, but I have, of all excuses, the one a man most readily accepts — the ladies," said the gallant Russian, who, having just returned from his first visit to Washington, had not seen Gordon for some time. "And in what shape my temptation came, you will never guess. I

was bidden this afternoon at five to Mrs. Clyde's, to a discussion of—"

"Holy smoke! not 'women's rights'?" interrupted Clarkson, with a groan.

"Yes; and what is better, I was told to stop afterward to a 'high tea' of bachelor girls, to which the master of the house was the only other male invited. As far as I could see, the 'high tea' was a short dinner, lacking variety in wines. But the damsels — I kiss my hand to them — were lovely, most *spirituelles;* they argued, they spoke, they demolished us poor men with a skill, a suavity, that made it rapture to suffer in their cause."

"What were their special topics this time?" asked Clarkson.

"The first chapter of the discourse was in insistence upon the right of women who are property-holders and taxpayers to vote upon any and all questions affecting the expenditure of moneys collected from taxes."

"Yes; but that includes all questions of every kind which concern the administration of government. And property as a qualification for the suffrage is no longer satisfactory anywhere. Even in England it will very soon come to pass that whether one shall be a voter or not will depend not at all upon ownership of property, of any kind, or in any amount. If property is to vote, it is only logical that, wherever one's property is situated,— if in each of many different towns, counties, States, where taxes are applied to local expenditures,— there the taxpayer must be allowed to cast that vote; and in England, to-day, the loudest chorus of the radicals is 'one man, one vote' — to put an end to such a privilege of the owner of property."

"And next," said Strémof, "they were very animated in their demand that, if married women are to be refused the ballot, on the theory that husbands represent them at the polls, unmarried women, maidens and widows, shall not be put off on such a pretext."

"But," exclaimed Clarkson, "the law cannot discriminate among women, in favor of the unmarried, when a demand for the privilege of voting is in question; to do so would be to offer a bounty to tempt women not to marry, or to get rid of their husbands. There are women who would murder their husbands to secure the right for which so many of them are now hysterically clamoring. And there are too many young girls already who, distracted by the agitation for 'women's rights,' refuse to exchange what they call 'single blessedness' for matrimony."

"And who were there?" continued Clarkson, after a pause, neither he nor Strémof observing that the other men had dropped out of the conversation.

"If I could remember their names! First, Gordon, there was your beautiful friend, the young lady who, before any other, claimed my homage to her kind — Miss Irving. I am grieved, but not surprised, at the way things turned out in her paternal mansion, by the way. And I hear that *ces dames* of high society have not yet extended to the bride the welcome due to her husband's place among them; but who knows if this be so? *Enfin*, there was, with Miss Irving, a young person of the rose and snow and gold type of beauty one sees in our Swedish neighbors,— a ravishing young person, made for smiles and laughter, but serious as a little nun,— how she lectured us! *Ma foi!* — what am I saying, that I ought not to say,—"

"Miss Cox was once engaged to be married to me, that 's all," blurted out Carleton. "But go on; I 've no right to her now, any more than the rest of you."

"I beg ten thousand pardons," cried the distressed Strémof.

"Go on with your description, and you are forgiven," said Carleton, emphatically.

"There was, of course, our hostess, a believer from whom her admiring husband can hardly keep his eyes — even when she is fulminating against his sex's tyranny. Then, two single ladies — friends who live together — who, I am told, have great wealth and a beautiful establishment, and are generous patrons of the arts. The young lady who decorates interiors; she who makes bonnets; she who grows mushrooms; the one who has kennels, and raises prize dogs for the market; one who gives lessons in whist; another who has an emporium for men's shirts; a girl of nineteen who has been coaching male students conditioned in chemistry; a firm of pretty florists; an artist or two; a *littérateuse;* a law student; a lecturer on *bric-à-brac*, in parlors — as you say."

"I beg your pardon, Baron Strémof," put in Clarkson, politely. "'Tonsorial artists' and 'chiropodists' have parlors; *we* have drawing-rooms."

"Thanks, Mr. Clarkson; but I have to unlearn in one city of America what they teach me in another," said Strémof, gaily. "Have I told you all, I wonder? I heard that several of these young women are in receipt of incomes, earned by themselves, that would support a a book-keeper, his wife, and children, in humbler circumstances; that they have great aptitude for business, great energy, and in every case behave with the greatest dignity and prudence. I wonder what old Tolstoi would say to a society like this. He would hail it with delight, *le vieux maître!*"

"That is not all 'unrest and hysteria,' eh, Carleton?" said Gordon. "Were any of these ladies prominent in the discussion of the afternoon, Strémof?"

"Several spoke briefly and gracefully. The longest speech, and it seemed to me the smoothest and best considered, came from the young lady who — er — is Miss Irving's 'chum.' She is really astonishingly suave, and looks to be hardly more than a school-girl. Miss Irving was called upon, but excused herself on the ground that she had not yet formulated her ideas sufficiently to be of weight in the discussion."

"Not yet?" said Gordon, bewildered.

When he had last seen Marion, she had been like a young archangel, pluming his wings for flight into this debate.

"She avowed, very modestly and charmingly, that some of her opinions had been modified recently, and that she was not prepared to try to influence others by her own uncertainties."

"Did — ahem — Miss Cox — say anything about *her* views having modified?" asked Carleton, who had been pondering gloomily.

"Ah — not that I observed," said Strémof.

"Thank you," said Carleton, relapsing into reticence.

"I am accorded the privilege of visiting their bachelor establishment to-morrow afternoon, at tea-time," went on the Russian.

Carleton and Gordon exchanged covert glances.

"They receive, as I understand, at that hour on Thursdays, quite frankly, without a chaperon. But Mrs. Clyde or somebody is sure to be there, *on dit;* and already their little five-o'clocks are very popular."

The rest of the evening in Carleton's rooms dragged, perceptibly. Before they broke up, Clarkson took occasion for a word apart with Gordon.

"I ought to thank you for indirectly putting me into renewed intercourse with my Cousin Kit — Katherine," he said. "Since I undertook those inquiries for you, that in the light of subsequent events I could readily understand — by the way, it was lucky the faculty of Somerville had nothing but good to say of their ex-professor, was n't it? 'T would have been deucedly awkward if she had not been a fit person for the judge to marry."

"Very awkward," said Gordon.

"Has n't turned out extra well, has it? But nobody could suppose a high-spirited creature like Miss Irving would stay there and play second fiddle in that house. Noticed how sort of down in the mouth Irving J. has seemed, lately? Fellows about the courts say it 's because he has got the gray mare domesticated! But where did I begin? Ah! about my cousin Kitty. Katherine, dear soul, passed through town last week, and I danced attendance on her at her hotel; and by George, Gordon, she 's kept wonderfully fresh. I 'm an oldster, beside her. To tell you the truth, if I had n't put all such notions out of my mind, I believe I 'd propose to Kitty to lecture to *me* for the remainder of my days. But I doubt if she 'd have me; she 's just the model of a quiet, contented young old-maid, not an ounce of morbid stuff about her; and I could n't add anything to her happiness, of course."

STRÉMOF, who had engaged Gordon to walk home with him, waited no longer than until they had reached the half-deserted streets, before entering upon a subject that transformed his buoyant manner into one of sober earnest.

"I came here, to-night, Gordon, to get this opportunity to consult you about a matter of great importance. I don't know whether you have surmised what feeling I took out of town with me, and have brought back stronger for absence from its source."

Gordon felt a big throb of the heart. It was the first time what seemed a possibility had been presented to him as a thing likely to happen; and it was not agreeable.

"You observed from the first what a strong hold upon my imagination Miss Irving has. She seems to be the ideal woman I have been seeking, to aid me in carrying out all the plans for my fellow-men that I have cherished from boyhood. Call me a fanatic if you choose, it is in my blood. My father, a dear friend and disciple of Tolstoi, is full of it. I have a young sister who shares Miss Irving's progressiveness — how she would welcome her! It is n't vain of me to tell you that my position at home and my expectations would not be beneath Miss Irving's notice. I shall have large estates, wide interests, great opportunities of control of human destinies. When we first met, Miss Irving told me, with delightful frankness, of her vivid interest in my country, its problems, its people, its literature. Of me, she was good enough to say that I am more like an American than any foreigner she ever met. So I do not think that I displease her, personally; and I know that she charms me, utterly. Now, I am well aware of your former claim on her; but if that is renounced, finally, definitely, I ask you whether I have not the right to try my chance."

"You have every right," said Gordon, mechanically, though he felt a noise like rushing water in his brain.

"I thought you would say so," exclaimed Strémof, with innocent egotism. "I must tell you in all sincerity that I do not expect to woo her as an ordinary lover woos. I expect to set before her my life-work as a chief attraction. I hope to convince her of my sincerity. I can offer to her father every assurance of my

fitness to ask her to be my wife: but, I forget — it is no longer a question of offering to the father — I shall have to ask *her* to weigh me in the balance, and see if I be found wanting. It is in fact a comrade — a fellow-missionary — that I am seeking to take home with me; but that will not prevent my loving her, and being to her what one of her own countrymen would be. Smile at me, if you like, Gordon, *mon ami* — I shall not resent it. I have, no doubt, a way of expressing myself fervently, that you self-contained Americans do not understand. But I am sincere, *voilà tout.*"

"I believe you, Strémof," said his companion, upon whom it was now clearly incumbent to make appropriate answer. "And it 's no use my telling you I understand your feelings. That would be highly superfluous."

"But you see that I could not go on further, without this sanction from you?" cried Strémof, whose radiant zeal made him eager for the relief of speech. "You, who, of all the men I have met in this wonderful inspiring country, are the one I should first choose to be my friend always."

"You are very good," responded Gordon, secretly possessed of a desire to end their friendship then and there by some such indefensible act as knocking Strémof down.

But this was not because he did not, in spite of bitter rivalry, appreciate and admire the honest spirit of his unconscious opponent. He was overpowered by the new idea that danger, like this now threatened, could have come to him from such a quarter. Such a thing as Marion's loving, or giving her hand to, any man of their common acquaintance in New York had never suggested itself. He knew her too well; there was no other possible Richmond in the field! She was cold, fastidious, a dreamer of dreams, isolated by her fancies from risk of impressionability from ordinary sources. It was only some great quixotic enterprise, some task to work out, some definite career to accomplish, that could tempt her. And here was this winning and ardent thoroughbred, appearing to offer just what, under the peculiar circumstances, might prove to be a welcome outlet for her energies.

"I do not ask you, my dear Gordon, to give me your good wishes," pursued the young man. "It is too much; because, whatever the cause of your separation from the lady, I well know you cannot be pleased to think of another man winning that prize."

"Confound his impudence!" was Gordon's thought, as he assented with some unintelligible monosyllable that might have meant anything.

It was perhaps well for both of them that the conversation came to an end in their arrival at the door of Gordon's lodgings. He did not ask Strémof to go in, nor did the latter seem to expect it.

"*Vous ne m'en voulez pas*, Gordon?" he said, as they parted, with a boyish appeal that upon another subject would have won a cordial response. "You won't keep a grudge for me? You think I have been, as you say, 'fair and square.'"

"Altogether fair and square," said Gordon, giving him his hand.

Strémof, humming *Carmen's* song, heard at his first meeting with Marion, fared gaily off into the night. Gordon, on his door-stone, watched the blithe fellow disappear, and then mounted his stairs, feeling as if a leaden weight were attached to each foot. Opening his desk, he took out, as he had done on a former occasion, Marion's photograph, and again gazed at it, but with a different feeling.

"You did not reclaim this from me!" he said to her, in spirit. "You knew you could trust it with me. And to prove that you were right, I now surrender it."

A fire was burning behind a wire-gauze screen upon his hearth. Removing the screen, he realized for the first time the chill of his fingers and of his heart.

Bending down, he threw the photograph upon the coals. Strangely enough, it fell erect, and shriveled from below, leaving her lovely eyes gazing at him untouched.

He could not resist an impulse to pluck away the fragment, and, scorching his fingers in the act, thrust the remainder of the card into destruction.

"*Finis!*" he said, aloud, the smart of his burn recalling him from dreamland to the infirmities of poor physical nature.

After this, he knew, it would be no more in him to make a step in her direction until she should ask it, than for the obelisk in the park to wander forth to pay court to Diana on the tall tower.

(To be continued.)

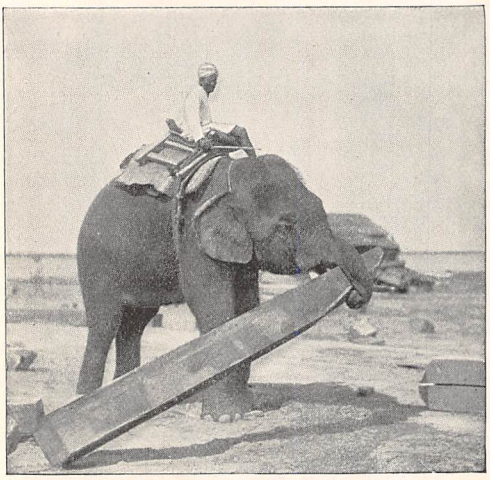
Constance Cary Harrison.



"'PERHAPS WE OUGHT NOT TO DISTURB YOU.'"

(SEE PAGE 882.)

WHERE THE TEAK-WOOD GROWS.



AN ELEPHANT LIFTING TIMBER.

IN the heart of untrodden jungles, on thick-wooded hillsides, leaning over the brinks of precipices, where tropical creepers twist like snakes choking the life out of younger growths, where orchids flaunt aloft, and strange vines bloom, there the teak-wood grows. Against its corrugated bark tigers and leopards sharpen their claws, and under its thick shade strange beasts rest by day.

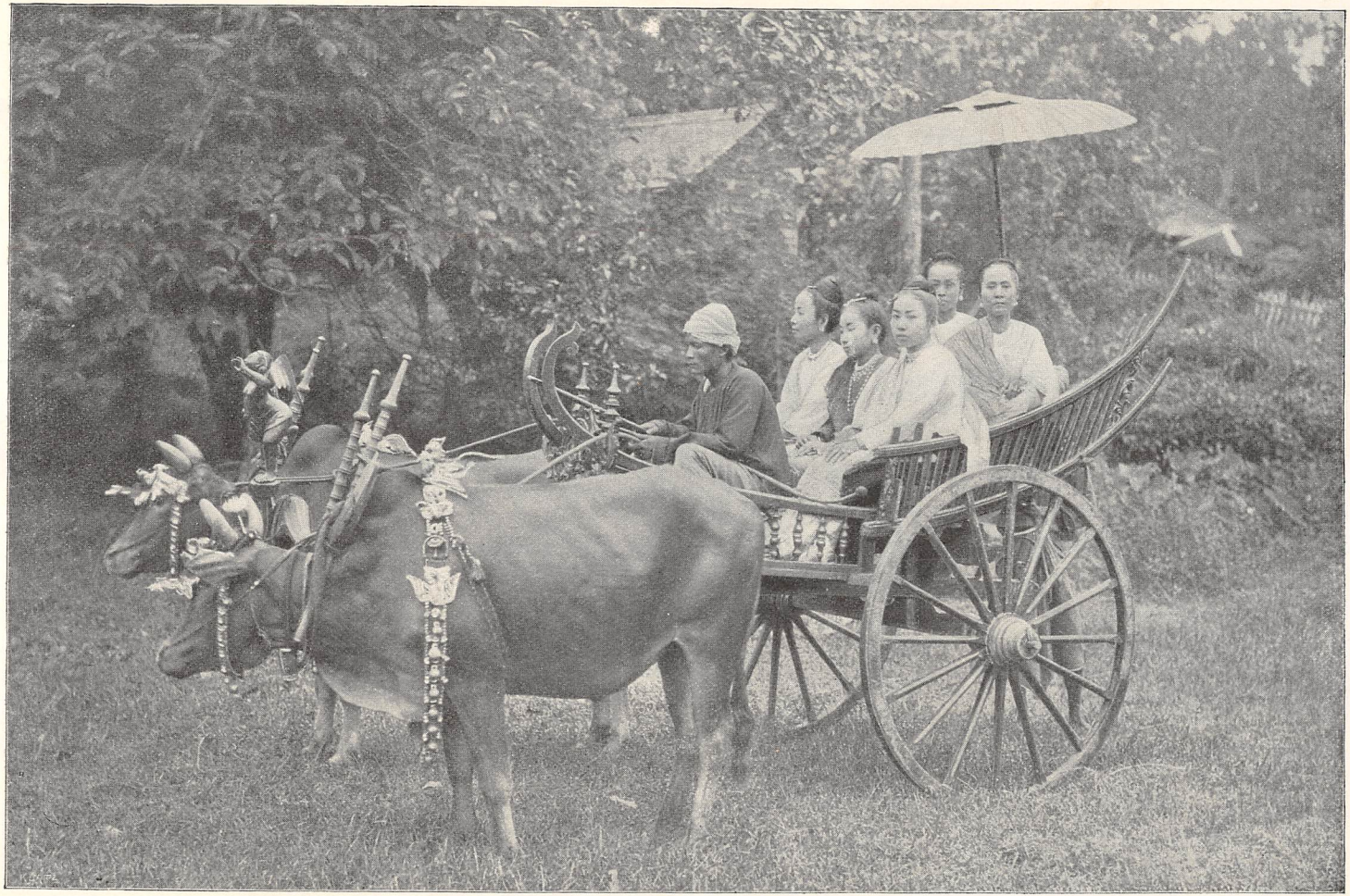
That atom of animate destruction, the white ant, has passed it by. Other growths have reared their heads out of the jungle around it, have grown, have lived their day, died, and rotted back to the roots which supplied them with life. In comparison man has been a midget, a mote in the sun, hunting his fellow animals with flint-headed arrows and stone axes, flitting, passing, gone; but the great oaks have grown, have spread their arms benignantly over the dust of tiny shapes beneath, and, planted in dignity, have stood as emblems of strength and power in meditations lasting one, two, three, five, and six hundred years. They have secreted the units of time in their hearts as a maiden hides the thoughts of her first love. Days have come as thick as the snows that fall on Kunchinjinga, or as the waves crowding one another to the shores of the Bengal Sea. And then, as if to give color to the superstition of the hill-man long since gone with his tribe to the land where shadows fall deeper than those cast by the teak-tree in the jungle, out of these emblems of strength has grown a weakness that has overthrown a nation.

The first oak of Burmah to be felled by a white man was symbolic of the nation's fall, and when the visitor to Mandalay is shown the king's palace, and reads the inscription on one side of a bungalow-like veranda: "King Theebaw sat in this opening with his two Queens and the Queen Mother when he gave himself up to General Prendergast on the 30th day of November, 1885," if he cares to continue the fancy, he will notice that on each side of this opening the oaken carvings are broken and defaced, as if the events which changed a dynasty had leaned upon the teak-wood, and it had fallen beneath the weight.

The gathering of this timber store has been an industry ever since man of any color inhabited the country. Teak grows only in India and Burmah, and in old palaces and temples it has held indestructible place for many generations. From the color of sandal-wood it changes with age to walnut-brown. Big unpainted bungalows standing upon pillars of the wood, sided with it, shingled with it, latticed with it, defy heat and rain, and grow rich upon their poverty of oil and varnish. They stand, as brown as autumn, out of green compounds against summer itself. Vines wrap them, flowers garnish them, years add moss and lichen, but nothing destroys save flame. Railroad car-wheels, spikes for laying track, pegs for bolts, implements of all sorts, are made of teak. No one save a shipwright knows just how many parts of a ship are built from this muscle of nature, but every one who has walked the deck of bark or steamer has a consciousness that no amount of holystoning, or dragging of cargo over, or wear and tear of feet and traffic, can in an ordinary sense affect a teak-wood floor.

The Burmese wood-carver knows his art is almost hewn in stone when he coaxes leaf and flower, sacred cow and festival-cart, grotesque sprites and elves, gods and Buddhas, out of rugged trunks. The little prow of the sampan shaped like a wishbone, the stern of the paddy-boat as brown with age as the naked figure upon it is with the elements, the strange plinths of stranger pillars, the embellishments of the temples, the playthings of the children — all these are carved from teak.

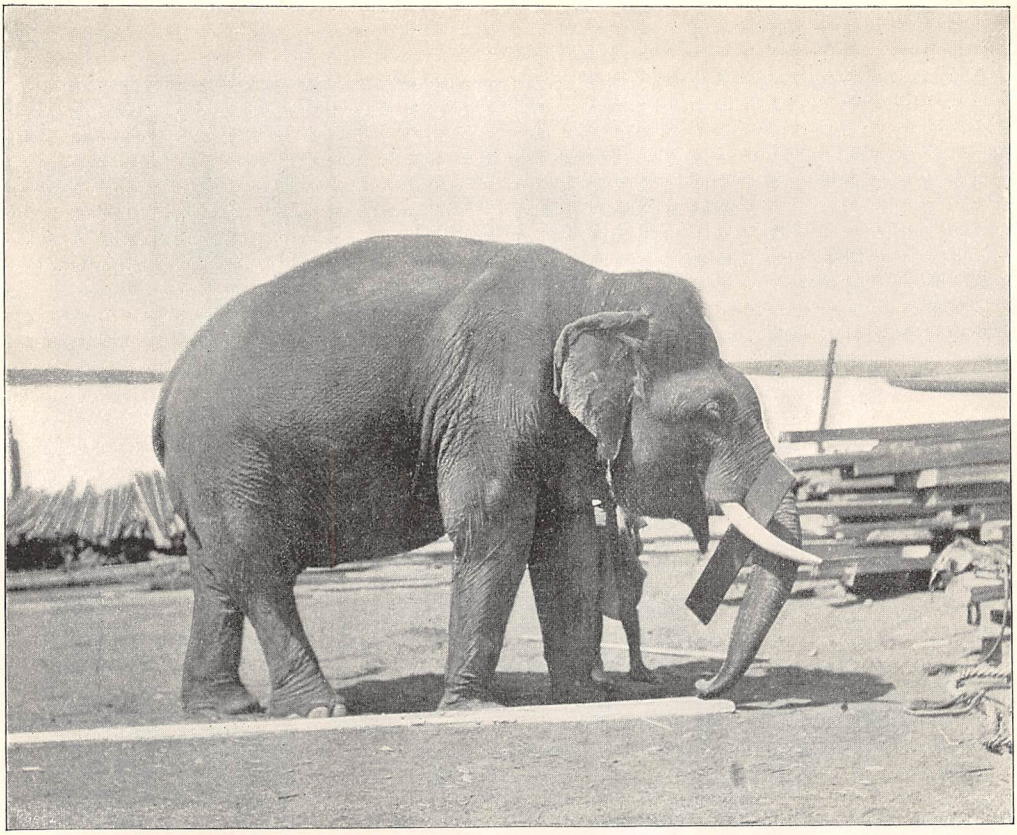
But it is a strange industry. To those who know how the Norway pine is marketed, and how the big timber of Maine and Wisconsin and the far West is dragged by oxen and horses from the forests, it seems strange to see the teak-



A BURMESE FAMILY IN A FESTIVAL-CART.



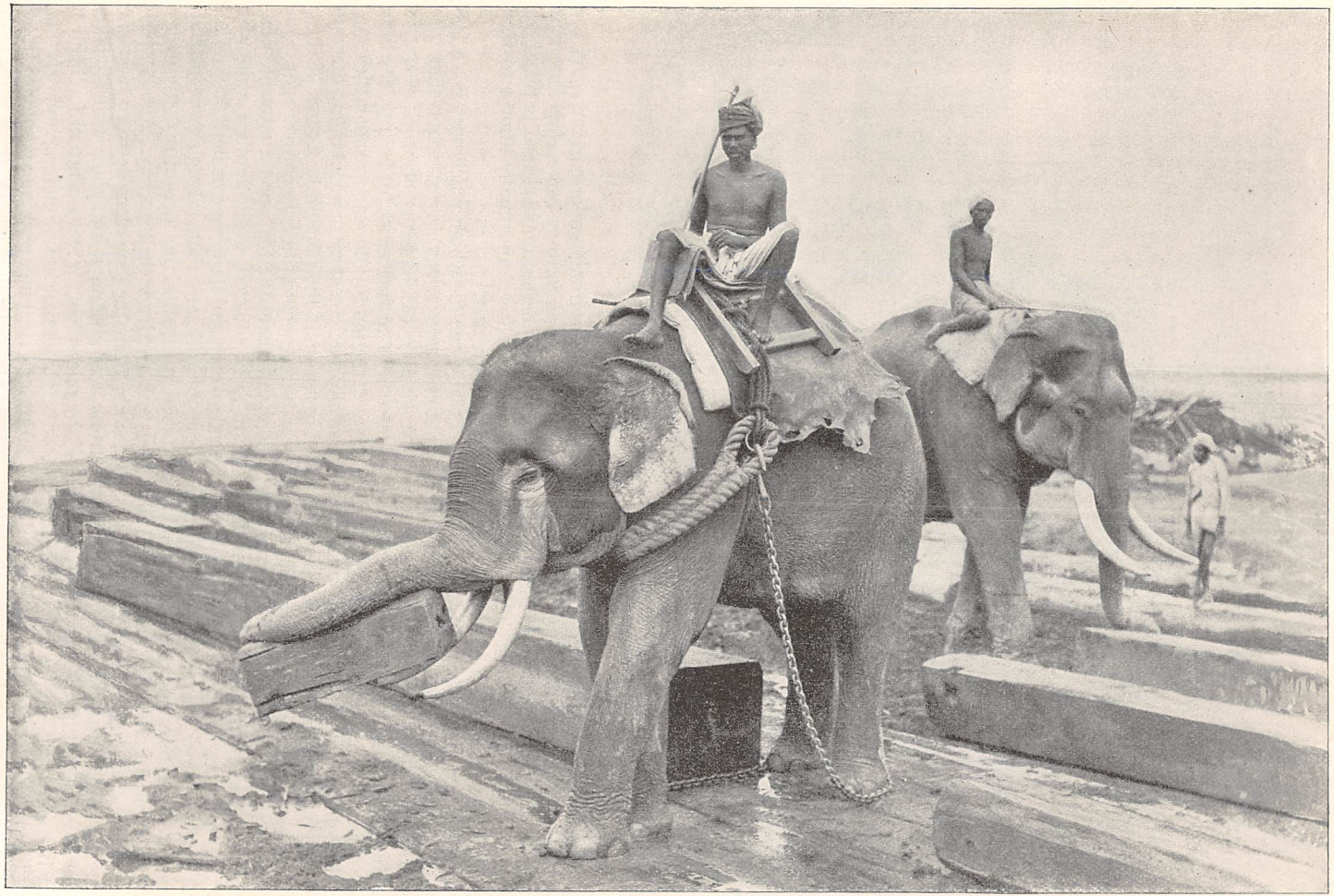
SHIPPING AN ELEPHANT.



AN ELEPHANT AT WORK IN THE TEAK-YARD.

wood handled by elephants. They are imported from lower to upper Burmah for this industry, and they march hundreds of miles into the jungle to remote teak districts. They push logs with trunk and tusks, and pull them by chains or ropes attached to the huge *shawback*, a sort of harness going round the big body and broad chest, and deposit them in streams to make the long journey by river to the mills along the banks below. Slow journeys these must be. There are no ice gorges, no "jams" under gray skies whose clouds are torn by skirling winds, when waters are chill and huge black logs rush like sheep after one another, helter-skelter, jostling the waters aside into impatient foam, and blocking a riverway. But the teak-logs set adrift by these slow giants float down jungle-skirted streams. Strange creatures come down to drink at night, and wild peacocks shrill at the dull procession dribbling by without so much as a ripple in the wake. The sun beats hot by day, the Southern Cross tilts over to the azure by night, and bats as big as little foxes hang like live fruits from the boughs, or drop into the heavy air on velvet wings, to weave a witches' lace across the star-filled nights. There are quicksands below, and sucking mudbanks, and strong, swirling under-currents. At the end of the long journey other elephants wait to pull the rudderless crafts ashore, to pile them with their fellows, and finally almost to feed them to the saw.

To any one for whom machinery has a fascination there is nothing stranger than the first glimpse of elephants at work about it. Amidst the hissing swish of belting, the buzz of saws, the multitudinous separate rattles mingled into a universal roar and vibrating through a big saw-mill, the ponderous figures of these slow-paced helpers present a curious sight. One elephant places the log upon a movable platform to be squared, while another waits with restless eyes and flapping ears until the saw has done its work, and then, taking a twist in an attached rope, slips the loop of it deftly over a big tusk, and leads the log away. Another piles timber, lifting the long piece between tusks and trunk, and pushing it into place with the latter if the pile is low, or with a broad forehead if the height demands it. Fetching and carrying, lifting and stacking, pushing and pulling, these docile and patient giants do their work without complaint, week in and week out. Sometimes the *mahout* (*oozee* it is in Burmese) walks



ELEPHANT IN SHAWBACK HARNESS, IN THE TEAK-WOOD YARD, RANGOON, BURMAH.

beside the beast, sometimes he sits on its big neck or broad back. But his indolent figure never seems to be necessary, for one cannot watch an elephant at work very long without acquiring the conviction, however mistaken, that the intelligent direction of his labor is all his own.

The world over — except in America — timber is conserved by government. Nowhere else is nature's great storehouse depleted and swept clean by ignorant minds and misdirected hands. Who that has visited France has failed to observe the artificial forests planted in lines as straight as an army dressing ranks, or to notice with bewilderment those dancing diagonals of timber opening away from car-windows like lanes of dryads, or corn-rows glimpsing in bewitching green? On the other side of the Pyrenees the Spanish peasant carefully cuts the season's growth of twigs from fruit-bearing trees, and transforms them into charcoal for fuel, the sticks of which are the size of lead-pencils. The German forester, before he can secure a position under government in the Schwarzwald, must know what soil nourishes the huge fibers of the forest, what rocks are their companions, what enemies come on foot or wing, or bore silently at the roots. He must know why a tree dies — must learn to read the pallor of a leaf, the signs of drooping life about a stalwart stem. He is a practical geologist and botanist, turning his knowledge to account. But the American is clearing-mad. He must chop to live. He is a mighty man of muscle, equipped for forestry with a strong ax and arm. In northern Wisconsin and Michigan he makes bonfires in the fields out of his abundance of timber, while his prairie-stranded brother in Minnesota and Dakota burns twisted hay through an almost arctic winter. Here and there through the primeval forests the lumberman cuts rude paths. Sometimes he is wise in woodcraft, but his lands are his own, and he owes no duty to future generations. His grandchildren will burn coal, or move south in winter. He leaves the fuel, the waste, from this work for kindlings in the broken solitude behind him, and a chance spark from a locomotive passing in a whirl of dead leaves, or the premeditated deviltry of ignorance, sets the fire which destroys thousands of feet of timber where he has cut hundreds, for the deadfall feeds the flames. In the far West the lines of transcontinental railroads run through incalculable waste. Over the Rockies, over the Selkirks, over the Gold Range, the Canadian Pacific is girdled and guarded by ghosts. Gray as the past, dead as Adam, these phantom forests lift their bones as bleached and sapless as the skeletons of our once countless herds of buffalo that have passed into tradition.

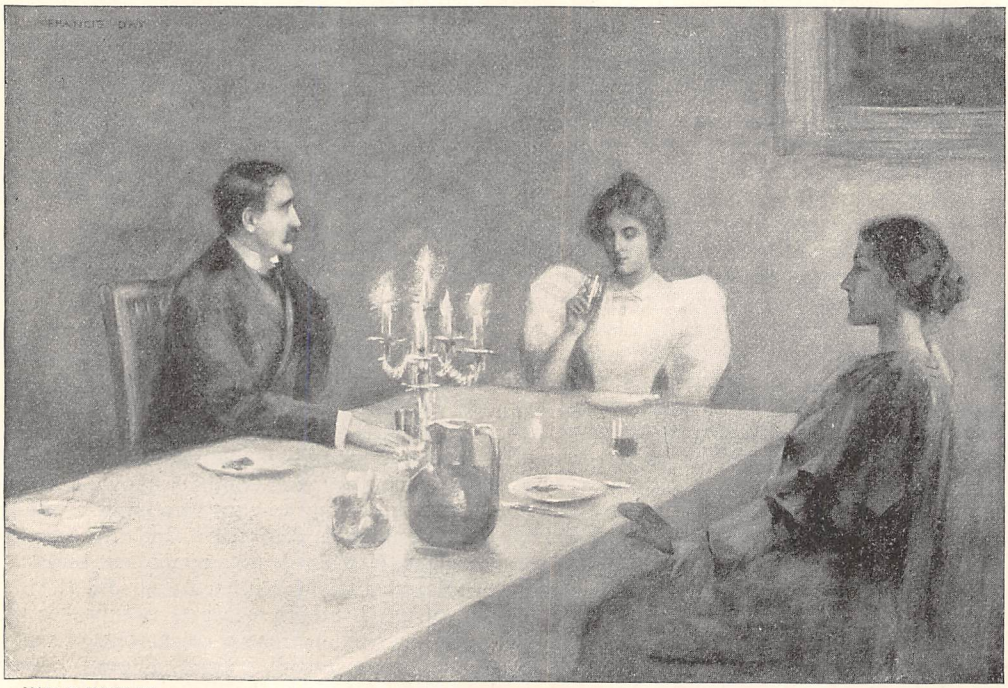
But age grows wise, and to the comparatively untouched jungle of upper Burmah the Englishman has brought his habit of economy. It took generations to teach him this, no doubt, but he has had Europe for his experienced guide. Therefore, as soon as Burmah became a British possession, government took upon itself the protection of the timber industry. Government "kills" all trees that are destined for the Bombay-Burmah Trading Corporation, whose annual cut is one hundred thousand tons. Girdled trees stand three years before being felled, for a green teak-log sinks like a plummet.

There are two of these great oaks standing to-day that have been dignified by name. They were growing when Columbus discovered America, and were old when the house of the present empress of India reckoned its membership only among the commonalty. They are called The Two Brothers, and keep lonely watch over the priestless temple of Aloung-dah-katapoh. The nearest spot where man dwells is one hundred miles away, and unbroken jungle lies between. According to native tradition, a priest of great holiness died there, and the temple sprang up by magic, with a recumbent Buddha of colossal size lying within. At the idol's head, one of the Brothers measures twenty feet in circumference, and has a clean stem of sixty feet up to its spreading arms. Pilgrims come here as devout as any who ever visited the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, or looked at the picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe-Hidalgo so mysteriously printed upon a leathern apron. These expeditions into the jungle are pilgrimages indeed, and according to his means the pilgrim carries treasure to the shrine. The colossal figure is overlaid with gold-leaf, pasted on in squares, as a few faithful Buddhists paste their paper prayers over some stone heart, in the row of a hundred idols sitting in the valley beyond Nikko. For such the drums in the Shinto temple beat in vain, for the gods of their fathers, though deserted, are still strong to faith.

Last year a robbery was committed at Aloung-dah-katapoh. The god had been covered with gold, slowly but surely, to the depth of three or four inches, and some one — a foreigner presumably — hacked and chipped the precious metal off in many places, and carried the treasure away. No one knew the circumstances of this theft, nor when it was committed, but as soon as it was discovered by some one passing, and word taken to civilization, a special pilgrimage was organized, and the losses of the god were made good.

Marion Manville Pope.

AS IT HAPPENED.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY.

"SHE DRANK HER ICED TEA IN SILENCE."

HER hair was pale; her eyes were meekly blue; she was nineteen, and had been out a year; she sketched in water-colors "a little," and read books of her mother's choosing; at society chit-chat she made a poor show, and slang upon her lips was devoid of both vulgarity and piquancy. She did not flirt—this was partly because she was shy, partly because she had always been so very well chaperoned, partly because she did not care for men, and because no man had ever loved her or pretended to, but chiefly because she had not given it a thought, and had she desired to flirt, would not have known how. And her name was Lulie. No one thought she would marry well. She herself did not think she would.

Her first evening at Montrose she spent on the piazza listening to Mrs. Blake on county scandals. Not that county scandals interested her, oh, no; but she had a way of listening to people; besides, there was nothing else to do. Van Antwerp, the only man, she took for granted was in love with Beatrice — Beatrice, the only other girl, reciprocating, as was meet; and they had gone rowing. She could see their boat, a horizontal dash of black upon the river.

At tea she wore a white gown with blue ribbons, and ate her bread and ham and drank her iced tea in silence, while Van Antwerp looked her over in a friendly way, and Beatrice ignored her. After tea she took a book of poetry from the center-table in the parlor, and read it by a coal-oil lamp, while candle-bugs crawled down her back. Through a window opposite she heard a distant murmuring, and saw a white form and a black one close together in the moonlight. She was not envious; she was too humble to be envious; she had sat too long and frequently against the wall the previous winter not to have become self-depreciative.

She went on calmly reading:

Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,
"Guess now who holds thee?" "Death!" I said.
But there,
The silver answer rang, "Not Death, but Love."

Although her esthetic sense approved the fancy and her ear the rhyme, in her heart she did not understand one word of it.

Another girl in Lulie's place would have written at once to her father for money to go home, and yet another — and a wiser — would have perceived the possibilities of the situation, and stayed on at any hazard. Lulie was of neither sort; she never rebelled; she never perceived; she never "grappled with her evil star," nor any star. Some people have the elasticity of rubber balls, which rebound, and others that of sodden snow-balls, which stick where they have fallen.

Beatrice was charming, selfish, and giddy-headed, pretty by nature and beautiful by design. Each of her several seasons had added something to all this. Her gowns, if not from Worth, and her hats, if not from Virot, were built on the lines of those great artists. Her skin was creamy and rose-tinted; her hair was rust-red to the roots; and on her dressing-table stood a bottle of peroxide of hydrogen, and a box of pasty red stuff marked conspicuously "Pour les ongles"; and she always took an hour, and sometimes longer, to dress, but then her dressing justified it. I can best describe her by saying that she looked like one of Ehrhart's girls. Ehrhart's girls, however, have no hearts; and Beatrice had one.

Van Antwerp was a catch, in a calculating mother's and a sentimental daughter's sense; this saves the trouble of a flattering description. He had been in love, so-called, with many women, and the oftener he loved the less he was inclined to marry. He fell in love with Beatrice because he happened to be idle, and she charming and designing; he fell out of love with her again because she fell in love with him.

Civilization breeds shams. In medieval times when a man hated another man he never rested till he killed him; when he loved a woman — even to the extent of a nineteenth century flirtation — he won her if he died for it: these things were the realities of life. Now we hate and forbear, love and forswear, and the realities of life are — well, the things that can be bought with money. Flirtation — I am speaking psychically — is one of the most of shams. Love, of all the gods, is the most jealous of his dignity: trifle with him, and the Furies will avenge him.

The modern game of flirtation is rarely a draw. The woman holds the master cards, and if she keeps her head — or her heart — cool, the game is hers. If the man happens to fall in love, and is a catch, she may marry him; if he does n't, or is n't, she may dismiss him with a blessing, and rest assured that, in either case, years afterward, when he gets her wedding-cards, he will smoke a pipe over them, and tell himself, with all sincerity, that she is the only woman he ever loved. But if she should be the one to fall in love the game is lost. She is in the anomalous position of trying to keep what she never had. She knows it, and goes to pieces. She loses nerve, and the *insouciance*, and charming independence that so won him at the start, and takes to clinging. He wearies of her; but she clings the closer. His Dulcinea becomes his old man of the sea. He begins to hate her, and looks around for outside sympathy and deliverance. This is the time for the other woman — any other woman,

> Be she brown, or fair, or so
> That she be but somewhat young.

This, in fact, was the time when Lulie — Lulie, as innocent of intention as the mouse that nibbles a match and sets a house on fire — came to Montrose.

Had Van Antwerp met Lulie in town during the season he would undoubtedly have passed her by. Now she was as welcome as a breeze to a ship becalmed at sea. As his tête-à-têtes with Beatrice became fewer, he grew more and more gregarious; but when his *penchant* for *la solitude à deux* returned it was Lulie whom he sought as a party to it. This, at first, was for no other reason than because she was another woman.

One evening he took her driving, and her hat brim collided with his. It was a warm evening, she took off her hat, a big leghorn with pink roses, and laid it on her knee. He talked of books, and found that her taste was the same as his. He said that Stevenson and Kipling were his favorites among contemporary story-writers. She said she thought their stories "very pretty." He said he was fond of poetry — of Swinburne, Byron, Meredith, and others, but that Browning made himself incomprehensible by acting up to the epigram that language was invented for the concealment of thought, and she agreed with him again. They came home through the twilight, when the trees along the road cast a vague gloom which was not definite shadow, and the golden west was streaked with bronze, and a rose-colored moon was rising in the purple east. All this, and the fact that she was a woman, led him to quote erotic poetry with personal applications. The wind had blown a color to her cheeks, and had tossed the tendrils of her hair; but the profile turned toward him was as innocent of coquetry as the profile of a virgin by Burne-Jones. He looked at her, and in his heart there awakened an enthusiasm for her coldness.

That night Beatrice wore her prettiest gown, and was her best and brightest; but Van Antwerp heeded not. She understood enough of the human heart to know that it is not to be understood; therefore she could not tell whether his indifference was real or feigned. Later, when they went up-stairs, she took her comb

and curl-papers to Lulie's room, and in the course of conversation hinted that Van Antwerp was a flirt.

A week or two passed. During this time Beatrice learned to know hate, regret, despair, the stings of wounded vanity and despised love, and the agony of trying to seem interested in old women's gossip when her ears were strained for distant whisperings and her eyes for vanished forms. But Lulie remained unsuspiciously tranquil, and Van Antwerp felt growing in his heart a joy as sweet as it was new.

Lulie, as I have hinted, was fond of sketching. Van Antwerp, in a surprisingly short time, developed a taste for watching her sketch, although his artistic taste could not indorse the result. One day they found a natural arbor on the shore formed by a persimmon-tree, a sugar-berry-tree, and a cedar. She sat down in the shade, and began to wrestle with pearl-gray sky and sunlight on a sail. He stretched himself at full-length upon the sand, and talked of the craze affected by some artists for purple shadows, both in flesh and nature, and described a picture that he had seen of sirens grouped upon a rock, among the grinning skulls of perished victims, waving their arms to passing ships, while the purple bloom of twilight, deepening in the distance, glazing the white flesh and bleaching bones, gave to the scene a charm of unreality and mystery. She said she thought it must be "lovely." Then he studied the freckles on her nose,— there were ten, not counting several little ones,— and thought that innocence was more beautiful than beauty, and silent sympathy more eloquent than wit; that ideal love was not merely a poet's fancy, and that life was gloriously worth the living.

This is the simple story of how Van Antwerp fell in love with Lulie. Ennui, a desire for sympathy, propinquity in the nick of time — all had a hand in it. He fell in love as *Romeo*, I take it, did with *Juliet* — he was primed for a great love by a little one. Beatrice maintains to this day that it was all on account of Lulie's scheming; but one cannot trust the judgment of a jealous woman.

Nevertheless, Beatrice needs a word of pity. One evening, when Lulie had gone up-stairs to dress, she waylaid Van Antwerp in the hall. He was embarrassed and impatient, dreading possible reproaches. She raised her face to him; her cheeks looked impertinently red under her sad eyes.

"Van," she said, using her old name for him, "you love her!"

He did not reply; he seemed to be looking through her and beyond her, and there was a smile upon his lips that was beautiful to see. Then she turned and walked away, out of the house, toward the sunset, trailing her crisp skirts in the early dew. His rushlight had masqueraded as a star until a star had risen and shamed it; her bud of promise had been eaten by worms before the time of blooming. That was all there was of it.

When Van Antwerp told Lulie that he loved her he did it rather badly, he who had practised the art of love-making, in every fashionable summer-resort east of the Alleghenies, on débutantes and women of the world galore. He had loved before, 't is true, but never unto matrimony. In this lay his embarrassment. She who had never listened to a word of love was frightened and bewildered. But at last they understood each other.

"Life is a lovely fairy-tale," says Andersen. Yes, a fairy-tale, but lovely only for the Prince and Cinderella, not for the godmother (a tool), the parents and the stupid crowd (mere supes), and the ugly sisters gnashing their teeth in envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness — above all, not for the ugly sisters! My heart bleeds for the ugly sisters. In this case there was only one, and she was prettier than Cinderella, and her heart was just as loving, and her feet were smaller — undeniably. But it is the same old tale.

After a while Beatrice went her way; and Lulie went hers, and Van Antwerp went Lulie's. Beatrice thought evil things of Lulie; Lulie and Van Antwerp thought delightful things of each other, but of Beatrice, not at all; and I think, as I have always thought, that men are children who deliberately break their toys, and cry for others — cheaper or dearer, it does n't matter — that they see in the shop windows.

Nannie A. Cox.

TO A MOCKING-BIRD.

THE name thou wearest does thee grievous wrong:
No mimic thou; that voice is thine alone.
The poets sing but strains of Shakspere's song;
The birds, but notes of thine imperial own.

Henry Jerome Stockard.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

LANDOR is generally held to be the last of the Greek writers, but the race never dies out, if its distinction is admitted to reside not merely in its rhetorical habit, but in its spirit of alertness and vivacity. The combination in Landor of classic transparency and conciseness with such Elizabethan brawn as belongs to his "conversations" is itself a proof of the complex nature which the most Attic of writers may possess. Sainte-Beuve was a classic author, and so was Matthew Arnold, yet you have to reckon with an enormous fund of romantic sensitiveness in the former, and the English critic, for all his serenity and power of intellectual detachment, was one of the most modern of men. Hence it seems to me that a quick intelligence will perceive in Mr. Stedman not exclusively the classic temperament underlying his affection for the Greek anthology, nor the purely contemporaneous taste which inclines him to his present labors upon the new edition of Poe, but a happy blending of both impulses.

This meeting of the two lines of development is the more natural, perhaps, because there is really nothing more modern than the vein of feeling which we commonly associate with the greatest of past civilizations. The old conception of antique life as a statuesque affair of academic robes and frigid poses has disappeared before a closer acquaintance with the pictures of an entirely unaffected society which the old poets and prose-writers present. It is with the more confidence, then, that traits are ascribed to Mr. Stedman which would hardly be credited, on a superficial view, to a man of letters so thoroughly imbued, as he is known to be, with the multifarious colors of the present day. These observations might seem to refer only to his work. They are, however, in perfect agreement with the more or less personal consideration inspired by the portrait on the frontispiece page which these lines accompany. In and out of his books Mr. Stedman brings with him the same stimulating atmosphere — produced on one side by the precision and clarity of the older tradition to which I have referred, on the other, by his immediate response to the appeal of the moment.

The exact accent of that response is one of the most interesting points in Mr. Stedman's character. His sympathy is boundless, and he has flung the mantle of his critical cordiality over many writers whom a less genial judge would leave to the doubtful shelter of their own thin diction. No one has been kinder to the minor poet on both sides of the Atlantic. But while he bends to do this, he never seems to sacrifice his equilibrium. His patience with the "stained-glass poets," as he named them, of the Victorian era has never diminished the value of his analysis of their betters. This is due to a very great extent to the classic strain in his temperament, to the impersonal animus of all his judgments. That is to say, there is no trace of time or of place in his dealings with the literary topics which have occupied so much of his time. He is cosmopolitan to the core.

As a literature grows it inevitably sheds many of its most national idiosyncrasies, its fiber belonging less to the nation as its makers belong more to the world at large, through recognizing its standards and paying heed to its opinions. There is no such mellowness, there is no such indigenous flavor, in Tennyson or in Arnold as go to weave the spell of Spenser or of Herrick. There is no such deep-throated laughter in Balzac as there is in the Rabelais whom he uselessly sought to echo, and no polished *boulevardier* of the day, no matter how great his gift, could hope to catch the rich Gaulish note of Brantôme's gossip. The transition sometimes implies a gain, more often not, but it always involves a difference which has its distinct significance while leaving comparisons harmless and even gracious. For example, in a great deal that has contributed to the establishment of American letters it is obvious that the delightful streaks of humor by which it is rendered peculiar are as racy, as local, as the hills and woods from which our authors have drawn some of their most potent inspiration. Mr. Stedman's vivacity is essentially that of a citizen of the world; without being especially caustic, he is yet incisive, compact, beyond the usual measure of American wit, and his whole air is of a culture thoroughly independent of geographical conditions. He has done a great deal to modernize American literature, to purge it of Americanisms, and to express in it the tacit knowledge of laws formulated by neither one school nor the other, which is one of the surest tests of scholarship. This has not resulted in any cooling of his emotions, as witness his "Alice of Monmouth," or any of his war poems, and the gusto of the delightful ballad which was one of his earliest poetic successes. Nor has it modified his Americanism, and by that is signified not the stress of some

moving episode, like the civil war, but a changeless, spontaneous intuition for American figures and for the American character. The charming "Huntington House," which appeared in these pages recently, illustrates the quality very aptly. The ladies Huntington themselves hardly could have brought home to the imagination a more convincing touch of the sentiment and environment of their village and time than is conveyed in that spirited poem.

For spirited Mr. Stedman always is, regardless of his theme. His vitality is inexhaustible, and he is animating, whether he is musing over the quaint sedateness of old New England gentility, whether he is breathing the sweet, still air of a Greek eclogue, or is turning the leaves of a singer as *macabre* as Poe. The critical address on poetry which forms his latest published volume might not unfairly be classed as a treatise, yet where, in a production of that scientific nature, will you find an equally diversified and epigrammatic stream of eloquence, an elucidation of the poetic ministrations handling those sacred mysteries with so much felicity of imagery and phrase, with so much deftness and point? Mr. Stedman's faculty has ever taken this free and entertaining direction. He has a poet's insight into the beauties of poetry. He has also the poet's gift of irony, of banter, a circumstance which materially extends the scope of his art as a critic; for along with such metaphors of grace and tact as he has invented in his tributes to the genius of Shelley and Keats, he is capable also of such a sentence as that in which he summed up, once for all, some years ago, the afternoon-tea movement in English poetry. "Five thousand socialists are bawling around St. Paul's, and English poets are writing triolets." Despite his sincere regard for the younger poets of England and America, Mr. Stedman is never averse to giving them the good-humored rap on the knuckles which they need. He is interested in, and himself handles with facility, the mechanism upon which some of the daintiest of modern verse has been founded. He speaks of Gautier with warmth, and has not only a poet's admiration for Musset and Banville, but looks with a poetic curiosity upon all the ingenious experiments which have been made upon the midslopes of the French Parnassus. But it is only necessary to hear him defend what is defensible in Browning — a task which needs neither an enthusiast nor an *advocator diaboli*, but a critic of Mr. Stedman's loyalty and discrimination — to realize how keenly his ear is attuned to the deepest, purest, most elemental strains in poetry. He has always appreciated Whitman. He delights in Tennyson's almost Oriental delicacy of touch. He delights equally in the sledge-hammer strokes of Browning. This is not only a matter of taste, of acumen; it is a matter of temperament, and in reverting to Mr. Stedman's perception of the tumultuous ichor in Browning's poetic veins one comes back less to his criticism than to his instinctive love for whatever is strong and charged with human as well as poetic passion. His own disposition is never to give the motive too keen an edge, and if he ever essayed in his youth the drama which every poet is believed to have brought forth, it is more probable that it was a comedy than the regulation five-act play of horrors and despair. But youth is catholic in its admiration, and if it may be said, in all respect, of the eyes which look from the portrait herewith presented with so much of the steadiness and kindliness of maturity, that they have unfailingly regarded the world with the light of youth, the impartiality with which they apprehend every phase of emotion will then be understood.

Mr. Stedman is always just a trifle in advance of the latest thing, and this makes it a little difficult to keep up with him. The most energetic of young men are not more ardent, more speedily aware of the new book, the new play, than the man who has seen the evolution of a whole generation of poets. The difference is that the discovery comes to the veteran without effort, and often, as has been said, in advance of the rest. Look into his works on the English and American poets of the century; look into the great anthology of American prose and verse in which he divides with another critic (Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson) the honor of marshaling for the first time in our history an adequate representation of our literature. The survey discloses many names which, until the publication of these volumes, were but slightly known, if known at all, to the readers who have since given them a wide reputation. It would be difficult to say how many of the newer poets of America have profited by Mr. Stedman's encouragement and advice. And their gratitude to him draws an added stimulus from the engaging way in which the advice is proffered. Authority goes with scholarship, and Mr. Stedman has both, but in spite of his emphasis it cannot be said of him that he is pedagogic. If he ever prints the translation from the Greek upon which I believe he has long been engaged, it is certain to prove the antithesis of a pedantic version. The passage from one of the pastorals which is included in his last volume shows how flexible his spirit and style are when working in a substance well-calculated to test a translator's poetic feeling as well as his accuracy. Mr. Stedman is never the professor, yet it is conceivable that he would occupy a chair of literature in some university with great satisfaction to his students. The easy play of his discursive method, enriching every stage of his discourse with the happiest

and most illustrative of allusions, makes him a model among poetic mentors.

If he has never worn the master's robes it has been due probably to his deep-rooted fondness for the habiliments of Bohemia. He wore them, metaphorically at least, in the early days of his life in New York, when Pfaff's was a literary shrine in which all the poets of that time gathered, and his "Diamond Wedding" was an appropriate offering to its muse. He wears them now in the same figurative sense when the revels of the Centurions and the Players require it, and at any time he has a ready reply to a salutation couched in one of Béranger's ringing lyrics, or a fragment from Murger's party-colored work.

But in seeking for a closing word on Mr. Stedman it is necessary to choose some loftier interpreter than either of these, for his significance is of a more serious character. One thinks of him as the friend of new interests, of new thoughts, of new ideals. One thinks more often as the contemporary and intimate of the leaders whose work he has shared in the formation of American literature. Lowell and Longfellow were his friends. Of Whittier he has written more clearly and more justly than could have been possible for any one who had not grasped through companionship and kindred experiences the Quaker poet's point of view. His first years of literary craftsmanship brought him in contact with men like Bayard Taylor and Ripley, and for a long time he worked side by side with John R. G. Hassard, one of the finest critics of his period. Like all the members of this famous company, he stands for what is most admirable in American letters. That his influence will be felt in the development of the latter is one of the most gratifying thoughts that arise in the presence of his portrait.

Royal Cortissoz.

ECHOES OF THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

THE first lesson given to us by the Religious Congress was the consciousness of our Christian divisions. I must say that nowhere have I been so struck by the variety and apparent irreconcilability of these divisions as in this country. Not only the internal differences between doctrines divide people, and keep them apart from one another, but even the mere exterior fact of going to one church and not to another. The church, no longer as a spiritual congregation, but as a building, seems to make people feel that they are different from people who go to another building, and that they belong to a different class of human beings. How many seem to believe that they live in order to go to church, and not that they go to church in order to learn how to live! If people would only realize that they have to meet in life and not in church, how unimportant would be the fact that they come from different churches, compared with the fact of their meeting in the same life! Never has this been more beautifully demonstrated than at that memorable scene of the opening session of the Religious Congress on September 11, 1893. How low must have fallen the barriers which separated a Presbyterian from a Methodist when they saw sitting next to one another an archbishop of the Greek Church, a Buddhist from Ceylon, a Catholic bishop, a Confucianist from Japan! How small certain people must have felt with their little sectarian flag in front of that wonderful platform overshadowed by the banner of brotherhood! These men need not have said a word: they were eloquent enough by their appearance; it was a silent proclamation of unity — not unity as an aim we have to strive for, but unity as an actual force, as an energy in the Greek sense of the word: a latent power which expects to be used, and which must be and will be used, for its possibilities are unlimited.

But they did not remain silent: they began to speak, these men of different nations, different religions, different churches, and all at once we saw that underlying their different forms of faith was one common feeling — that universal striving of man, the same man, toward one and the same divinity. People understood (and how many were astonished in doing so!) that the same faith and hope and love could be expressed through different religious forms, just as the same feelings and ideas can be expressed through different words of different tongues.

That was the second lesson we learned — the changelessness of certain fundamental qualities of human nature by which the equality of men is secured through all the varieties of their physical organization, in spite of all the differences of form in which their spiritual strivings express themselves. It became manifest that the bond which unites the human family is not religion, but religious feeling; for if we say "religion," we inevitably must ask "What religion?" and thousands of answers

will divide humanity into thousands of classes; but if we say "religious feeling," there is no misunderstanding possible. "What religious feeling?" *The* religious feeling, for there is but one.

Yes, religious feeling, independently of how it crystallizes itself in the great variety of human souls, is the common field on which we all must meet to recognize the great equality of the human soul.

Now look how inconsistent those Christians are who, in the name of establishing a *Christian* brotherhood on earth, refuse to recognize as brothers, not only their fellow-men of other religions, but even their Christian brothers of other denominations. They act in the name of a religion, and they forget that religion is the result of religious feeling, and that the latter is proper to the heathen just as to themselves; but as they cannot deny the existence of religious feeling in a Buddhist, they evidently prefer to drop their own rather than to keep anything in common with him. They do not realize that, in putting their fellow-man of another religion out of *their* family, they put themselves outside the pale of the great *human* family; for the heathen by their exclusion does not lose what he had in common with them, while they voluntarily reject their natural similitude with him; and as that similitude consists in the community of religious feeling, they consequently (or, rather, *in*consequently) keep for themselves a religion without religious feeling. "Religion" becomes a shallow word, empty of sense, and "Church" becomes synonymous with the "quarantine" which keeps them safe from all pernicious contact.

The "declassification"— if I may say so — of our human brother was, then, the third lesson we learned at the Religious Congress. We learned morally to undress our fellow-man, to despoil him of those qualifications in which the prejudices of our education had so wrapped him that his human soul had finally disappeared under the clothing of national, political, or religious denominations. All that had to vanish before the banner of brotherhood; the shell was broken, the kernel appeared. We saw that in the Creator's eyes we had no denominations; that before God we were only men and nothing else, and, as such, brothers by the fact of our birth, and not because we belong to the same religion. That is what so many Christians were afraid of; and still, why should they be? Does the universal brotherhood not embrace the Christian brotherhood? Is the human brotherhood not the final aim prescribed by Christianity? Or do some people think that by including heathens in their brotherhood they renounce Christianity? Absurd as the question may seem, it is the logical result to which some people have to come if they persist in their ideas.

I will simply ask those who are afraid of losing their Christianity by extending the limits of their love, whether they think that Christianity is great because with its teaching of brotherhood it has inoculated humanity as with something new or supernatural? Did Newton *introduce* the law of gravitation into the world? No; he pointed it out — as French people would say, "he put his finger on it," and it was enough to make him great. So with Christianity. It did not *introduce* brotherhood into the world; it pointed it out, and made the acknowledgment of it compulsory. It did not impose on human nature anything supernatural which was not in nature before; and thank God it did not, for man would not be able to fulfil a prescription were it outside of nature's limits. So, my Christian friends who are afraid of loving *too* broadly, you may be right as to Christianity,— I mean Christianity as you understand it,— but pray do not forget that those whom you are afraid of loving do not hate you, or if some of them do, it is not to be supposed that you would like to resemble them in their errors: you would not like to give them the right to reproach Christianity with wrong similar to that which you condemn in them.

We will not discuss, my friends, but in the name of that Christian love which animates you, let us join together in a wish which certainly will help the establishment of that universal peace for which you, as much as anybody, are longing. Intolerance, my friends, has reigned long on earth; now let us join our prayers, and hope that the time will come when tolerance will be tolerated.

Serge Wolkonsky.



AUBREY DE VERE.

AUBREY de Vere has made himself known to lovers of literature by his labors in both prose and poetry, but chiefly through the latter. He is sprung from a family, long resident in Ireland, of the old Norman stock, and derived from his father, Sir Aubrey de Vere, the friend of Wordsworth, a predisposition to verse; nor are the few stirring sonnets and the dramas of his father yet forgotten, though obscured by the splendor of the great poetic age in which he lived. Another son, Sir Stephen, the present baronet, has shown a share of the family gift both in original verse and in a recent translation of Horace, undertaken as a diversion of old age; but he is better known for the important service he performed in securing proper regulations for emigrant ships in the middle of the century. The family has been loyal to Ireland, and a large part of Aubrey de Vere's verse is devoted to the celebration of the historical and mythic legends, the piety, humanity, and sorrow of his own land. He belongs to the generation of Tennyson, having been born in 1814, but the voice in his verse is that of the "large language,"— of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley,— and echoes with an earlier day whose song has long fallen silent in our books; and there mingles with this strain of our most noble modern English speech the indefinable melody and the simple and spirited quality which seem indigenous to all Irish poetry.

Here, however, it is not meant to describe or praise his verse, but only to pay some brief tribute to the man, as we print his portrait, and to the life he has led in self-devotion to high and humane ends, in scenes and among men that make his reminiscences of unusual and lasting value, as is illustrated by the fragments of them that are given in these pages. As a boy he was the guest of Wordsworth, and the friendships which began with this and other eminent names make a roll of the century in England of astonishing fullness and brilliancy. He became a Roman Catholic in early manhood, at the era of the Oxford movement, and the church has been, perhaps, the chief poetic inspiration granted him. Several of his volumes deal with her legends, glories, and aspirations with an amplitude and a loftiness not elsewhere to be found in our literature, and with a pure fervor such as characterizes only the best of the "books of the spirit" that are so rare in the English tongue. The religious and poetic instincts united to lift his thought into a region almost Platonic, as respects the principles, the abstract motives, and ends of life, as is seen in his essays, which are bathed in a difficult air, while in his poetry the same elements take on an extraordinarily picturesque detail, and an individuality often heroic. The matter exceeds the style, as is inevitable, in all but the greatest, in such themes; but it does not excel the temper — liberal, refined, and lowly — in which it is humanized and made part and parcel of our nature, appealing to its own ideal. Such serious aims the poet certainly has; and if the touch of sympathy be present (and what can there ever be when that is lacking?), he succeeds.

One reads but little, however, in these "Recollections" without discovering a strongly marked personality, wholly apart from those "ideas" which his other works chiefly seek to illumine. The kindly nature; the strong sense of humor; the mind laboriously just in thought, and delicate, while frank, in appreciation; the cheerful enjoyment of varied life; the piety toward friends as well as toward heaven, and much else, will now for the first time, as here familiarly revealed, aid those who have enjoyed his very impersonal prose and verse to make near acquaintance with the man who has won their regard; and they will follow the completion of his work with more than friendly interest.

G. E. W.



RECOLLECTIONS OF AUBREY DE VERE.

II. YOUTH.

GERALD GRIFFIN, a friend of mine in youth, lived about four miles from us in a village called Pallas. He was a man of remarkable genius, and of a character yet more remarkable, though his life was too short to allow either to be recognized widely. He was the youngest of four brothers, whose parents had emigrated to America. As a boy he lived with two brothers, both of them physicians, whose talents and conduct eventually made them eminently successful in their profession; but in early years their career was a struggling one. The boy had a high spirit of independence. He resolved to be no longer a burden to them, to cast himself upon the huge world of London, and there make his way as he might. Knowing that his brothers would not sanction a design apparently so hopeless, he took his departure without an adieu; and for a considerable time they did not know where he was. At first he supported himself by reporting for newspapers, and afterward by writing short dramatic pieces for the small theaters. He could thus, however, win but a precarious existence, and during several years seems to have been in danger of starving, for he never allowed his brothers to know of his difficulties. Later he wrote tales illustrative of Irish life in the lower and middle classes, entitled "Holland Tide," "Tales of the Munster Festivals," etc. All at once to his great surprise his little spark of local reputation burst out into a flame. His "Collegians" appeared: it met with a great and immediate success. Some of the critics pronounced him the best novelist of the time next to Sir Walter Scott; his publisher sent him £600, and he despatched the whole of that sum at once to his parents in America. "The Collegians" has been frequently reprinted, and presents the best picture existing of Irish peasant life, at once the most vivid and the most accurate. Its comic parts are the most comic, and its tragic the most tragic, to be found in Irish literature. The tale is founded on a terrible crime perpetrated in the county of Limerick early in this century. A young man of gentle birth fell in love with a beautiful and virtuous peasant girl, married her secretly, got tired of her, and drowned her in the Shannon. For a considerable time it was impossible to arrest the murderer; his capture was described to me by a near relative of mine, the magistrate who arrested him. He had received secret information, and led a body of police to the house of the murderer's parents at a late hour of the night. Apparently there had been a dinner party in that house, for on the door being opened after a slight delay he was received in the hall by its mistress, a tall and stately lady in a black velvet dress. She addressed him with quiet scorn, informed him that her house, a hospitable one, had been favored by many guests, but none resembling those who had come at that unusual hour to visit it; that she knew his errand; that her son had not been in that house for many weeks; but that he was welcome to search for him as they pleased. They searched the house in vain — they next searched the offices. When on the point of retiring one of the party remarked a ladder within the stable, the top of which leaned against a small door in the wall. The policemen refused to mount it, for they said that if the murderer was hid on the premises he must be behind that door and would certainly stab the first to enter. The magistrate mounted. The search was again in vain, and all had descended from the loft except the last policeman, who, as he approached the door, carelessly prodded with his bayonet the straw with which the floor was covered. A loud scream rang out from beneath it, and the murderer leaped up. He had been grazed, not wounded, and if he had held his peace must have escaped. His scream was almost immediately reëchoed by a distant one louder and more piercing. It came from one who knew her son's voice well. That magistrate told me that the most terrible thing he had ever witnessed was the contrast between that mother's stately bearing at first and the piteous abjectness of her later appeals as on her knees she implored him to spare her son.

The guilt was conclusively proved, and the murderer was sentenced to be hanged; but in those times justice was not always impartially administered, and the peasantry were certain that a gentleman never would be hanged. He requested that he should be taken to the place of execution in a carriage, but his crime had excited universal abhorrence, and none of the livery stables in Limerick would supply one. One was procured from a distance on the morn-

ing of the execution, and the unhappy man entered it. When midway on the bridge in Limerick that spans a small arm of the Shannon, the horses stopped, and no efforts could induce them to go farther. The crowds were more certain than ever that somehow there would be an escape: a gentleman could not be hanged. The horses plunged more and more furiously, but would not advance. The murderer fell into an agony of terror. He exclaimed, "Let me out, and I will walk!" He walked to the place of execution, and was hanged.

The "Colleen Bawn," which had an extraordinary success at one of the London theaters, was a dramatic condensation of "The Collegians." I went to see it, but could not remain for more than ten minutes. All the refinement which, not less than strength, marks the original, and especially the scenes that describe the Irish peasantry, had vanished, and a vulgar sensationalism had taken its place. This vulgarity has been so common in the delineations of Ireland, whether in novels or on the stage, that the ordinary English conception of the Irish peasant is the opposite of the truth in many cases: at least it wholly ignores that delicacy, pathos, and sympathy which characterize the humbler and the better among them, and remind us that manners are a tradition, and that in the centuries gone by many a political convulsion placed nobility "in commission" among the poor. In Gerald Griffin's day, when whatever crime might be stimulated by violent passions, or whatever exaggeration might mingle with a generous "Nationalist" enthusiasm, the preaching of that vulgarest of all things, Jacobinism, had never been heard, a man of genius like him could not fail to feel the charm both of the Irish character and the Irish manner, a thing then so much valued that "bad manners to you" was an ordinary malediction. Many of his poems illustrate Irish peasant life with singular grace and pathos; and to become the Irish Burns, as he once told me, was long the great object of his ambition.

After the publication of "The Collegians," Gerald Griffin took up his abode once more in the small dispensary house of his brother at Pallas. My father thought that he would there find little room for his books, and many interruptions of his studious hours. He invited him to pass the winter at Curragh Chase, placing two rooms at his disposal, and telling him that he would find quiet in the woods, and a large command of books in the library; but Gerald declined the invitation. He built an arbor in his brother's garden, and there, I think, made a study of Homer. He had a great knowledge of early Irish history, and we all expected from him a long series of historic romances illustrating Ireland as Scott's had illustrated Scotland. An unexpected obstacle frustrated that hope. He was a remarkably religious man. Prosperity, which weakens religion in many Irishmen, deepened it in him. Whatever ambition belonged to him in youth left him early: things spiritual remained to him the sole realities, and literature was of worth only so far as it reflected them. He startled his friends by asserting that strong passion, one of the chief attractions in imaginative literature, did little but mischief. It was in vain that those friends, clerical as well as secular, maintained that in wise hands it should have an elevating tendency: he clung to his doctrine all the more because it involved self-sacrifice, well aware that it must be fatal to the success of literature such as that for which his gifts and his experience had especially fitted him. He wrote no more popular novels, though a later production, "The Invasion," recording one of the Danish piratical descents on Ireland, is full of admirable description. One day his brother found the fireplace black with the cinders of papers recently burned. He had just destroyed the whole of his manuscripts, verse and prose alike, and answered all inquiries by stating that he had devoted the rest of his life to the instruction of little peasant boys, as one of the "Christian Brothers" — the humblest of all religious communities. He labored assiduously for a few years at Cork; there, a few years later, I saw his grave, and heard his fellow-laborers declare that if Ireland had ever had a saint, Gerald Griffin was one. No doubt his choice was the best, not only for himself, but for the children who came under an influence so benign. But the country he loved so well lost its chance of an Irish Burns, or an Irish Scott; and the unfriendly critic will say, "So fares it with Irish gifts: the lower hit their mark, the highest miss it, sometimes by going to one side of it, and as often by going above it!" Macready, later, brought upon the stage a drama called "Gisippus," written by Gerald in early youth. I think it proved a success, and the £300 paid for it brought out a new edition of Gerald's works. In his religious retreat he found a peace and solemn happiness of which he wrote in rapturous terms. In person he was dignified; and his face was eminently handsome, as well as refined and intellectual.

My recollections in connection with these, my early years, are chiefly rural and sylvan. They come to me fragrant with the smell of the new-mown grass in the pleasure-grounds, the breath of the cows as they stood still to be milked, rolling their eyes in quiet pleasure, with a majestic slowness such as the Greeks attributed to the eyes of Juno. No change was desired by us, and little came. The winds of early spring waved the long masses of daffodils till they made a confused though

rapturous splendor in the lake close by, just as they had done the year before; and those who saw the pageant hardly noted that those winds were cold. Each spring the blackbird gave us again his rough, strong note, and the robin's, as the season advanced, gained a roundness and fullness like that of the thrush. Each year we watched the orderly succession of the flowers, and if the bluebell or the cowslip came a little before or after its proper time, we felt as much aggrieved as the child who misses the word he is accustomed to in the story heard a hundred times before. Each spring there came again the contented cooing of wood-doves far away, and that tremulous pathos of the young lamb's bleat, which seemed hardly in harmony with his gladness as he bounded over the pastures illuminated by the sudden April green. Each year the autumn replaced the precipitate ardors of the spring with graver joys and sedater fruitions — its golden harvests, and all those darker colors which decorate though sadly the funeral feast of the year. The maple slowly as of old relinquished his fires, and there was the falling leaf, and the frightened flutter of the poplar's gilded tablets, in place of the thickening leaves and deepening shadows of the vernal woodlands; but beyond these woodlands a remoter landscape was once more seen through clearer air. In youth the enjoyment we derive from nature is less consciously the enjoyment of its beauty than it is in later life or in memory. We then think perhaps less of the scene than of the incident connected with it, less of the tree than of our triumph when we first climbed it, less of the flower than of the one for whom it was gathered; but beyond all these incidental joys associated with nature there is an unconscious joy in her beauty, the better, no doubt, for being unconscious. In the home of our childhood there was the more of this incidental enjoyment, because, owing to its size, there was always so much of improvement going on in it. One of its approaches was three miles long, and it passed three lakes, one surrounded by meadows, pastures, and groves, another by woods which had never been planted by man, though perhaps often cut down, and successively renewed — a portion of ancient Ireland's "forest primeval." Through those woods my father was never tired of making new drives and walks. The most interesting of these was the "Cave Walk," so called from a deep cave retiring back from a long line of cliff crowned with wood, matted over with ivy, and so perpendicular that it looked like the walls of a castle. I used often to descend into that cave merely for the sake of enjoying, on reascending, and approaching its mouth, the embalmed and delicious air into which the breath of unnumbered flowers and leaves and streams, seen or invisible, seemed to have been melted down. One felt as if life required nothing more for its satisfaction than the quiet breathing of such air — a great healing to body and spirit alike.

With my father landscape-gardening was one mode of taking out the poetry which was so deeply seated within him; and if he had lived in a garret he would probably have written more verse. His love of nature was one of his strongest instincts, though hardly stronger than his love of really high art. Most of our enjoyments cost us much, and most of our affections, whether associated with the household life or with our country, cause us so much pain, either in the way of regret or of anxiety, as abundantly to remind us that they were accorded to us even more as a school of duty than as a source of enjoyment. But nature is a very disinterested benefactress: she gives much and demands little; she touches the human heart with a hand of air so light that it leaves behind no burden of responsibility. The fallen tree seldom has a tear dropped on it; the faded flower never — or never for its own sake; and in our wanderings from river to river, or from vale to vale, we never reproach ourselves with inconstancy. There at least

> We 've but to make love to the lips we are near.

For that reason a wise man should put a finer edge upon his appreciation of nature than on most of his sensibilities. My father probably owed much of this, the most unalloyed of his enjoyments, to his mother's generosity, amounting as it did to a self-sacrifice almost heroic. She had seen how much boys, and especially an only son, — as my father was, — suffer from the influences of home, enervating when unmixed, and the adulation of dependents, never so seductive as when it comes (such was then the case in Ireland) not from self-interest so much as from affection. She sent her only child, then about ten years old, to the charge of a tutor on the banks of Windermere. All the night before his departure the boy heard his mother's sobs, but she persisted, and, when the years of separation were past, reaped the reward. His tutor was not much of a scholar; but he was dutiful, upright, and brave, and he instilled those virtues into his pupil, or protected their growth in him. The wild and witching scenery all around taught him another lore. Gleams from Windermere, always his favorite among the lakes, were probably with him amid the most striking, though hardly less lovely, scenes among which his mature life was chiefly cast; and unconsciously may have interpreted them to him. Nature's grander features create in a responsive imagination those great ideas

of loveliness and of sublimity which, once elicited within us, enable us to detect and enjoy those natural attributes wherever they exist, though less strongly manifested.

The improvements which my father was always making in his country-seat were stimulated also by his desire to do good. They gave a very large amount of enjoyment to the poor, who regarded him in return with reverence and gratitude. We young ones became thus much more widely acquainted than we should otherwise have been with the humbler class, and many a remembered and often quaint incident brings back that intercourse to me. I may as well mention one of them. At one time the work in progress consisted in the removal and planting out of large trees under the superintendence of a certain Ulysses D——, who in that art was a specialist, though without education. He was full of odd sayings, such as, "We would like to go to heaven; but we would not like to go there *too soon!*" Once he remarked to me: "It is a pleasure to find that the older we get the better we get. When I was a young man I was continually cursing, and now I curse mighty little. Neither priest nor parson could make any hand of me. It was a lady that cured me — Mrs. Oldworthy. I was planting a tree, and a big one; and was after saying to the men, 'Three bounces each man round that tree, to stiffen the earth!' Now there was a laborer among them who could not bounce rightly because he was wearing a great-coat. Then I began to curse him most terribly, and never heard Mrs. Oldworthy coming up behind me. Said she, 'I 've heard great cursing in my life, but I never heard cursing like that!' I was greatly frightened, and answered: 'Sure, ma'am, it is only for his own good, and for the good of his innocent children, that I am cursing him; for if Mr. Oldworthy saw him working in a great-coat, he 'd turn him out of the concern, and they would all starve together.' Then she gave me a wonderful answer: 'Sir,' she said, 'it 's a wonder to me that you would not think more of your own soul than of another man's body!' Since then I 've been dropping the fashion."

Our store of amusing incidents was always increased when my eldest brother returned from Cambridge at vacation time. We used to hear much of two among the younger Fellows, who united great scholarship and a strong sympathy with the undergraduates. These two were Julius Hare, the great friend of Walter Savage Landor, and Connop Thirlwall, afterward bishop of St. David's, the latter of whom I never think of without a grateful recollection of the grief which I heard him express at the destruction of the monasteries in England. It was a sentiment which I had not expected from one who was opposed to the traditional and ecclesiastical school of English theology. Some of the anecdotes which I then or later heard respecting Cambridge matters related to the head of one of her chief colleges, a man justly honored for his learning and piety, but often criticized for the prosaic character of his mind and for a certain minuteness which petrified his erudition. Two of the undergraduates were discussing his "dryasdust" ways in the college library after a fashion a little irreverent, when a Fellow walked up to them. He was a somewhat pompous man, and his reproof was true to his character. "You are probably ignorant, young gentlemen, that the venerable person of whom you have been speaking with such levity is one of the profoundest scholars of our age — indeed, it may be doubted whether any man of our age has bathed more deeply in the sacred fountains of antiquity." "Or come up drier, sir," was the reply of the undergraduate. Another anecdote indicates that the venerable man's simplicity was equal to his scholarship. After fifty years' seclusion within the walls of his college it struck him that it was time for him to see a little of the world, and he accepted an invitation from an early pupil who was entertaining a large party in a great country-house. At dinner he sat next to the young lady of the house. Their conversation fell upon baths, and she happened to mention that she took a shower-bath every morning to invigorate her system, adding, when he inquired what a shower-bath was, that it resembled a very small round room; that the bather took his or her stand in the center of it, and upon pulling a string was drenched by a sudden flood of water from above. Next morning the recluse rose at his usual hour, six o'clock, and, being of an inquisitive temper, thought it well to explore carefully what he had never seen before, a large country-house. On pulling open a door he found himself at the entrance of a very small circular apartment, one of those in which housemaids store away old brushes and household articles past their work. In the center of it stood a plaster cast of the Venus of Medici. The venerable man recoiled, closed the door, and walked in the park till summoned by the breakfast bell. He took his seat, and his host asked whether he would have tea or coffee. But he had reflected on what good manners imperatively required; and his answer was: "My lord, I can neither partake of tea, or coffee, or any other refection, until I have first tendered my humblest apologies to the interesting young lady whom I now see dispensing the chocolate, and on whose sanitary ablutions this morning as she stood in her shower-bath I was so unfortunate as unwittingly to intrude."

It was in the earlier half of September, 1831,

that I met first the man of the greatest intellect that I have ever known, and between whom and myself there sprang up what may be called a friendship at first sight, he being then in the twenty-seventh year of his life, and I in the eighteenth of mine. My new friend was Professor Hamilton, better known as Sir William Rowan Hamilton, "Astronomer Royal" in the Dublin University. I had often heard of him as the prodigy of that university, one who on entering it had sent in an essay written in fourteen or fifteen different languages, most of them Oriental, Greek being the latest which he had learned; and who during his course at Trinity College had successively carried off every prize open to his competition whether in classics or in science. At the age of twenty-two he had published a mathematical essay, "Systems of Rays," of which one of the chief men of science then living pronounced that "it had made a new science of mathematical optics."

It was impossible for the most careless observer not to be struck by him at once. One's first impression was that he was a great embodied intellect rather than a human being. Wordsworth wrote of Coleridge as "the rapt one of the godlike forehead," but it could not have been more marvelous than Hamilton's. The moral expression of his countenance corresponded with the intellectual. What it indicated was, when there was nothing to disturb him, an unbounded reverence. It was as if his consciousness of the greatness of what is above us rendered him but half conscious of the things around. The nobility of his forehead, which alone arrested one's attention, imparted a grandeur to the whole face, the other features of which had nothing remarkable about them. His figure was not tall, and had nothing of grace or distinction about it. His voice was rather a singular one, generally low-toned, but leaping up occasionally into a higher key upon some slight excitement. It need hardly be said that with his habitual reverence there went a corresponding humility as regards himself, and an invariable courtesy in his intercourse with all others. He seemed always to think it likely that he might be mistaken, while in every neighbor, however full of infirmities, it was the human being that he saw, and one invested with all the rights and dignities which belong to humanity. Another quality which belonged pre-eminently to him was his absolute absence of all disguise. Some one remarked of him, "Hamilton is simply transparent; his thoughts are as visible to you as the leaves of a tree close by and sun-smitten. It would be impossible for him to tell a lie even if he wished to do so; and he could no more conceal a thought than he could tell a lie." In that entire unguardedness there was something both attractive and pathetic: it was like a fragment from a world higher than ours, a virtue hardly suited to a world like ours, in which the unprotected must so often become the prey of the fraudulent and the wicked. Of Sir William Rowan Hamilton I may state Wordsworth's opinion. One night, while we stood beside his little domestic lake, Rydal, as it glistened in the beam of a low-hung moon, Wordsworth said, "I have known crowds of clever men, as every one has; not a few of high abilities and several of real genius; yet I have only seen one whom I should call wonderful — Coleridge." He then added: "But I should not say that; for I have known one other man, a fellow-countryman of yours, who was wonderful also — Sir William Rowan Hamilton, and he was singularly like Coleridge."

One of the things most remarkable in Sir William Rowan Hamilton was the combination of qualities both mental and moral, seldom united. In Coleridge the metaphysical power existed in not less strength than the imaginative; and though no doubt he owed great duties to so great a faculty, and effected much to spiritualize the metaphysics of his age, every lover of poetry must lament that he did not for another dozen years give himself mainly to poetry. Wordsworth once said to me that Coleridge's twenty-sixth year was his "annus mirabilis," and that if he had not then suffered himself to be drawn aside from poetry he must have proved the chief poet of modern times. But Sir W. R. Hamilton's combination of the mathematical gift with that for languages, and of both with the metaphysical, was a union more rare. I used to see him reading the most arduous works of Plato in the original Greek, wholly unconscious that the room was dinned by a somewhat noisy company. When he had soared into a high region of speculative thought — and it was there only that he was quite at home — he took no note of objects close by. A few days after our first meeting, we walked together on a road a part of which was overflowed by the river at its side. Our theme was the transcendental philosophy, of which he was a great admirer. I felt sure that he would not observe the flood, and made no remark on it. We walked straight on till the water was half-way up to our knees. At last he exclaimed: "What 's this? We seem to be walking through a river; had we not better return to the dry land?" Both at Adare and Curragh Chase I used to sit up with him in his bedroom till near sunrise, while he held such discourse as, I suppose, was the best compensation I could have had for never hearing that of Coleridge. His mirthfulness, however, was almost as strong as the speculative power. Once, just after he had admitted that some passages in Coleridge's writings were

as obscure as they were profound, adding, however, that by patient attention he had followed the meaning of those passages, excepting one in "Aids to Reflection," I answered: "I know a lady who seems to have found no difficulty in his works — Mrs. ——, that very gay and fashionable person you met lately. She spoke of the 'Aids to Reflection,' and I replied that it was a great book, I believed, but a long and difficult one. She answered, 'I will take it up to my room after breakfast.' She did so; brought it down at luncheon time, and told me she had read it, thought it a very pleasant book, and had found nothing difficult in it." He laughed till he could no longer stand. I early observed that his abstracted habits, while they kept him as ignorant of the world as he was indifferent to it, did not prevent his occasionally exercising a keen, if fitful, appreciation of character. He would refer to past incidents, which at the time he had not seemed to remark, with a singular, though never uncharitable, insight. His absence of self-confidence, as regards judgments on all subjects, was indicated by some unconscious modes of expression such as, "I seem to myself to think." His profound convictions respecting the Christian revelation, and also the truths of a spiritual philosophy, acquired an additional force from their contrast with his self-distrust in lighter matters. To all reasonable objections he listened with a deference which looked like a provisional and tentative consent. He approved strongly of Coleridge's revival of the scholastic terms "subjective" and "objective," though perhaps he would have been more careful than was Coleridge that the larger and more solid prerogative of the objective, where the latter was not confounded with the merely material, should not suffer from the aggressions of the subjective. I remember his once saying: "It is no conceit in a poet if he sees much more of interest in his own poetry than others see; with his associations it must possess more: but he should remember that the merit which it possesses at once for himself and for others is all the merit that belongs to it objectively." Theology interested him quite as much as philosophy; and at a somewhat later time, when "Church Principles" began to be strongly asserted, he said that on philosophical grounds they had great claims on our religious consideration, and that he hoped to write an essay showing that on the reasoning of Butler's "Analogy," they were in affinity with Christian ideas. When, however, some of those who had adopted High Church principles had made their submission to the Roman Catholic Church, he seemed to me to turn his attention away from that subject. His early training had, I think, given him in a degree the traditional prepossessions against the Roman Catholic Church common among Irish Protestants, not unconnected with class distinctions and political conflicts. These I did not share, being already an ardent disciple of Edmund Burke, who asserted that there was no religious body in Europe which represented or at least resembled the early Christian Church so much as the Irish Catholic Church of his own day. I looked upon her as deeply wronged in the past, and as placed by the consequent political agitations of recent times under circumstances unfavorable to a right estimate of her religious character.

I could not, of course, but be drawn yet nearer to Sir William R. Hamilton by the profound affection which he felt for my sister almost from the first time that they met, a love recorded in several poems included in the admirable life of him by the Rev. R. P. Greaves. His sympathies were perhaps at first drawn to her in part by the discovery that she had for several years felt the same enthusiasm for Coleridge as a poet which he himself had felt for him as a philosopher. If reverence, gratitude, and a cordial friendship could have been an adequate return for love, he might have been well satisfied; but we must remember *Leolf's* reply to *Elgiva*[1] when she had asked, "Is gratitude, then, nothing?" It was this: "To me it is nothing, being less than love." Such love as his, however, whether fortunate or unfortunate in its immediate issues, could not but in the long run have proved "its own reward." She survived him for many years after he had entirely fulfilled the early promise of his youthful genius, and enjoyed many years of deserved admiration, and ennobling happiness; and to the end she retained the same gratitude for that early affection which I also felt at the time, and have never ceased to feel. She only met him once after he returned to his labors at the Observatory. I was more fortunate, and frequently visited him there, especially during my undergraduate course in the Dublin University.

When each examination was over I hurried to the Observatory, and soon found the philosopher in his study, or in his garden, laid out by Bishop Brenkley, his predecessor, of whom he always spoke with a filial reverence. "I am afraid I offended him," he said, "the first time we met. I, then a youth of eighteen, sat next him at some public luncheon. We did not speak, and I felt as if good manners required that I should break the silence. My eye happened to rest on a large map of Van Diemen's Land which hung on the wall. I turned to him and said, 'Pray, my lord, were you ever in Botany Bay?' The bishop turned half round to me with a displeased look, and only replied, 'Eat your soup, sir; eat your soup!' He evi-

[1] Sir Henry Taylor's "Edwin the Fair."

dently thought I was inquiring whether he had ever been transported. Such a thought had never entered my head."

Sir W. R. Hamilton kept a headstrong horse to which he had given the name of "Comet," and used to gallop it in circles, or perhaps in ellipses, round the lawn. On one occasion he mounted him in Dublin, just after a curious mathematical problem had suggested itself to him. The horse took a mean advantage of his abstraction, and ran away. "When I found it impossible to stop him," he said, "I gave him his head, and returned to the problem. He ran for four miles, and stood still at my gate—just as the problem was solved!" Another time, when the country was disturbed, I found him practising with a pistol. "It occurred to me," he said, "that if the Observatory were attacked I ought to know how to defend it." He had fixed a deal board on the garden wall, traced a black circle on it, and marked the center of that circle by a blue periwinkle stuck in a hole. "Now you shall fire," he said, "and we shall see which of us can get nearest to the mark." I had never fired a pistol before, and fired almost at random. By an odd chance the bullet went through the heart of the periwinkle, leaving the outward leaves stuck upon the board. We were both amazed, and I considered myself a heaven-born genius in regard to this new accomplishment. Why will not the successful stop in time? I fired again and again, but never could hit the flower, the circular space, the board, or, I believe, the wall itself!

The Royal Astronomer did not look through his telescopes more than once or twice a year! He used to say, "That is my deputy's business. The stars move all right; but what interests me is the high mathesis that accounts for their movements." He was so much occupied with the purely abstract part of science that its material phenomena interested him only so far as they revealed laws. This characteristic was remarkably illustrated by one of his best-known discoveries, that of "Conical Refraction." He read a mathematical paper before the Royal Irish Academy demonstrating that under certain possible circumstances beams of light would be refracted, not as had ever been previously observed, but in the form of a cone. His statement was heard with wonder, and he was invited to verify his discovery by the aid of some instrument invented for that purpose; but he declined to make such an attempt, remarking that no experiment could add a certainty to mathematical demonstration. A considerable time afterward the desired instrument was constructed by Professor Lloyd; and after the discovery had been forgotten by most of those who had heard it announced, the radiant stranger leaped into palpable existence. When informed of the fact, Hamilton dryly made answer, "I told you so." It was on the heights of mathematics that he breathed freely, and I used to see him writing his calculations from morning till late in the evening almost without stirring from his chair, as rapidly as another could have written notes of invitation, and flinging each of the long foolscap sheets on the ground beside him; and I have been assured by competent authorities that there existed but few mathematicians in Europe capable of reading and understanding what had thus been so easily written. Many volumes of those compositions are said to exist in an unpublished form. I remember his telling me that on one occasion he had escaped from a fit of severe depression by resolutely rising into those regions of what he called "planetary contemplation"; but I believe that on that occasion his meditations had belonged to the metaphysical yet more than to the mathematical order.

His domestic life was brightened by children to whom he was devotedly attached, though his devotion to them sometimes combined with it an odd form of speculative interest. "That little boy," he once said, pointing to a boy of about five or six years old, "ran up to me the other day, and cross-questioned me about the mysteries in the doctrine of the Trinity. 'How,' he demanded, 'can there be three, and yet only one?' I answered, 'You are too young for such matters; go back to your top.' He flogged it about the passages a score of times, then returned to me and said, "I have found it all out — this is the explanation,' and propounded his theory. 'You are wrong,' I answered; 'you are too young to understand the matter; go and play.' He returned three times more, successively, and each time propounded a new explanation, and received the same answer. But now listen! His four explanations of the mystery were the four great heresies of the first four centuries! He discovered them all for himself. I did not give him the slightest assistance. What an intellect!"

The next year I repeated my visit, and Hamilton told me another tale of his boy, but with less of paternal triumph. "I said to him last night when he was going to bed, 'To-morrow Aubrey de Vere will be here: shall you not be glad to see him?' He mused for some time, and then made answer, remorsefully: 'Thinking of Latin, and thinking of trouble, and thinking of God, I had forgotten Aubrey de Vere.'"

In those days I saw Hamilton under various circumstances. On one occasion we made an expedition together among the "wooded walls" of Wicklow's mountains, and ended by drinking their health. Then did our

> . . . flowing cups pass swiftly round
> With no allaying Thames,

though we brimmed them frequently, and only in part from the Power's Court cascade. When he looked at the mountains he made as good remarks on them as Wordsworth could have made; when he was soaring in the region of mystical philosophy, he saw them no more than if he had been tracking the Sahara sands; and when I told him amusing stories he flung himself on the heather in convulsions of laughter. Our wanderings ended at the hospitable country-house of the Provost of Trinity College at Killiney, after leaving which he addressed to me a sonnet commemorative of them, of which I was very proud, and which included this striking line on music,

Problems of harmony proposed and solved,

which confirms the assertion often made that between music and mathematics there exist important relations. He introduced me to various friends worthy of his friendship. One of these was a lady who sang with remarkable pathos. She boasted to me that when she sang her first song to him he paid her no compliments, but stood listening while the tears ran down his cheeks. Another of these friends was the Irish poetess Felicia Hemans, whose poetry, rich in felicitous diction and metrical harmony, and always sustained by high thoughts and sentiments natural and elevated, if not now remembered as it deserves to be, was honored by the praise of Wordsworth, who assigns to her a place among the poets whose successive deaths are the theme of that "Extemporary Effusion" which stands high among his later poems. She had passed a summer at Dove Cottage, close to Windermere, and there seen much of him; and when we called on her in Dublin she had just received a manuscript copy of his "Yarrow Revisited," copied for her by Wordsworth's daughter Dora. She read it to us, not in the musical chant which to him was natural, but with singular sweetness, significance, and an especial pathos when she came to the passages which marked that love borne by the poet, neglected so long, for him who had been from his youth "the whole world's favorite."

But a time was approaching in which themes such as occupied the great mind of Sir W. R. Hamilton were to lose their interest for all except a few, and all other utterances to be lost in one great political battle-cry. The cry was "Repeal of the Union." The great democratic battle had begun.

The low rumbling on the horizon became louder by degrees, and the interval between the flash and the sound became shorter. When, at the Clare election, Sir Edward O'Brien, a late surviving Irish chief, the lineal descendant of the greatest among the Irish kings, and a great proprietor passionately loved by his tenants, saw them vote against him and the other tenants follow their example, he declared in amazement that the country was not fit for a gentleman to live in.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,

was a warning more loudly proclaimed as the Repeal agitation went on. An election took place in the county of Limerick, and both sides prepared for the conflict. Nearly all the proprietors were banded together against Repeal and O'Connell, including the few who had advocated Catholic Emancipation. The candidate on the opposite side was a man of ancient family, excellent character, and not, I think, a Repealer, but it suited the Repeal game to support him, in order to separate the tenants from their landlords. Of these the most powerful by far was a certain nobleman, the Earl of K——, whose territories, 60,000 acres, with a rental of £46,000 per annum, extended through a large part of three counties, and included much of those Desmond lands, some 600,000 acres of which had been confiscated by Queen Elizabeth in a single day. He was also, I believe, descended in the female line from the "White Knight," to whom that title had been given after a battle fought, many centuries previously, by the "White Knight's" father, the Earl of Desmond.

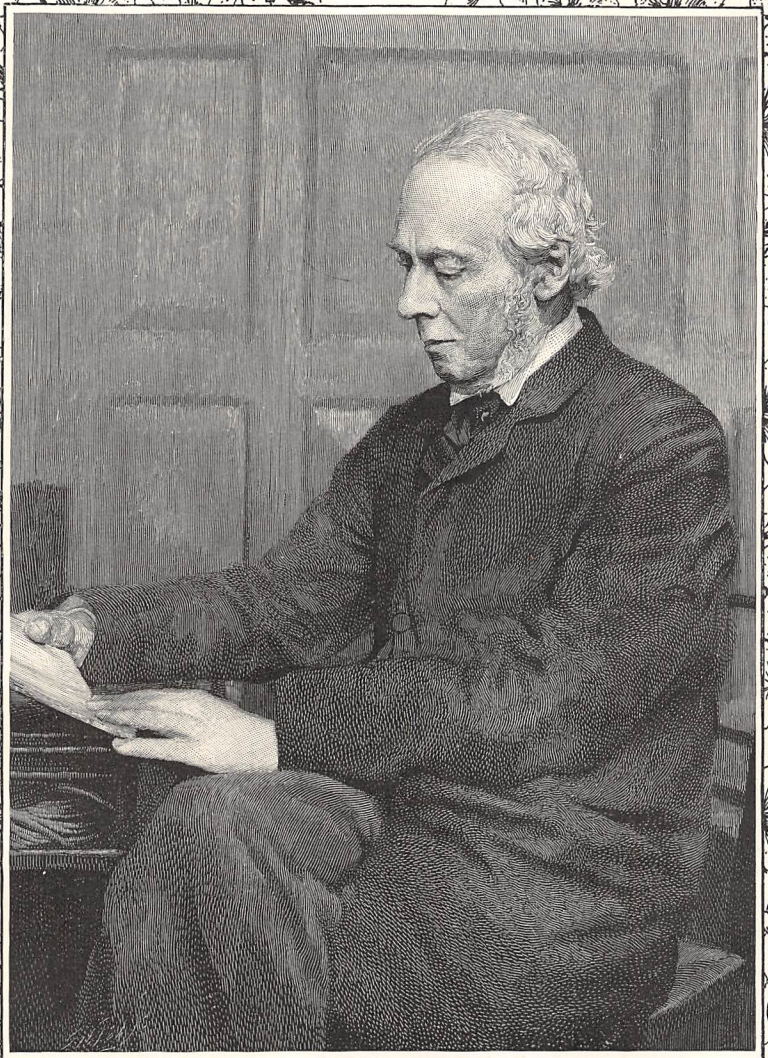
The despotic temper of the Earl of K—— was no doubt increased by scenes which he had witnessed as a boy. When he was but fourteen, during a great social gathering at his father's residence, a profligate neighbor, one of the county gentry, though a married man, induced a daughter of the house to elope with him. The moment the crime was discovered the earl, accompanied by the boy, went in pursuit of the criminal. After several days' pursuit the outraged father arrived, late in the night, at an inn which the fugitives had reached a few hours previously. He got out of his carriage, accompanied by his young son, and with a pistol in each hand mounted the stairs. A door was pointed out to him. It was locked; but the earl kicked it open. A man rushed forward; the earl fired two pistols, and the betrayer fell dead at his feet. The earl was arraigned for this act before the Irish House of Lords, and made no defense. The peers walked processionally in their robes, and each, as he passed the throne, laid his hand on his breast and pronounced the verdict, "Not guilty, upon my honor." A few years later the boy witnessed another important event. He had become a young officer; the Irish rebellion of 1798 burst out, and with several other

persons of importance he was suddenly captured, and detained as a hostage. When fortune turned against the insurgents, in the first rage of disappointment a massacre ensued, and he had a narrow escape from death.

When the family estates had become his own, the earl is said to have ruled with a sway almost as absolute as that of one of his forefathers, who, as was reported, transported several persons to America on his own sole authority. The later earl also was impatient of "the law's delays," and it was rumored that if a tenant had, in his opinion, seriously misbehaved, he simply gave directions that his house should be pulled down about his ears. Notwithstanding, he was regarded as a "beneficent despot," and the handsome houses of his tenants, whose rents were never called exorbitant, excited the envy of all the neighboring farmers. He built two churches in the neighboring town, a Catholic one and a Protestant one; and near them stood a "hospital for decayed gentlemen and gentlewomen," supported by a charge on the estate of £1200 per annum. He gave an immense amount of employment, and was honored proportionately by the laboring class. He had been for a long time kept out of the family residence by the protracted life of his mother. On her death he sent at once for an architect. "Build me," he said, "a castle. I am no judge of architecture; but it must be larger than any other house in Ireland; and it must have an entrance tower named the 'White Knight's Tower.' No delay! It is time for me to enjoy." When the castle was half finished a wealthy manufacturer built a huge chimney in the square of the town, which crouched beneath the hill on which that castle stood. The earl sent him orders to pull it down or depart, two invitations which the man of business declined. The earl drove down into the town, and, as usual, a crowd collected about his carriage. He said: "I am come to wish you good-by, boys. This place is but a small place, and there is not room in it for me and that man [pointing to the factory]. He says the law is on his side, and I dare say it is. Consequently I go to England to-morrow morning." During the night the lord of industry received a visit from uninvited guests; the next morning no smoke went over the towers and the woods, and on the third day he had taken his departure. The great castle was finished, and there was one great house-warming.

No gathering of the sort ever succeeded in those stately halls. What succeeded was the Limerick election. As that election drew near a rumor grew up that the fidelity of the tenants was not to be relied on; but few believed it. A neighbor of ours, himself a nobleman of large landed possessions, went to the new castle to consult with its lord, who greeted him with the inquiry, "Is —— in the field?" "No," was the answer; and the questioner resumed, "Then I set up my old friend M——," naming a popular country gentleman worth £10,000 per annum, who had lately built a house suitable to that income, on visiting which his friend at the castle commented on it thus: "The house is pretty; but what is the use of it? It is too large to hang at your watch-chain, and too small to live in." When the two peers had discussed the political symptoms of the day the Earl of K——, dashing his hand loudly on the table, exclaimed: "Sir, I will tell you the simple truth of the case. The Irish people are gone mad! My father returned fourteen members of parliament [he meant the Irish parliament], and it is with difficulty that I return eight!" The loyalty of the tenant-vote was next touched upon. "That matter is settled," the earl replied. "I have sent orders that the whole of my county of Limerick tenants shall ride into Limerick on the first day of election, and be the first to vote. Once they have set the example the other fellows of course will follow it. I shall go into Limerick myself." He did so two days before the election, and each day he gave a grand banquet to the county gentlemen.

The earl occupied the house of his friend, Lord ——, which, with the palace of the Protestant bishop, occupied one side of a court opening into a wide street. At the open window the earl sat with the candidate he favored. They were big and burly men both, and in high good humor, now quaffing a bottle of champagne, now leaning out and chaffing with the city mob, which cheered them to the echo, for it united the old Irish taste for chieftainship with the novel aspiration after democratic power. The rest of the room was filled with a fluctuating throng of country gentlemen, who brought in the latest news, and then amused themselves with the humors of the crowd. The appointed hour was sounded from the bells of St. Mary's Cathedral, as merrily as on that morning when Sarsfield crossed the Shannon and burst the Dutch cannon. In mile-long cavalcade the K—— tenantry rode down Limerick's chief street; another and larger crowd cheered them and their fine horses, and doubtless that acclaim sent an exhilaration into their heads as potent as the fumes of champagne could have created there. After an hour or two a dullness began to spread over that gay apartment, and many talked in whispers. The earl soon perceived that all was not right, and its usual sternness returned to his strong face. "You are hiding something from me," he exclaimed; "something has gone wrong; what has happened?" After a pause a gentleman



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICK HOLLYER.

Aubrey De Vere

moved forward, and replied, "My lord, what has gone wrong is this: the K—— tenantry have voted." "What of that?" "My lord, they have voted with the enemy to a man! The other tenants are following their example. The election is lost."

I record these things as they were described to me by those who witnessed them. The earl traveled back to his castle all night; at early dawn he reached it; but it is doubtful whether the White Knight's Tower, as he drove beneath it, smiled upon a defeated chief. During the whole of that day he sat alone, speaking to none, and seen by none. Late the second night the bell of his bedroom rang without intermission, and a short time afterward mounted couriers were scouring all parts of his estates, commanding the attendance at a certain specified hour of all the tenantry in occupation of its 60,000 acres. When the appointed hour arrived, he sat enthroned on the dais, at one end of a gallery a hundred feet long; his official persons were ranged near him in a line at each side of that gallery. What he intended to say to his tenants has often been guessed at, but will never be known. The tenants thronged in at the lower end of the gallery, advancing nearer each moment, as their numbers increased, to where the earl sat. His eye was fixed upon them with that look for which it was famed, but he spoke no word. Suddenly its expression changed: he leaped from his seat, raised his arms on high, and exclaimed: "They are come to tear me in pieces; they are come to tear me in pieces!" The next night but one he was in a madhouse. There he continued to live for many years, faithfully attended by a devoted wife; but he is said never to have had a lucid interval.

Aubrey de Vere.

THE FLIGHT OF SONG.

HOW may the poet sing
When Song is far away?
He has no charm to bring,
No power of yea or nay,
To lure that peerless wing,
To bid it go or stay.
How may the poet sing,
With Song so far away?

Bind — and sweet Song is dumb;
She droops, she dies.
Loose her — no echoes come
From her far skies.
Farther she mounts, and higher;
Elate, elusive still,
She knows alone one will —
Her own desire.
O lingering delay!
When, lo! on one glad day,
Into the heart she slips
With swift surprise!
Her touch upon the lips,
Upon the eyes,
And all life's pulses thrill,
And all the world is spring —
Is spring in Paradise:
Then may the poet sing!

Ina Coolbrith.



THROUGH WESTERN CHINA IN LIGHT MARCHING ORDER.

ACROSS ASIA ON A BICYCLE.

VI. AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRIME MINISTER OF CHINA.[1]

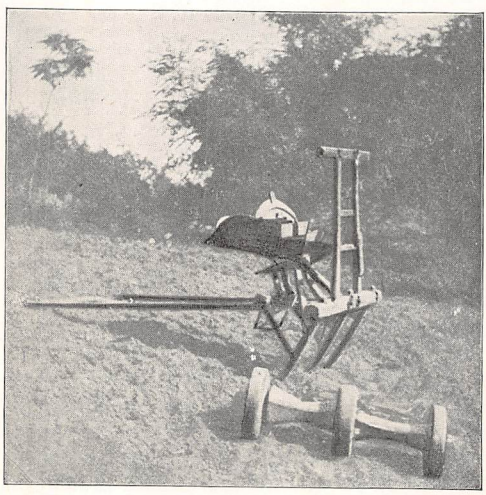
OUR departure from Lan-chou was not, we thought, regretted by the officials themselves, for we heard that apprehension was expressed lest the crowds continuing to collect around the telegraph-office should indulge in a riot. However, we were loath to leave our genial friends for the society of opium-smokers, for we were now in that province of China which, next to Sechuen, is most addicted to this habit. From dusk till bed-time, the streets of the villages were almost deserted for the squalid opium dens. Even our soldier attendant, as soon as the wooden saddle was taken from his sore-backed government steed, would produce his portable lamp, and proceed to melt on his needle the wax-like contents of a small, black box. When of the proper consistency, the paste was rolled on a metal plate to point it for the aperture in the flute-shaped pipe. Half the night would be given to this process, and a considerable portion of the remaining half would be devoted to smoking small pinches of tobacco in the peculiar Chinese water-pipe. According to an official note, issued early in 1882, by Mr. Hart, Inspector-General of Chinese Customs, considerably less than one per cent. of the population is addicted to opium-smoking, while those who smoke it to excess are few. More to be feared is the use of opium as a poison, especially among Chinese women. The government raises large sums from the import duty on opium, and tacitly connives at its cultivation in most of the provinces, where the traders and mandarins share between them the profits of this officially prohibited drug.

This part of the great historic highway on which we were now traveling, between the two bends of the Hoang-ho, was found more extensively patronized than heretofore. Besides the usual caravans of horses, donkeys, and two-wheeled vans, we occasionally met with a party of shaven-headed Tibetans traveling either as emissaries, or as traders in the famous Tibetan sheep-skins and furs, and the strongly-scented bags of the musk-deer. A funeral cortège was also a very frequent sight. Chinese custom requires that the remains of the dead be brought back to their native place, no mat-

[1] The accompanying pictures are from photographs taken by the authors.

ter how far they may have wandered during life, and as the carriage of a single body would often be expensive, they are generally interred in temporary cemeteries or mortuary villages, until a sufficient number can be got together to form a large convoy. Mandarins, however, in death as in life, travel alone and with retinue. One coffin we met which rested upon poles supported on the shoulders of thirty-two men. Above on the coffin was perched the usual white rooster, which is supposed to incorporate, during transportation, the spirit of the departed. In funeral ceremonies, especially of the father, custom also requires the children to give public expression to their grief. Besides many other filial observances, the eldest son is in duty bound to render the journey easy for the departed by scattering fictitious paper-money, as spirit toll, at the various roadside temples.

Singan-foo, the capital of the Middle Kingdom, under the Tsin dynasty, and a city of the first importance more than two thousand years ago, is still one of the largest places in the empire, being exceeded in population probably by Canton alone. Each of its four walls, facing the cardinal points, is over six miles long and is pierced in the center by a monumental gate with lofty pavilions. It was here, among the ruins of an old Nestorian church, built several centuries before, that was found the famous tablet now sought at a high price by the British Museum. The harassing mobs gathered from its teeming population, as well as the lateness of the season, prompted us to make our sojourn as short as possible. Only a day sufficed to reach Tong-quan, which is the central stronghold of the Hoang-ho basin, and one of the best defended points in China. Here, between precipitous cliffs, this giant stream rushes madly by, as if in protest against its sudden deflection. Our ferry this time was not the back of a Chinese coolie nor a jolting ox-cart, but a spacious flat-boat made to accommodate one or two vehicles at a time. This was rowed at the stern, like the gondolas of Venice. The mob of hundreds that had been dogging our foot-steps and making life miserable, during our brief stop for food, watched our embarkation. We reached the opposite shore, a mile below the starting-point, and began to ascend from the river-basin to the highlands by an excavated fissure in the famous "yellow earth." This gives its name, not only to the river it discolors, but, from the extensive region comprised, even to the emperor himself, who takes the title of "Yellow Lord," as equivalent to "Master of the World." The thickness of this the richest soil in China, which according to Baron Richthofen is nothing more than so much dust accumulated during the course of ages by the winds from the northern deserts, is in some places at least two thousand feet. Much ingenuity has been displayed in overcoming the difficulties offered to free communication by the perpendicular walls of these yellow lands. Some of the most frequented roads have been excavated to depths of from forty to one hundred feet. Being seldom more than eight or ten feet wide, the wheeled traffic is conducted by means of sidings, like the "stations" in the Suez Canal. Being undrained or unswept by the winds, these walled-up tracks are either dust-beds or quagmires, according to the season; for us, the autumn rains had converted them into the latter. Although on one of the imperial highways which once excited the admiration of Marco Polo, we were now treated to some of the worst stretches we have ever seen. The mountain ascents, especially those stair-like approaches to the "Heavenly

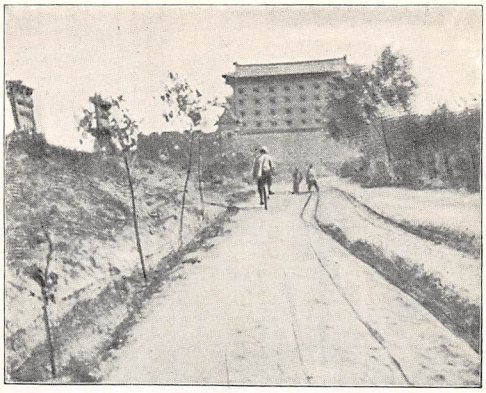


A CHINESE SEEDING-DRILL.

Gates" before reaching the Pe-chili plain, were steep, gradeless inclines, strewn with huge upturned blocks of stone, over which the heavy carts were fairly lifted by the sheer force of additional horse-flesh. The bridges, too, whose Roman-like masonry attests the high degree of Chinese civilization during the middle ages, have long since been abandoned to the ravages of time; while over the whole country the late Dungan rebellion has left its countless ruins.

The people of Shan-si province are noted for their special thrift, but this quality we observed was sometimes exhibited at the expense of the higher virtue of honesty. One of the most serious of the many cases of attempted extortion occurred at a remote country town, where we arrived late one evening, after learning to our dismay that one of our remarkably few mistakes in the road had brought us just fifty miles out

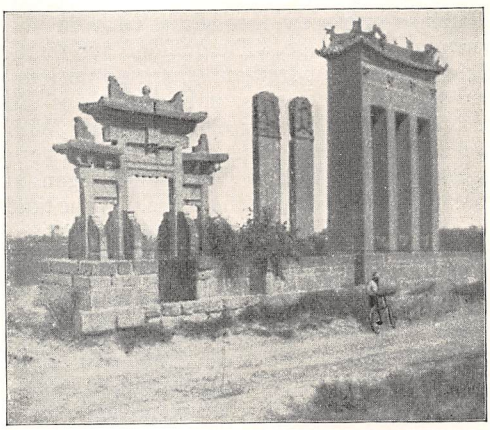
of the way. Unusually wearied as we were by the cross-country cuts, we desired to retire early. In fact, on this account, we were not so observant of Chinese formality as we might have been. We did not heed the hinted requests of the visiting officials for a moon-light exhibition, nor go to the inn-door to bow them respectfully out. We were glad to take them at their word when they said, with the usual hypocritical smirk, "Now, don't come out any farther." This indiscretion on our part caused them, as well as ourselves, to suffer in the respect of the assembled rabble. With official connivance, the latter were now free, they thought, to take unusual liberties. So far, in our dealings with the Chinese, we had never objected to anything that was reasonable even from the native point of view. We had long since learned the force of the Chinese proverb that, "in order to avoid suspicion you must not live behind closed doors"; and in consequence had always recognized the common prerogative to ransack our private quarters and our luggage, so long as nothing was seriously disturbed. We never objected, either, to their wetting our paper windows with their tongues, so that they might noiselessly slit a hole in them with their exceptionally long finger nails, although we did wake up some mornings to find the panes entirely gone. It was only at the request of the innkeeper that we sometimes undertook the job of cleaning out the inn-yard; but this, with the prevalent superstition about the "withering touch of the foreigner," was very easily accomplished. Nor had we ever shown the slightest resentment at being called "foreign devils"; for this, we learned, was, with the younger generation at least, the only title by which foreigners were known. But on this particular night, our forbearance being quite exhausted, we ejected the intruders bodily. Mid mutterings and threats we turned out the lights, and the crowd as well as ourselves retired. The next morning the usual exorbitant bill was presented by the innkeeper, and, as usual, one half or one third was offered and finally accepted, with the customary protestations about being under-paid. The innkeeper's grumblings incited the crowd which early assembled, and from their whispers and glances we could see that trouble of some kind was brewing. We now hastened to get the wheels into the road. Just then the innkeeper, at the instigation of the crowd, rushed out and grabbed the handle-bars, demanding at the same time a sum that was even in advance of his original price. Extortion was now self-evident, and, remonstrance being of no avail, we were obliged to protect ourselves with our fists. The crowd began to close in upon us, until, with our backs against the adjoining wall, we drew our weapons, at which the onward movement



ENTERING TONG-QUAN BY THE WEST GATE.

changed suddenly to a retreat. Then we assumed the aggressive, and regained the wheels which had been left in the middle of the road. The innkeeper and his friend now caught hold of the rear wheels. Only by seizing their queues could we drag them away at all, but even then before we could mount they would renew their grasp. It was only after another direct attack upon them that we were able to mount, and dash away.

A week's journeying after this unpleasant episode brought us among the peanuts, pigs, and pig-tails of the famous Pe-chili plains. Vast fields of peanuts were now being plowed, ready to be passed through a huge coarse sieve to separate the nuts from the sandy loam. Sweet potatoes, too, were plentiful. These, as well as rice balls, boiled with a peculiar dry date in a triangular corn-leaf wrapper, we purchased every morning at daybreak from the pots of the early street-venders, and then proceeded to the local bake-shops, where the rattling of the rolling-pins prophesied of stringy fat cakes cooked in boiling linseed oil, and heavy dough biscuits cleaving to the urn-like oven.



MONUMENTS NEAR ONE-SHE-CHIEN.



FURNACE FOR BURNING WASTE PAPER BEARING WRITTEN CHARACTERS.

It was well that we were now approaching the end of our journey, for our wheels and clothing were nearly in pieces. Our bare calves were pinched by the frost, for on some of the coldest mornings we would find a quarter of an inch of ice. Our rest at night was broken for the want of sufficient covering. The straw-heated *kangs* would soon cool off, and leave us half the night with only our thin sleeping-bags to ward off rheumatism.

But over the beaten paths made by countless wheelbarrows we were now fast nearing the end. It was on the evening of November 3, that the giant walls of the great "Residence," as the people call their imperial capital, broke suddenly into view through a vista in the surrounding foliage. The goal of our three-thousand-one-hundred-and-sixteen-mile journey was now before us, and the work of the seventy-first riding day almost ended. With the dusk of evening we entered the western gate of the "Manchu City," and began to thread its crowded thoroughfares. By the time we reached Legation street or, as the natives egotistically call it, "The Street of the Foreign Dependencies," night had veiled our haggard features and ragged garments. In a dimly lighted courtyard we came face to face with the English proprietor of the Hotel de Peking. At our request for lodging, he said, "Pardon me, but may I first ask who you are and where you come from?" Our unprepossessing appearance was no doubt a sufficient excuse for this precaution. But just then his features changed, and he greeted us effusively. Explanations were now superfluous. The "North China Herald" correspondent at Pao-ting-foo had already published our story to the coast.

That evening the son of the United States minister visited us, and offered a selection from his own wardrobe until a Chinese tailor could renew our clothing. With borrowed plumes we were able to accept invitations from foreign and Chinese officials. Polite cross-examinations were not infrequent, and we fear that entire faith in our alleged journey was not general until, by riding through the dust and mud of Legation street we proved that Chinese roads were not altogether impracticable for bicycle traveling.

The autumn rains had so flooded the low-lying country between the capital and its seaport, Tientsin, that we were obliged to abandon the idea of continuing to the coast on the wheels, which by this time were in no condition to stand unusual strain. On the other hand the house-boat journey of thirty-six hours down the Pei-ho River was a rather pleasant diversion.

Our first evening on the river was made memorable by an unusual event. Suddenly the rattling of tin pans, the tooting of horns, and the shouting of men, women, and children, aroused us to the realization that something extraordinary was occurring. Then we noticed that the full moon in a cloudless sky had already passed the half-way mark in a total eclipse. Our boatman now joined in the general uproar, which reached its height when the moon was entirely obscured. In explanation we were told that the "Great Dragon" was endeavoring to swallow up the moon, and that



MISSIONARIES AT TAI-YUEN-FOO.



A CHINESE BRIDE.

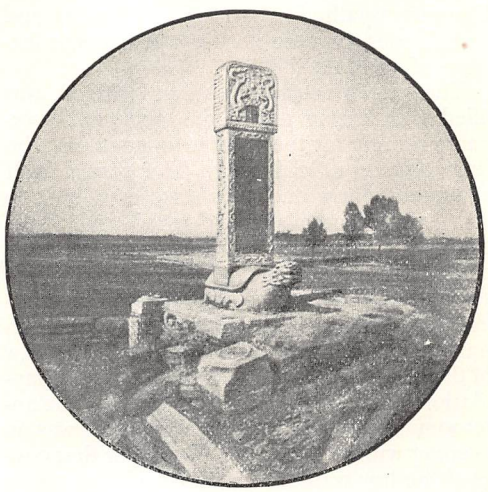
the loudest possible noise must be made to frighten him away. Shouts hailed the reappearance of the moon. Although our boatmen had a smattering of pidjin, or business, English, we were unable to get a very clear idea of Chinese astronomy. In journeying across the empire we found sufficient analogy in the various provincial dialects to enable us to acquire a smattering of one from another as we proceeded, but we were now unable to see any similarity whatever between "You makee walkee look see," and "You go and see," or between "That belong number one pidjin," and "That is a first-class business." This jargon has become a distinct dialect on the Chinese coast.

On our arrival in Tientsin we called upon the United States Consul, Colonel Bowman, to whom we had brought several letters from friends in Peking. During a supper at his hospitable home, he suggested that the viceroy might be pleased to receive us, and that if we had no objection, he would send a communication to the *yamen*, or official residence. Colonel Bowman's secretary, Mr. Tenney, who had been some time the instructor of the viceroy's sons, and who was on rather intimate terms with the viceroy himself, kindly offered to act as interpreter. A favorable answer was received the next morning, and the time for our visit fixed for the afternoon of the day following. But two hours before the appointed time a message was received from the viceroy, stating that he was about to receive an unexpected official visit from the *phantai*, or treasurer, of the Pe-chili province (over which Li-Hung-Chang himself is viceroy), and asking for a postponement of our visit to the following morning at 11 o'clock. Even before we had finished reading this unexpected message, the booming of cannon along the Pei-ho River announced the arrival of the *phantai's* boats before the city. The postponement of our engagement at this late hour threatened to prove rather awkward, inasmuch as we had already purchased our steamship tickets for Shanghai, to sail on the *Fei-ching* at five o'clock the next morning. But through the kindness of the steamship company it was arranged that we should take a tug-boat at Tong-ku, on the line of the Kai-ping railroad, and overtake the steamer outside the Taku bar. This we could do by taking the train at Tientsin, even as late as seven hours after the departure of the steamer. Steam navigation in the Pei-ho River, over the forty or fifty miles' stretch from Tientsin to the gulf, is rendered very slow by the sharp turns in the narrow stream — the adjoining banks being frequently struck and plowed away by the bow or stern of the large ocean steamers.

When we entered the consulate the next morning, we found three palanquins and a dozen coolies in waiting to convey our party to the viceroy's residence. Under other circumstances we would have patronized our "steeds of steel," but a visit to the "biggest" man in China had to be conducted in state. We were even in some doubt as to the propriety of appearing before his excellency in bicycle costume; but we determined to plead our inability to carry luggage as an excuse for this breach of etiquette.

The first peculiarity the Chinese notice in a foreigner is his dress. It is a requisite with them that the clothes must be loose, and so draped as to conceal the contour of the body. The short sack-coat and tight trousers of the foreigner are looked upon as certainly inelegant, if not actually indecent.

It was not long before we were out of the foreign settlement, and wending our way



MONUMENT NEAR CHANG-SHIN-DIEN.

through the narrow, winding streets, or lanes, of the densely populated Chinese city. The palanquins we met were always occupied by some high dignitary or official, who went sweeping by with his usual vanguard of servants, and his usual frown of excessive dignity. The fact that we, plain "foreign devils," were using this mode of locomotion, made us the objects of considerable curiosity from the loiterers and passers-by, and in fact had this not been the case, we should have felt rather uncomfortable. The unsympathetic observation of mobs, and the hideous Chinese noises, had become features of our daily life.



OPIUM SMOKERS IN A STREET OF TAI-YUEN-FOO.

The *yamen* courtyard, as we entered, was filled with empty palanquins and coolie servants waiting for the different mandarins who had come on official visits. The *yamen* itself consisted of low one-story structures, built in the usual Chinese style, of wood and adobe brick, in a quadrangular form around an inner courtyard. The common Chinese paper which serves for window-glass had long since vanished from the ravages of time, and the finger-punches of vandals. Even here, at the *yamen* of the prime minister of China, dirt and dilapidation were evident on every hand. The anteroom into which we were ushered was in keeping with its exterior. The paper that covered the low walls and squatty ceiling, as well as the calico covering on the divans, was soiled and torn. The room itself was filled with mandarins from various parts of the country, waiting for an audience with his excellency. Each wore the official robe and dish-pan hat, with its particular button or insignia of rank. Each had a portly, well-fed appearance, with a pompous, dignified mien overspreading his features. The servant by whom we had sent in our Chinese visiting-cards returned and asked us to follow him. Passing through several rooms, and then along a narrow, darkened hallway, we emerged into an inner courtyard. Here there were several servants standing like sentinels in waiting for orders; others were hurrying hither and thither with different messages intrusted to their care. This was all there was to give to the place the air of busy headquarters. On one side of the courtyard the doors of the "foreign reception" room opened. Through these we were ushered by the liveried servant, who bore a message from the viceroy, asking us to wait a few moments until he should finish some important business.

The foreign reception-room in which we were now sitting was the only one in any official residence in the empire, and this single instance of compliance with foreign customs was significant as bearing upon the attitude toward western ideas of the man who stands at the head of the Chinese government. Everything about us was foreign except a Chinese divan in one



LI-HUNG-CHANG.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SENT TO THE AUTHORS BY THE PRIME MINISTER.

corner of the room. In the middle of the floor stood a circular sofa of the latest pattern, with chairs and settees to match, and at one end a foreign stove, in which a fire had been recently lighted for our coming. Against the wall were placed a full-length mirror, several brackets, and some fancy work. The most interesting of the ornaments in the room were portraits of Li-Hung-Chang himself, Krupp the gun-maker, Armstrong the ship-builder, and the immortal "Chinese Gordon," the only foreigner, it is said, who has ever won a spark of admiration from the Chinese people.

While we were waiting for the viceroy, his second son, the pupil of Mr. Tenney, came in and was introduced in the foreign fashion. His English was fluent and correct. He was a bright, intelligent lad of nineteen years, then about to take his first trial examinations for the Chinese degree of scholarship, which, if attained, would make him eligible for official position. Although a son of the viceroy he will have to rise by his own merit.

Our conversation with the viceroy's son extended over ten or fifteen minutes. He asked many questions about the details of our journey. "How," said he, "could you get along without interpreter, guide, or servant, when

every foreigner who goes even from here to Peking has to have them?" He questioned us as to whether or not the Chinese had ever called us names. We replied that we usually traveled in China under the *nom de Chinois*, *yang queedza* (the foreign devils), alias *yeh renn* (the wild men). A blush overspread his cheeks as he said: "I must apologize for my countrymen; I hope you will excuse them, for they know no better." The young man expressed deep interest in America and American institutions, and said if he could obtain his father's consent he would certainly make a visit to our country. This was the only son then at home with the viceroy, his eldest son being minister to Japan. The youngest, the viceroy's favorite, was, it was said, the brightest and most promising. His death occurred only a few months before our arrival in Tientsin.

We were holding an animated conversation when the viceroy himself was announced. We all stood to show our respect for the prime minister whom General Grant included among the three greatest statesmen of his day. The viceroy was preceded by two body-servants. We stood before a man who appeared to be over six feet in height, although his head and shoulders were considerably bent with age. His flowing dress was made of rich colored silk, but very plain indeed. Any ornamentation would have been a profanation of the natural dignity and stateliness of Li-Hung-Chang. With slow pace he walked into the room, stopped a moment to look at us, then advanced with outstretched hand, while a faint smile played about his features and softened the piercing glance of his eyes. He shook our hands heartily in the foreign fashion, and without any show of ceremony led the way into an adjoining room, where a long council-table extended over half the length. The viceroy took the arm-chair at the head, and motioned us to take the two seats on his left, while Mr. Tenney and the viceroy's son sat on his right. For almost a minute not a word was said on either side. The viceroy had fixed his gaze intently upon us, and, like a good general perhaps, was taking a thorough survey of the field before he opened up the cannonade of questions that was to follow. We in turn were just as busily engaged in taking a mental sketch of his most prominent physical characteristics. His face was distinctly oval, tapering from a very broad forehead to a sharp pointed chin, half-obscured by his thin, gray "goatee." The crown of his head was shaven in the usual Tsing fashion, leaving a tuft of hair for a queue, which in the viceroy's case was short and very thin. His dry, sallow skin showed signs of wrinkling; a thick fold lay under each eye, and at each end of his upper lip. There were no prominent cheek-bones or almond-shaped eyes, which are so distinctively seen in most of the Mongolian race. Under the scraggy mustache we could distinguish a rather benevolent though determined mouth; while his small, keen eyes, which were somewhat sunken, gave forth a flash that was perhaps but a flickering ember of the fire they once contained. The left eye, which was partly closed by a paralytic stroke several years ago, gave him a rather artful, waggish appearance. The whole physiognomy was that of a man of strong intuition, with the ability to force his point when necessary, and the shrewd common sense to yield when desiring to be politic.

"Well, gentlemen," he said at last, through Mr. Tenney as interpreter, "you don't look any the worse for your long journey."

"We are glad to hear your excellency say so," we replied; "it is gratifying to know that our appearance speaks well for the treatment we have received in China."

We hope our readers will consider the requirements of Chinese etiquette as sufficient excuse for our failure to say candidly that, if we looked healthy, it was not the fault of his countrymen.

"Of all the countries through which you have passed, which do you consider the best?" the viceroy then asked.

In our answer to this question the reader would no doubt expect us to follow etiquette, and say that we thought China was the best; and, perhaps, the viceroy himself had a similar expectation. But between telling a positive lie, and not telling the truth, there is perhaps sufficient difference to shield us from the charge of gross inconsistency. We answered, therefore, that in many respects, we considered America the greatest country we had seen. We ought of course to have said that no reasonable person in the world would ever think of putting any other country above the Celestial Empire; our bluntness elicited some surprise, for the viceroy said:

"If then you thought that America was the best why did you come to see other countries?"

"Because until we had seen other countries," we replied, "we did not know that America was the best." But this answer the viceroy evidently considered a mere subterfuge. He was by no means satisfied.

"What was your real object in undertaking such a peculiar journey?" he asked rather impatiently.

"To see and study the world and its peoples," we answered; "to get a practical training as a finish to a theoretical education. The bicycle was adopted only because we considered it the most convenient means of accomplishing that purpose."

The viceroy, however, could not understand



A CHINAMAN SCULLING ON THE PEI-HO.

how a man should wish to use his own strength when he could travel on the physical force of some one else; nor why it was that we should adopt a course through Central Asia and northwestern China when the southern route through India would have been far easier and less dangerous. He evidently gave it up as a conundrum, and started out on another line.

"Do you consider the Shah of Persia a powerful monarch?" was his next question.

"Powerful, perhaps, in the oriental sense," we replied, "but very weak in comparison with the Western nations. Then, too, he seems to be losing the power that he does have—he is compelled to play more and more into the hands of the Russians."

"Do you think that Russia will eventually try to take possession of Persia?" the viceroy interrupted.

"That, of course, is problematical," we answered, with the embarrassment men of our age might feel at being instigated to talk politics with a prime minister. "What we do know, for certain, is that Russia is now, with her Transcaspian railroad, within about forty miles of Meshed, the capital of Persia's richest province of Khorasan; that she now has a well-engineered and, for a great portion of the way, a macadamized road to that city across the Kopet Dagh mountains from Askabad, the capital of Russian Transcaspia; and that half that road the Persians were rather forcibly invited to construct."

"Do you think," again interrupted the viceroy, whose interest in the Russians now began to take a more domestic turn, "that the Russians would like to have the Chinese province of Ili?"

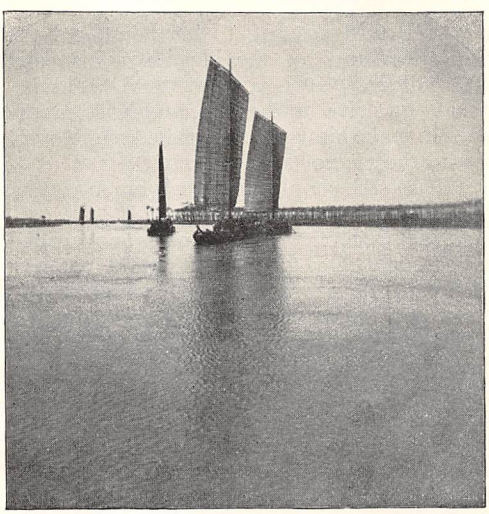
To this question we might very appropriately have said, "No"; for the reason that we thought Russia had it already. She is only waiting to draw it in, when she feels certain that her Siberian flank is better protected. The completion of the Transsiberian railroad, by which troops can be readily transported to that portion of her dominion, may change Russia's attitude toward the province of Ili. We did not, however, say this to his excellency. We merely replied that we believed Russia was seldom known to hold aloof from anything of value, which she thought she could get with impunity. As she was now sending cart-load after cart-load of goods over the border, through Ili, into northern and western China, without paying a cent of customs duty, while on the other hand not even a leaf of tea, or thread of cotton passed over the Russian line from China without the payment of an exorbitant tariff; and as she had already established in Kuldja a postal, telegraph, and Cossack station, it would seem that she does not even now view the province of Ili as wholly foreign to the Russian empire.

At this the viceroy cleared his throat, and dropped his eyes in thoughtful mood, as much as to say: "Ah, I know the Russians; but there 's no help for it."

At this point we ventured to ask the viceroy if it were true, as we had been informed, that Russia had arranged a treaty with China, by which she was entitled to establish consuls in several of the interior provinces of the Chinese empire, but he evaded the question with adroitness, and asked:

"Did n't you find the roads very bad in China?"

This question was creditable to the viceroy's knowledge of his own country, but to this subject we brought the very best Chinese politeness we could muster. We said that inasmuch as China had not yet adopted the bicycle, her



ON THE PEI-HO.

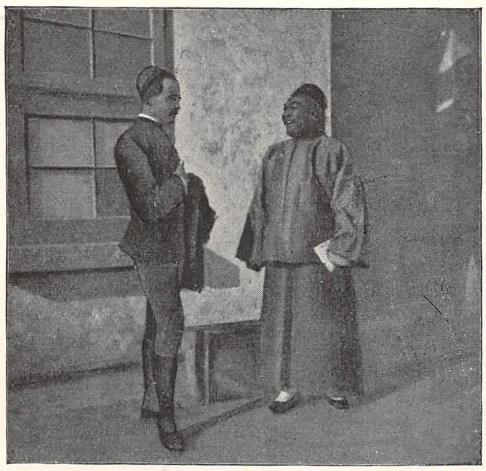
roads, of course, were not adapted to that mode of locomotion.

The viceroy then asked us to describe the bicycle, and inquired if such a vehicle did not create considerable consternation among the people.

We told him that the bicycle from a Chinese point of view was capable of various descriptions. On the passports given us by the Chinese minister in London the bicycle was called "a seat-sitting, foot-moving machine." The natives in the interior had applied to it various epithets, among which were *yang ma* (foreign horse), *fei-chay* (flying-machine), *szüdzun chay* (self-moving cart), and others. The most graphic description, perhaps, was given by a Chinaman whom



SALT HEAPS AT THE GOVERNMENT WORKS AT TONG-KU.



MR. LIANG, EDUCATED IN THE UNITED STATES, NOW IN THE SHIPPING BUSINESS.

we overheard relating to his neighbors the first appearance of the bicycle in his quiet little village. "It is a little mule," said he, "that you drive by the ears, and kick in the sides to make him go." A dignified smile overspread the viceroy's features.

"Did n't the people try to steal your money?" he next inquired.

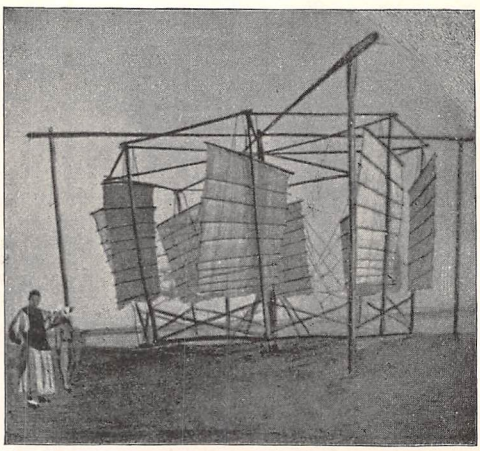
"No," we replied. "From our impoverished appearance, they evidently thought we had nothing. Our wardrobe being necessarily limited by our mode of travel, we were sometimes reduced to the appearance of traveling mendicants, and were often the objects of pity or contempt. Either this, or our peculiar mode of travel, seemed to dispel all thought of highway robbery; we never lost even so much as a button on our journey of over three thousand miles across the Chinese empire."

"Did the governors you met treat you well?" he asked; and then immediately added: "Being scholars, were you not subjected to some indignity by being urged to perform for every mandarin you met?"

"By nearly all the governors," we said, "we were treated very kindly indeed; but we were not so certain that the same favors would have been extended to us had we not cheerfully consented to give exhibitions of bicycle riding."

There was now a lull in the conversation. The viceroy shifted his position in his chair, and took another whiff from the long, slender Chinese pipe held to his mouth by one of his body-servants. One whiff, and the pipe was taken away to be emptied and refilled. After a short respite he again resumed the conversation, but the questions he now asked were of a personal nature. We enumerate a few of them, without comment, only for the purpose of throwing some additional light on the character of our questioner.

"About how much did the trip cost you? Do you expect to get back all or more than you spent? Will you write a book?



WINDMILLS AT TONG-KU FOR RAISING SALT WATER.

"Did you find on your route any gold or silver deposits?

"Do you like the Chinese diet; and how much did one meal cost you?

"How old are you? [One of the first questions a Chinese host usually asks his guest.] Are you married? What is the trade or profession of your parents? Are they wealthy? Do they own much land?" (A Chinaman's idea of wealth is limited somewhat by the amount of land owned.)

"Will you telegraph to your parents from Shanghai your safe arrival there?

"Were you not rash in attempting such a journey? Suppose you had been killed out in the interior of Asia, no one would ever have heard of you again.

"Are you Democrats or Republicans?" (The viceroy showed considerable knowledge of our government and institutions.)

"Will you run for any political office in America? Do you ever expect to get into Congress?

"Do you have to buy offices in America?" was the last inquiry.

There was considerable hesitancy on the part of us both to answer this question. Finally we were obliged to admit that sometimes such was the case. "Ah," said the viceroy, "that is a very bad thing about American politics." But in this censure he was even more severe on his own country than America. Referring to ourselves in this connection, the viceroy ventured to predict that we might become so well-known as the result of our journey that we could get into office without paying for it. "You are both young," he added, "and can hope for anything."

During the conversation the viceroy frequently smiled, and sometimes came so near overstepping the bounds of Chinese propriety as to chuckle. At first his reception was more formal, but his interest soon led him to dispense with all formality, and before the close of the interview the questions were rapidly asked and discussed. We have had some experience with examining attorneys, and an extended acquaintance with the American reporter; but we are convinced that for genuine inquisitiveness Li-Hung-Chang stands peerless. We made several attempts to take leave, but were interrupted each time by a question from the viceroy. Mr. Tenney, in fact, became fatigued with the task of interpreting, so that many of the long answers were translated by the viceroy's son.

The interview was conducted as nearly as possible in the foreign fashion. We smoked cigarettes, and a bottle of champagne was served. Finally the interview was brought to a close by a health from the viceroy to "Tamā-quo" (the great American country).

In conclusion we thanked the viceroy for the honor he had done us. He replied that we must not thank him at all; that he was only doing his duty. "Scholars," said he, "must receive scholars."

The viceroy rose from his chair with difficulty; the servant took him by the elbows and half lifted him to his feet. He then walked slowly out of the room with us, and across the courtyard to the main exit. Here he shook us heartily by the hand, and bowed us out in the Chinese manner.

Li-Hung-Chang is virtually the emperor of the Celestial Empire; the present "Son of Heaven" (the young emperor) has only recently reached his majority. Li-Hung-Chang is China's intellectual height, from whom emanate nearly all her progressive ideas. He stands to-day in the light of a mediator between foreign progressiveness and native prejudice and conservatism. It has been said that Li-Hung-Chang is really anti-foreign at heart; that he employs the occidentals only long enough for them to teach his own countrymen how to get along without them. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that the viceroy recognizes the advantages to be derived from foreign methods and inventions, and employs them for the advancement of his country. Upon him rests the decision in nearly all the great questions of the empire. Scarcely an edict or document of any kind is issued that does not go over his signature or under his direct supervision. To busy himself with the smallest details is a distinctive characteristic of the man. Systematic methods, combined with an extraordinary mind, enable him to accomplish his herculean task. In the eastern horizon Li-Hung-Chang shines as the brilliant star of morning that tells of the coming of a brighter dawn.

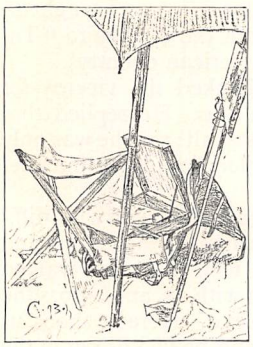
[Conclusion of the series.]

Thomas Gaskell Allen, Jr.
William Lewis Sachtleben.

A ROBBERY ON THE FRENCH COAST.

(ARTISTS' ADVENTURES.)

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



"EVENING, good people. Can I get food and lodging here?"

I stood erect on the threshold. In the dark room I could just make out two indistinct figures, and I myself must have made a curious silhouette against the tragic field of sunset, with my slouch hat over one eye, my painter's knapsack on my back, and my iron-tipped staff in my hand. I must have presented the somewhat portentous appearance of a vagabond who has prowled all the day long in the sun, and now demands a night's rest.

I had been on the march since daybreak, examining the coast, its woodlands, beaches, and rocks. A whole day of open air and freedom! First there was the start from Royan, with a knapsack, packed over-night, bursting with all kinds of provisions, not to speak of the canvases, color-box, sketching-stool, and easel firmly lashed on top, and strapped down with thongs and buckles enough to suit an exploring tour in Africa. Then, in the clear dawn, came the turnpike edged with green trees, villas still deep in slumber, and the far plains all moist with dew, their lines softened by the morning mist. In the gaiety of the morn came the more scattered houses on the turnpike, a hotter sunshine, the footpath in the pine-woods, the deep peace of great forests, and the silent dunes where here and there the sun would lay broad touches of sunshine. Ah, what ravines full of flowers, what shady hollows, what hill-tops where one drew in deep breaths of the balmy smell of immortelles and wild flowers, mingled with the sea-breeze!

Suddenly the woods came to an end, and the trees detached themselves in a mass on the clear horizon. Out there was the immense abyss of light, and now, flashing like a diamond lying flat beneath the stupendous sky at the foot of the dunes, appeared the azure sea.

Delightful is the profession of painter on such days. I filled my eyes to the brim with light, I absorbed light, I intoxicated myself with fresh open air. The first complete contact with nature made a deep impression on me. I had just arrived from Paris, where I had been caught in the machinery of a competition for the Prix de Rome. For two whole months I had vegetated in a bedroom ten feet square, a veritable hot-house, at the end of that court of the École des Beaux Arts which seems like the exercising-yard of a prison rather than a nursery of artists.

Utterly absorbed in the salmon and brown tones of my Polynices, and the tobacco-colored beard of Œdipus pronouncing his curse, I forgot the rest of the world; the universe, so far as I was concerned, consisted of that corner of Paris, with its smothering streets shaken every instant by the trembling note of cabs and the roar of the omnibus. I was free of all these botherations, having, besides, very completely lost the Prix de Rome. A clever competitor had given a richer salmon tint to the carnations in his flesh painting, and endued the son of Laius with a beard more agitated by tragic thrills than nature could show. So the next day I rejoined my family at the seaside, and now I had arrived, like a rat blinking its eyes at the mouth of its hole, having before me — what a contrast! — real sunshine, real sky, gulls in the boundless blue, flights of sails aslant on the horizon, and, in the enormous heights of the sky, gentle clouds with the tones of water-colors! Everywhere about me, rising from the ground like incense, the powerful fragrance of pines and tamarisks made its way to my very soul, while the vast azure high sea unfurled its billows on the golden strand at my feet.

What color-notes! What a palette! Corot's favorite hour had passed, and the mists were gone. I lingered here and there, and the sun rose in the heavens, drowning everything with its rays, making the rocks flame, and causing the distance to vibrate. I breakfasted between two studies at a double-quick. I was hunting down color-notes that could not be caught, feverishly striving to seize this rock's reflection in the blue water, and the changing iridescence of yonder billows shot with sunlight under the broiling rays of noon, thus forgetting both distances and fatigue.

Farther on, after long walks in the sun, I plunged into the coolness of woods and dales. Then the ocean once more, rocks up which one had to climb, dunes one could surmount

only by wading in deep sand, then the steeper cliffs and the beaches.

Evening overtook me in the unsettled country as I was scaling a high bluff; the sea was to my left, and on my right the enormous pine-forest and the horizon of wooded hills over which night was advancing. Wearied out, my head heavy, I then only sought to get my bearings, and to find a lodging-place, for it was now too late to return to the town. Then it was that I perceived at the end of the bluff the rude outline of an old house; it looked quite black against the sunset sky. A short walk across the deserted heath, and there I was. A holly-bush was set above the door, the common emblem for inns. I advanced to the threshold.



THE HOUSE. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

"Evening, good people. Can I get food and lodging here?"

A silence ensued. Then a voice came from the gloom:

"Oh, well, yes; I suppose so." And I heard a movement at the end of the room.

It was not exactly an inn, but the holly-bush over the door meant to say, "Here drink is sold." Evidently the customs-guards who watch the coast were in the habit of stopping here from time to time to drain a glass and to break a bit of bread. Without doubt some food must be left in the place, so I was sure of my supper. There would have to be a bed somewhere or other, too.

The last gleams of sunset lighted up the gorse on the steep, and an evening wind whistled in the grass. Down below on the shore the ocean mounted to the assault of pebbly reaches, falling heavily with a rhythmical sound. The end of a mast called my attention to the ribs of a boat near by, like the skeleton of some leviathan half emerged from the sand. So these coasts must be perilous; and in a moment I seemed to see the boat whipped by the waves on some winter night — a lightning bolt from the sky, a terrible breaker, and then the boat overturned, rolled this way and that, and broken, and its miserable remains cast hither and thither over the sands with the drowning crew.

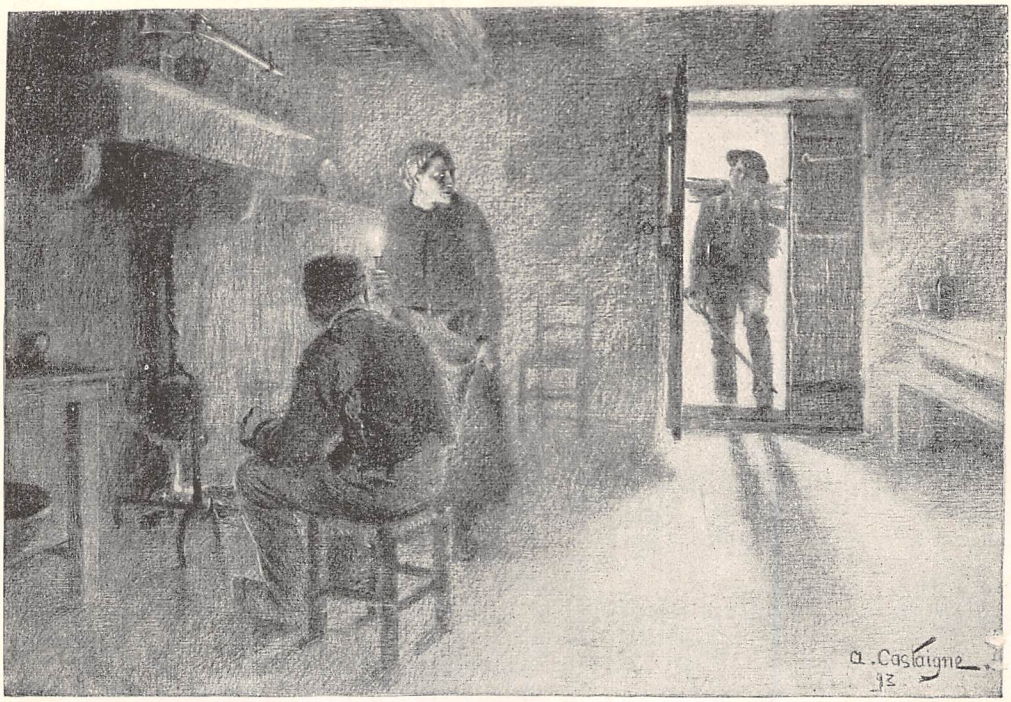
I strove to drag myself from such dreams. Nightfall of itself is sorrowful; it is like the disappearance of reality, and the beginning of dreams.

"Come in, do! Sit down!"

I entered.

A big, very high room, darkened by smoke, the beams of the roof black, a shining table, benches, chairs, a bed, and in the black yawn of the hearth some brands of a resinous wood that sent their fragrance abroad. I seated myself on a bench in the corner of the room, and placed my knapsack beside me. One could hear inside it the metallic rattle of the color-tubes, palette-knives, and oil-vials as they jostled one another.

An old man was seated on the hearth watch-



THE ARRIVAL.

ing the fire; turning his head, he fixed a piercing eye on me. The woman who had bidden me enter approached, and, with one hand on the table, and the other hanging down, she examined me from under her eyelids with an air that seemed to me hesitating and surly. My reception was not exactly warm; but on thinking it over my own looks were not exactly encouraging. My hair was wet with perspiration, my clothes were covered with dust, my slouch hat fell over my nose, and the iron-tipped staff was in my hand. In fine, nothing was lacking to give me the look of a vagabond, a smuggler, or a city cracksman on a summer's tour.

"Well," said I, breaking the silence, "what have you to eat this evening?"

"Not much."

"At any rate, let me have some dinner."

"That depends on what you want."

It was not possible to budge her from that. I said that she might give me anything; it would be enough; I was not hard to please.

It was now night. The gale from the ocean, shaking the closed door, blew stronger and stronger, and while I ate the wretched meal that was placed before me, I examined the room. Indistinctly lighted by a candle placed near me, I could still make out the details. The floor was the naked ground, uneven in spots; there were a few rickety chairs in the corners; presses shone in the dark, with here and there the reflection from a bottle or a knife. There were also the tall, black clock, and the big closet-bed in the corner. On the uneven, lumpy wall was a coarse woodcut in which the Wandering Jew appeared eight times, pursued by the hand of God, and on the smoke-burned chimney-piece, dominating the disorder and clutter of common utensils, placed athwart on two nails, hard and rigid, a great rifle shone out from the darkness.

"Nothing very joyous in all these decorations," I thought.

This shore, so uninviting of look, these crags on which the sea broke, this lonely house, the little warmth in the welcome of my hosts, the dubious glance which I fancied I had caught in their eyes, perchance the great heat of the day, the long walk in the open air,—I know not what all,—made me feel by no means at my ease. As I felt my head very heavy, and was worn out with fatigue, I made a sign to the woman that I wished to pay the bill. In order to quiet her suspicions I threw a piece of gold on the table.

"Pay yourself out of that," I said.

She seized the piece, examined it, turned it over, made it ring on the table.

She annoyed me with her ways, and, since by chance I had another in my pocket, I spoke out like a lord:

"Is n't it good? I have some more — of the same kind."

I thought I saw in the shadows two yellow pupils shine out, and two rapacious fists clench themselves.

"Now if you will be so good as to show me my room, I am ready."

"Follow me," she said.

The room had only one door, and I saw no other bed except the big one at the end of the apartment. But the woman opened wide the door, and the howling wind blew in. Verily at that moment the gale was up, and the tide must have been at the full. The weather had changed; sand flew against the house as if a giant's fist were hurling it by handfuls.

I took my knapsack, and followed.

"You must have something precious indeed in that, to take it out of doors in such weather! You had better leave it on the bench."

Leave my knapsack? Not on my life! Out of curiosity these rustics would have ransacked it during the night, and their heavy paws would have ruined my studies, and destroyed my beautiful open-air color-notes.

We had turned the corner of the house, and in the rear was the door of a woodshed, in which were hay, straw, bundles of fagots, and at the end a stair leading to the loft. On the left a thin partition of bricks had been raised in which was a door. That made a little room where were a bed and two chairs. It was in that hole I must sleep, or else make my bed out-doors.

I entered without hesitation, and the woman retired, wishing me good-night.

As I have said, I was nervous. That long day had, as it were, intoxicated me. It was not to be explained; it was stronger than reason. I barricaded the outer door, the bolt of which I shot; the door of my bedroom, having no bolt, I buttressed solidly with a chair. I knocked on the wall to see if it was genuine. I bent down and looked under the bed — no one there. I took off my waistcoat and shoes, and threw myself on the bed.

Yet I seemed to have a presentiment of some danger. I was feverish, and could hear the beating of my heart. But, I argued, why should I fear? These people are not bandits, pirates of the coast, watchers for the shipwrecked, stationed here at the ends of the earth. And then, even supposing they had bad purposes, there is nothing alluring in my appearance, and I have not exactly the look of one who is lined with gold. Fear is nothing but a fancy. I am here to sleep. Sleep be it, then. So I forced myself to think no more of it.

But how could I prevent a beginning of fever from raising my pulse and the blood from heating my temples? In spite of the calmness of my reasoning, phantoms roused themselves and passed before me. I seemed to feel terror beating the air about my brows with her wings; the nightmare of sleeplessness began to be as oppressive as the reality itself.

Sleep or no sleep, I was compelled to stay. It was impossible to leave at that hour. I could not have gone twenty steps without tumbling into some hole, and, my weariness helping, I let myself go little by little, cradled by the whistling of the wind, which now sent me only softened "hoo-hoos" under the sill of my door.

I fell into a deep sleep, but all of a sudden, toward midnight, there I was awake, bolt upright. I jumped down from the bed, my eyes dilating in the night. No; it was not a dream, those muffled sounds, those low voices. Oh, horrors! there was talking behind that wall. Some one was trying to open the door. I listened trembling. Somebody said, "Go, get the ladder!"

There were several of them. Doubtless they have sent for reinforcements; they are going to climb from outside into the loft, descend, attack me in this corner, and cut my throat in this barbarous hole. Evidently they are armed; the gun has been taken down from the nail; a ball would strike me in the breast if I should open the door. They are after my life. Everything is now explained: their treacherous looks, their rapacious glances. Doubtless they believe that I have in my knapsack gold and jewels, a whole fortune. Their plans are laid. Ever since my arrival a tragedy has been in the air, and I shall die here without help. There will be a struggle; this bed will be upset; frightful screams will pierce the night; there will be blood on these walls: but I shall yield before their numbers, and the terrible house will keep its secret.

A voice murmurs, "No noise!"

Aha, you think that I am asleep, and that I shall permit myself to be surprised and stuck like a lamb! The first who comes will be crushed.

A heavy chair in my hand, I waited for the door to be broken in. At that moment I felt in myself superhuman powers.

They brought the ladder. It was adjusted against the wall; they climbed up, and landed on the wooden flooring with a dull thud. They were walking stealthily, and coming down the stair; I could hear it creak. There they were behind the door which did not lock! I could hear their breath.

"He 's asleep; sh — sh! pass me the ax!"

My heart leaped in my breast; I felt that it was the end of all. Heavens! the door has creaked! Farewell, Nature; blessings on all those I love! Ah, the wretches!

My arm could hold out no longer; that chair weighed a hundred pounds. A sound of moving straw followed, the cracking of a dry twig.

A slipping sound warned me that some one had placed himself flat on the ground; doubtless in order to see under the door, if there was a light. Then everything was quiet. My arm fell without loosening hold on the chair; I remained on my feet, flattened against the door, my ear glued to the wood, striving to hear.

How long I remained in that position I do not know. Sleep almost overtook me; I let myself slide into my chair, and there I passed the night, my head now and then falling on my bent frame, threatening to pitch forward. Then in my heavy sleepiness I would raise myself again, listen a little, even at one time awaked by a snore. Surprising thing! Besides myself, there was another in the woodshed!

What had to happen did happen. In my sleep I nearly fell on the floor. My awakening was sudden, and reassurance equally prompt, for now through the cracks of the door the rays of sunlight sped like golden arrows. I opened it a bit; the outside door was open, and light was entering in floods. A puff of fresh air, a fine fresh sea breeze, struck me full in the face. In an instant I took possession of my wits. I hurried out; in front of the house the good woman was seated on her threshold mending her fishing-net.

"I say, did n't you hear anything last night? Your house was entered; did you know that? Robbers, without a doubt! I had a pretty scare!" And I watched her under my eyelids, noting her glance.

"Sure enough; and here I am forgetting to wake them," said she.

What could she mean? She went into the woodshed, and I followed. A sonorous droning met our ears, and at the back of the shed, in the warm shadows, almost hidden in the straw, I saw two big fellows, by no means ill-looking.

She waked them, and while they emerged from the straw, their eyes heavy with sleep, the good woman hummed her explanation.

"Oh, if I could have foreseen! You must have had a great scare, and it was my fault, too. Wait till I tell you."

It was all very simple. Two workmen from the town had been delayed at their work in the neighborhood, and, not wishing to return so late, had preferred to sleep there. The bed being taken, they had to put up with the straw, and, finding the door bolted, they quietly passed in by way of the loft window, taking with them tools, ax, saw, etc., and making as little noise as possible for fear of waking me: there it was!



GOOD-BY.

Seeing the honest look of all these people, I confessed the scare I had had during the night. The workmen, having the case explained, laughed at the top of their lungs, and the woman explained further:

"So that was the way of it. You thought they were robbers, did you? Now just wait. This is the way it happened, and first let me say that —" and so forth, and so on.

She wearied me with her rustic slang, broken by peals of laughter.

Outside was the joyous morning, the blessed daylight, which I thought never again to behold. But was that the landscape which seemed to me so savage the night before? A veil of mist softened the azure distance; I heard the birds singing in the sky; fowls were cackling at my feet. The bluffs were redolent with perfumes, and on the beach the immensity of the sea unrolled itself. From that forest which I thought a desert I saw blue smoke mounting; all was sunlight, gaiety, joy of life, and from time to time the crow of a chanticleer pealed through the air like the trumpets of victory.

"Well — here 's to your health!"

Everybody drank; it was I who stood treat now, with a delicious white wine. "To you — to you — to you!" The good woman related my adventure for the second time, this time to the old man. It was a long story, for he was a little deaf. Then there was more laughter; it was a joy to hear them. "Farewell, good folks — till we meet again!"

One of the workmen helped to buckle my knapsack on my back, very proud to assist an artist; for he knew that sort, as he explained it all to the peasants.

Then I was off again through the grass, which was still moist with dew, light of heart, gay, even jolly. I waved good-by to the whole party, and as I was about to disappear round the bend of the footpath, I heard in the tense morning air that old woman straining her voice in explanations to the deaf man. He had heard at last, and understood. Wafted toward me by the breeze, his railing voice reached my ears:

"Eh? What d' you say? Rob whom? Rob an artist? Where 'd be the use? A pack of beggars without a cent!"

André Castaigne.

McCLELLAN AND HIS "MISSION."

A STUDY BY MAJOR-GENERAL FRY.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, son of the distinguished physician and surgeon George McClellan and of Elizabeth Brinton McClellan, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., December 3, 1826. His home education and training were careful and thorough, and in the year 1842 he entered the military academy at West Point. He graduated in 1846, No. 2 in a class of 59, was appointed second lieutenant of engineers, and joined the army under General Scott in Mexico. From the close of the Mexican war in 1848 to 1852 he served with credit as an officer of engineers, and in 1852–54 conducted with marked ability and energy government explorations and surveys in the far West. Promoted to a captaincy of cavalry in 1855, he was in that year sent abroad as one of a government commission to study foreign military systems. In January, 1857, he resigned, and became chief engineer, then vice-president, of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, and later president of the eastern division of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad Company, with his residence in Cincinnati. He was appointed major-general by the governor of Ohio, April 23, 1861. Before he had rendered any military services of note, indeed before the military operations of the rebellion had begun in reality, he was appointed major-general in the army of the United States (May 14, 1861), and assigned to the command of the Department of the Ohio. He invaded western Virginia in June with some twenty-seven regiments of raw volunteers, and was successful at Rich Mountain and Beverly. On July 22, after the battle of Bull Run, he was called to Washington, arriving there July 26, and was assigned to the command of the Division of the Potomac. On November 1, 1861, General Scott was placed on the retired list, and McClellan succeeded him as General-in-chief. Between July 26, 1861, and November 7, 1862, the Army of the Potomac was organized, the Peninsular campaign and the Antietam campaign were made by McClellan, and on the latter date he was relieved from duty, and his military career ended. In 1864 he was the Democratic party's candidate for the Presidency against Lincoln. After resigning from the army in November, 1864, he was employed mainly as an engineer, but was elected governor of his adopted State, New Jersey. After the election of President Cleveland he was offered, and declined, the office of minister to Russia. He died at Orange, New Jersey, October 29, 1885.

Nothing since the assassination of Lincoln more deeply affected the popular heart than McClellan's death. The President of the United States expressed the feelings of thousands in his telegram to Mrs. McClellan saying: "I am shocked by the news of your husband's death; and while I know how futile are all human efforts to console, I must assure you of my deep sympathy in your great grief, and express to you my own sense of affliction at the loss of so good a friend," and he correctly characterized McClellan as "a distinguished soldier and citizen, whose military ability and civil virtues have shed luster upon the history of his country." McClellan's mourners were sincere. His pall was borne and his body was followed by those who loved him; and as the solemn procession passed along the aisle for the last services, his bier was sprinkled by the tears of veterans.

As a cadet at the military academy, McClellan was intelligent, attentive, prompt, obedient, studious, and respectful. His manner was cordial, frank, and cheerful. He was a great favorite, and, though very young, exerted from the beginning a marked influence among his associates. His career in the Mexican war was characterized by energy, intelligence, and intrepidity. Gallant in bearing, and fascinating in manner, he attracted the favorable notice not only of Colonel R. E. Lee, then chief engineer of the army in Mexico, but of General Scott, the commander of that army. From the close of the Mexican war until the outbreak of the rebellion, in military and in civil life, McClellan was noted for the traits that command admiration, respect, and affection. His integrity, his sincerity, his piety, his purity of character, his loftiness of purpose, his fidelity to obligations personal and official, his affectionate consideration for others, were known to all men with whom he was thrown in contact, and the resultant of all these qualities constituted his so-called personal magnetism, which was a potent, if not an irresistible, force. He possessed the confidence of the General Government, of his native and adopted States, and of the people to whom he was known. His campaign in western Virginia (June and July, 1861), promptly opened with the raw levies at hand, vigorously prosecuted, and attended with triumph, elicited not only universal applause, but a vote of thanks from Congress for his "series of brilliant and decisive victories." It was therefore in compliance with sound judgment as well as with popular feeling that he was called to Washington to retrieve the disaster of the battle of Bull Run.

His career as a leader covered a period of about fourteen months only, beginning in July, 1861, and ending in November, 1862. In all things not connected with that period he exhibited after November, 1862, the same purity of character, the same integrity, the same fidelity, the same ability, that had characterized his life prior to 1861. No part of his career before he was called to Washington in July, or after he left the Army of the Potomac the following November, gave rise to a doubt of his ability, his learning, his integrity, his devoutness, his fidelity, obedience, and subordination. But endowed with the confidence of the people, and clothed with great responsibility and all the power the Government could bestow, he no sooner entered upon the duties of his high calling than a change came over him. To General Scott, his early friend and lawful superior, his conduct was insubordinate and disrespectful. To the President of the United States he showed neither the consideration due to the chief magistrate of the nation, nor the obedience due to the constitutional commander-in-chief. For his brothers-in-arms, who were doing heroically their respective parts, he expressed no appreciation;[1] while for the so-called politicians he showed utter contempt. Such were the relations he assumed toward those engaged in the cause of the Union. His relations toward the common enemy also underwent a change. The boldness, the resolution, the confidence, the promptness that had budded in Mexico, and bloomed in western Virginia, were blighted by delay, hesitation, doubt, timidity. The belief that he had been called to "save the country" had seized upon him, and though by no means a bigot, the strong religious element in his character served to fasten the conviction and blind him to the obligations and influences which governed him at other times.[2] Under the power of this hallucination he was insensible of his own weaknesses and errors, and of the merits and claims of others, and, as he expressed it in a letter to his wife, he carried "this thing on *en grand*." By his own estimate of his mission, he could not be insubordinate, disrespectful, or disobedient. He was all in all, and his own status ruled out all questions between him and others.[3] The day after he arrived in Washington, July 27, he wrote to his wife, "By some strange ope-

1 Except that in speaking of his staff in a letter, August 13, he says, "Quite a fine-looking set they are." In his "Own Story," written long after the war, he says: "Fortunately I had some excellent officers at my disposal, and at once made use of them," and commends a few of his generals.

2 "I will not fight a battle on Sunday if I can help it," he wrote to his wife, May 23.

3 "I had only my own unwavering sense of right to sustain me." "Everything was to be done. An army was to be created *ab initio*, out of nothing."—"McClellan's Own Story."

ration of magic I seem to have become the power of the land." Three days later he wrote:

I have been working this morning at a bill allowing me to appoint as many aides as I please from civil life and from the army. . . . I went to the Senate to get it through,[1] and was quite overwhelmed by the congratulations I received, and the respect with which I was treated. . . . It seems to strike everybody that I am very young. They give me my way in everything, full swing and unbounded confidence. All tell me that I am held responsible for the fate of the nation, and that all its resources shall be placed at my disposal. It is an immense task that I have on my hands, but I believe that I can accomplish it. . . . When I was in the Senate Chamber to-day, and found those old men flocking around me; when I afterward stood in the Library looking over the capital of our great nation, and saw the crowd gathering around to stare at me, I began to feel how great the task committed to me. Oh, how sincerely I pray to God that I may be endowed with the wisdom and courage necessary to accomplish the work. Who would have thought when we were married that I should so soon be called upon to *save my country?*

On August 9 he wrote:

The people call upon me to *save the country.* I must *save it.* I receive letter after letter, have conversation after conversation, calling on me to *save the nation,* alluding to the presidency, dictatorship, etc. As I hope one day to be united with you forever in heaven, I have no such aspiration. I would cheerfully take the dictatorship and agree to lay down my life when the *country is saved.* I am not spoiled by my unexpected new position. I feel sure that God will give me the strength and wisdom to *preserve this great nation;* but I tell you, who share all my thoughts, that I have no selfish feeling in this matter. I feel *that God has placed a great work in my hands.* I have not sought it. I know how weak I am, but I know that I mean to do right, and I believe that God will help me, and give me the wisdom I do not possess. Pray for me that I may be able to accomplish my task, the greatest, perhaps, any poor weak mortal ever had to do.

On October 31 he wrote his wife:

I appreciate all the difficulties in my path; the impatience of the people, the venality and bad faith of the politicians, the gross neglect that has occurred in obtaining arms, clothing, etc., and above all I feel in my inmost soul how small is my ability in comparison with the gigantic dimensions of the task, and that even if I had the greatest intellect that was ever given to man, the result remains in the hands of God. I do not feel that I am an instrument worthy of the great task, but I *do* feel that I did not seek it. It was thrust upon me. I *was called to it;* my previous life seems to have been *unwittingly directed to this great end; and I know that God* can accomplish the greatest results with the weakest instruments — *therein lies my hope.*

[1] It was passed as he wanted it.

The occasion called only for an able, energetic, aggressive military commander. But, according to McClellan's belief, "God" had placed in his hands the "great work" of "saving the nation"; his "previous life" had "been unwittingly directed to this great end." The mission was divine, and metamorphosed him. The change of character from subordinate general to savior of the nation was fatal to McClellan. It necessarily involved the assumption of danger bearing due proportion in magnitude and imminence to his conception of the task God had put in his hands, and that task, he said, was perhaps the greatest "any poor weak mortal ever had to do." This led him to wild exaggeration of the enemy's force and enterprise, and thence to an anxious and cautious, though active, defensive. Hence we find him saying, August 9:

General Scott is the great obstacle. He will not comprehend the danger. I have to fight my way against him.

August 15:

General Scott is the most dangerous antagonist I have. Our ideas are so widely different that it is impossible for us to work together much longer.

August 16:

I am here in a terrible place; the enemy have from three to four times my force; the President, the old General, cannot or will not see the true state of affairs. . . . I have, I believe, made the best possible disposition of the few men under my command; will quietly await events, and, if the enemy attacks, will try to make my movements as rapid and desperate as may be. If my men will only fight I think I can thrash him, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers. As it is, *I trust to God to give success to our arms.* . . . only wish to *save my country,* and find the incapables around me will not permit it. They sit on the verge of the precipice, and cannot realize what they see. . . . Providence is aiding me by heavy rains which are swelling the Potomac, which may be impassable for a week; if so, *we are saved.*

August 18 (also to his wife):

The true reason why I did not bring you here was that I did not deem it safe.

Again, on August 20, he wrote:

I have now about 80 field guns (there were but 49 at Bull Run), and by Saturday will have 112. There were only some 400 cavalry at Bull Run; I now have about 1200, and by the close of the week will have some 3000. . . . In a week I ought to be perfectly safe.

August 25:

Friend Beauregard has allowed the chance to escape him. I have now some 65,000 effective

men; will have 75,000 by end of week. Last week he certainly had double our force. I feel sure that the dangerous moment has passed.

As late as September 8 McClellan made a formal report to the Secretary of War, in which he said:

It is well understood that, although the ultimate design of the enemy is to possess himself of the city of Washington, his first efforts will probably be directed toward Baltimore with the intention of cutting our line of communication and supplies. . . . To accomplish this he will no doubt show a certain portion of his force in front of our positions on the other side of the Potomac, in order to engage our attention there and induce us to leave a large portion of our force for the defense of those positions. He will probably also make demonstrations in the vicinity of Aquia Creek, Mathias Point, and Occoquan, in order still further to induce us still further to disseminate our forces. His main and real movement will doubtless be to cross the Potomac between Washington and Point of Rocks, probably not far from Seneca Falls, and most likely at more points than one. His hope will be so to engage our attention by the diversions already named, as to enable him to move with a large force direct and unopposed on Baltimore. I see no reason to doubt the possibility of his attempting this with a column of at least 100,000 effective troops. If he has only 130,000 under arms, he can make all the diversions I have mentioned with his raw and badly armed troops, leaving 100,000 effective men for his real movement.

This is enough to illustrate the dangers, as McClellan saw them, from which he was called upon to save the nation.

By October Washington was fairly well fortified, and a great army, organized, armed, equipped, and tolerably well drilled, rested behind the line of intrenchments. The country was saved (for the first time) in spite of those who would not, or could not, see the danger. McClellan was supreme. As early as August 2, though a junior officer serving in the presence of his General-in-chief, he says he "handed to the President a carefully considered plan for conducting the war on a large scale"; at the same time he found the President, Cabinet, General Scott, and all deferring to him; and in September he inclosed to his wife "a card just received from 'A. Lincoln,'" and said, "It shows too much deference to be shown outside."[1] Standing between a junior officer who assumed to be the savior of his country, and a President and people who first caused and then encouraged the assumption, General Scott was of course soon crowded out. McClellan did not intrigue against his superior officer. He had lost the consciousness that he had a superior. Regardless of General Scott and everybody else, he went ahead conscientiously, as required by the higher law of his sacred mission.

Notwithstanding Lincoln's great cares and exacting duties, he even then saw dimly what the trouble was; but from lack of experience in high office, and ignorance of military affairs, neither his perception of it nor his relation to it was plain enough to make him say positively to McClellan, as he said at a later date to Hooker, "You go ahead and gain victories, and I will take care of the dictatorship." Hence McClellan's functions as savior of the nation were not canceled, though they were somewhat changed by the course of events.

The prayer of the public, "Lord, deliver me from mine enemies!" was changed into, "Lord, deliver mine enemies into my hands!" The Union was chafing under the disaster of Ball's Bluff, the blockade of the Potomac by the enemies' batteries on its banks, the danger of foreign intervention, the enormous expenditures for a war in which no battles were being fought, the sight of the rebel flag south of the Potomac, and a deep sense of wrongs too long endured. The weather during the months of October, November, and December was remarkably favorable for military operations in Virginia. The offensive was demanded from all quarters, and in all ways; but McClellan would not move. He was fully aware of the deep and widespread feeling, and no doubt knew that his own *prestige* was endangered by ignoring it. Yet he was too conscientious in the fulfilment of his high mission to be influenced by the wishes of the Government, by popular clamor, or by selfish or personal considerations. He felt as he wrote his wife in August: "God has placed a great work in *my* hands. I have no selfish feeling in this matter." He knew, however, that though the country was "saved" for the time its enemies in arms must be overcome, and he maintained, in the report of September 8 to the Secretary of War, that "the Army of the Potomac should number not less than 300,000 men, in order to insure complete success, and an early termination of the war"; and urged that all the available troops in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Missouri, and at least 10,000 of the Illinois troops, and all those of the Eastern and Northern States be at once ordered to report to me for duty." So he went on increasing his strength, but would not move. The Northern people continued their rush to arms. The General Government had only to accept and muster into its service men who were raised, organized into batteries, companies, and regiments by the States. The troops

[1] Concerning the appointment of Stanton as Secretary of War, McClellan says in his "Own Story," "The next day the President came to my house to apologize for not 'consulting me on the subject.'"

for the Army of the Potomac as a rule reached Washington uniformed, armed, and partly equipped. The ample and efficient general staff of the army was at hand to supply all needed arms, ammunition, clothing, and transportation as rapidly as it was possible to procure them; and there was no limit to the Government's expenditures for that purpose. Yet in his hallucination McClellan said and repeated that he was thwarted by "incapables," and that *he* had to "*create* an army out of *nothing*." On the contrary, he was right when he stated in his letter of July 30, "They give me my way in everything, full swing and unbounded confidence." All the resources of the country were at his disposal, and he was remarkably efficient in organization. His army grew, and so did the desire of the Government and the public for it to advance. July 27, before he thought he was the savior of the country, McClellan wrote his wife that he would "crush the rebels in one campaign." On October 6, he said to her,

> I shall take my own time to make an army that will be sure of success. . . . I do not expect to fight a battle near Washington; probably none will be fought till I advance and that *I will not do till I am fully ready*. My plans depend on circumstances. So soon as I feel that my army is well-organized, and well-disciplined, and strong enough, I will advance, and force the rebels to a battle in a field of my own selection. A long time must yet elapse before I can do this, and *I expect all the newspapers to abuse me for delay, but I will not mind that.*

This was fidelity to his mission.

> How I wish [he wrote to his wife November 17] that God had permitted me to live quietly and unknown with you. But his will be done! I will do my best, try to preserve an honest mind, do my duty as best I may, and will ever continue to pray that he will give me that wisdom, courage, and strength, that are so necessary to me now.

Here was the religious soul, the man with a mission from God that raised him above newspapers, politicians, and even above the President, who, he says in the letter just quoted, "is honest, and means well." Late in November he wrote:

> I cannot guess at my movements, for they are not within my control. I cannot move without more means. . . . I still trust that God will support me and bear me out. *He could not have placed me here for nothing*. . . . I am doing [he says, late in November] all I can to get ready to move before winter sets in, but it now begins to look as if we were condemned to a winter of inactivity,

because the army was not large enough, and well enough organized, equipped, drilled, and disciplined.

Its want of readiness, he says, was no fault of his, but was due to his being "thwarted and deceived by these incapables at every turn."

While the extensive preparations were going on to make the Army of the Potomac three hundred thousand strong, McClellan discovered a new danger growing out of the general urgency for an advance, from which he felt that he must "save the country." It was a "treasonable conspiracy" within the Union. The "Radical leaders," in the cabinet and out of it, he says, finding that they could not use him, and seeing that

> if I achieved marked success, my influence would necessarily be very great throughout the country, . . . determined to ruin me in any event and by any means: first, by endeavoring to force me into premature movements, knowing that a failure would probably end my military career; afterward by withholding the means necessary to achieve success. . . They determined that I should not succeed, and carried out their determination only too well, and at fearful sacrifice of blood, time, and treasure. . . . I do not base my assertions as to the motives of the Radical leaders upon mere surmises but upon facts. . . [In the opinion of these conspirators] the great end and aim of the war was to abolish slavery. To end the war before the nation was ready for that would be a failure. The war must be prolonged and conducted so as to achieve that. . . The people of the North were not yet ready to accept that view, and it would not answer to permit me to succeed until the people had been worked up to the proper pitch on that question.

The war would not be finished until that result was reached, and therefore it was not their policy to strengthen General McClellan so as to insure success.

> . . . Had I been successful in my first campaign [he says], the rebellion would perhaps have been terminated without the immediate abolition of slavery.

In his opinion, if not one of the conspirators, President Lincoln was their tool. McClellan says:

> The Radicals never again lost their influence with the President, and henceforth directed all their efforts to prevent my achieving success. After this time [January 12, 13, 1862] Secretary Chase worked with them, and became my enemy.

An order issued by the President in March restricting his authority to the Army of the Potomac was

> one of the steps taken to tie my hands in order to secure the failure of the approaching campaign. . . The Administration, and especially the Secretary of War were inimical to me, and did not desire my success.

An order to discontinue recruiting, issued on the score of economy,[1] April 3, 1862, is offered as evidence of "a desire for the failure of the campaign."

THESE quotations are from what McClellan wrote in his "Own Story," long after the war. He did not at the time fully realize "the length to which these men were prepared to go in carrying out their schemes," but he saw the "conspiracy," and felt that it was part of his mission to "save the country" from it. With a conspiracy embracing the President and Cabinet to have his army defeated, and an opposing army in his front exceeding his own in numbers, two-, three- or fourfold, according to his estimate, and bent like his own Government upon his destruction, McClellan's task had certainly become, as he expressed it, "the greatest any poor weak mortal ever had to do." With the Union and the Confederacy in bitter hostility to each other, McClellan, with an army raised by the one to put down the other, felt that he was called upon to use that army in such a way as to defeat the purposes of both. No wonder he did not advance! He had no political aims — at that time at least — and no sinister purpose. But, laboring under an overruling hallucination, he not only failed as a leader, but made a record that is inconsistent with his real character. The reasons which he gives for his refusal to advance are that

> it was not till late in November, 1861, that the Army of the Potomac was in any condition to move, nor even then were they capable of assaulting entrenched positions. By that time the roads had ceased to be practicable for the movement of armies. . . . Any success gained at that time in front of Washington could not have been followed up, and a victory would have given us the barren possession of the field of battle with a longer and more difficult line of supply during the rest of the winter.

The general assertions made in July that he would "crush the rebels in one campaign" and in October that the "crushing defeat of the rebel army at Manassas" was the great object, and that the advance of that army should not be postponed beyond November 25, were not verified. But another cause of delay was that after McClellan became General-in-chief, November 1, his

> plan comprehended in its scope the operation of all the armies of the Union, the Army of the Potomac as well. It was my intention, for reasons easy to be seen, that its various parts should be carried out simultaneously, or nearly so, and in coöperation along the whole line. If this plan was wise,[2] and events have failed to prove that it was not, then it is unnecessary to defend any delay which would have enabled the Army of the Potomac to perform its share in the execution of the whole work.

This "plan" required that

> the Western armies should commence their advance so much earlier than that of the Army of the Potomac as to engage all the Confederate Western forces on their own ground, and thus prevent them from reinforcing their army in front of Richmond.

That was done effectually. The "Western armies" were active, and kept the opposing forces so fully occupied that there was no transfer of their troops from West to East.

To say nothing of minor affairs, Garfield, of Buell's army, by a difficult campaign, ending in the battle of Middle Creek, January 10, drove Humphrey Marshall out of eastern Ken-

[1] At that time there was a military force of 637,126 men in the service, and it was the general impression that this force was sufficient to put down all armed resistance to the Government.

[2] Events have not proved the wisdom of the plan in all particulars. In November Halleck was sent to command in Missouri, and Buell in Kentucky, and McClellan says that when Buell arrived in Kentucky "he found a complete state of disorganization; not only so, but that nothing was being done to mend the matter and no steps being taken to prepare the troops for the field." Nevertheless, in his letter of instructions, dated November 7, to Buell, he said, "Throw the mass of your forces by rapid marches by Cumberland Gap, or Walker's Gap, on Knoxville, in order to occupy the railroad at that point, and thus enable the loyal citizens of Eastern Tennessee to rise, while you at the same time cut off the enemy's communication between Eastern Virginia and the Mississippi." This service was further directed in a letter from McClellan to Buell on the 12th of November, and McClellan states that he "constantly urged Buell to send a column to that region." To "throw the mass of his forces on Knoxville," Buell, with wagon transportation of which he had but little, would have had to march in mid-winter, with troops "disorganized" and "not prepared for the field," a distance greater than from Washington to Richmond, cross a formidable range of mountains in which the enemy held the gaps, and use wagon roads worse than those in Virginia which McClellan pronounced at that season impracticable "for the movement of armies." But supposing that "the mass" of Buell's forces had been pushed through to Knoxville, it could not have been supported or supplied, and with the great railroad, a vital artery, running through Knoxville and connecting eastern Virginia with the southwest, the enemy could — and with no military operations going on in Virginia certainly would — have concentrated by rail an overwhelming force at Knoxville, and a surrender or a Moscow retreat would have been the result. To establish and maintain a force in east Tennessee was even at that early date well known to be one of the most important of the Union's military measures. But it could not be done at that time, and was accomplished some two years later, only by the direct operations of one army and the coöperation of another army, both better prepared and equipped than Buell's at that time. This part of McClellan's plan, being impracticable, was unwise. Hence the wisdom of the plan cannot pass as a defense of the delay of the Army of the Potomac.

tucky; and Thomas, also of Buell's army, in midwinter advanced upon Zollicoffer, defeated him at the battle of Mill Springs, January 19, 20, killing the commander and dispersing and driving his forces across the Cumberland River. Grant, of Halleck's army, fought the battle of Belmont November 7, captured Fort Henry February 6, and Fort Donelson February 16, and his forces were pushed by Halleck up the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing. Before the end of February the mass of Buell's army was in middle Tennessee with a detached column, working its way to Cumberland Gap,—which it captured June 18,—and Buell had advanced his headquarters from Louisville to Nashville.

McClellan's plan was that the movement of the Western armies and that of the Army of the Potomac should be made "simultaneously, or nearly so, and in coöperation." The Western armies, poorly armed, equipped, and drilled, as compared with the Army of the Potomac, were active and successful, fully occupying the forces opposed to them, and, in addition to this reason for moving, the President *ordered*, January 27, that an advance of all the armies should be made on February 22; and on January 31 issued a special order that the Army of the Potomac should move forward on or before February 22, and seize and occupy a point on the railroad southwest of Manassas Junction. But to the requirements of his own plan for simultaneous movements, and to the President's general and special orders, McClellan felt that he was required by the great mission intrusted to him by God to turn a deaf ear. The "coöperation along the whole line," required by his plan, failed upon his part of the line, and the Army of the Potomac did not then "perform its share in the execution of the whole work." It did not coöperate with the Western and seacoast forces, did not advance as ordered by the President, did not even brush away the Potomac batteries which blockaded Washington. Yet in the impatience which its inaction aroused McClellan saw only proofs of the "conspiracy" to "force" him "into premature movements," and "failure." It was not until the enemy evacuated Centerville and Manassas, March 9, and got out of reach by moving behind the Rappahannock, that the Army of the Potomac was moved at all. Then it went only as far as Fairfax Court-House; "partly," McClellan says, "with the hope that I might be able to take advantage of some accident and bring Johnston to battle under favorable circumstances." But the "accident" did not happen, and McClellan merely rode over the field that the enemy, not one half his strength, had occupied, undisturbed, for the preceding eight months. When Johnston abandoned Manassas, the "Urbana" route to Richmond, which the President had approved March 8, lost its promise, and was abandoned also. The struggle between the President and McClellan concerning the line to be taken by the Army of the Potomac in the new condition of affairs, was renewed, the former still advocating the direct overland route, with Washington as a base, and the latter contending for a transfer of the army to the lower Chesapeake, and the use of Old Point Comfort as a base, McClellan having said, in his report of February 3:

> I would prefer the move from Fortress Monroe as above, as a certain, though less brilliant, movement than that from Urbana, to an attack upon Manassas.

This was the "lower Chesapeake," or Peninsular route.[1] In advocating its adoption, McClellan said in his report of February 3:

> The roads in that region are passable at all seasons of the year. The country now alluded to is much more favorable for offensive operations than that in front of Washington (which is *very* unfavorable), much more level, more cleared land, the woods less dense, the soil more sandy, and the spring some two or three weeks earlier.

As it turned out, McClellan was misinformed concerning the region he advocated; and his movement to it divided his own forces and concentrated the forces of the enemy, and, after all, he was forced against intrenchments as formidable as those which he dreaded at Manassas. But the President yielded to his generals. McClellan's plan, agreed upon conditionally, at Fairfax Court-House, March 13, by a council of war composed of corps commanders, required

> operations to be carried on . . . from Old Point Comfort between the York and James rivers—*Provided*, 1st, that the enemy's vessel *Merrimac* can be neutralized; 2d, that the means of transportation sufficient for an immediate transfer of the force to its new base can be ready at Washington and Alexandria to move down the Potomac; and 3d, that a naval auxiliary force can be had to silence, or aid in silencing, the enemy's batteries on the York River; 4th, that the force to be left to cover Washington shall be such as to give an entire feeling of security for its safety from menace.

These are the four conditions upon which the council of war approved McClellan's proposition to transfer the Army of the Potomac

[1] In his "Own Story," McClellan says, p. 194: "The Administration had neither the courage nor the military insight to understand the effect of the plan I desired to carry out."

to the Peninsula. Having laid down these conditions, the council said:

> If the foregoing cannot be, the army should then be moved against the enemy behind the Rappahannock at the earliest possible moment.

On March 13, the day that the council of war reported, the President, though not giving the plan his approval, authorized its execution by a letter, as follows, from the Secretary of War to McClellan:

> The President, having considered the plan of operations agreed upon by yourself and the commanders of army corps, makes no objection to the same, but gives the following directions as to its execution:
>
> 1. Leave such force at Manassas Junction as shall make it entirely certain that the enemy shall not repossess himself of that position and line of communication.
> 2. Leave Washington entirely secure.
> 3. Move the remainder of the force down the Potomac, choosing a new base at Fortress Monroe or anywhere between here and there; or at all events move such remainder of the army at once in pursuit of the enemy by some route.

It must be noted the fourth condition of the council of war was not that the force to be left to cover Washington should be sufficient to make the capital secure, or prevent its capture; but it was to "be such as to give an *entire feeling of security for its safety from menace*." Manifestly this condition was impossible of fulfilment, and nothing but blind reliance upon a higher than human power could have led McClellan to transfer the army to the Peninsula with the consequences of that condition staring him in the face; especially as the President had added his positive order to "leave Washington entirely secure."

After enunciating the four conditions upon which the transfer of the Army of the Potomac might be made, the council said: "If the foregoing cannot be, the army should then be moved against the enemy behind the Rappahannock at the earliest possible moment." That is to say, the council of war recommended to McClellan two plans of campaign, the first or Peninsula plan to be adopted only in case four distinctly stated conditions could be fulfilled. If not, then the second, or overland, plan of moving directly "against the enemy behind the Rappahannock at the earliest possible moment" was recommended. If the state of things upon which the council based its recommendation of the first plan did not exist, then its recommendation was unquestionably for the second plan. By McClellan's approval of the council's report, he was committed to the observance of the conditions embodied in it, and the question is, Did he know they could be fulfilled? The answer must be, Certainly not. It is only necessary to read the conditions in the light of the facts of the time, to decide that. It follows that by the recommendation of the council of war, and his own approval of that recommendation, McClellan was bound to move directly "against the enemy behind the Rappahannock at the earliest possible moment." That was the plain logic of the case. But he says in his "Own Story," that "as early as December, 1861, I had determined not to follow the line of operations leading by land from Washington to Richmond, but to conduct a sufficient force by water," etc. It will be remembered also that on January 31 the President ordered that by February 22 the Army of the Potomac should advance by the overland route. To this McClellan objected, and on February 3 the President wrote him saying: "You and I have distinct and different plans for a movement of the Army of the Potomac — yours to be down the Chesapeake . . . mine to move directly to a point on the railroad southwest of Manassas." McClellan submitted a strong argument in favor of his plan, and said, in opposition to the President's plan, "In the unprecedented and impassable condition of the roads, it will be evident that no precise period can be fixed upon for the movement on this line." In consequence of McClellan's urgency in support of his own plan, and his assertion of inability to fix any "precise period" for movement under the President's plan, the latter, when the report of the council of war was laid before him with McClellan's approval, authorized, though he did not approve, the movement to the lower Chesapeake. That the President's inability to endure further delay was a moving cause of his sanction, is shown by the last words of his letter heretofore quoted, authorizing the transfer. "At all events," he says, "move *such remainder of the army at once in pursuit of the enemy by some route*."

As McClellan moved his army to the Peninsula without the fulfilment of the conditions stipulated by his council of war, and against the judgment of the President, it is plain that he was still acting according to the dictates of his mission from God, to save the country in his own way.

But no sooner had he in person, and the larger part of his army, gone to the Peninsula, than a feeling that Washington was insecure took possession of the authorities, — that is to say, the failure of the fourth condition expressed itself, — and the President directed two of his military advisers, General E. A. Hitchcock and Adjutant-General L. Thomas, to examine and give a distinct opinion, whether General Mc-

Clellan had complied or not with the order of the President in relation to the entire security of Washington. The opinion, dated April 2, was that the order of the President "has not been fully complied with"; and on April 4 the President directed that McDowell's First Corps, consisting of Franklin's, McCall's, and King's divisions, then in front of Washington, should be detained for the defense of the capital. In response to McClellan's complaints of the withdrawal of Blenker's division and McDowell's corps, the President wrote him April 9:

> Blenker's division was withdrawn from you before you left here, and you, . . . as I thought, acquiesced in it — certainly not without reluctance. After you left I ascertained that less than 20,000 unorganized men, without a single field battery, were all you designed to be left for the defense of Washington and Manassas Junction;[1] and part of this even was to go to General Hooker's old position. General Banks's corps, once designed for Manassas Junction, was diverted and tied up on the line of Winchester and Strasburg, and could not leave it without again exposing the Upper Potomac and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. . . . My explicit order that Washington should . . . be left entirely secure had been neglected. It was precisely this that drove me to detain McDowell.

Notwithstanding the President's explanation, McClellan regarded the detention of McDowell's corps as "*the most infamous thing that history has recorded.*" Franklin's division, however, was, at McClellan's urgent request, sent to him after only a week's detention, and McCall's division was, for like reason, sent to him while he was on the Chickahominy. But notwithstanding the fact that the best two thirds of McDowell's corps joined McClellan, he alleged that he had been deprived of *that corps*, and that is the main specification in support of the charge that a "conspiracy of traitors who are willing to sacrifice the country and its army for personal spite and personal aims" was at work to secure his defeat "by withholding the means necessary to success."

His feeling against the supposed conspirators and traitors was of course intensely bitter, and he attributed his failure to their machinations. In his "Own Story," he specifies the particular act of the executive which caused the failure of the Peninsular campaign. It was this: On May 18, the Secretary of War addressed a letter to McClellan in answer to a call for McDowell's force to be sent by water, in which he said:

> The President is not willing to uncover the capital entirely; and it is believed that even if this were prudent, it would require more time to effect a junction between your army and that of the Rappahannock[2] by the way of the Potomac and York rivers than by a land march. In order, therefore, to increase the strength of the attack upon Richmond at the earliest moment, General McDowell has been ordered to march upon that city by the shortest route.
>
> He is ordered, keeping himself always in position to save the capital from any possible attack, so to operate as to put his left wing in communication with your right wing, and you are instructed to coöperate so as to establish this communication as soon as possible, by extending your right wing to the north of Richmond.

McClellan says:

> This order rendered it impossible for me to use the James River as a line of operations, and forced me to establish our depots on the Pamunkey and to approach Richmond from the north. *Herein lay the failure of the campaign.* . . . As it was impossible to get at Richmond, and the enemy's army covering it, without crossing the Chickahominy, I was obliged to divide the Army of the Potomac into two parts, separated by that stream.

The facts of record are at variance with the foregoing quotation. The *Merrimac* was not destroyed till May 11, and prior to that date the Confederates held Norfolk and the James River. McClellan of his own free will had established his depots on the Pamunkey before the President's order of May 18 was received — before it was even made. He had taken locomotives and cars in his transports for the purpose of using the railroad from White House to Richmond as his line of operations. Though free and vigorous in his protests against such action on the President's part as he did not like, McClellan at the time did not allege that the letter of May 18 forced him to the Pamunkey as a base,[3] or that he had any objection to that base. It was the base he had intended to use in his favorite plan of advancing by Urbana.

[1] It is a fair presumption that an order from the President to McClellan to leave Washington entirely secure empowered McClellan to judge what would constitute entire security. But an "entire feeling of security from *menace*"— indeed an entire feeling of security from capture — could not prevail in Washington after the Army of the Potomac had been transferred to the Peninsula, and though McClellan was in or near Washington some two weeks after his movement, with its conditions, had been sanctioned, he had, so far as appears, no understanding or even discussion with the Executive as to the force which would make Washington secure from "menace" or capture. He left at Manassas and Washington — or ordered there — all that he deemed necessary to garrison those places, and also posted a force under Banks in the Shenandoah Valley.

[2] The forces gathered under McDowell on the Washington overland line after McClellan went to the Peninsula were named the Army of the Rappahannock.

[3] In McClellan's testimony before the committee on the conduct of the war, the following appears: "*Question:* Could not the advance on Richmond from Williamsburg have been made with better prospects of

McClellan in person arrived at the White House May 16, and wrote his wife: "Have just arrived over horrid roads. No further movement possible till they improve." The next day, May 17, he wrote her: "I expect to have our advance parties near [enough to] Bottom's Bridge to-day"; he added that all the bridges were burned, but that the river was fordable, so the difficulty was "not insuperable by any means," showing that he did not know that the Chickahominy was going to be a serious obstacle. On the 18th he wrote: "We will go to Tunstall's or perhaps a little beyond it, and will now soon close up on the Chickahominy, and find out what Secesh is doing. I *think he will fight us there, or between that and Richmond.*"

It is not only true that McClellan established his depots on the Pamunkey of his own accord, but it is further true that it was his intention before leaving Washington to establish them there. In a report to the Secretary of War, dated March 19, he said:

> I have the honor to submit the following notes on the proposed operations of the active portion of the Army of the Potomac. The proposed plan of campaign is to assume Fort Monroe as the first base of operations, *taking the line of Yorktown and West Point upon Richmond as the line of operations*, Richmond being the objective point. It is assumed that the fall of Richmond involves that of Norfolk, and the whole of Virginia; *also that we shall fight a decisive battle between West Point and Richmond. . . . It is also clear that West Point* should as soon as *possible be reached and used as our main depot.*

Here the objective, the base, and the line of operations (upon which he expected a *decisive battle "between West Point and Richmond"*) are laid down with mathematical accuracy by McClellan himself before starting from Washington; and he indicated no purpose, and expressed no wish, to change the base or line until the enemy turned or was turning his right flank late in June. Nothing but hallucination growing out of his higher-law mission could have induced McClellan, in face of these facts, to write after the war that he was "forced" by the Secretary's letter of May 18 to "establish our depots on the Pamunkey, and to approach Richmond from the north"; and to add, speaking of the army after it had been driven to the James by the enemy, "it was at last upon its true line of operations,[1] which I had been unable to adopt at an earlier day in consequence of the Secretary of War's peremptory order of May 18, requiring the right wing to be extended to the north of Richmond."

The "decisive battle between West Point and Richmond," predicted by McClellan, was fought, beginning June 26, by the enemy in full force attacking the right flank of the Army of the Potomac after it had lain six weeks astride of the Chickahominy. McClellan was forced to the James River, which had come into possession of our gunboats, after the fall of Norfolk and destruction of the *Merrimac*, May 11. Even before the attack his mind seems to have been fastened, not upon taking Richmond, but upon "saving" the Army of the Potomac and the country. At 6:15 P. M., on June 25, he telegraphed Stanton:

> I have just returned from the field, and find your despatch in regard to Jackson. Several contrabands, just in, give information confirming the supposition that Jackson's advance is at or near Hanover Court House, and that Beauregard arrived with strong reinforcements in Richmond yesterday. I incline to think that Jackson will attack my right and rear. The rebel force is estimated at two hundred thousand. . . . This army will do all in the power of men *to hold their position and repulse any attack.* I regret my great inferiority of numbers. . . . If the result of the action, which will probably occur to-morrow, or within a short time, is a disaster, the responsibility cannot be thrown on my shoulders; it must rest where it belongs.

On the 28th he sent a long telegram to the Secretary of War reporting the disaster, and closed it by saying, no doubt with the assumed conspiracy of "traitors" and his mission to "save" the country still uppermost in his mind,

> The Government has not sustained this army. If you do not do so now the game is lost. *If I*

success by the James River than by the route pursued, and what were the reasons for taking the route adopted?

"*Answer:* I do not think that the navy at that time was in a condition to make the line of the James River perfectly secure for our supplies. The line of the Pamunkey offered greater advantages in that respect. The place was in a better position to effect a junction with any troops that might move from Washington on the Fredericksburg line. I remember that the idea of moving on the James River was seriously discussed at that time. But the conclusion was arrived at that under the circumstances then existing the route actually followed was the best. I think the *Merrimac* was destroyed while we were at Williamsburg."

[1] After McClellan reached the James he said in a communication to the President, July 4, "Our communications by the James River are not secure. There are points where the enemy can establish themselves with cannon or musketry and command the river, and where it is not certain that our gunboats can drive them out. In case of this, or in case our front is broken, I will still make every effort to preserve at least the *personnel* of the army," and added, July 7, "I have been anxious about my communications. Had long consultation about it with Flag-Officer Goldsborough last night."

This is the line to which he says he changed base as the "true line of operations."

save this army now, I tell you plainly I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army.

This was the language of a man laboring under a deep-seated hallucination. On June 26, the day the battle opened, he telegraphed to his wife:

You may be sure that your husband will not disgrace you, and I am confident that God will smile upon my efforts and give our arms success.

On June 11 he wrote her:

I *must* be careful, for it would be utter destruction to this army were I to be disabled.

Even after the Seven Days' fight was over, he was still in pursuance of the sacred mission imposed upon him alone of saving the army and the country.

On July 17 he said:

I did have a terrible time during that week, for I stood alone without any one to help me.

On July 8 he says:

I have written a strong, frank letter to the President. . . . If he acts upon it *the country will be saved*—

and at midnight he added,

I am alone with you and the Almighty, whose good and powerful hand *has saved me and my army.*

And as late as August 23 he wrote her:

I take it for granted that my orders will be as disagreeable as it is possible to make them unless Pope is beaten, in *which case they will want me to save Washington again.*

But the most striking proof of McClellan's hallucination is afforded by his so-called "Harrison's Bar letter" of July 7. He begins by saying to the President, who was then at his camp,

You have been fully informed that the rebel army is in our front, with the purpose of overwhelming us by attacking our positions, or reducing us *by blocking our river communications.*[1] *I cannot but regard our condition as critical*—

and then tells the President that

the time has come when the Government must determine upon a civil and military policy covering the whole ground of our national trouble.

Thereupon he proceeded to lay down a definite course for the Government to pursue in the broad field of its "civil and military policy." It is easy to understand, as McClellan says in his "Own Story" of the President's treatment of the letter, that after "he read it in my presence," he did not allude "further to it during his visit, or at any time after that."

This letter under the circumstances is one of the most extraordinary productions on record.[2] When McClellan wrote it he was not General-in-chief. His only functions were those of the commander of the Army of the Potomac, and that army, worsted in a seven days' fight, had been driven to the cover of the gunboats on James River, and, as McClellan himself reported, was in danger of being cut off from supplies, and overwhelmed by an attack in front. In this condition of affairs he addressed a carefully prepared letter to the President, laying down a civil and military policy for the United States, covering among other things the question of slavery, and urging the extremity of his own military situation as an argument for the adoption of his views upon political as well as military policies. In a letter to his wife of August 30, McClellan said, "You know that I have a way of attending to most other things than my own affairs." No better proof of that could be offered than his "Harrison's Bar letter," written under the hallucination that he was the chosen savior of the country. Engaged in actual war, with the cause he was fighting for at stake upon the use of his sword, he proceeded to "save the country" with his pen.

From what the President saw and heard at Harrison's Bar, and with McClellan's letter in his pocket, it must have been with a heavy heart that he returned to Washington on July 9. According to McClellan, the Army of the Potomac, the mainstay of the Union, far away upon the Peninsula, was besieged, with its line of communication by James River insecure, its front in danger of being overwhelmed, and the rebel army victorious, and 200,000 strong, between McClellan and Washington, in the finest season for military operations.

On the 11th the President ordered that General Halleck "be assigned to command the whole land-forces of the United States as general-in-chief, and that he repair to this capital." Halleck reached Washington July 23, and was confronted by the great military problem then pressing for solution. Pope's "Army

[1] Yet after the war he says in his "Own Story" that at last the army, being on the James, was upon "its true line of operations."

[2] The editor of McClellan's "Own Story" denies that "the letter was written in consultation with friends at the North as a political document"; and says, p. 489, "No one of McClellan's most intimate personal friends at the North knew even of the existence of this letter, until rumors about it came from members of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet."

This goes to show that the letter was evolved by McClellan's own sense of his mission.

of Virginia," some 40,000 strong, made up of McDowell's, Frémont's, and Banks's forces, was in front of Washington, and McClellan's Army of the Potomac, about 90,000 effective, was beleaguered in the Peninsula, and the rebel army, estimated by McClellan at 200,000 men, was between them. The Union forces were to be united, and Washington was to be protected. McClellan maintained that he should be heavily reinforced, but whether he could after his repulse take Richmond against the enormous force he thought opposed to him was a matter of grave doubt, and if he could, might it not result in an exchange of capitals — the enemy giving up Richmond, and taking Washington? Before deciding the momentous question that met him at the threshold of his new office, Halleck, the day after his arrival in Washington, started to the Peninsula to confer with McClellan. He reached Harrison's Bar July 25, had a full conference with McClellan, and on his return to Washington made a report — July 27 — to the Secretary of War, the correctness of which McClellan never disputed.

In that report Halleck says:

> I stated to the general that the object of my visit was to ascertain from him his views and wishes in regard to future operations. He said that he proposed to cross the James River at that point, attack Petersburg, and cut off the enemy's communications by that route south, making no further demonstration for the present against Richmond. I stated to him very frankly my views in regard to the danger and impracticability of the plan, to most of which he finally agreed.
>
> I then told him that it seemed to me a military necessity to concentrate his forces, with those of General Pope, on some point where they could at the same time cover Washington, and operate against Richmond, unless he felt strong enough to attack the latter place with a strong probability of success, with the reinforcements which could be given to him. He expressed the opinion that with 30,000 reinforcements he could attack Richmond with a "good chance of success." I replied that I was authorized by the President to promise only 20,000, and that if he could not take Richmond with that number, we must devise some plan for withdrawing his troops from their present position to some point where they could unite with those of General Pope without exposing Washington. He thought there would be no serious difficulty in withdrawing his forces for that purpose, but the movement he said would have a demoralizing influence on his own troops, and suggested the propriety of their holding their present position till sufficient reinforcements could be collected. I told him that I had no authority to consider that proposition, and that he must decide between advising the withdrawal of his forces to some point, to be agreed upon, to meet General Pope, or to advance on Richmond with the reinforcements which the President had offered; that I was not sufficiently advised in regard to the position of our forces, and those of the enemy, to say how many additional troops could be given to him with safety, but that the President had decided that question by fixing his reinforcements at 20,000, and I could promise no addition to that number.
>
> I inferred from his remarks that under these circumstances he would prefer to withdraw and unite with General Pope; but I advised him to consult his officers, and give me a final answer in the morning. He did so, and the next morning informed me that he would attack Richmond with the reinforcements promised. He would not say that he thought the probabilities of success were in his favor, but that there was "a chance," and he was "willing to try it." In regard to the force of the enemy, he expressed the opinion that it was not less than 200,000, and I found that in this estimate most of his officers agreed. His own effective force was, officers and men, about 90,000, which, with, 20,000 reinforcements, would make 110,000. I had no time or opportunity to investigate the facts upon which these estimates were based, and therefore can give no opinion as to their correctness. His officers, as I understood, were about equally divided in opinion in regard to the policy of withdrawing or risking an attack on Richmond.

It is plain from this that McClellan's plan was not to resume his advance upon Richmond, but to put his army across James River to cut the enemy's communications with the South. He would not say that he thought the probabilities of success "were in his favor," in case of another advance against that city, but merely that there was a "chance." That he meant nothing more than this is supported by the statement in a letter to his wife, August 8, "My only hope is that I can induce the enemy to attack me." The Government was not willing to take the "chance," and the result was his withdrawal from the Peninsula. This, of course, was a severe blow to him. Prior to this he does not appear even to have thought evil of Halleck. July 25, before Halleck arrived, McClellan wrote to his wife, "I think Halleck will support me." August 1, after Halleck's return to Washington, he wrote, "I have a very friendly letter from Halleck this morning"; but his relations with the Government had not improved. August 2 he said in a letter to his wife,

> When you contrast the policy I urge in my letter to the President with that of Congress and of Mr. Pope, you can readily agree with me that there can be but little natural confidence between the Government and myself. We are the antipodes of each other.

By August 4 he received Halleck's order to withdraw the Army of the Potomac, and then, though not characterized as a "conspirator" or traitor, Halleck was put down as one of that "herd," and was denounced as a suspicious

character and as hopelessly stupid. August 4 McClellan wrote his wife, "Halleck has begun to show the cloven foot"; August 8, "I strongly suspect him"; August 10:

> Halleck is turning out just like the rest of the herd. . . . The absurdity of Halleck's course in ordering the army away from here is that it cannot possibly reach Washington in time to do any good, but will necessarily be too late. I am sorry to say that I am forced to the conclusion that H. is very dull and very incompetent. Alas! poor country!

and finally, in his "Own Story," written twenty years after the war, he says:

> Of all men whom I have encountered in high position, Halleck was the most hopelessly stupid. It was more difficult to get an idea through his head than can be conceived by any one who never made the attempt. I do not think he ever had a correct military idea from beginning to end.

His superiors were all "incapables," or "conspirators," and it belonged to him alone to save the country. After the withdrawal from the Peninsula was begun, in pursuance of the orders of August 4, McClellan says:

> It was continued with the utmost rapidity until all the troops and material were *en route* both by land and water on the morning of the 16th; [and he adds] late in the afternoon of that day, when the last man had disappeared from the deserted camps, I followed with my personal staff in the track of the grand Army of the Potomac, bidding farewell to the scenes still covered with the marks of its presence, and to *be forever memorable in history as the vicinity of its most brilliant exploits.*

This touching picture was drawn in his official report of August 4, 1863, and repeated in his "Own Story." No one can dispute the individual heroism and fortitude of the men composing the Army of the Potomac in that campaign, but this great general, one of the purest and most intelligent of men, must have been laboring under a delusion when he pronounced the failure of the Army of the Potomac in the Peninsula to be more "brilliant" than the subsequent exploits of that army in capturing Richmond and all the opposing forces.

Pope's defeat carried consternation from Bull Run to Washington for the second time, and McClellan was again called to power, notwithstanding the bad relations between him and the Government. His Peninsula campaign had failed, his army had been brought back to Washington against his will, and Halleck had superseded him as Commander-in-chief. Adversity partly dispelled his hallucination, and he entered with vigor and ability upon the performance of his new duties as commander of the defenses of Washington. The capital, however, was not in danger. Its intrenchments were formidable,[1] as McClellan knew before he left the city in the spring; the battles that had been fought had not been without heavy losses to the enemy, and though Pope's army was defeated, it was far from destroyed. Only a little more than one corps of the Army of the Potomac had been seriously engaged under Pope. They had suffered severely, but had lost neither spirit nor organization. The other corps of the Army of the Potomac were intact and in good order, having had no engagements since the Seven Days' fight on the Peninsula nearly two months before.

McClellan wrote his wife, September 2:

> Pope is ordered to fall back upon Washington, and as he reënters everything is to come under my command again. A terrible and thankless task. Yet I will do my best with God's blessing to perform it. God knows that I need His help. Pray that God will help me in the great task now imposed upon me. . . . I only consent to take it for my country's sake and with the humble hope *God has called me to it.*

Here again was an earnest and honest conviction of a sacred mission.

McClellan with great promptness and industry gathered up his forces, and with good generalship marched forth to give battle to Lee, who was moving into Maryland. He won the battles of South Mountain September 14, and Antietam September 17, but the functions of the subordinate general were again supplanted by those of the savior of the country. September 5 he wrote his wife:

> The case is desperate, but with God's help I will try unselfishly to do my best, and, if He wills it, accomplish the *salvation of the nation.* . . . How weary I am of this struggle against adversity! But one thing sustains me—that is my trust in God. . . . Truly God is trying me in the fire.

It is noteworthy that in a despatch to his wife, dated September 7, McClellan said:

> The feeling of the Government toward me I am sure is kind and trusting. I hope with God's blessing to justify the great confidence they now repose in me, and will bury the past in oblivion.

September 20, after Antietam, he wrote:

> I feel some little pride in having with a beaten and demoralized army defeated Lee so utterly and *saved the North so completely.* . . . Since I left Washington, Stanton has again asserted that I, not Pope, lost the battle of Manassas, No. 2.

[1] In his "Own Story," p. 196, he calls them "numerous well-built and well-armed fortifications."

I am tired of fighting against such disadvantages, and feel that it is now time for the country to come to my help and remove these difficulties from my path. . . . I feel that I have done all that can be asked in twice saving the country. If I continue in its service, I have at least the right to demand a guarantee that I shall not be interfered with. I know I cannot have that assurance so long as Stanton continues in the position of Secretary of War, and Halleck as general-in-chief.

The subordinate general who admitted on the 7th the "kind feeling" and "great confidence of the Government," and buried "the past in oblivion," after two weeks of success was again the savior of the country, demanding the dismissal of his two military superiors, the Secretary of War and the General-in-chief!

September 22 he wrote his wife:

I am confident that the poison still rankles in the veins of my enemies at Washington, and that so long as they live it will remain there.

It will be remembered that in a telegram to Stanton of June 28, during the Seven Days' fight, he said:

If I save this army now, I tell you plainly I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army.

This probably is some of the "poison" to which he refers, because in a letter of July 20 he said in relation to the bitter charge just made:

Of course they will never forgive me for that. I knew it when I wrote it.

It was no doubt true that McClellan had bitter enemies in Washington. His own conduct rendered that inevitable, and, as shown by the quotation just made, he knew that he had said what they could "never forgive." It was a life and death struggle between him and them. But the trial really took place before the tribunal of public opinion. McClellan was defeated there, not by the action of his enemies in Washington, but by his own inaction in the field. Having defeated Lee and driven him across the Potomac, the Government and the public demanded an active pursuit, and, in refusing that, McClellan lost his case. Antietam was fought on the 17th of September. On the 18th the rebel army recrossed the Potomac into Virginia. McClellan would not pursue for various reasons — want of transportation, of clothing and equipage, etc., and because

the entire army had been greatly exhausted by unavoidable overwork, fatiguing marches, hunger, a want of sleep and rest, [he] did not feel authorized to cross the river with the main army, over a very deep and difficult ford, in pursuit of the retreating enemy, known to be in strong force on the south bank, and thereby place that stream, which was liable at any time to rise above a fording stage, between my army and its base of supply.

The Government and the public, believing that the advantage gained ought to be followed up, and that the rebel army, far from Richmond, must be quite as greatly reduced in numbers and supplies, and as much worn out by marching and fighting, as the Army of the Potomac, insisted upon an active continuation of the campaign. McClellan insisted upon rest and further preparation. On September 22 he telegraphed Halleck:

As soon as the exigencies of the service will admit of it, this army should be reorganized. It is absolutely necessary, to secure its efficiency, that the old skeleton regiments should be filled up at once . . .

And on September 27 he said in a long report:

This army is not now in condition to undertake another campaign, nor to bring on another battle unless great advantages are offered. . . . The new regiments need instruction. . . . My present purpose is to hold the army about as it is now, rendering Harper's Ferry secure and watching the river closely, intending to attack the enemy should he attempt to cross to this side. . . . When the river rises so that the enemy cannot cross in force, I purpose concentrating the army somewhere near Harper's Ferry and then acting according to circumstances.

He was waiting for the river to rise so that the enemy could not get at him, when the Government was thankful that it remained low, expecting him to get at the enemy. He said further:

I rather apprehend a renewal of the attempt in Maryland, should the river remain low for a great length of time and should they receive considerable addition to their force. . . . In the last battles the enemy was undoubtedly greatly superior to us in numbers, and it was only by very hard fighting that we gained the advantage we did.

On September 29 he wrote his wife:

I think Secesh has gone to Winchester. . . . If he has gone there I will be able to arrange my troops more with a view to comfort, and if it will only rain a little so as to raise the river, will feel quite justified in asking for a short leave.

All this was in the season for offensive operations, and when the Government wanted activity. It gave McClellan's enemies in Wash-

ington and elsewhere the very advantage they desired. It was not then in their power to destroy him, but it was in his power to destroy himself, by losing again the confidence of the Government and the public, and reviving the discontent at his inactivity that had so nearly proved fatal to him during the preceding autumn and winter. By October 6 the President's patience was exhausted, and Halleck telegraphed McClellan on that day:

> The President directs that you cross the Potomac, and give battle to the enemy or drive him south.

But McClellan did not move. On October 25 the President in his own name telegraphed McClellan:

> I have just read your despatch about sore-tongued and fatigued horses. Will you pardon me for asking what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam that fatigues anything.

Possibly the rebuke in this despatch was unmerited, but the President's telegram shows the feeling that McClellan's delay had aroused. McClellan was aware of the impatience prevailing throughout the country as well as in Washington, and wrote his wife October 25, "I see there is much impatience throughout the country for a move"; but fidelity to the great task intrusted to him by God of *saving the country*, in his own way, was uppermost in his mind.

The many questions and disputes, the nature and spirit of which may be inferred from the President's telegram about fatigued horses, that arose between McClellan and the Washington authorities at that time revived the doubts, which his advance to Antietam had nearly removed, concerning his fitness for aggressive operations, and increased the strength and bitterness of his enemies. On October 28 Halleck reported to the Secretary of War: "In my opinion there has been no such want of supplies in the army under General McClellan as to prevent his compliance with the orders to advance against the enemy." At last McClellan "fixed upon the 1st of November as the earliest date at which the forward movement could be commenced"—*thirty-three days after the battle of Antietam!* By November 2 he was on the march in grand style, with fair promise of an active and successful campaign. Ripened by experience, he was at his best. But his advance had for the second time been too long delayed for his own good. On November 7 he received an order relieving him from command of the Army of the Potomac, and his military career closed forever.

McClellan believed to the day of his death that the enemy outnumbered him, and that the Government was controlled by a conspiracy to prevent him from succeeding, lest he should destroy the military power of the Confederacy and end the war before slavery was abolished. To save the country from danger within and without, he had to make sure of saving the Army of the Potomac, and that required him not to attack the army opposed to him, except under specially favorable circumstances. Instead of forcing the fighting, he was led to the policy of over-caution, and of waiting to take advantage of the audacity or blunders of the enemy. On the other hand, the task which had been assumed by the Northern people and the Government was to suppress by force of arms, and in the shortest possible time, a flagrant rebellion. Their policy was essentially and necessarily offensive war of the most aggressive kind. When McClellan said July 27, 1861, he would "crush the rebels in one campaign," he was exactly in harmony with the Government and the public. They gave him what they thought ample means, and there never was a day during his command that the Government and the Northern people did not desire him to defeat the "rebels." It was for that purpose they put themselves into his military custody. Many of his supporters were alienated by his failure to fight as they expected, but no Union man, in the Government service or out of it, sought or desired the failure of his campaigns or battles. For a year before he was relieved from duty his military operations were not conducted in accordance with the policy of the Government, and that year, notwithstanding some successes, was one of disaster and disappointment to the North. These, in general terms, are the considerations that gave weight to the demands of Stanton and other opponents of McClellan that he be relieved from command regardless of his professional ability, his early promise, his services in organizing the Army of the Potomac, and the advantages he had gained or might be about to gain in encounters with the enemy. Lincoln's opinion of McClellan's fitness for the occasion was, in the end, probably about the same as Stanton's; but it is not likely that he would have acted upon it, if Stanton and others had not urged him. His kindness of heart was in the way, and he was constitutionally reluctant to make changes, especially at such a time; or, as he expressed it, he did not like to "swap horses while crossing a stream."

Though an earnest religionist, McClellan was not a fanatic. The mission with which he thought he was charged was a function of his military command, and ended with it. Like a patriot and a good soldier, he accepted deposition gracefully, and his relief from duty did not cause a ripple of disorder in the noble Army

of the Potomac, with which he was popular to the last.

In his book, "The Peninsula," General Webb says: "This then to be the first deduction from the narrative of the events of 1861 and 1862: General McClellan did not give to the will of the President, and the demands of the people, that weight in the formation of his plans of campaign to which they were entitled."

Probably the author did not express his meaning accurately in the foregoing quotation. Strictly construed, the criticism is not correct. The formation of his plans of campaign is one of the things in which the general cannot rest upon "the people," nor even upon the President, though of course the latter must always be implicitly obeyed. The formation of plans of campaign is a professional matter of the highest importance. It belongs to the soldier, not to the civilian, and the general is bound to proceed in that duty of his office according to his own judgment and conscience. The plan of campaign is one of the things which by its nature must be kept from "the people," as long as possible, lest it become known to the enemy. McClellan's failure to give weight to the will of the President and the demands of the people in *this particular* was not his mistake. The trouble was that, from an honest conviction of his own high mission, he put himself above both President and people in all matters relating to the war. In short, he acted conscientiously as the chosen savior of his country, instead of a subordinate soldier of the Republic.

James B. Fry.

SOPHIE GERMAIN.

AN UNKNOWN MATHEMATICIAN.

IF a thin circular sheet of metal be fastened firmly at the center by a clamp, and if a violin bow be drawn across its edge, a musical note will be produced. The plate is thrown into vibration by the bow; the vibration does not all come up at once and all go down at once, but it divides itself into some even number of sectors, say six or eight, and as one sector goes up the sector on each side of it goes down. The line between two adjacent sectors goes neither up nor down, but remains at rest. If sand be scattered evenly over the plate before the musical note is produced, it will be shaken off the parts which are most in motion, and it will collect in the lines of rest, or "nodal lines," as they are called. Different musical notes cause the plate to be differently divided up, and the state of vibration of the plate is made plain to the eye by the lines of sand marked out on it. This experiment, a very striking one, which is still performed in all physical laboratories, was exhibited at Paris, soon after its discovery by Chladni, in 1808. It created a great sensation, and a commission was appointed to repeat it with various modifications, and to make a report upon it. The Institute of France, at the suggestion of Napoleon, offered its grand prize for a mathematical discussion of the phenomenon. There were not wanting great mathematicians in Paris at that time — Lagrange, Laplace, Legendre, Poisson, Fourier, but none of them were inclined to undertake this question; Lagrange, in fact, had said that it could not be solved by any of the then known mathematical methods. The offer was twice renewed by the Institute, and in 1816 the prize was conferred upon a woman, Mlle. Sophie Germain. It is very remarkable that so great a distinction as to have received the prize of the Institute of France for a profound mathematical discussion should not have preserved the name of Sophie Germain from oblivion, but it has not done so. There are probably not a score of persons in this country who have ever heard of her, and in her own country she is not usually mentioned among its famous women. As proof that women may be pure mathematicians, Mrs. Somerville has had, outside of Italy and Russia, to stand alone. This is unfortunate, for the detractors of her sex have maintained that her work, though exceedingly profound, was not remarkable for originality. That charge cannot be brought against Sophie Germain. She showed great boldness in attacking a physical question which was at that time entirely outside the range of mathematical treatment, and the more complicated cases of which have not yet submitted themselves to analysis. The equation of elastic laminæ, which is still called Germain's equation, formed the starting-point of a new branch of the theory of elasticity. In her later years Sophie Germain turned her attention to questions of philosophy, and high German authority has recently discovered that her philosophical writings contain the germ of the Positive Philosophy of Comte. It is a curious thing that a woman so deserving of recognition has not received it in a fuller degree; it must be looked upon as one of those accidents by which the distribution of praise for merit is too often badly regulated. A mathematician, so remote is his subject from the ordinary concerns of men, has to be a very great mathematician indeed to be so much as heard of by the general public. Sophie Germain, besides deserving remembrance on account of her contributions to science, had a charming personality, and the few details that have been preserved concerning her life will not be found to be without in-

terest. The authority for them is an article by Libri, the Italian mathematician, which appeared in the "Journal des Débats" at the time of her death. Later writers, including the author of the biography prefixed to the new edition of her philosophical works, which was published in 1879 (Paris: P. Ritti), have added little that is important to his account.

On April 1, 1776, in a modest house in the Rue Saint Denis, in Paris, Marie Sophie Germain was born. Her parents were Ambroise François Germain and Marie Madeleine Gruguelu. Not much can be said about her family. It is only known that her father, a skilful goldsmith, belonged to the cultivated and liberal bourgeoisie, and that he was the partizan, if not the friend, of the philosophers and the political economists. It is plain that she must have passed her earliest years in a family in which there were plenty of serious subjects for conversation. She soon exhibited great maturity of intellect, and remarkable depth of feeling. Her gloomy anticipations concerning the future of her country were a distinct cause of suffering to her, and she sought for some occupation sufficiently absorbing to distract her attention from her fears. At the age of thirteen she was one day turning over the pages of Montluca's "History of Mathematics" in her father's library, when she came upon the eloquent account of the death of Archimedes — how he was so absorbed in the consideration of a geometrical figure that he heard nothing of the taking of Syracuse, or of the plundering of the city, and that, when a Roman soldier appeared before him, he met death at his hands without raising his eyes from his work. She conceived a sudden passion for a science which could procure such absolute concentration and such total oblivion from the cares and griefs of life, and she resolved at that moment to devote herself to the study of mathematics. That resolution she carried out. She had no teachers, she had few books, but she had an unlimited store of energy. She studied by day and by night. Her family were alarmed at so much ardor, and endeavored to turn her attention to more ladylike pursuits. They tried the plan of putting out her fire and taking away her clothes at night, but she was found in the morning wrapped up in blankets, absorbed in her studies in a room so cold that the ink was frozen in the inkstand. It is a curious coincidence that Mrs. Somerville, at that very same time, in her little village in Scotland, was obliged to wrap herself up in blankets to pursue her studies before breakfast, because her whole day had to be devoted to the practice of music and painting, and to her lessons at the shop of the pastry-cook.[1] Before a strength of will so remarkable at her age Sophie Germain's family at last yielded, and she was allowed to dispose of her time and her talents at her pleasure.

But no matter what the energy brought to bear upon them, the higher mathematics present a long and toilsome course of study to any one who wishes to master them. Sophie Germain carried on this laborious work with constantly increasing satisfaction. Toward the end of her life, she still spoke with animation of the happiness she experienced when she first found herself in a position to take up the Differential Calculus of Cousin. But soon a new difficulty presented itself. It was absolutely necessary to her further progress that she should read certain works which were written in Latin, and she did not understand that language. Unaided and alone, she proceeded to learn it, and in a short time she was able to read the works of Euler and Newton. Her ambition at this time took a wider range, and, carried away by the philosophical spirit which held sway in the great encyclopedia, she extended her reading over the entire field of the sciences, and laid the foundations for that work which, forty years later, was to secure her a place among the founders of the Positive Philosophy.

In 1794 the École Polytechnique was founded. Lagrange, Prony, Fourcroy, Monge, were among its lecturers. Sophie Germain was then eighteen years of age. Anxious to profit by so valuable a means of instruction, she procured for herself students' note-books specially of the courses in chemistry of Fourcroy, and in analysis of Lagrange. She did more. The students were in the habit of handing in to the professors, at the end of a course, their observations in writing on the lectures which they had attended. Under the supposed name of a student, Le Blanc, she sent her note-books to Lagrange. He noticed them, publicly praised them, found out their real author, and, having made her acquaintance, became the friend and counselor of the young mathematician. The circumstances under which she was discovered, the approbation of the illustrious author of the "Mécanique Analytique," her youth, some details concerning her studies — all this excited at-

[1] The general law that women's learning must be got by heroic measures, if at all, is not yet obsolete. Ellen Watson, the highly gifted young woman, Clifford's pupil, who died at the Cape of Good Hope at an early age, did all her studying before breakfast, because she was required to spend the day-time in teaching her younger brothers and sisters; and the very last number of the "Nineteenth Century" contains an account of a girl whose sympathetic family secure her two uninterrupted hours every day for an afternoon nap on account of her delicate health, not knowing that her afternoon sleepiness is due to hours of hard work before breakfast — work for which, it goes without saying, she would not dare to ask for two uninterrupted hours in the afternoon.

tention, and procured for her sympathetic friends. Soon she had established relations, either directly or by correspondence, with all the learned men of the period. Every one was solicitous of the honor of being presented to her, learned works were dedicated to her, and her house became a center for the brilliant conversation of the most distinguished men of the day.

Some years later, Gauss's great work on the "Theory of Numbers" appeared. Mlle. Germain at once turned her attention to this subject. She made numerous researches in it, and, under the pseudonym of Le Blanc, she sent her notes to the celebrated professor of Göttingen, persuaded, she writes, that "he will not disdain to enlighten with his advice an enthusiastic amateur of that science which he cultivates with such brilliant success." M. Le Blanc was far from being a simple amateur, and Gauss was soon well aware of it. His answer contained a warm recognition of her talents, and a friendly intercourse was kept up between them for several years without his becoming aware of the sex of his correspondent.

In 1808 Sophie Germain contended for the prize offered by the Institute for the best memoir giving the mathematical theory of elastic surfaces, and comparing it with experience. She deduced the equation of those surfaces from a certain hypothesis concerning the forces of elasticity, but there was an error in her mathematics, and her equation was not correct. Lagrange, to whom the paper had been referred, deduced from the same hypothesis the equation which is still recognized as the correct one. She did not receive the prize. Two years later she sent in a second memoir, in which the same equation is correctly given, and a more complicated hypothesis leads to the equation for the state of things which obtains at the boundaries of the elastic plate. Her theoretical solution she had also confirmed by a long series of experiments. This paper received honorable mention. Nothing daunted, she tried a third time, and received the prize, although the commission was not absolutely satisfied with the rigor of her demonstration. Germain's equation for elastic plates is still the fundamental equation of the theory. Her boundary-equations have not stood the test of time; Poisson, fourteen years later, gave a different set of boundary-equations based upon a different hypothesis, and Kirchoff, in 1850, showed that neither hypothesis was tenable, and that neither set of equations was correct.

In 1824 she sent another paper to the Institute entitled, "On the Employment of the Thickness in the Theory of Elastic Surfaces." This paper was given to a commission, consisting of Poisson, Prony, and Laplace, to report on. They never brought in their report, and she was never able to regain possession of the manuscript. Only a few years ago it was discovered among the papers of Prony, and it was reprinted entire, in a supplement to Liouville's "Journal des Mathématiques."

Not spoiled by her success, Sophie Germain continued her studies with all her former enthusiasm. She attended the sessions of the Academy of Sciences, kept herself abreast of the scientific researches of her contemporaries, and found time to perform various friendly offices for her acquaintances. She contributed to the "Annales de Physique et de Chimie" an examination of the principles which lead to the laws of movement of elastic solids. In this paper she establishes, in opposition to Poisson, that no hypothesis in regard to the molecular constitution of bodies is necessary in a discussion of elasticity. Her views on this subject have been abundantly confirmed. Two papers of hers in "Crelle's Journal" — one on the curvature of surfaces, and one on the theory of numbers — were composed by her during the noise of the cannon of July, 1830. Her hope of finding a profound absorption in the study of mathematics had not been disappointed.

There are many testimonials to the charm of her character and of her conversation. She was imbued with a pure love of science, and she was remarkably indifferent to her own fame. She rejoiced when ideas which she had let fall in conversation were appropriated by others. It made no difference, she said, from whom an idea came; it was only of consequence that it should be true and useful. Fame she defined to be the small space which one occupies in the brain of his neighbors — a definition which Schopenhauer has since repeated. Virtue she looked upon as a sense of order, which the cultivated understanding must admire, even when the heart does not love it. Her conversation was full of gaiety and freshness, and bore constant marks of originality of thinking, and of a poetic handling of her thoughts. She died at the age of fifty-five. Her grave at Père la Chaise, fifteen steps from that of Comte, is in a neglected condition. The railing is rusty, the stone has fallen, the border of box is wild and overgrown.

The philosophical writings of Sophie Germain were given to the world two years after her death, by her nephew, Lherbette. Besides some detached thoughts, they consist of a long article entitled, "Considerations on the State of the Sciences and of Letters at the different Periods of their Culture." Her main idea is the extension of the principles of law, and of the harmonious interaction of causes which prevail in the physical sciences, to the re-

gions of politics, of morals, and of art — the same idea which Comte expounded with much greater detail in his "Cours de Philosophie Positive." Comte's indebtedness to Condorcet and to Saint-Simon has frequently been mentioned. It is only recently that it has been discovered how distinctly he was anticipated in the main features of his system by Sophie Germain. Dühring, in his "Critical History of Philosophy from its Beginnings to the Present Time" (third edition, Leipsic, 1878), says, after giving a full abstract of her work, "One sees from the above that the Positivism which, without the use of the word, one finds in the writings of Sophie Germain, contains the essential features of that which has hitherto been associated with the name of Auguste Comte." The "Zeitschrift für Philosophie" has had two long articles by Göring entitled: "Sophie Germain as the Predecessor of Comte." Her "Considerations" are still very interesting reading, and they would well repay translation.

Christine Ladd Franklin.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The New "Life of Napoleon."

AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE READERS OF "THE CENTURY MAGAZINE."

INTO the midst of the drama of the French Revolution — upon a scene of social and political wreck, of confusion, and of carnage, such as the world had never before witnessed,— entered a youthful figure, slight, pale, emaciated, and of a foreign name and race. This singular and poignant personality suddenly became the center of the entire action, and put forth a force which dominated virtually every group and class, and which, gathering up the passion of the people into an ordered military impulse, turned France from a self-destroying mob into a thoroughly equipped army, and hurled that army like a thunderbolt against the conquered and amazed enemies of the new republic.

The Revolution in every outward manifestation by him suppressed or transformed, we see Napoleon Bonaparte rising by his single might from power to power and from rank to rank, until he lifts from the ground and places upon his own head the crown of empire. He transforms and glorifies France by magnificent material improvements, at the same time depriving her of the last vestige of liberty. He inflicts order at home and dominion abroad with equal severity, administering both wise and unwise laws by tyrannous and unwise methods. He defends his country and his own prestige with a fury and ruinous excess which make lasting peace impossible. Tearing to pieces the political and social fabric of Continental civilization, never to be restored to its original texture and condition, he soars in his ambitions not only to the dream, but strangely near to the accomplishment, of universal rule.

We see this extraordinary force exerting itself, near and far, upon men, events, and institutions, with a rapidity and to an extent unknown hitherto among mankind: a gigantic spirit acting freely on an unprecedented field without hindrance of conscience, sentiment, precedent, or law, until all Christendom, and a large part of heathendom, seem to revolve about one untrammeled and well nigh unopposable will.

Again we see this same figure, mentally and morally always the same, notwithstanding the physical changes that adulating art records from year to year — we see this same figure as suddenly as it came disappearing from the theater of great events; the world-conqueror and king of kings conquered and exiled. We see him again flashing back unimpeded from his origin in the Mediterranean to the height of empire; again beaten to the ground and flung upon a distant rock of the Atlantic, there to rot soul and body out in disdain, despair, and agony.

We see him, as he said, "wallowing in glory," and once more steeped in sublime misfortune; beloved and praised as has been no other human ruler; despised and vilified as has been no other human being: but praised, blamed, or appreciated, to him we see ascribed the most tremendous purely human energy ever crowded into human form.

To attempt to describe the origin, temperament, acts, and lasting effects, beneficent or harmful, of a personality and career thus astounding and unparalleled could never prove a slight task, and it is one which from the nature of things could not well be satisfactorily performed before the present time.

The realization of the fact that in no language exists a reasonable, complete, consecutive, unprejudiced life of Napoleon, based upon sufficient and competent documents and memoirs, was the origin of the scheme of publishing in THE CENTURY such a life. Professor William M. Sloane of Princeton has produced a work answering this description. He has written with historical fairness, and absence of partizan bias. His history is marred neither by adulation nor abuse. His work corrects the blind and absurd hero-worship inculcated by certain popular but unscientific biographers, while doing full justice to the character and genius of the man, and to his part in the advance of human society.

Every resource of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE has been brought to bear to enrich the narrative with pictorial illustrations not unworthy of the subject. European and American collections have been ransacked for portraits of the period, and for the most trustworthy pictures by contemporaries of the events described. To these have been added some of the greatest modern masterpieces of French art dealing with Napoleonic events. In addition, commissions have been given to French and American artists for illustrative designs, and artists have been sent to various localities to make drawings of buildings and places as they now exist. The theme creates an opportunity for the most interesting and most brilliant pictorial series of a historical character yet presented in the pages of a magazine, and the con-

ductors of THE CENTURY intend to avail themselves of this opportunity to the fullest extent.

Perhaps the most original and surprising feature of Professor Sloane's work is the detail given concerning the early years of Bonaparte. His thoroughly Corsican origin and training, the curious events of his youth as a Corsican agitator and patriot, his youthful experience as a man of letters, the effect upon his character and history of his Corsican adventures and relations — all these matters have failed to receive due attention in any biography of the Emperor.

The first instalment of the new "Life of Napoleon" will be given in THE CENTURY for November, accompanied by a striking portrait of the boy Napoleon which has just been brought to light through the researches of the art department of the magazine.

Is Bimetallism Desirable?

THE theory of bimetallism, as expounded by its advocates in this and other countries, is summed up accurately and concisely by Mr. M. G. Mulhall, a well-known English statistician, in the following four propositions:

1. That the general level of prices depends on the quantity of money compared with the work it has to do.
2. That the demonetization of silver has caused a general scarcity of money and a fall in prices.
3. That the fall in prices is injurious to the interests of mankind.
4. That it is expedient for the principal nations to put gold and silver on an equal footing.

These propositions Mr. Mulhall takes up in regular order, and opposes each of them with statistical evidence which seems to be conclusive. We propose to summarize his evidence for the benefit of our readers who may not have had the pleasure of reading his article in the "Contemporary Review" for June last. On the first point he quotes the teachings of the best-known English economists to the effect that it is a fallacy to suppose that the range of prices depends upon the quantity of money, and then gives figures of the world's commerce, and of the volume of money employed in its transaction, to confirm those teachings. The figures show that during the forty years between 1849 and 1889 the commerce of the world was quadrupled, while the volume of money had only trebled, and the price level was at the end of the period barely one per cent. lower than at the beginning, though in 1859 it was 20 per cent. higher, remaining 19 per cent. higher in 1869, reaching its normal point in 1879, and falling one per cent. below it in 1889. The secondary part which money plays in national exchanges is shown by the fact that 97 per cent. of the banking business of England is done by checks, and only 3 per cent. by money. In the United States about 5 per cent. is done in money. The quantity of bullion carried oversea in 1890 was only 5 per cent. of the value of sea-borne merchandise, against 9 per cent. for the decade ending 1870, showing an economy of 45 per cent. in the relative use of gold as a medium of exchange during the last twenty years.

In regard to the contentions of the second proposition, that the demonetization of silver has caused a scarcity of money and fall of prices, Mr. Mulhall gives figures showing that the world has always as much money as it requires for the transaction of business, that there is always an immense reserve of uncoined gold which can be drawn upon if more coin is needed, and that this uncoined supply is much larger at present than it ever was before. In 1800, out of a total of 2730 tons, 908 tons were coined; in 1848, out of a total of 3575 tons, 1125 were coined; in 1890, out of a total of 8820 tons, 5640 were coined. That the banks of the world are not suffering for the want of coin he shows by giving the figures of the specie-reserve (mostly gold) of the European and United States banks for the last three decades. In 1870 the total was 154,000,000 pounds sterling; in 1880, 251,000,000; in 1890, 450,000,000.

On the third point, that a fall in prices is injurious to mankind, Mr. Mulhall is particularly effective. He quotes the declarations of Newmarch that the "object of all scientific methods applied to commerce is cheapness, and the tendency of commerce is toward decline, by reason of the enlarging power of production"; says the bimetallists "refuse to see that a reduction in prices does not necessarily mean a loss to the producer, whilst it extends the market of production"; and then cites several instances which are convincing. One of these is that of Gillott's steel pens. The original cost of these was ten shillings a dozen, and the industry then employed five hands; now the cost is a penny a dozen, and the daily output is 2,500,000 pens. The fall in prices, instead of being injurious in England, has been attended by every sign of national prosperity. In 1869 the ratio of paupers was 41 per thousand of population, and in 1889 only 27 per thousand. In 1869 the savings-banks deposits were £53,000,000; in 1889 they were £645,000,000. Yet during this period the price level had fallen from 119 to 99.

Scarcely less striking figures, not included in Mr. Mulhall's article, can be given for the United States. Between 1880 and 1890 the savings-banks deposits increased from $967,000 to $1,636,000,000, and the *per capita* wealth of the country increased from $870 to $1039. Between 1840 and 1891 prices of merchandise fell about 3 per cent., but during the same period wages rose 104 per cent. Since 1840 the annual product of gold has been over eight times what it was annually in the previous eighty years. The rise of 104 per cent. in the price of labor is the strongest possible argument against the claim that gold has appreciated because of its alleged scarcity; if it had appreciated, a day's labor, which, as Bagehot says, "is a main element in almost all kinds of production, and the principal one in many," would command to-day a smaller price in gold instead of a higher price than ever before in the world's history — more than double what it commanded fifty years ago. A very interesting analysis of the benefit which this rise in wages, amounting to 14 per cent. between 1873 and 1891, has been to the laboring man is made by Mr. Charles C. Jackson of Boston, in a valuable and instructive pamphlet, entitled "Has Gold Appreciated?" Remarking that while wages in the United States rose 14 per cent., the cost of things an average citizen has to buy, as food, fuel, shelter, and clothing had fallen 10 per cent., he adds:

> Now take the case of a man who in 1873 got in greenbacks the equivalent of $2 a day in gold, and suppose that his daily expense for food, etc., was then just this $2 in gold. In 1891 he would have got $2.28 a day, and his outgo for these necessaries would have been only $1.80,

leaving him a surplus of 48 cents a day to go against any debt he owed, or for luxuries. Evidently the fall in prices had created a lessening of his burden, not an increase of it. Why should the fall in prices be thought a calamity?

On the final point, the expediency of a double standard, Mr. Mulhall travels over ground which we have made familiar to our readers in discussing various aspects of the monetary situation. He says, as we have said, that in process of time "gold has come to be found more convenient and suitable as a standard of value than silver," and consequently has been adopted by the world as its medium of exchange. He gives figures showing that silver has fallen in value from 60 pence per ounce in 1861–70 to 30 pence in 1894, thus losing half its value, and thus making it hardly an honest proceeding to establish bimetallism, and allow a man to pay his debts in silver. If such a thing were to be done, he says the mortgages of the United Kingdom, which amount to about 2,800,000,000 pounds sterling, could be discharged at a loss of half that sum, or more than double the national debt.

The bimetallists may say that they do not favor a double standard at the present ratio of gold to silver; but as Mr. Mulhall points out, they refuse to suggest any given ratio between the two metals. They also refuse to give the name of any article of importance on which the variation in price, rise or fall, since 1873 may not be accounted for, and exactly measured, by other changes without any regard to the ratio of gold to silver. Mr. Edward Atkinson has asked in vain for the name of one such article. These questions go to the very foundation of the whole subject, and they should be answered, or the advocacy of bimetallism should cease. That advocacy is encouraging the free-silver men to keep up their agitation, and the result is continued uncertainty and uneasiness about our monetary standard. So serious did doubt on this point become among foreign investors in our securities, in June last, that President Cleveland felt called upon to make formal declaration that so far as he had the power, the national credit should be protected at all hazards, and the quality of our money kept equal to the best. We cannot preserve our credit, and keep our money so good that all the world will have confidence in our securities, unless we stop this silver agitation, and this will continue as long as unwise talk about bimetallism continues.

The Nation and its Toilers.

EVERYBODY who has followed the history of great railway strikes in this country, beginning with the desperate and bloody one of 1877, and closing with that which centered in Chicago in July last, must have been struck with the steadily growing tendency of the people to look to the National government as the proper source of restraining and protecting power. He must have been struck also with the fact that in the minds of the people the duty of preserving law and order is so supreme that almost any exercise of power and authority to that end is regarded as justifiable. When President Cleveland, in the performance of this duty, issued his two proclamations and detailed the regular army to maintain the law and preserve property from destruction, there was practically no dissenting voice audible in the chorus of approval which swelled up from all sections of the country. So unanimous and hearty was the support which the people gave him that the United States Senate caught the patriotic spirit of the moment and found unanimously a resolution of approval; and the House of Representatives followed with similar action. Partizanship was forgotten in a great wave of patriotic devotion to the nation as the supreme power in the land — a power whose first and highest exercise must be the preservation of the liberty of all the people.

In the popular chorus of the people the voice of the South was notably distinct and strong. The old doctrine of State rights was openly repudiated, and in its place was proclaimed the doctrine that ours is a government composed of States, all of which must yield to the central power whenever the exercise of that power is necessary to the national welfare. There is no trace of a tendency toward centralization in this, any more than there was in the patriotic fervor of war times. The people simply show that in times of peril to the nation, when its welfare and its very existence depend upon the maintenance of its laws, they stand in a solid mass behind the National government in the exercise of its undoubted powers as the supreme ruler in the land. Instead of there being anything in this revelation to cause apprehension, it is one of the most reassuring signs of progress that could be desired. It shows that the national feeling is growing and deepening with time, and that in every section of the country to-day the love of the nation is higher and stronger than the love of any part of it.

This is the first and most noteworthy lesson of our great labor-disturbances. There is a second which is closely akin to it, and that is that the people have no longer much toleration for high officials who are willing to trifle with the laws whose execution is placed in their hands. Many who have in the past been careless about the qualifications of candidates for important executive office have been made to realize that it is a risky business under popular government to trust the execution of laws to men who have little respect for law, or, what amounts to the same thing, are in sympathy with those who wish to overthrow all law. Government is a serious business, even in a great, prosperous, and free country, but there have been many voters who have hitherto been unable to bring themselves to take that view of it. These have learned a lesson which they will never forget.

A third moral which can be drawn is that we need in this country an American laboring class, instead of a foreign laboring class. Our readers have not forgotten the series of articles on American labor which we published in this department of THE CENTURY in 1893. We said in the first article of that series:

> In the earlier days of the republic the American mechanic was everywhere known as one of the sturdiest representatives of American character. He was an honest man, a good workman, a loyal, faithful citizen. To-day he is almost an extinct species. As a nation we lead the world in mechanical skill, yet we are the only nation in the world that has almost ceased to produce its own mechanics. We not only take the great mass of ours from other countries, but we accept their poorest specimens, and, having accepted them, we allow them to control the field against our own sons. The consequences of this policy, already momentous, are destined to become more so as time advances. We are not only bringing up our sons in idleness, not only *depriving our experiment in popular government of the invaluable support of a great body of con-*

servative citizens of American birth, but we are accepting in place of such a body one that is composed of and controlled by men of foreign birth, whose instincts and character are not merely un-American but often anti-American. This body, acting frequently as a unit throughout the country, is able to paralyze all business and industry, and to bring the nation itself almost to the brink of social revolution and industrial war.

This view has been greatly strengthened and confirmed by the events of the present year. It is evident when two proclamations by the President and the use of National and State troops must be resorted to in order that law may be maintained, property preserved from destruction, and human life guarded, that there is something the matter with that element of the population against which such measures have to be taken. While all the rest of the people are upholding law and order, how does it come about that the laboring classes are in so many instances seeking to overthrow law and order? It is because, as we said in 1893, our laboring class is not as a body American, but anti-American. That it is becoming more American through experience we are glad to believe. The refusal of so many labor-unions to obey the order for a universal "sympathetic" strike in July last was evidence of this. Still the fact remains that we are not training up a class of American laborers, and until we do that we shall continue to have labor troubles which will require the exercise of national power for their suppression.

Edwin Booth — the Man.

THE daughter of Edwin Booth has concluded to make what may be considered a most costly and sacred memorial gift to the world — none other than the record of the inner life of the great actor as made by him for those nearest to him, in letters written through a lifetime to his child, and to many of his intimate friends. Selections from Mrs. Edwina Booth Grossmann's reminiscences of her father, and from his letters, are, by permission, printed in this number of THE CENTURY. They are, indeed, a revelation of the man both exemplary and inspiring. The dominance over his career of the spiritual influence of a noble and gifted woman is here indicated; and it is seen that this influence extended far beyond her lifetime, always lifting the artist in him to noble exertion toward a lofty ideal.

In the letters to Mr. Bispham, printed in THE CENTURY for November and December, 1893, the charm of Edwin Booth's private character was shown; in the present series we get closer to the heart of the man. Such a spirit remaining hopeful, helpful, and pure, in such trying conditions and under a storm of sorrows — nothing that any one may say can add to the ennobling lesson.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Methods of the Rioting Striker an Evidence of Degeneration.

THE doctrines of communism, socialism, and nihilism are essentially atavistic doctrines, inasmuch as they revert to a state of society existing thousands and thousands of years ago, when all mankind were savages. It is only by a study of primitive folk as we find them today that we are enabled to form any idea of our own status before civilization raised us to our present elevated position. It will hardly be necessary, in order to demonstrate this proposition, to cite more than one instance of communism as we now find it existing in a primitive race of people, though many such could be cited. Therefore I will call attention only to a single tribe of communists, the Aleutians, living on our own continent. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that, in the inception of his history, man was isolated and lived apart from his fellow-beings; that "the first individual reproduced himself in male and female, and of this couple, created superb and vigorous, intelligent and beautiful, was born the first family, which expanded into a tribe, then into peoples and nations." This was a theory taught years ago, before paleontology became a science and taught us otherwise. Our pithecoid ancestors began with a communal life, and, instead of the individual being the father of the society, the society has been the father of the individual. Says Reclus:

> Communal was the habitation, and communal the wives with their children; the men pursued the same prey, and devoured it together after the manner of wolves; all felt, thought, and acted in concert. Everything leads us to believe that at the outset collectivism was at its maximum and individualism at its minimum. The communal dwelling appears to us to have been the support of the collective life, and the great medium of the earliest civilization.

In the *kachims* of the Aleutians we see the autotypes of the communal dwelling-places of our savage ancestors; likewise, their customs and their beliefs have their archetypes in the political and social economics of our primitive forebears. It is to some such state of savage irresponsibility that the doctrines of Bellamy and his followers would hurry us in the end, if they were carried out to their full extent. Man would have to lose, necessarily, that individuality and responsibility which he has acquired through thousands of years of inherited experiences. Could he do this, man might attain to the Utopia described by Bellamy, and become the autotype of the ant and the bee and others of the social hymenoptera. But he can never do it without losing that which makes him so immeasurably superior to the savage — his civilization. Civilization, in its purity, demands an individualism totally inconsistent with the tenets and doctrines of communism and socialism. The innate ego of civilized man is too self-assertive to allow him to banish it for any length of time, and, as his psychical development is always on the increase, it will ever be growing stronger and stronger. The surroundings demanding the communistic customs of our savage ancestors no longer exist, and a belief in any such doctrine at the present time is unquestionably an instance of psychical atavism. Fortunately for civilization, the majority of mankind are not degenerate; therefore these atavistic tendencies of the minority are held in check. Every now and then, however, the degenerate element bursts through the restraining bonds of social laws and customs, and makes its savage nature apparent in the strike or the boycott, accompanied, as they always are, by riots and lawlessness. Any man has the right to stop work whenever he wishes, if he is not under contract and can le-

gally do so, but no man has a right to stop another man from working if he so desires. Such an act would be clearly anti-social, therefore criminal. It is here that the strike shows that it is the offspring of degeneration, for the strikes of to-day are invariably accompanied by anti-social acts that at once place them among the *instrumenta belli* of the savage. Arson, murder, and theft belong to the cardinal virtues according to the tenets laid down by savages and moral imbeciles, and arson, murder, and theft invariably march in the van of the strike. Communism or socialism must necessarily form a factor in any movement of labor against capital. This fact is always bitterly denied by the more conservative and politic of the labor leaders, yet the active strikers who engage personally in the strike unhesitatingly assert that their main object is to place themselves more nearly on a par with their wealthy employers. Now, having shown that communism is an atavistic doctrine, and that the strike invariably carries with it an element of communism, and is therefore necessarily atavistic, let us examine into the causes which produce this strange desire to revert to the customs, habits, and beliefs of our barbarous progenitors. The causes of degeneration are manifold, and cannot be enumerated in a paper like this. Suffice it to say that insufficient food, intemperance, and a disregard for the bars of consanguinity in marital relations are the prime factors in the production of degenerate beings. I have shown elsewhere that degeneration is the cause of the various forms of sexual perversion with which civilized man is afflicted (*vide* New York Medical Record, September 16, 1893: "Exfemination and Viraginity"), and that it is likewise main factor in the production of a distinct type of abnormal man, the congenital criminal (*vide* New York Medical Record, January, 1894: "Criminal Anthropology," and American Naturalist, June, 1894: "The Recidivits"). When we come to examine the personnel of a striking mob, we at once discover that it is made up to a great extent of foreigners and the descendants of foreigners. And when we examine each individual, we will discover that he differs more or less from normal man, and that these abnormalities in face and figure form a distinct type. These abnormalities are the unmistakable signs of degeneration. Of course I have reference to *the strike in which lawlessness is evinced;* throughout this article I mean no other.

The struggle for existence among the lower classes of Europe has been exceedingly hard. On account of the numerous wars which have occurred during the last millenary period, the burden of taxation has been very heavy, rents have been very high, and the consequent struggle of the laboring classes for a bare existence has been very severe. Physical development has been retarded, and even turned back, and psychical atavism has made its appearance. Both mind and body have retrograded. Instead of advancing toward a higher civilization, the peasantry of most of the European nations have dropped back. The phenomenon of atavism occurs in feeble types, not in strong, healthy, well-developed types. Microcephalism, occurring, as it most frequently does, among ignorant, ill-nourished, unhealthy people, is an example. Dolichocephalism, and a flattening of the cranial arch, with corresponding loss of capacity in the skull — types that we see everywhere among the individuals now being discussed, are other examples of this tendency of atavism to seize on weakened and unhealthy subjects.

Degeneration finds victims among the rich as well as among the poor, but among the wealthy the atavistic abnormalities are generally psycho-sexual in character. The rich become effeminate, weak, and immoral, and the lower classes taking advantage of this moral lassitude, and, led on by their savage inclinations, undertake strikes, mobs, boycotts, and riots. If it were not for the restraining influence of the sober, level-headed middle classes,— the true police of the world,— civilization would be swept from the face of the globe, and men would become savages like the communal tribes of the Aleutian Islands. The native-born American working-man, descended from Anglo-Saxon ancestors, has not yet been attacked by degeneration. In this fruitful land his struggle for existence has been easy; consequently his physical and psychical beings have not been held in check and turned back by the exigencies of his surroundings, but, on the contrary, have been greatly developed. He takes broad and elevated views of sociological questions. He recognizes the fact that each man is the architect of his own fortune, and that success depends on the intrinsic worth of each individual. In fact, he is the product of a higher civilization, which decrees that the individual, and not the commune, is the great desideratum. He knows that labor is a marketable commodity, and that it will always bring its own price unless the market becomes overstocked. And now we come to the key of the whole situation. The labor-market is, to a certain extent, overstocked. The country has become filled with laborers, the vast majority of whom are degenerate foreigners, who are ready for any form of lawlessness and riot, suggested by their essentially anti-social natures. A mere casual survey of the various strikes which have occurred in the United States during the last decade will show that an overwhelming majority of the individuals constituting the strike are foreigners, and descendants of foreigners. It is true that there are native-born descendants of Anglo-Saxon ancestors in the ranks of the strikers, but they are few in number, and are uniformly led on by emotions and desires founded on higher principles than those which actuate their foreign associates. These men are amenable to reason, and do not commit acts of lawlessness unless forced to do so by their anarchistic fellow-strikers. The fear of bodily harm or the fear of being considered a coward have made many a law-abiding man a criminal.

The psychical habitudes of a few of the individuals under discussion have been inherited from ancestors who have always been of low types, but the majority of them are *bona fide* degenerates, made so by inheritance as well as by their surroundings.

The Russian and Bohemian laborers who immigrate to America are, and always have been, semi-civilized, but the Italians, Germans, Huns, Poles, Frenchmen, and Austrians who are to be found among rioting laborers are clearly a degenerate class of human beings. The anthropologist can detect the physical signs of degeneration in these people at a glance. Their physical characteristics mark them out at once to be abnormal types of the human race with such a striking family resemblance that individuals of entirely different nationalities look alike. This same family resemblance

is to be found among congenital criminals. In point of fact, the congenital criminal and the anarchist, both victims of degeneration, differ very little. The congenital criminal's anti-social acts are generally individual, while the anti-social acts of the communistic anarchist are communal or collective. Of the two individuals, I consider the communist by far the more dangerous to society. In conclusion, let me say that I believe that the immigration laws are wholly to blame for the labor riots which agitate this country. Immigration is practically unrestricted, and year after year Europe pours into the United States multitudes of degenerate human beings, who, incited by the freedom of American institutions, and without the deterrent fear of summary punishment, immediately give free rein to their atavistic imaginations, and, whenever they think that the favorable moment has arrived, plunge into anarchy and lawlessness. These people are savages, and should not be treated as civilized beings. They are not amenable to those arguments which would undoubtedly prevail were they civilized men and women; consequently it is folly to argue with them. Their ideas of social economics are totally different from those of the civilized world, and the sooner the world recognizes this fact the better will it be for civilization. When the Indians out West go on the war-path, we know how to control them. The psychologist considers the anarchist as being no better than the Indian.

James Weir, Jr., M. D.
"WAVELAND," OWENSBOROUGH, KY.

Secret Societies in Politics.

EVER since the disappearance of William Morgan, in 1826, there has been a strong sentiment in this country adverse to secret societies of all kinds. This opposition has enlisted many sincere and patriotic men; but it must be confessed that its force has been gradually waning. The social and beneficial orders against which the warfare is chiefly directed have been in existence among us for many years; for many good works we are constrained to give them credit; the mischiefs which they were expected to perpetrate have not appeared; the apprehensions of good men concerning them do not seem to be well founded. On the score of taste many of their performances may be criticized, and it is easy to show that they might become very dangerous; but the public mind rests in the conviction that most of them are, in fact, innocent if not useful institutions.

The original secret society is the family. Its sacredness depends on its secrecy. With the largest part of its concerns the public has no business. The newspapers of this country are doing their best to destroy all the barriers of privacy within which the family ought to be sheltered,—every man to whom domestic life is sacred must be always alert and resolute to keep the reporter out of his closet and his bedroom,—but in spite of the newspapers the rights of secrecy must be affirmed, and we may hope that, by a remnant of our society, they will be maintained. Other social groups are formed for purposes of companionship and mutual help, and to these, so long as they confine themselves to such purposes, the rights of secrecy may be freely yielded.

But when any organization undertakes to influence or direct public affairs, there must be no more secrecy. The first law of public business is the law of publicity. What concerns the whole public the whole public has a right to know all about. A group of citizens, meeting in secret, and scheming to impose their will by stealth or indirection upon the community, is as much out of place in a republic as a cinder in the eye or a tumor on the brain. What these people are trying to do directly concerns me; my freedom, my security, my welfare are to be affected by their action: yet I am not permitted to know anything about their designs; I cannot discuss their measures with them; I must simply accept what they in their secret conclaves decree.

All free government is based upon free discussion. The motive power is public opinion, and public opinion is formed by public debate, by an open canvass of all measures proposed and candidates nominated. No other method is safe. The whole community ought to be thoroughly informed respecting all questions of public policy. The sovereignty resides in the whole people; the attempt of a portion of the people to impose their will upon the rest without consulting them is simple usurpation. The majority may rule, but not until the minority has had a fair chance, in open debate, to traverse the arguments of the majority and to utter its protest. The attempt to control government through secret organizations is a flat repudiation of the fundamental principle of a free republic.

Such a secret organization confesses by its very existence its lack of faith in truth. Its purposes are evidently such as would not prosper in a fair debate. This will be found true, I believe, of all secret political societies. Take the case of the one which is now very much in evidence—the anti-Catholic society known as the "A. P. A." Its oath binds its members to two practical measures: to disfranchise, so far as office-holding is concerned, all Roman Catholics; and to prevent, so far as possible, all Roman Catholics from getting an honest living by their labor. It is evident that these measures would not bear discussion. Any organization which came before the public to advocate them would be overwhelmed with popular indignation. But by covering all the operations of the society with the veil of secrecy, and prevaricating about these oaths, multitudes of men are induced to support this scheme. What men would be ashamed to do in the daylight, they can be persuaded to do in the darkness. In politics it is always those whose deeds are evil who prefer darkness to light. The conclusion is irresistible that any political organization whose methods are secret is cherishing nefarious purposes.

Those who adopt the method of secrecy thereby confess their belief that the people outside their pale cannot be trusted with the truth. Such a belief will lead to a frugal dispensation of the truth within the pale. No fair discussion will be allowed in the secret conclave; a species of terrorism will enforce unanimity and stifle dissent. Under such a regimen the most grotesque falsehoods can be propagated. Secret political societies are always marvelous disseminators of delusion. Statements which would be blown to the winds if they were made in public can be kept in active circulation for months through the agency of such societies. As vehicles for the distribution of cowardly slander and defamation nothing could be more effective.

The point of view of those persons who adopt these methods may be best gained by considering the replies which they make to criticisms like the above. It is cer-

tainly worth while to give careful heed to these replies. They throw light upon the problem before us. They show what kind of elementary instruction in political ethics is needed, just now, by a million or more of American voters. Let me state some of these defensive arguments as they have come to me, with such answers as they seem to require.

One querist wishes to know whether, in a game of chess, I am in the habit of informing the man on the other side of the board of the move that I intend to make. Another suggests that such societies as I have described are no more secret than an army; that armies operate secretly, that they have countersigns, and the like. These comparisons probably indicate the conceptions which underlie most secret political organizations. The notion is that in civil society we are all seeking to beat one another in a stupendous game, or that we are natural enemies, arrayed against one another and trying to exterminate one another. It is true that there is much in current politics which is based upon one or the other of these notions. But it is, perhaps, worth while to try to comprehend that this is not the real foundation of civil society. Not to discuss the analogy of the game, let us consider the other similitude. It is true that an army, engaged in war, does resort to concealment and stratagem; but what is the business of an army? Its business is killing people. That is the only reason of its existence. It is a costly and elaborate machine for destroying human beings. Therefore, when war is proclaimed, many of the ordinary social and moral laws are set aside. *Inter arma silent leges.* Truth, the fair bond of society, is banished; falsehood, deception, trickery are weapons freely used. The state of war is not the normal state of human society; the normal relations of human beings are discarded and reversed when people go to war. It is this abnormal and unsocial state of war to which appeal is made for the justification of secret societies in politics. It must be admitted that they do conform exactly to that analogy, and this fact seals their condemnation.

What is the real basis of civil society? I will not suggest a very lofty idea of these relations; but to put the matter on the lowest possible basis, we may say that the people of any town or city are business partners. There is a great company or corporation, and we are all members of it. A vast amount of property is owned in common — the streets, the parks, the markets, the city buildings, the school-houses, the waterworks, and a great deal more. We are partners, also, in the business of keeping the peace, in the business of making the ordinances by which the city is governed, in the business of choosing the officers, in the business of keeping the water and the air free from infection, and of making the city where we live a healthy and pleasant place of residence. The same kind of partnership exists with regard to the interests of the State and the nation. All these great interests are ours in common. It is only by coöperating with one another intelligently and harmoniously that we can secure them.

What, now, would be the consequence if, in any great partnership concern, part of the members should stealthily combine, holding secret meetings, and plotting against others; trying to deprive some or all of their copartners of their fair share of the gains or advantages; secretly scheming to prevent others from holding any official position or having anything to do with the management? Would it be good policy, in a business partnership, to encourage that kind of secret plotting of members against one another? Would not a company afflicted with such intestine warfare speedily go to pieces?

The lowest conception that any man can form of civil society is that which we are considering; and such secret leagues as now exist in this country, by which citizens of one way of thinking are conspiring to take away the advantages of citizenship from citizens of another way of thinking, and to deprive them, so far as they can, not only of their civil rights, but also of the means of existence, are destructive of the very foundations of society; they are not only anti-social, they are inhuman; they are attempts to lead society back toward barbarism and anarchy.

Washington Gladden.

Is the Friction Between Employed and Employer Diminishing?

THE friction between labor and capital is quite similar to that between the commission-house and the jobber, the jobber and the retailer, the retailer and the consumer. It exists between the manufacturer and the seller of raw material, the farmer and the purchaser of his products, the shipper and the transporter. Between all these classes friction arises from the sale or exchange of their products.

The opinion is widely entertained that the friction between the laboring-man and his employer is more productive of evil, and will probably be more bitter and prolonged, than the conflict between other classes. In our judgment this opinion should be amended. Bitter as the conflict is between labor and capital, is it much more so than the conflict between the freight-shipper and many of the transportation companies? Is not each class mentioned trying to get the largest return for the least thing or effort?

Is the conflict between workingman and employer increasing or diminishing? Are the two classes approaching any nearer to a right working-basis or remuneration? For ages the working-man was a slave, and received no wages whatever. Then the wage-system was introduced. Is this the final condition? By some political economists the wage-system is regarded as permanent. That it is very unsatisfactory to the working-classes must be admitted. They desire more ample remuneration. They are told, however, by one school of economists that the rate is fixed by existing capital, and that to increase wages is simply impossible unless the price of raw material and of other necessary things in production is diminished. Of course, if all capital were actually employed, if no manufacturer could add to his capital by borrowing, wages could not be raised until after further and profitable production; but this hypothesis of a limited fund for the payment of wages does not correspond with the reality. A large amount of capital is unemployed, and the credit of many producers is sufficient to obtain it if they desire; if they did borrow, larger wages doubtless could often be paid, and yet enough would be left when the product was sold to pay every outlay, beside a fair return for themselves.

That the wage-system is not the final and permanent mode of rewarding labor is shown by the creation of other modes of remuneration. Even if these failed, it does not follow that the wage-system is permanent. But few social principles are stamped with perpetuity. On the other hand, the general discontent is a strong indication that the wage-system will be modified or supplanted. The newer modes of rewarding labor are coöperation and division of profits on an agreed basis; in other words, the system of industrial partnership. To profit-sharing do many of the more recent English writers confidently look for a permanent settlement of this long and trying conflict.

What is the underlying principle of an industrial partnership? The rendering of an adequate and just reward for the service or thing received. What is the underlying principle of supply and demand? The getting of the most for the least thing or effort. The idea of justice is not involved in the latter principle. Supply and demand is a hard, coarse, selfish, joyless principle, as many admit. Ought working-men and their employers to be imperiously bound by it? Ought the working-man to strive to get all he can, and the employer, on the other hand, to reduce wages to the lowest possible limit? Will the society which seeks to apply such a principle be happier than the society which gives a fair return for a service or thing rendered? Is not the existing discontent a clear indication that the wage-system is faulty, whatever the economists may say?

We do not hesitate to maintain that the principle of exchanging on the basis of justice is to be preferred to the other mode of exchange. It should not be forgotten that fair equivalents are often given and received by the operation of demand and supply; otherwise this principle would not have been so long or so universally applied. Unhappily, fair equivalents are not always exchanged; and even when they are, justice is not necessarily an element in the transaction. The terms of exchange are fair because neither party will give more; the idea underlying the transaction is not justice, but of giving the least possible for the largest return. Surely justice is absent in such an exchange.

Moreover, the principle of a just exchange is obtaining wider and wider recognition among employers and employed. In France, especially, its application has been highly satisfactory. In this country it was adopted several years ago, when the sliding-scale was introduced among coal-miners and workers in the iron-mills. The amount of remuneration where the scale prevails is determined by the price obtained for the product. For several years the working-men in the Fairbanks Scale Works at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, have been shareholders and participants in the profit of the business. In many concerns, in addition to the regular remuneration, a bonus is given annually, or at a fixed period, based on the profits of the business. Among some of the Minneapolis flour-mills such a bonus is paid at the end of the fifth year. This plan insures a high degree of fidelity and continued service. Merchants and banks in many cases give a bonus based on the profits of business. In his testimony before the English Trade-Union Commission in 1867, Mr. A. S. Hewitt outlined a plan of dividing the profits of production with the persons employed. Looking outside of these two classes, we see that much of the contention between other classes converges toward the recognition of the same principle — the getting of a fair equivalent for the service or thing given. For the recognition of this principle shippers are eagerly contending, and in many cases, too, the railroad companies. The rule of charging what freights will bear is of this nature. The recognition of the principle by cities in regulating the rates for carrying persons may be mentioned. Municipal governments have not attempted to base the price on the principle of demand and supply, but on the worth of the service. So, too, is the principle recognized in condemning lotteries. They are declared to be illegal because a fair equivalent is not given for the tickets sold; and the courts very generally are cutting up by the roots the most generally practised kinds of stock and produce speculation for the same reason — the lack of an adequate consideration to sustain the contract. The newspapers of the day, in a more or less formal manner, maintain the same position; and so do many thoughtful men, in public addresses, pamphlets, books, and magazine articles. If space permitted, we could show from many sources how the principle of a just remuneration is working into the intelligence and conscience of the world.

When this principle is generally recognized, the next difficulty will be to apply it. To do this, let us believe, will not be so difficult as the securing of its general recognition. Of course the venerable objection will be made that it is impracticable to apply this principle. This objection has always been made to applying every new thing. Fortunately for mankind, no objector's dictum is conclusive. We readily admit that if the two classes were willing to adopt the principle, yet, in truth, one class sought to get as much, and the other as little, as possible, the friction between them would not be lessened. But when they are truly willing to apply this principle,— of giving and receiving a fair return,— they will have no serious difficulty, either through themselves or through third persons, in reaching satisfactory bases of settlement.

So long as the rewarding of labor is almost everywhere not on a just basis, what hope exists of ever reducing the antagonism between the two classes? To suppose that it will become less is to maintain the proposition that people will remain content with a wrong basis of remuneration. So long as the principle is active of taking advantage of all circumstances on both sides to crowd the price of labor up or down without regard to considerations of justice, so long shall we live under a modified form of slavery. Oh, it is said, the two classes are free to contract. This is true theoretically, but not actually. The working-man who has only five cents in his pocket is not, in truth, free to decline a lower price for his labor. It is mere mockery to say that he is free. The only freedom left to him is to starve. The slave always had as much freedom even when building the pyramids. The existing system, therefore, is not one of perfect freedom. The capitalist has the advantage, like the owner of a faro table. The players have some chances, but the owner of the table has more. It is true that the laboring-man would improve his lot immensely by saving his earnings whenever he could, and by exercising more faithfulness and skill. But when he has done his utmost, his employer is the stronger of the two, as is the faro-bank owner, and the most likely to win. When the

worker accumulates enough so that he need not take part in the game, then he is free, and not before. While he is not, he must play, whatever be the result, knowing, however, that something must be given him by his employer, otherwise the latter could make no use of his gains.

Another sign of diminishing friction is the better management of trade-union societies. These institutions are the outcome of the factory-system and the division of labor. When every man supplied his own wants there was no organizing of men, but when capital was massed in large quantities, and many men were drawn under the same roof, what was more natural than for them to confer and form an association to protect and advance their own interests? If the employer mourns over the formation of these societies, let him remember how much they have been caused by himself. They are a necessary counterbalance to aggregated capital. This is imperious enough now, and we fear would be more so if trade-union societies did not exist. Anyhow, many improvements may be seen in the management of these societies. In the beginning they were rude affairs, officered often by ignorant and prejudiced men who were constantly blundering. Realizing their ignorance and inability to manage wisely, persons outside their own number were frequently chosen, and who on many occasions abused their trust. As labor-unions have grown older, their members have learned more, and better men have been chosen leaders. The consequences of striking are more intelligently considered than they were a few years ago. It must be remembered too that many of these societies have been formed on the eve of a strike; that it was not the consequence of forming the society, but the society was a consequence of the intention of the members to strike. Especially that was the origin of many trade-union societies in this country.

Moreover, many of the regulations of these societies are better than they were in the beginning. The rule relating to apprenticeship, for example, which smacked so strongly of monopoly in labor, has been modified by many societies. On another occasion these changes may be more fully described.

Another improvement is in the treatment of the working-man by employers concerning agreements for labor. The employer in this country was shocked when his workmen first appeared to confer with him about their remuneration, especially when they appeared as a committee representing others. In more than one case the employer absolutely refused to say one word to them. Such action on their part savored of an equality which he had no desire to acknowledge. Though stoutly believing in a theoretical constitutional equality, he did not believe in importing it into the shop. The English employer regarded the matter at first in the same way, but before long recovered his senses. He soon perceived that a committee representing a thousand or more workmen was intrusted with a highly important business. The committee did not come to bargain concerning a few dollars, but concerning thousands. The American manufacturer has not reached this round in his education. Perhaps he would not be so unwilling to hold an interview with his workmen if he had never been a workman himself. Happily, this feeling is becoming lighter — a hopeful change for the establishing of better relations between the two classes.

The working-man is suspicious of his employers. He does not know how profitable is the business, for the books are sealed. He sees a fine house and accompaniments, and he concludes that his employer is a rich man. He cannot help saying, "I have done much toward making this man's wealth"; and he has. When, therefore, wages are reduced because business is unprofitable, or when the working-man asks for an advance and is refused for the same reason, he is skeptical concerning the truth of such replies. In England, long ago, manufacturers opened their books and sought to convince their workmen of the truth of their statement, and with the best effect. In many cases workmen were convinced of the unreasonableness of their demands, wholly or in part. Consequently strikes have been fewer and briefer, and settlements, through arbitration, effectual. In this country the manufacturer is rarely willing to make such an exposition. In some cases it might prove ruinous, especially if his business were unprofitable; he might be on the edge of bankruptcy, and such an exhibit would have the effect of utterly destroying his credit. In other cases secrets of business essential to success might be divulged. Nevertheless, the more generally this can be done without dangerous exposure to the employer, the more easily can he convince his workmen of the truth of his statements. As all are co-workers in production, they are entitled to a fair division, all things considered, and any mode of concealing profits and of preventing such a division will intensify the conflict between them. Either the division of labor must not be carried so far, or if it is, a fair return must be made for the services rendered, and the same principle should be applied in every exchange.

If the conflict between the employed and the employer seem violent, let us consider that we see only one part of the battle-field whereon all the opposing classes of producers and exchangers are contending. In France the way of peace has been found; in England the worst is probably over; and in the light of our own and of foreign experience, can we not see, if we choose to look, how to lessen the conflict? Between the contending parties is a moral basis of settlement,—the rendering of a fair equivalent for the service or thing given,—and whenever this basis shall be adopted, the terms of permanent settlement will be the short closing act to the long and pathetic drama of ill-requited toil.

Albert S. Bolles.

The Consular Service and the Spoils System.

BY AN EX-MINISTER TO BELGIUM AND TO RUSSIA.

MY observation has long since led me to the conclusion that the consular service of the United States would be much improved by being made more permanent in its personnel.

It requires several years of service to make a thoroughly efficient consul. It takes some time even to study the conditions of the country in which he is posted, and to obtain the facilities for procuring knowledge which may be used for the advancement of commercial relations with his own country. It is of the utmost importance that such an officer should be familiar with at least one of the other commercial languages

of the world, but it too frequently happens that our consuls are unacquainted with any other language than their native tongue, a circumstance which very much impairs their usefulness.

It is evident that under our present system of changing these officers on the advent of every new administration, the American consul has neither a fair chance to become conversant with any other language, nor the chance to equip himself for his duties as thoroughly as he usually finds his colleagues from other countries at the same post. If the appointee is intelligent, and takes an interest in his duties, he is far more useful to the Government at the expiration of four years than at any shorter period of his service.

Ordinarily nothing is more deluding and disappointing than an American consular position, and I have often wondered, considering the precariousness of its tenure and the insignificance of its rewards, how so many of my countrymen who were at all fitted for its duties could be found to accept it. It is a species of banishment, where one is separated from opportunities and forgotten by friends, and it is attended by many sacrifices, and has few appreciable advantages to the holder of the office.

My own opinion is that the consular service should be put on a footing similar to the army and navy; that a man ought to be prepared for the service by some fixed rules, and when he has entered, should not be subject to removal for political reasons. He should also be transferred from one post to another, according to his merits, and the best interests of the service.

More than this, justice would require that such an officer, spending his life in foreign lands in the public service, should, like an officer of the army and navy, be allowed a decent retiring pension after a certain age and number of years of service.

What I have said with reference to the inexpediency of removing consular officers for political reasons applies, in my judgment, with equal force to secretaries of embassy and legation. Our diplomatic service suffers from lack of what may be called continuity in the routine work. This condition would be ameliorated if we had some men always attached to our missions who have a competent knowledge of foreign languages, and know something about the methods of doing business in the different foreign offices. It is sometimes very embarrassing and a great disadvantage not to be *en rapport* with these methods. A young man fit to be a secretary of legation, and who has his way to make in the world, acts, in my judgment, very much against his own interests and prospects in life if he accepts one of these secretaryships on a meager salary, with a certainty that after a few years he will be thrown out. It would doubtless be better for the service if our secretaries held office by a more permanent tenure.

Lambert Tree.

"The Century's" American Artist Series.

EASTMAN JOHNSON. (See page 816.)

EASTMAN JOHNSON, whose picture, "The Nantucket School of Philosophy," is engraved in this number of THE CENTURY, is one of the ablest and best known of American portrait-painters, and a painter of genre whose work is not only remarkable for technical excellence, but is also invested with much sympathetic feeling in the presentation of scenes from every-day life. He was born at Lovell, Maine, July 29, 1824, and when a child was taken by his parents to Augusta, where he obtained his education at the high school. There was a teacher of drawing in the high school, and Mr. Johnson in his boyhood acquired a certain degree of skill with the pencil. He took up drawing in earnest when about seventeen years of age. During a winter spent in Portland he became intimately acquainted with the parents of the poet Longfellow, and with the latter's sister, Mrs. Pierce, and drew their portraits. In 1845 he accompanied his father to Washington, D. C., and during his sojourn there made a large number of portraits in crayon. Among his sitters were John Quincy Adams, Mrs. Madison, Daniel Webster, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and Robert C. Winthrop. In 1846 he went to Boston, where he remained three years, making portraits in crayon and pastel, including those of Longfellow and his children, Emerson, Sumner, Hawthorne, and President Felton of Harvard. In 1849 he went to Europe. He spent about two years in the Royal Academy at Düsseldorf, a short time in London, and four years at The Hague. From The Hague he went to Paris, but was called home after about a year's residence in that capital, having then spent six or seven years abroad. On his return, he settled in Washington, spending two summers in travel and study in the Northwest, and came to New York in 1858. He had a studio in the old University building in Washington Square for fourteen years, removing thence in 1872 to his present home in West Fifty-fifth street.

Mr. Johnson began painting genre subjects while abroad, and his career as an artist has been one of industry and success. One of the first of his pictures to bring him reputation was "The Old Kentucky Home," now in the permanent collection of the Lenox Library, New York, to which it was presented, together with his "Sunday Morning," by Mrs. R. L. Stuart. "Corn Husking," one of the most important of his pictures, and one that completely realizes what we are wont to speak of as "American genre," is owned by Mr. Potter Palmer of Chicago. "The Cranberry Harvest," "The Peddler," "Fiddling his Way," "The Old Stage-Coach," "What the Shell Says," "Two Men," and "The Pension Agent," are some of the pictures that made his fame as a painter, and have given him popularity. At the Paris Exposition of 1867 he exhibited "The Old Kentucky Home"; at that of 1878, "Corn Husking"; and in 1889, "Two Men." He received from the jury of award a bronze medal for the last-named picture. He has painted a large number of excellent portraits, and is a regular exhibitor at the current exhibitions. He was elected a National Academician in 1860, and a member of the Society of American Artists in 1881. Mr. Johnson's painting, in whatever field, is characterized by individual technical treatment, and is in general marked by excellent qualities of color.

William A. Coffin.

The Origin of "O. K."

[WE are permitted to print the following from a private letter from Professor W. S. Wyman of the University of Alabama, to a friend in the faculty of Vanderbilt University.]

The current, but erroneous, account of the origin

of O. K. is as follows: "General Andrew Jackson was an illiterate man, and so, when he was President of the United States, he used to label documents which he approved with the initials O. K., which he took to be the initials of 'All correct' (oll korrect)."

This story is attributed to Seba Smith, a literary gentleman of the last generation who wrote letters from Washington under the pseudonym of "Major Jack Downing." There is probably no truth in this. I have in my library a copy of "Major Jack Downing's Letters from Washington," and I do not find the story in that book.

It is, however, probably true that General Jackson did indorse with the symbols O. K. public documents which he approved. General Jackson was no scholar, it is true, but he was not so ignorant as to think that "all correct" was spelled "oll korrect."

If you will examine the autograph letters of General Jackson now in the archives of the Tennessee Historical Society, you will find that he could write fairly for a man who had small educational advantages in early life.

The true explanation of O. K. is probably as follows: There is a tradition among the intelligent Choctaws of the old stock who once lived in Mississippi that General Jackson borrowed the expression O. K. from the Choctaw language.

The Choctaws and the Chickasaws speak the same tongue. In the language of these two peoples there is no copulative verb that corresponds to "be" in English (*esse* in Latin). A substitute for this is found in the emphatic word *okéh*, which ends every assertion in Choctaw. An example will illustrate this.

The English sentence, "The Choctaw Indian is a good fellow," would be in Choctaw,

Hattak	*uppeh*	*hoomah*	*chahtah*	*achookmah*	*okéh.*	}	Here
Man	body	red	Choctaw	good	it-is-all-so.	}	

okéh serves as the verb of assertion. It means, "It is true," "It is so," "It is all right," etc.

General Jackson was frequently among the Choctaws and Chickasaws before he became famous. He must have heard this expression often.

He probably adopted it in early life as a very expressive kind of slang, and used it after he became President as a private symbol (O. K.) to indicate approval. Strong confirmation is found for this theory of the origin of O. K. in a fact mentioned in "Parton's Life of Jackson," Vol. I, page 136. The following entry on the records of the court of Sumner County, Tennessee, was probably written by Jackson himself, who was attorney in the case:

"October 6, 1790, Andrew Jackson, Esq., proved a bill of sale from Hugh McGary to Gasper Mansker, for a negro man, which was O. K." ("A common western mistake," says Mr. Parton, "for O. R., which means 'Ordered Recorded.' Thence, perhaps, the saying, 'O. K.'")

Parton is surely wrong in his conjecture that this O. K. was a "common mistake" for O. R. (ordered recorded). It is highly probable that this O. K. in the record of the Sumner County Court is the very expression used by Jackson to signify that the bill of sale was "all right."

This theory of the origin of O. K. is, if not true, at least well invented, as the Italians say.

There are other Choctaw words that have been naturalized in the folk-speech of the Southern States.

The word "bobashilly" ("barbashilly," "bomashilly," so variously pronounced), in the sense of "friend," "comrade," "brother," is very common in Alabama and Mississippi. I suppose you have heard it often. This word is Choctaw. *Ittebahpashille* is the classic expression in Choctaw and Chickasaw. It means "friend," "comrade" (literally, "he that sucks the same breast"—hence, "brother"). The word "bayou" is another American word of Choctaw origin. This word is incorrectly referred by all our dictionaries to the French word *boyau*, which means a "gut," "an entrail." The English word "gut" is sometimes used for a channel of water, but the French word *boyau* was never so used.

Walking.

APROPOS of "Walking as a Pastime," an old tramp begs leave to differ with Mr. Eugene Lamb Richards on one or two points. Do *not* carry a knapsack or pack. If you do, you cannot rest yourself by shifting the weight, and a load on the back inclines you forward. Take a small satchel, with a strap by which it may hang from the shoulder. Put into it just as little as you can get on with. At the end of the first day remove the extra shoes, brushes, blacking, oil, razors, medicines, etc., and carefully burn them, or give them to tramps. My own outfit, with which I have trod many roads on two continents, is: a nightgown, extra shirt, comb, tooth-brush, map, novel, note-book, pen or pencil, knife, and watch. Sometimes I add a rubber coat. Why carry extra clothes, except in Africa? You can buy them everywhere, and you can have your washing done between two days. Again, an umbrella is a poor walking-stick, for it does not balance in the hand. It is heavy and thick, yet so fragile that it breaks when you kill snakes with it or use it as an alpenstock. Yet, again, the light madras or percale shirt is at least as good as the flannel one, for the latter is heavy, and shrinks. As to shoes, Mr. Richards's are sensible and excellent, but I have walked hundreds of miles in ready-made gaiters, and have never had a blistered foot. It needs only that the shoe be soft and ample. On lonely roads I go barefoot, sometimes. If Americans would walk more they would be bigger, happier, healthier, and tougher. Dudes, especially, should be encouraged to walk, because they are quickly killed by exercise.

C. M. S.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Sence de S'render.

MOS' ebbry t'ing hab change er heap sence slabery days am gone,
Mos' all de ole-time doin's am no mo';
En on de ole plantation, whar dis darky fus wuz bawn,
Dar ain't er t'ing dat 's lack hit wuz befo'.

Ole massa en ole missus dey am sleepin' 'neaf de sod,
In de fam'ly bury'n'-groun' down by de foad,
Whar win' sighs frough de cedars, en' hit wave de gol'enrod,
En' whar de weepin' willers allus growed.

Young massa went ter furrin' parts, ercross de rollin' deep,
En dar he stayed er ye'r er two, erbout;
W'en at de ole plantation he come back ter git er peep,
He want ter tu'n de ole place wrong side out.

He focht er reg'lar rigiment ob buckra folk f'om town,
En dey sot ter work ter spile de place:
De big 'ouse dar, so gran' en' w'ite, dey meck er dingy brown,
En changed t'ings all erbout at lightnin' pace.

Dem sinners cut de grove all up, en done er sight er harm,
En whar de grape-vine swing done use ter be,
Dey stan's er big stun 'ooman dar, widout er single arm,
En nary rag ob close dat I could see.

But, wust ob all, de kitchin whar Malviny use ter cook
Dem good t'ings dat we hab befo' de war,
Wuz all tu'n'd topsyturvy, en dey meck de ole room look
Too gran' fer her ter be er-bossin' dar.

Dey kivered up de fireplace so deep en wide en high,
En all de pots en kittles guv erway;
En den dey focht er monstus stove dey call er range — oh, my!
I nebber dremp I 'd lib ter see dat day.

En arter dat we tuck our duds en move 'em all erway
Ter dis hyah leetle cabin by de road,
Whar me en mer ole 'ooman hab done settle down ter stay,
Twell we go ter de mauster's 'tarnal 'bode.

Edward A. Oldham.

My Grandma's Gown.

WITH lavender bestrewn,
You send my fancy straying
As to a ghostly tune
Of distant viols playing,
Because, fair garment, kept
Within your linen cover,
In you my grandma stepped
A measure with her lover.

In clouds of quaint old lace,
Whose hue Time's touch has yellowed,
You have the royal grace
Of grandeur softly mellowed.
How beat her heart apace
To hear your silken rushes;
How must her mirrored face
Have bloomed with conscious blushes!

How youthful was the smile
Beneath the stately powder;
How did the patch beguile
Which vanity allowed her!
Lace-hid, her snowy breast
Heaved with a shy elation,
When fancy bravely guessed
A lover's admiration.

O slender oval waist,
Where soon his arm might linger;
O gentle hand that graced
His ring upon its finger;
O slipper tapping swift;
O eyes so eager glancing,
Impatient soon to drift
In music to the dancing!

Ah, many years have passed,
And many loves have perished;
Yet this frail gown at last
Lies here, unharmed and cherished.
They say I look like her:
He begged of me to wear it;
But, somehow, I prefer
No other maid should share it.

Her sweetheart viewed it o'er,
With roses on their faces,
He dared to stoop before,
And kiss the trembling laces.
Nay, stay, sweet memory, laid
Safe in your linen cover,
Sacred to one fond maid,
And one true-hearted lover.

Louise Morgan Sill.

Outlines.

A MAN walked six miles to see a great tree. His friend laughed at him. Said he, "I have a larger tree in my own yard." Said the man, "But you have not the six miles."

* * *

A MAN lay upon the grass, peering at it and among it, studying it curiously and intently with a magnifying glass. His friend passed by and asked, "What do you do there?"

Said the man, "I am traveling in a foreign land."

* * *

A MAN sat for his picture. When the picture was made he said, "This does not look like me." But the picture-maker and all the man's friends contended that it was an exact likeness.

Not long after that he overheard a talk in which some one was being reviled and ridiculed. He was much amused; but soon it came to his ears that it was himself of whom the talk had been. Then he said, "This makes twice I did not know my own picture."

* * *

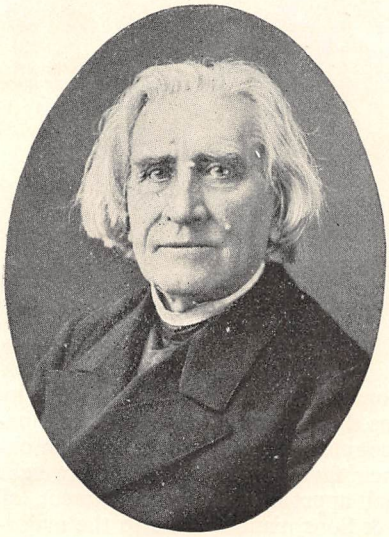
A MAN journeyed into a far country, where he found the people to be much wiser than his own people. On his return home he so related. But this greatly offended his own people, who reviled him, and cast stones at him.

Then a second traveler went, and brought back the same report. Him they threw into prison.

Then a third traveler went, who came back saying that these foreign people were greatly superior in all ways. Him they hanged.

Then they chose one to go and report truly, giving him much money wherewith to travel. He pretended to go, but he abode quietly in his own house, and ate and drank. And after a time he appeared in the streets, and declared that the three travelers were all liars, and that those foreigners were as barbarians. Whereat they applauded, and gave him much honor, and made him one of their chief rulers.

Berry Benson.

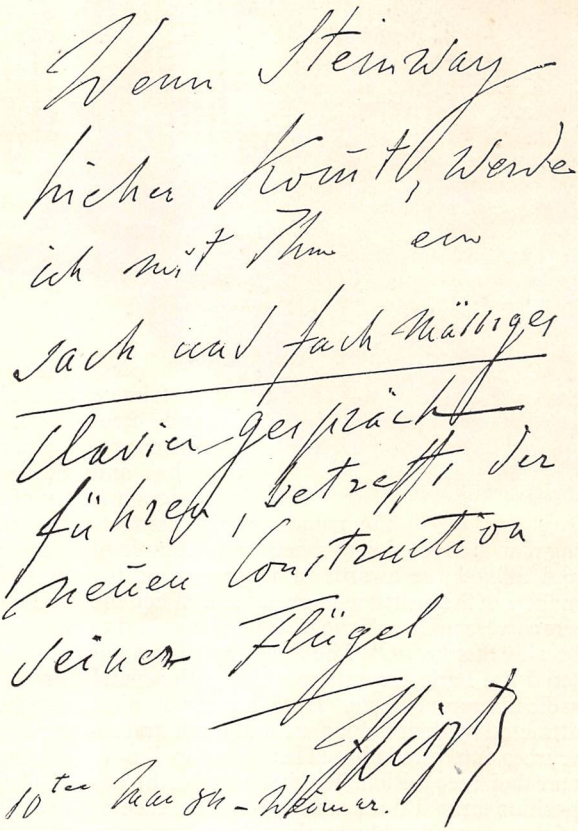


FRANZ LISZT.

TRANSLATION.

"When Steinway comes here we will have a thoroughgoing talk about the new construction of his concert grand."

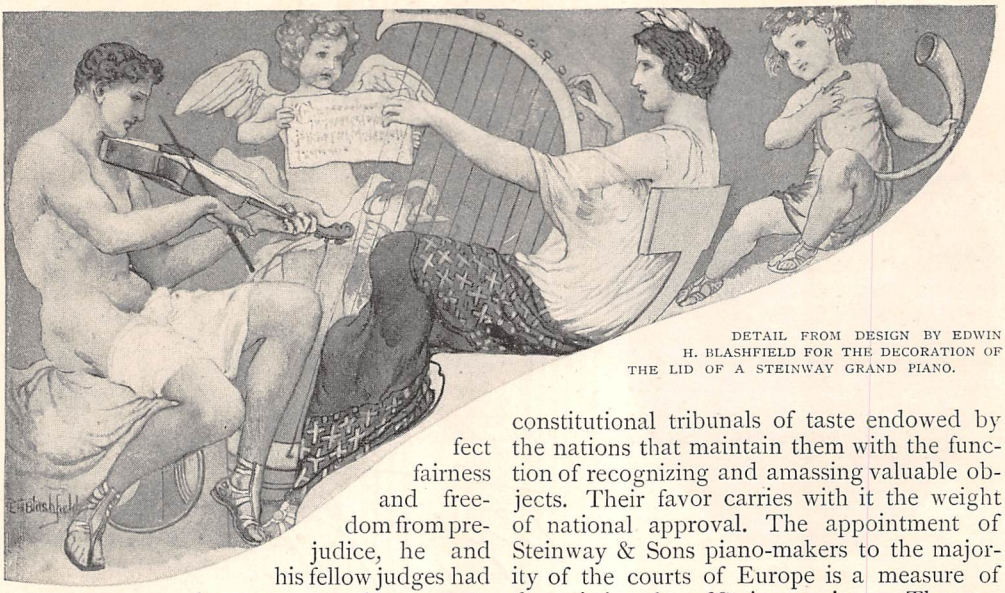
FRANZ LISZT.



"WHEN STEINWAY COMES."

THAT talk must have been worth hearing. Liszt had declared and proved that the piano could reproduce every effect of tone-color characteristic of an orchestra. Steinway had invented a piano which possessed a tone enormously powerful, and yet exquisitely sensitive — the orchestral piano. Liszt had divined the artistic advantages in power and tone-color to be derived from the free use of the arm from shoulder to finger-tips, and had elaborated his orchestral technic from the standpoint of the virtuoso and interpretative artist. He made the piano noble by discovering its resources. He explored the peculiarities of its resonance, and applied them practically in the harmonic construction of his compositions. Steinway explored the same phenomena, compared them with those characteristic of the instruments which make up an orchestra, mastered and applied the scientific laws involved, and revolutionized piano-making. He created an instrument in which every detail, no matter how small, is made to bear its part in the production of a tone unequaled in majesty and purity. "Our great masters, in writing the grandest of their compositions, seem to have had a presentiment of the ideal piano realized by you," wrote Wagner.

The house of Steinway, in its German beginning and its American maturity, is between forty and fifty years old. The little shop in Varick Street, where father and sons worked together at the bench, had been open two years when the New York Crystal Palace Exposition offered an opportunity for prize competition. Seated in his studio at Steinway Hall, surrounded by souvenirs of the great musicians of Europe, himself America's most famous teacher, William Mason loves to tell how he came to "adopt the Steinways." To insure per-



DETAIL FROM DESIGN BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD FOR THE DECORATION OF THE LID OF A STEINWAY GRAND PIANO.

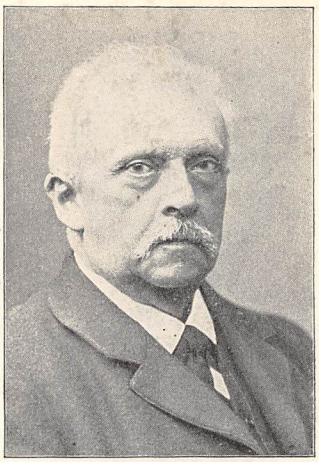
fect fairness and freedom from prejudice, he and his fellow judges had the names on the competing pianos covered with sheets, and determined and affixed the awards in ignorance of the makers of the instruments examined. When the wraps were pulled off, the prize pianos proved to be all "Steinways." The Steinway pianos entered the Paris Exposition of '67 with several radical improvements. Here Hector Berlioz, attracted by their noble tone and orchestral resources, interested himself heart and soul to secure their recognition. The first medal of the Exposition formed but a small part of the success of the hour. Washburn, then American minister, congratulated the House on the new distinction it had conferred on American industries. Steinbeis purchased a Steinway grand for the Royal Permanent Exhibition at Wurtemburg, to be used as a model to improve German piano-making. Fètis wrote a glowing critique upon American tone. Pianists like Henselt and Marmontel testified to the "justified" success of the "Steinways."

The Rothschilds, Gustave Doré, royalty itself — Alexander of Russia and Isabella of Spain — became purchasers. The Royal Society of Fine Arts, Berlin, the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Stockholm — called Theodore and William Steinway to their membership. An enormous demand for Steinway pianos ensued; but Berlioz, poor, noble, and proud, could not be rewarded for his generous assistance. Resolved to preserve a memorial of so noble a relationship, Mr. Steinway induced Berlioz to sit to Perraud for his bust. Three bronzes were cast and the model destroyed. Of these, one was presented to the composer, one to M. von Asantchewski, of St. Petersburg, and the third is in Steinway Hall. Royal courts are constitutional tribunals of taste endowed by the nations that maintain them with the function of recognizing and amassing valuable objects. Their favor carries with it the weight of national approval. The appointment of Steinway & Sons piano-makers to the majority of the courts of Europe is a measure of the artistic value of Steinway pianos. They are the valued possessions of almost every crowned head in the world. Even the Oriental monarchs of Turkey, China, and Japan are purchasers. "His Majesty [the Sultan] was very much pleased with the tone of the instrument," wrote Hakkey Bey. "The best proof of his satisfaction is that he has ordered me to write for a second piano. I hope you will see that the tone be as fine."

The Queen Regent of Spain lately purchased two Steinway grands, after listening to one played by the pianist Albinez, at a court musicale. The Emperor and Empress of Germany, after watching the men set up their new Steinway grand at the Marble Palace, sent for William Steinway, then in Berlin, to explain the Steinway construction. The Order of the Red Eagle conferred upon him followed the audience. Oscar, King of Sweden and Norway, personally procured the Royal Swedish medal for Steinway & Sons. Last autumn, the two daughters of the Princess of Wales purchased, for a birthday surprise for their mother, the Steinway upright which had been placed on the *Teutonic* for the use of Paderewski. The castles of Queen Victoria and of the English princes contain a very large number of Steinway pianos. The concert piano of the Court of Italy has been for many years a Steinway. Innumerable court concerts had worn the original instrument, when Sgambati, on being commanded to give a series of court recitals, interested himself to obtain a new one, "with which," he writes, "their majesties were extremely charmed." The St. Cecilia Society of Rome, founded by Palestrina in 1584, elected Mr. Steinway an honorary member.

Since the Centennial Exposition, when Sir William Thompson was a member of the jury of awards, the Steinway has yearly become a more perfect exponent of scientific law applied to the creation of a work of art. The duplex scale, a most artistic application of the laws of nodal points and of sympathetic vibration, has always been associated with the friendship of Helmholtz and Steinway. But the delicate scientific observations and tests preceding this great invention were made in New York. Helmholtz awaited their outcome with great interest and warmly proclaimed their successful result. He declared the duplex scale to be so pure as to produce harmonic combination-tones,—hitherto the peculiar perfection of bowed instruments. After the World's Fair in Chicago, Helmholtz visited the Steinway factory, and left a little note about the bridge, scale, and sound-board—"Points that interested me, agreeing as they do with the results of my acoustic studies"; adding that "in the ear, on the tympanic membrane, there exists the identical apparatus for the transmission of the air vibrations to the structural parts of the organs of hearing—viz., hammer, anvil, and stirrup, with a similar arching of the surface—that you have applied so successfully to your pianos." Helmholtz's experiments with strings were performed on a Steinway. The scientific precision of construction, which produces the elasticity and carrying power of its tone, has often introduced it into the acoustic laboratory. When Edison needed, for a special purpose, a piano possessing a firm tone, free from impurities arising from construction and from the upper partials of the harmonic series, he experimented with many pianos of different makes, and finally wrote the letter shown here.

The purity, sweetness, and power of the Steinway tone is the result of ceaseless research and experiment, in which neither money nor time are ever spared. To-day the Steinway piano is the only one that unites the noble singing tone of the German School with the sensitiveness, delicacy, and elasticity of the French — that is, equally congenial to the genius of a Rubinstein, an Essipoff, a Joseffy, and a Paderewski. The enthusiastic devotion of its makers constantly perfects it in both these hitherto opposing ideals. Their genius is pledged to carry it forward to the limit of human possibility.



HELMHOLTZ.

The favorite piano of royalty is America's piano. There is no difference in workmanship between the concert grand of Her Majesty the Queen of England and Empress of India, and the tiny Steinway upright that adorns the little parlor of a thrifty American wage-earner. One is as well made as the other. But America's merchant princes have Steinways such as royalty does not possess. One was sent out a year or so ago made of satinwood inlaid with turquoises, the total cost of which was over $50,000. It is the most valuable piano in the world. Pianos, like the cherubim of Solomon's temple, of "carved wood overlaid with pure gold"; pianos in cases of tortoise-shell, inlaid with rare woods; pianos exquisitely painted, whose value is measured only by the fame of the artists whose brushes adorned them, go out from Steinway Hall. Such are the

Orange, N.J. June 2nd 90—

Steinway & Sons.

Gents.

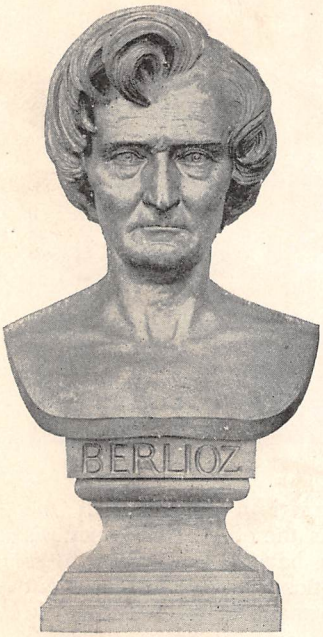
I have decided to keep your grand piano.
For some reason unknown to me it gives
better results than any so far tried.
Please send bill with lowest price

Yours

Thomas A Edison

A LETTER FROM EDISON.

pianos embellished by Alma-Tadema, Poynter, and Kaemmerer. The suggestions for decorations accompanying this article are from recent sketches kindly loaned by the American artist, Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield.



THE STEINWAY BUST OF BERLIOZ.

The Steinway is preëminently the piano for a poor man because it lasts so well. The House keeps a record of the number and the purchaser of each piano, and feels a sincere interest in the career of its offspring. Many of the old pianos return for exchange. We relate, exactly as it was told us by the original possessor, because it shows why the Steinway is the cheapest piano, in spite of its price, the life history of Steinway Square, No. 3838:

It was purchased for the sum of six hundred dollars, in 1860, for a little girl just old enough to take music lessons. Five children, all fond of music, did five-finger exercises, drummed for pleasure, burst into melody after theater-parties, thundered their wrath in sonatas, and comforted their grief in hymn-tunes on that piano. Many were the dancing-parties in which the Steinway did its part, many the home frolics impossible without it. After awhile hard times came. The eldest daughter must earn her living as teacher, and the old piano, battered and bruised, followed her to her new home. She spent sixty-five dollars — obtained by selling her personal ornaments — on repairs. It was certainly a poor woman's piano now. On its worth largely depended her chance for her livelihood. It went into a little music-room, and piano lessons were given on it all day, and piano practice filled in the moments between, until the time came when a new grand could replace it. Years enough had elapsed to bring this music-teacher a pupil, poorer, but just as earnest and ambitious as herself. To her she presented her old companion, and now the new owner and her three brothers, all German musicians, sat before it, and played with the energy of sound constitutions to their hearts' content. They also prospered in their profession. In the fall of '93 the original possessor visited her former scholars, and found the eldest brother in the act of accompanying a violin pupil on the old piano, which seems likely to be useful for an indefinite future. Thirty-four years of incessant usefulness is a good record for a poor man's piano. In this case, the purchase-money procured the professional outfit which brought success to four human lives. *The Steinway is the poor man's piano, because it is a friend for a lifetime.*

NOTE. Readers interested in pianos can obtain other literature and information on the subject by writing to Steinway & Sons, 107–9 East 14th Street, New York City.



DETAIL FROM A DESIGN BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD FOR THE DECORATION OF THE BODY OF A STEINWAY GRAND PIANO.